

After foolishly accepting a **Nasty** call late on a Monday afternoon the result became this load of drivel, probably as revenge for handing our irregular scribe, **Invisible Ink**, POW as proxy for **Poxy**!

Fortunately the Physio next door was still open and had a spare pen and some paper for the notes that became increasingly indecipherable as the night wore on, so for what it's worth the following are a few comments about what turned out to be a pleasant eve of winter's event for the assembled 28 Hashmen, eagerly awaiting the return of **"Why Do You Ask?"** - A fresh, shorn and shaven GM stopping graciously by en-route from WA to NSW!



As for the run/walk, there isn't a lot of virgin in Southport and little attempt was made to find some, none the less **Aah Pisto** felt the run exciting enough to remark on its Zig Zag nature, whilst others enjoyed copious opportunities for short cutting of what should have been a run a shade over 5 kms.

As for the 3.2 km walk, initially led by **Sir Vuvezele of South Port**, not much can be said except that the group enjoyed **Circumference** taking them around the circumference of Southport's Broadwater Parklands, plus showing off local knowledge by introducing all still with him to 'The Last Night on Earth' craft beer pub recently adjudged purveyors of the Best Burgers on The Coast!!

Back at the bucket, Yes, Tonight, was crowned with **Sir Jo's** Birthday Beers for which he was later suitably abused.

Having all week anticipated a **Full of** Asian repast there was a surprise or two with dinner.

Entree being that staple of Mexico - Nachos and bottled Salsa, followed by a steaming Irish Style (Chicken and) Potato Stew, with beans and peas to keep the winter chills away, accompanied by fresh brown bread (an ideal dinner accompaniment especially useful for wiping clean dinner plates when water is in short supply).

Fresh chunks of assorted melon and ice cream finishing off the meal - Not exactly gourmet but well suited to the occasion.

A covered basement level garage in salubrious Southport Heights, great to protect from the non-rain, turned out fine as apart from there being nowhere to light the Hash Fire without setting off multiple alarms, a warming fire was not needed, simply being undercover kept the cold at bay.

Run reports, charges, and sundry jokes followed as well as a detailed story of chalices being lost and/or stolen with amongst the culprits it appeared were **KB, Kwakka and Sir Prince. Aquaman** for the night, **Sir Rabbit** was unamused at the careless manner with which these priceless items were handled!

The dubious honour of POW, unfairly it was felt by many, went to **VD** for his outstanding burgers from the previous week, in spite of all who wanted one getting one and that after the delivery of 30 instead of 40 burgers by the supplier. The award was graciously accepted.

The evening was sponsored by Broadwater Dental Services and Dr Robinson, after they had left taking their Tesla and Porshe with them.

On On to Iceman and Pacific Parade.

Your temporary Driveller.