

Run Report 14/4/14

Taigum is a quiet little village lying in the far northern suburbs of Brisbane. The deep solitude that Taibum normally enjoys was shattered when the BH3 descended upon it with the usual collection of breathless moans such as “on on”, ”checking”, “wherethef..karewe” and so on. Yet the people of Twobum are a resilient mob and managed to put up with this gross hashness with good grace and a smile; invisible in the dark but surely there. The Titbum area consists of gently rolling hills and the only marked geographical feature in the area is Cabbage Tree Creek, so it was inevitable that this mighty waterway would attract the attention of the hares, namely Bugs and Barebum.

A word about the hares. We were indeed honoured that these two most distinguished hashmen (with 243 years of collective hash experience) were allowed out of their respective institutions, to set this run. And the authorities are to be congratulated for getting them to the Twotits area in such good condition. How they managed to set the trail from their wheelchairs will never be known. After all boys, Viagra cannot achieve everything.

In deference to these two icons of hashing the run was awarded an honorary 10 points – but honorary only because its true score was 4.873 as assessed on the newly established “Length of the GM’s dick” system. The pack was obviously enthused by its foray to the Tritits hamlet and set off to chants of “We are the Champions” but returned hours later (actually it was 47 minutes) to moans of “Stairway to Heaven”; the significance of which was lost upon your honourable quill who was not present for either event. As to exactly what went on during the run, quill is afraid that this must remain a deep secret not only because this was a rare occasion of “secret mens business” but also because the local traditions of Tritwats demand it. But it can be recorded that the “Shit of the week” was Bullrushes for flogging Vaso’s rugby tickets. This was truly the case of a dark horse prevailing but then the usual frontrunners such as Snappy and Luftwaffe failed to make it to that sleepy little village called Tridick.