

It's Run No.2148, on New Years Eve of all days. Only the lonely and homeless with shit for brains would find themselves at Hash on New Years Eve. And yes, as described, a motley mob of 6 misfits abandoned their loved ones to join their real family for another thrilling Hash night:



Where the fuck is Truckie?



Swindler travelled by electric bike all the way from Tyalgum, the other side of Murwillumbah, just to make the run and to wish his Hash mates a Happy New Year ... but hey, where's **Truckie**? Indeed, **Truck Tyre** did ring to confirm he was coming, but now it's kick-off time and the mighty man is nowhere to be seen. So, without **Truckie**, a huddled pack of 4 trudge off, following an excellently marked trail set by Hare **S-Bend**, leaving behind **Swindler** & **HardOn** to guard the beer. [Reminds me of the fox guarding the hen house].

The Run/Walk was long yet pleasant, winding around and through Broadwater restaurants, all nicely decked out for NYE celebrations, then back along the seafront to the Southport Surf Club. So long in fact was the trail that **Weekly** & **Slug** fell off the pace and somehow found themselves prematurely drinking piss in the Surf Club, along with **Swindler** & **HardOn** who by this time had abandoned their guard duties in favour of basic bar pleasures.

And, like the Scarlet Pimpernel, who else sneaked into the Surf Club? None other than **Flasher**. Now there were 7. But where's **Truckie**?

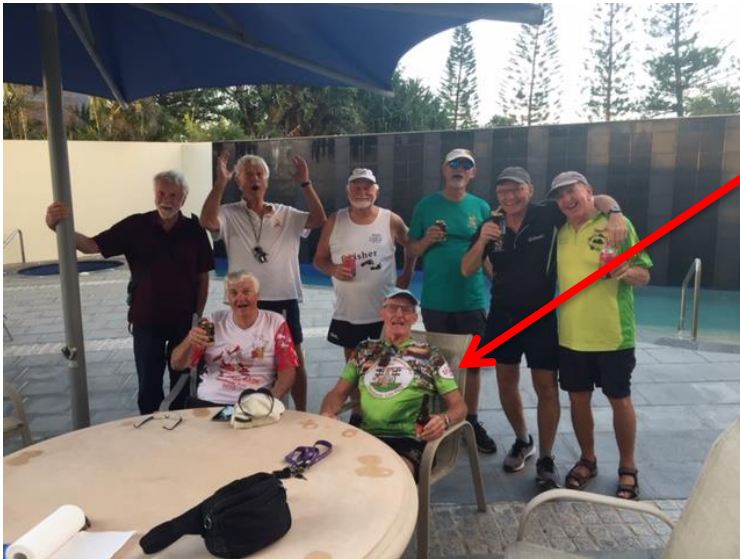


Where the fuck is Truckie?

FUNNY HOW
DRINKING 8 CUPS
OF WATER A DAY
SEEMS LIKE IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE BUT 8
BEERS AND 6
SHOTS IN 3 HOURS
GO DOWN LIKE A
FAT KID ON A
SEE-SAW...

After numerous Surf Club beers, the pack stumbled to the On On, poolside at Newport ... except **Flasher** who, on a New Year root promise, scooted home like a dog sniffing the wind. And talking of a sniffing dog, waiting for us with a 'just been there' smile is **Fuller Shit**. Now we are back to 7 ... but, sadly, still no **Truckie**.

Hang on!! Hang on!! Who's that coming through the gate. Faaaaark me ... it's **Truck Tyre**. Ahh, thank the Lord: the night is now complete and all is well.



What about the food, you ask. Varied flavours of BBQ'd chippolatos were served by S-Bend ... without a doubt, Nosh of the Year, as voted by the large group of attendees.

All in all, a memorable Hash night, and a great way to kick off the New Year.

**HHHAPPY NEW YEAR & ON ON
SHAT**

PS: They say the economy in 2019 might not be so good



**"I don't want to worry you, but the guy
who delivered the pizza was your
financial planner."**