

In the continued absence of the Hash **Ghost Writer - Invisible Ink**, you will have to put up with this load of drivel, the consolation being that not many care to read run reports, or so it seems!

A better evening, crisp, cool and wind-free could not have been chosen for the trek, passport in hand, to Paradise Point for **Iceman's** run, and to see how the other half lives, an area that has provided of late multiple GMs.

A goodly roll-up of 27 hash men impatiently awaited the digitally delayed start and then it was off on a waterside boardwalk trail that initially offered great promise, including a drink stop that we understood our elder statesman **Carefree** was taking care of, and even passing the Salacia Complex and imaginatively named Brewed Brewery!

Soon however it was back to the streets after accosting a lonely fisherman on a blind alley thinking that his Esky was the one filled with liquid gold!

The runners by now had disappeared and it was **Sir Vuvuzelas** doleful sound, a bit like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, keeping the walking pack resolutely together.

And then before you knew it, it was back at the Bucket where **Weekly** had Maroon birthday XXXXs in anticipation of the game on Wednesday that all thinking people know will be another great win for our Southern Cousins, whilst our elder statesman waited in vain to share out the Para Style Port. (But for those that made it - It was good).



Miscarriage newly adopted as a member of the First Nation advised that the run was about 4.5kms and OK.

S Bends, having had to back track to find the Para, gave the walk a bit of a serve for a lack of markings, especially having been set by our ex-GM who often, and repeatedly, berated Hares for poor trails.

Sir Black Stump with his praise felt that there was 'good chook and salad with olives', which made it "Quite Good".

Indeed the Pluck and Grab chicken, with potatoes, seemed to fill then gap followed by Woolworths iced confection, 99 style, hardly Gourmet but more than adequate.

There was no shortage of Returning Runners including:

Pluck a Duck, not seen for years.

Sir Ferret, back from a trip somewhere and given the honour of Place 1A in the dinner queue.

Cumsmoke, having given the self-appointed GM of the Nerangutan Hill Billies a spray, is back - on probation!

Little Dick, re-appeared from somewhere as he tends to do.

Poxy, returned in person so no longer needs a proxy (BTW: Don't give him POW again as next time he may not be able to prise it from his better half!!)

Swindler, fresh from his May Babies 50 hash persons week-end triumph, and the planting of 4,500 Koala trees whilst entertaining ABC landline

Down Downs to the Hare and **Miscarriage** (of course) for being dumped or was it duped by a truck.

Weekly for birthday beers and **Brewtus** hoping that being Hierarchy would save him after forgetting **Fanny Charmer's** dash back to **Brewtus'** own run to shout beers.

A couple of jokes including **Rug's** repeat from Splinter followed, but as the pointed out, not many had heard it, rounding out the evening that had been more than pleasant and in a great location provided by Council's Stonemasons.



Next Run:

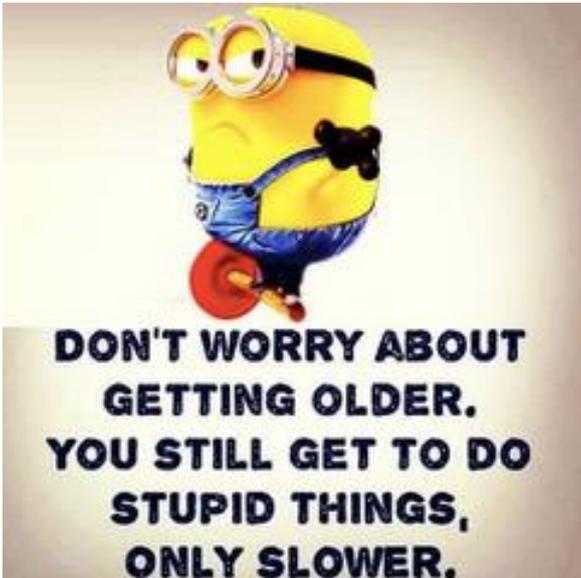
It's passports again for next week and **Aah Pisto**, the original Bisto kid.

(4 Seaspray Street Paradise Point)



Pisto

Pisto (also known as Pisto manchego) is a Spanish dish originally from the Region of Murcia, Castilla La Mancha and Extremadura. It is made of tomatoes, onions, eggplant or courgettes, green and red peppers, and olive oil. It resembles ratatouille and is usually served warm ... +



On On to the next challenging run and culinary highlights of GCH3 - The Gourmet Hash.

Your Temporary Driveller.