

RUN REPORT #2284 – scribe Brengun

BEACH BALL'S BIRTHDAY BASH at Oxford Street Bulimba

Hares – Beach Ball & Spermwhale

Well - the location was certainly high end, the food was too, it was end alright, well that is dead end before it began. The weather was clear after storms and everything was in **Beach Balls** favour – err, except the planning. After all the hoo ha and trumpeting about a burfday party and as a member of the Public Prosecutor staff and an anti-crime lawyer, **the Ball** planned this like the sloppy prosecutions of bikies and drug dealers that have been thrown out by our lenient magistrates. However the hashers were not so lenient and **the Ball** was subjected to the ridicule he so richly deserved at the Circle. He deserves to be re-named Ball & Chain

I though it strange on arrival that the pizza joint seemed to be kind of dark looking inside, thinking that they were economising on electricity., only to be informed that the joint was shut ! I saw co hare **the Whale** slurping on a can in the outdoor area where he had sufficient light to see enough to put the hole in the can to his mouth. Then **the Ball** had the temerity to get up on a stool and waffle on about sending us to a greasy spoon up the street to endanger our cholesterol levels. **The Ball** was duly iced and so he should have been.

They had at least gone to the trouble of setting a walk trail as well as a run trail – a point score for that. As I was with the runners, I cannot comment on the walk, except to say that with my fellow Back Enders (no not the type you are thinking of), **Waste O time** and **Arseplay (sounds like a back ender)**, we walked a bit of it here and there.

GM **Divot** gave us a swansong about Pommy bastards, it was a performance of Pavorotti dimensions and he knew the words, well done GM! The trail started down Oxford st and left in to the Mirvac development where we were able to gawp at the cutting edge architecture in this expensive estate. After weaving through there for a while it was up to Hawthorne Rd and along towards the old cinema where **Anchovy** waxed nostalgic about his old house where he spent many years of wedded bliss, the days of “Perfect Pete”, sigh!. Another victim of the “**Part of a House Syndrome**” shared with **The Ball, Snappy, Vaso** and a list of others, plus **Radar** who holds the hash record of getting it down to 1/8th. of a house.

There were about 17 runners, I do not know how many walkers, but there would have been more than runners, a sign of the ageing BHHH. The REHHH were well represented in runners by **Brengun, Scruffy, Craft, Miles and JC**. **Irish** ran along talking about his recent visit to Tassie, where he passed through New Norfolk, home of **Radar** and Tassie's only Lunatic Asylum, patronised by **the Lacey family** over many generations

The trail went across Hawthorne Rd and up that bloody great hill along the ridge, to the left where most walked. Downhill to Lytton Road and turn left along to a right turn at the Army base workshops, then down to the Apollo ferry terminal where we hit the river and turned left towards home. **Arseplay** kindly helped guide **Waste O time** and me to a bit of a short cut home where we admired some old Queenslander houses.

.As usual the FRT's **Optus, JC, Best&Less, Greusum, Scruffy, Craft** etc. left we strugglers in their slipstream, well it felt like that, may have been a fart stream. **Turbo** and **XXXX** were both cruising along well not far behind the FRT's. It was on along the river edge in the parklands of Vic Lucas Park (who the F. was he?) and back home. The trail was well marked and kept the pack reasonably together.

To start the circle **Divot** again gave a robust rendition of another song from his repartee, the guy outshone Justin Bieber, we will all have **Divotfever!** This was Divot's last hurrah as GM, a job well done over the year. Radar told a foul joke about air hostesses and three fingers in a bowling ball. Should have been **Beach Ball**, he *deserved three fingers up his clacquer (French for clacker) for the food debacle.*

There were a few ice sitters including **Radar, Luftwaffe, the Ball** of course, who did not seem to get it (that his f...up had caused major inconvenience to many), and **Royal Screw** who took out the honours for SOTW for his saying he would be on a Sunday ride, then failing to show with no advice to his mates who waited in vain.

There was free blonde beer from the GM, the circle was in the dark, no park lights. Some wandered off to the greasy spoon, how that panned out (or was it a greasy pan not spoon ha ha!). As for me; I went home for my mutton soup, mashed boiled veges and savoury mince, washed down with Bourneville Cocoa.

Run 7/10, Circle 8/10, Food -23/10 (the first time it has gone in to negative score)

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