

GCH3 Run# 2265 Report

Hares: **Brewtus and Foxtrot Oscar**

Location: **Glossy Black Reserve, Reedy Creek**

After an interesting trip to the venue after Google Maps was nearly outfoxed by the current M1 roadworks, I finally arrived to find an enthusiastic bunch of hashers already there. Notable by their presence prior to the run start this week were **KB** and **Truck Tyres**. A number of Covid hashers were in attendance making up for the Gold Coast Hashers up at Mapleton.

At 6pm GM **Commander Head** called the pack to order and **Bretwus** gave the instructions for the run and walk. The runners and walkers headed off together before the usual run/walk split. The walker's trail headed along a bush track before heading onto the tarmac and back home. Walk was over in about 20 minutes. **Weekly** got tangled up with a branch on the walk and emerged sporting a cut near his eye, could have been worse.

The runners including **Derrolicked, Miscarriage, Iceman, Sir Blackstump, Arsenic, Baaah Sinister, STD, Rainbow** and **Dr Death** emerged a lot later after becoming confused on the run. There was some discussion that **Iceman** had caused this confusion by shortcutting the run.

Back at the run site **Kwakka** and **Hard On** registered the runners. Pita bread, corn chips and dips were served as entrees. **KB** jumped in to help **Foxtrot** with the food preparation. No pizzas tonight. Mains were a tasty chicken curry served with rice and pita bread. The curry must have been good as several hashers went back for seconds. Aldi mini ice cream sticks comprised the dessert. **BB** supplied Great Northern birthday beers.

GM **Commander Head** called the pack to order and welcomed the assembled crowd of hashers.

The call for returning runners was made and the GM made the observation that as Covid hashers are now semi regulars and Corkscrew visiting from Koh Samui has been with us for a while, no down downs were required. Besides the usual Covid hashers **Ballbags, Arsenic, Derrolicked** and **Y2KY Jelly, Baaah Sinister** made an appearance.

The hare **Brewtus** was called into the circle and explained the dangers of licking the nether regions of female entertainers. **Ballbags** told a joke about the world's worst German aircraft mechanic.

Corkscrew gave the walk report and described it as well marked but a bit short. **6.5/10**

STD gave the run report stating there was some confusion on the trail as he ran into the Covid hashers running in the opposite direction and by the time they had doubled back and found the right trail they had probably run an extra km in a total run of 4.9 km. **8.5/10**.

Dr Death gave the nosh report and rated the tasty concoction. **8/10**

Brewtus and co-hare **Foxtrot** given a down down.

RA **Shat** took over the circle, resplendent in his regalia, and blessed the crowd with holy beer whilst singing "Jesus really loves you, Welcome to the Gold Coast Hash".

Charges followed.

Brewtus. Aforementioned incident with the nether region of a female entertainer.

Truck Tyres. Repeatedly ignoring the GM at Piccolos. **Miscarriage** then told a good joke about **Truckies** experience at a nudist colony. Seems **Truckie** got an erection when a nubile young female walked past. That's the calling sign she said and **Truckie** and the young female had a round of wild passionate sex. He then went into the sauna and farted. That's the calling sign this big bloke said and proceeded to bend **Truckie** over and pound away. After a week **Truckie** went to the management and said I'll have to leave. When asked why he said, well I get an erection once a month but I fart 15 times a day.

Miscarriage. Arriving home late one Friday and saying he's been at the Splinter Lunch, unfortunately it wasn't the last Friday of the month.

Blue Card. Wanting to be on the GM's RIP list. That's an RIP list not VIP.

A series of good jokes followed from **KB**, **Weekly**, **Ballbags** and **Cumsmoke**.

Rainbow stepped up with a bag containing various hash paraphernalia belonging to the previous Committee which he had ended up with. He then told a joke about the two bellringers and a couple of nuns. Here's a slightly different version.

After Quasimodo died, Notre Dame Cathedral needed a replacement bell ringer, and after several fruitless months a strange little man approaches one of the priests...

