

Run number 2296

Joint run with the harriettes.

A 6.30 start which had the men all edgy. Comment from one old hash man that 20 years ago the men's hash would all be talking to the harriettes. Nothing happening on that front this evening. Something to do with age and gravity.

So on up the hill led by a Swahili Grewsome but fronted by cat gut who must have ducked out early to get the lead. The trail led down a steep incline but not to be fooled Gold Digger with Screw and Grewsome kept to the high ground. Eventually they had to head down and join the pack that had continued on into the valley. Picked up Tinker who cunningly had short cutted and found the arrow. With inside knowledge he headed up the fill to be fooled with an FT. Too late to return, scribe and tinker ducked to the left and ended up on Musgrave road and across into Windsor road waiting for the pack to catch up. Then right into Victoria street, some more back doubles until we crossed Kelvin Grove road. Bugs and Even Optus beat the traffic light but according to Craft the dickless runner loose skin? Almost got collected by fast moving traffic. Through the village and finally to the drink stop near Ordinary's old pad now converted to a 25 bed hotel.

On and up the hill with only a handful of front runners. Lost sight of the rest of the pack as the runners were now mixed up with the walkers. Up and over the bridge and then back down on Kelvin Grove road and past Normandy five ways. Catgut, Even Optus, Bugs, and Tinkerbelle took the pack (what was left of it) back to the pub. The remainder of the running pack drifted in from all directions. Loose skin rocked up looking sweaty and revealing which attracted the more virile of hash men. She mentioned she did not do a lot of running but was part of a boot and butt camp. Whatever that means. Methinks the pack split early so they could follow the butt part of the run. JC, craft and catgut had already sussed her age after quizzing her on the age she was when expo was around. 4x being the last of the hash men to chat her before the circle was called.

Onto sotw. Snappy for something about last weeks run. Irish for submitting to catgut X-rays of his balls instead of his elbow.?? And the winner Klinging For paying his subs twice in the space of a week. Tinker provided his repertoire of hash songs for the benefit of the harriettes who never paid any attention as they all continued to blah blah blah. Finally to the visitor sweaty Betty who showed a lot of running prowess coming originally from Kenya but faded on the hills of Paddington to be overcome by the revitalised Grewsome who has just returned from the Rift Valley racing against the Masai tribesman.

Royale Screw.