



Was it a strange coincidence or did two of the intellectual geniuses of the Hash both attend the same Uni and wanted to re-visit their old Alma Mater named in honour of that Corporate Thug and well known Stand-Over Man, Alan Bond?

Or was it a flash of genius that our psychic ex-president Iceman knew well in advance that it would be a traditional pissing down wet easter week-end and inveigled unsuspecting Miscarriage to take over the duty as Iceman would be away.

In spite of the rain and just before dark, on a wet and windy late afternoon, a goodly turn-out of dedicated Gold Coast Hashers attended were seen huddled and shivering together, not because of the cold, which it was, but in dubious anticipation of what the mischievous Miscarriage had in store for them on the run.

And the answer was - Nothing.

Co-hare Albus Dumbledore who was to set the run had turned again into a Magician and magically disappeared leaving our poor

Miscarriage with the awesome responsibility of run setting, in addition to having to satisfy the gourmet demands of the Gold Coast Hash on five bucks.

Rising the challenge and emerging from the rain at just before 5 a wet bedraggled lonely hare advised that there was no trail - BUT - follow the one set a few weeks earlier and all would be fine, in fact it was to be a live hare run led by volunteers.

The Walkers amazingly enough found themselves led by the Great Delegator, Sir Slab who somehow did not manage to duck this one whilst the Runners heard Iceman, who wasn't supposed to be there offer to lead, for this to be soundly and rapidly rejected. It appears that leading from the rear is not ideal and our indefatigable World Champion level Tri-athlete Sir Blackie stepped into the breach, indeed with absolute alacrity as he saw opportunity to add a swim leg to the run and improve on his training for the forthcoming Worlds!!

And off the packs went with Sir Slab immediately looking for bush and shiggy only to find a hedge to break down, whilst missing out on seeing again the magnificent Uni landscaping, rivalled only in an old sort of way by The Palace at Versailles.

Past the first lake and SS about to short-cut again at the second on the left, when the mob defiantly demanded a decent run and one was had with a distance of 3.65km being covered, just about right for such a night.

Our keen and enthusiastic runners meanwhile headed off at the normal pace in a close group until Aldi was reached, here the opportunity to inspect the weekly specials was too much for most of the pack leaving BB, Aah Pisto, F O and the Psychic to do the full run of towards 5 kms.

Dinner arrived and it was a relief to find that Miscarriage had been allowed to come along on the evening after almost being grounded, and losing other privileges, after been discovered by his better half not only boning the chicken, but tossing the salad and playing around with tarts.

But all's well that ends well, apart from the Kiwi invasion of Aussie traditional trading areas with their Enzed Corn Chips, the Chicken Salad Rolls disappeared in short order, an ideal food with a shortage of tables.

Circle was called at the stroke of seven by by Ken Sutcliffe, he who was re-named Two Dogs by Graeme Kennedy in an earlier life, with BB called on to give the Run Report that was considered a good one apart from Sir Blackies shameful short-cut.

Mad Mike was happy with the walk that took in the other half of the Lake Run set previously by the missing Magician.

Sir Prince applauded his protégé's nosh apart from Jacinda's raid. Generally considered healthy, and it was agreed that we all like a good tart occasionally.

Down Downs went to Miscarriage for the excellent choice of a roofed venue.

Rug found the hidden bone to be congratulated by the Hare with a Down Down as reward.

No Religious Advisor on such an important religious week-end was a shock to the many who only eat fish on a Friday, and the Prick of the Week (POW) appears to be heading to be Prick of the Month (POM) or even Prick of the Quarter (POQ).

It seems that either the current holder, whom we seem to remember is Carefree has grown attached to it or that one of his many admirers and/or visitors to his Main Beach Bordello has grown an attachment to it. (Never Grow Up - Just Out).

The first story of the night something about Mags by Miscarriage's personal raconteur Sir Prince much to the amusement of many.

The Psychic it seems has a friend in Miami, plus as surrogate for Circumference read a story about Easter Bunny.

BB was saddened by our revered GM's short cutting and our Hare gave a sad story about diplomatic perverts resulting in a double down down for Sirs Prince and Ferrett.

At this stage thankfully my pen ran out of ink whilst my memory went off the boil years ago.

But I can report that Sir Easter Bunny is struggling to locate Blue Card - so beware - You may be the next Hare!

And if Invisible Ink, our absentee scribe calls you on a Monday, do not answer, advice that I had not received hence this Hash Drivel that is no doubt destined for the virtual S Bend where it belongs.

On On

Your Temporary Driveller

