

**New Year Run 2019-2020.**  
**Hare: SBENDS**  
**Location: His Multi Level Mansion in Main Beach**  
**Around 25 Runners**

This Run last Year was on New Years Eve and drew only a handful of Runners, had no On On and only a skimpy bucket. Why? Because it was one day later and all good Hashmen were at home with the families. Just a few that were not. SBENDS also set that one to a park just a few metres from home.

This year we had a much grander event. The Hare set a challenging Trail which included soft sand running for those who still see themselves as athletes and both ocean and Broadwater beaches. Some of the Runners still managed to get themselves lost and nobody found the elusive **Boa Constrictor**.

Back at SBENDS pool everyone relaxed with \$1 Birthday Beers by ROCKHARD and a Free Beer Voucher courtesy of our magnanimous GM, ICEMAN.

Soon there were Cumberland Sausages for entree for those with asbestos fingers. Others waited 5 minutes for them to cool a little.



Meanwhile the chefs who brought you last years Not So Good Nosh were working on another triumph.

Salad expert SIR RABBIT also came up with a masterpiece and finally **Chicken Cacciatore** **Garlic Bread** **Salad** all came together in a crescendo of flavours, colour and delight.



But there was more:

Warm chocolate sauce with a half bottle of Mount Gay Rum added for extra depth.

This was over two different ice cream flavours.

Enough to make any Hashman sated and maybe wondering about his sexuality.

Soon the GM was calling for a Circle.

This prompted tidy up activities.

His audience reduced to around 10 and thinking the remainder had pissed off home he got started only to find all straggled back after loading the trailer in a faraway place.

**Run Report:**

Seemingly Runners dwindled from a Pack of 10 to 8 - 6 - 5 - 4 who finally made it around through various hurdles such as soft sand, high tide, wind, rain, snow - no, there was no rain or snow! It was pronounced excellent by Shat who by the way is not a Runner.

**Walk:**

A good tour of local high rise developments with a split where some braved the beach and others turned for Home.

Some discussion ensued that it was the last Run of the decade.

This was challenged.

It was agreed it was the LAST RUN OF THE HASH DECADE.

**Nosh:**

Report was by HardOn who participated in the preparation and pronounced it - UNBELIEVABLE!

**Visitor:**

Uncle of Strawberry Fields staying at the Weekly Guesthouse until he wears out his welcome.

Also staying at Monthly's place. Uncle of SF. Name Theiss. Builds submarines - U Boats? at Kiel for the Germans.

<https://www.google.com/maps/place/Kiel,+Germany/@54.3419319,9.9855939,11z/data=!3m1!4b1!4m5!3m4!1s0x47b2560d8fee97ad:0x4248963c6580320!8m2!3d54.3232927!4d10.1227652>

**Birthday:**

RockHard. Onya RockHard! Thanks for the Beers.

**Stand In RA BrenGun:**

Listed his credentials including Hash Monk in Brisbane at some point in his dark past.

He then proceeded to denigrate your Scribe with an unfortunately true story of my attempting to call/text Magician over two days only to find I was using a wrong number - one of a real Magician!

**POW:**

Holder SBENDS went through a long story about who was/was not deserving and finally handed it to perennial holder SWOLLEN COLON. Ask Swollen how he got the name.

Finally, I am off for my annual holidays in Sydney till late February. Thankfully there is a long queue of aspiring Scribes and starting with SWEATHOG you will be able to enjoy their work from Monday next. CU later.

ON ON,  
Carefree

## **A Lucky Story**

**Old but worth another run**

I was a very happy man. My wonderful Italian girlfriend and I had been dating for over a year,

and so we decided to get married. There was only one little thing bothering me. It was her beautiful younger sister.

My prospective sister-in-law was twenty-two, wore very tight mini skirts, and generally was bra-less. She would regularly bend down when she was near me, and I always got more than a nice view. It had to be deliberate because she never did it when she was near anyone else.

One day her 'little' sister called and asked me to come over to check the wedding invitations. She was alone when I arrived, and she whispered to me that she had feelings and desires for me that she couldn't overcome. She told me that she wanted me just once before I got married and committed life to her sister.

Well, I was in total shock, and couldn't say a word.

She said, "I'm going upstairs to my bedroom, and if you want one last wild fling, just come up and get me." I was stunned and frozen in shock as I watched her go up the stairs. I stood there for a moment, then turned and made a beeline straight to the front door. I opened the door and headed straight towards my car.

Lo and behold, my entire future family was standing outside, all clapping! With tears in his eyes, my father-in-law took down his shotgun, and hugged me and said, “We are very happy that you have passed our little test. We couldn't ask for a better man for our daughter. Welcome to the family.”

The moral of this story: Always keep your condoms in your car!