"I'd like the bell ringer job if it's still available." says the man. Confused, the priest says "Of course, but I'm afraid there might be some confusion. I can't help but notice that you don't have any arms, so ringing the bells would be quite impossible." The little man smiles and says "I come from a long line of some of the best bell ringers in Europe, and I can assure you that I'm more than capable of the task. I can demonstrate if you'd like." The priest replies "Yes, absolutely!" and leads him up to the bell tower. Once they get there, the little man asks the priest to step back, takes a running start and slams his forehead against one of the huge bells. The bell rings out and all the Parisians down below look up and smile as the wonderful sound that's been absent for so long. "That's amazing!" shouts the priest "Can you do that every hour without injuring yourself?". "Yes! Of course! I've been doing this for years so I'm used to it." says the little man. "Well..." says the priest, "I'm impressed! The job is yours and you can start immediately." The little man is overjoyed. He steps back, takes another running start and slams into the bell again. As the priest looks on, he jogs back and takes another run at the bell, but trips on the uneven floor, stumbles and falls out the window smashing onto the stone courtyard below. By the time the priest runs down from the bell tower, the locals have gathered around the dead man. "Who was he?" one asks. "He just applied for the bell ringer job. Oh, this is terrible!". Another person asks "What happened?". "He accidentally tripped and fell." said the horrified priest. "What was his name?", asked a woman. The priest thinks for a minute and says "You know... he never told me, but his face rings a bell."

A week later, there's a knock on the doors of the Cathedral. When the same priest opens the doors, he's shocked see another strange little man who looks identical to the man who died, but he has both of his arms. "Can I help you?" he asks the man. "Yes, I hope so. My brother applied for the bell ringer position here last week..." "Yes! Yes!" interrupts the priest "I'm so sorry! It was a terrible accident!". The man says "It okay. I understand. It's one of the risks of the job, but I'd like to fill in for my brother if the position is still available." "Of course!" says the priest, "but I'll need some proof that you can do the job. Just a formality... I hope you understand". "Of course!" says the man. "I'd be happy to give you a demonstration." The priest leads him up the bell tower, and the little man asks him to stand back. He grabs the ropes and begins swinging up and down with all of his weight. The bells ring out, and the Parisians look up again and smile at the familiar sound. The priest is delighted.

"That's wonderful! You're hired and can start immediately!" The little man is so happy at the news, he begins ringing the bells with all his might. He's swinging up and down, and side to side as beautiful sound fills the streets below. He's swinging so hard that the old, worn rope snaps and the man bounces off the ground and rolls out the window onto the same stone courtyard where his brother died. Once again, the locals gather around the dead body as the priest rushes down from the bell tower. "What happened?" one asks. "Oh my God, this is terrible" the priest cries "The rope broke and he fell!". "What was his name?" asks another local. The priest thinks for a minute and says "Funny... he didn't say, but he's a dead ringer for his brother!"

Rainbow was given a down down.

Prick of the week

Hard On, the current holder, stepped up and gave an interesting story on his visits to Rockhampton as a young guy. As this my hometown I was interested in his experiences particularly the comment you either got a fight or a f..k.

The punch line of story: The doctor asked how a certain VD was acquired, and when told it was acquired on a toilet seat, said that's a funny place for a f..k. This caused the RA to reminisce on a night with a coloured lady and a pair of sand shoes.

Candidates:

Swollen Colon for rubbing up against Hard On in the food queue

BB misplacing not one but two beers

And the winner is **BB**.

On Sec **Slug** was called to give an update on coming events:

Nash Hash Adelaide has been postponed to 25-27 March 2022.

Nash Hash Central Coast still planned for 10-12 March 2023.

Mackay H3 40 Years of Hashing - 24th to 26th September 2021.

Gympie H3 40 years of Hashing - 8th to 10th October 2021.

Next's Week Run

Hare: **Bent Banana**

Sir Point Two Memorial, Hash Formal

Venue: 24 Maryland Ave, Carrara

BB was called into the circle for a birthday down down.

It was noted that **Sir Rabbit** was missing from tonight's run and some of the pack had seen Rabbits' Run (a mountain biking track) on trail.

Splinter Hash – 27th August

Host: **Sir Ferrett**

Location: Renaissance Mall (Chevron Arcade), Surfers Paradise

11.45am The Local

12.30 pm Sardjiono's Italian Restaurant

After hanging around with a few Covid hashers indulging in some post run drinks, it was back in the Commodore for a scenic trip back home via Old Coach Road and Tallebudgera Creek Road to West Burleigh and home.

Never let the truth interfere with a good story.

On On,

Slug