

As we keep hearing, 2020 is a year like no other. Every week from around the globe to Monday hash, there's always a story. A week ago at S Bend's run, Blue Card gave Miscarriage POW for some beat up BS. Next day, an 8 year old horse from Pommyland got the chocolates and a hash refugee, another Pommy, cleaned up in our sweep in the race that stops a nation. On Wednesday, the Qld Maroons flew into Adelaide for a game of football on a cricket pitch and kicked some cockroach arse in another episode of Wayne's World.

Over in the Divided States of Red, White and Blue, although Humpty Trumpty had a fall, he was okay for another round of golf which made him feel Great Again as he has admitted he hates loosing. Cigar smoking Joe Hockey tells the story how he beat him at golf one day and the big man with the orange coloured features still hasn't returned the scorecard. Another old codger and a young coloured sheila from California claimed they were moving into the big white house with the black fence around it in January 2021. By that time the current tenants will either have been fired or got the virus. Speaking of which, over in the Old Dart, Boris' medical advice to the nation in a global pandemic was telling everyone to go and out party like its 1999, the night before the UK went into lockdown.

So that brings us back home to a place called the Sunshine State and in particularly the Gold Coast where hashing is always fun. Weekly as the hare was running around the venue like a blue arsed fly trying to get the trailer bbq 's gas working and get the packs off for a run / walk etc. Kwakka and Hard On, our resident hash security were seated collecting the hash cash which prompted Miscarriage to throw his phone and keys into the bottom of a bag located beside them. Yours truly was asking Brutus about the run but was called out by the hare not to do the run but do the walk instead as Slug was not present on the night. Despite telling Weekly Slug had already left on the walk, I was given the walk map/instructions. I was thinking about suggesting a Specsavers appointment to Weekly but as he had enough on his plate with getting the nosh going I held back. Later in the evening the hare asked me if I had seen Sir Slab and I suggested he look at the bloke seated on my left. Mind you , it did cast my mind back again to a month or so ago when Brewtus, Weekly and I were driving around the Stanthorpe wineries. On that occasion, Weekly asked me - where's the railway line around here ? My reply was - see that thing over there which was located about a couple metres on our left off the highway.

So after about half an hour the run and walkers were all back after a tour of the nicer parts of Robina where we saw wide streets, big trees , Christmas lights and quite a few dogs which kept returning runner Iceman on his toes after a recent run in he had with a canine. Badger sold out of his home made jams very quickly as hashers contributed to his nominated charity. The jatz crackers, cheese and cabana were washed down by some nice Cooper's beer and decent red wines. Thanks for your selection of the beers, Fuller Shit. Over in the kitchen area, KB, Truck Tyres and the hare had prepared all the makings of good burgers. So it wasn't long before all was quiet as hashers loaded up on burgers before a very healthy fruit salad and yoghurt for dessert.

In the absence of the GM, Miscarriage, called a circle just after yours truly had met him near the Coopers esky and decided to shout him a coldie as we often to do to our hash mates. First up to be called out was Truck Tyres who appeared to be conducting his own splinter circle near the trailer.

Hare Weekly and his apprentice, RA Brewtus enjoyed a down down for their efforts in a good venue. Bent Banana advised he didn't even raise a sweet on the run and Jigsaw enjoyed the neighbourhood walk. As most hashers were full after the tasty nosh and it was pretty well all gone, it was a good

indication it was enjoyed by all.

The acting GM then stated that his phone and keys had still not been found and he did not know what the bag he had put them into looked like. But this devious SOB knowing he also had a Ace up his back pocket being the POW decided to play his Trump card (no pun intended) in the circle. He had figured why go looking or ringing earlier when he could roast someone in the circle. Sure enough the plan worked, his number was dialled and tracked to the hasher 's bag of the hash mate who had just shouted him a beer. So jumping a bit forward, it was only a matter of time before Circumference was suckered into becoming POW.

Returning runners - The Big O, Badger and the Iceman received down downs after telling about their absences.

Weekly was charged for claiming Slug was not in attendance probably orchestrating a series of events which allowed Miscarriage to drop his possessions into my bag while I was getting instructions about the walk.

Some of the Melbourne Cup sweep prize winners were also called out for a drink. Sir Rabbit, Fuller Shit and Rug. It was suggested we drink Brownie Box's sweep winnings in his absence if he doesn 't return soon. It's great to see hashers looking after their mate's interests especially after this hasher shouted them free beer during a hash lockdown run.

Sir Botcho gave us a medical update on Rock Hard and we all wish him well.

Next week the hash goes to the Hilton in Surfers Paradise for some birthday celebrations. As Somo once said, how good is Queensland ?

Circumference

(sucked in, again, on the night, this time to scribe)