

Circumference has jumped in at short notice in the absence of your normal Scribe due to flight delay, weather, injury, and fatigue:

Ballpoint and Pepe, the co-hares, decided on a French theme to remember the storming of the Bastille and coinciding chose a big bright moon evening on the 50th anniversary of the "one small step for man, one large step for mankind " event. Ballpoint told the pack as there was old and new flour on the trail in some sort of pigeon French accent, that there may also be two different trails. So into the Nerang Forest the pack headed looking for flour preferably without weevils in it which would indicate we were on the most recently set trail. A few unusual sightings in the forest included either an Aboriginal gunya shelter(minus the gyprock cladding) or someone getting ready to torch the forest. Sir Jo remarked - has anyone got a match ! The runners found some strange markings on trail which only French nationals hashers would apparently understand. After half an hour all were back and in a first for a Nerang Forest run, no one got lost. Fat Yak Birthday Beers provided by Dutch Oven were enjoyed by all.

Ballpoint and Truck Tyres were busy serving the first course of a very hot soup which I shall call Chernobyl soup. The reason being as while I was trying to sip mine the GM approached me about doing the run report, and didn't realise he was pouring his hot soup on my leg while talking to me. So I had a burnt mouth and a burnt leg from probably the hottest soup on the planet that evening. Double dipped garlic bread served with the soup caused Cum Smoke to ask if there was a vampire problem in the area. Next up was some sort of stew and as Sir Rabbit remarked served with a very pulverised potato mash. Anyhow it too was nice and hot. As they say why let the truth get in the way of a good story, but the nosh could have been better described if the hare had provided me the menu in French as he said he would but obviously forgot because at the time of going to print, Ballpoint had not supplied such and I needed to meet my editors deadline.

Circle time couldn't come quick enough as the temperature dropped. Cum Smoke described his short walk in the park and Bent Banana the quick run in the forest. In the absence of co-hare Pepe, Ballpoint took one for the team. The food report by Sir Blackie was short and sweet, as he had none

because as he had waited for the seagulls to swoop first, then there was sweet F A left, so just like some of his hospital op visits, it was a case of Nil by Mouth. The returners and visitors were next with the Magician's brother, Cir C and the hare getting down downs. Sweat Hog did the RA gig and pulled out a few good photos and jokes. Speaking of jokers, Truck Tyres was called out few times to explain how he lost his car on a bike ride and how he couldn't get his Foxtel Pirate Premium Sports package to work causing him to miss the big weekend finals of cricket and tennis. In the first instance he had ridden his back to the opposite direction to where his car was parked and in the second instance it was that highly sophisticated technical issue of flat batteries in his remote. With the GM back in control, hash mile stones were awarded to Excel, Shat and Quakka. With their total number being 1000 runs, a combined SIR drinks package of joint down downs were awarded.

The purple headed POW, although appropriate on the cold evening, is due for a repaint and Brutus has been contracted to carry out the work in the near future.

Some hashers who have prepared alternate songs were called out as possible POW candidates and these included Sir Jo and Swollen Colon. Nasty, the carry over POW, considered the scrubbing of the existing song wrong after such a short time but agreed with the innocent pleas of the songsters that they were only following instruction to come up with alternate songs.

So Nasty, still on POW patrol then went searching for hashers who did not help put away the tables/chairs leaving it to the over worked booze masters to attend to them. However just like in the army, there were no volunteers stepping forward giving themselves up. However there is always plan B to fall back on, and up stepped the nomination for the hasher who left the gate open when entering the venue. As he is now a newly rural resident, Swindler explained gate etiquette to the circle, which basically means - if its open leave it open, if its closed, close it behind you. So the worldly traveller hasher who got the POW just happened to be the Magician who had ignored gate etiquette by leaving the gate open. After knocking off his down down, he exited the circle early and was spotted again not closing the gate behind him as he left the venue.

A birthday down down for Dutch Oven was the final event for the evening.

On On
CIRCUMFERENCE(now on freelance secondment while Carefree in absentia)



Missing!!
Nasty is on the Hunt!!

Beware!!

Although the Hash never ever found the Boa of Main Beach there is a new threat.
On Monday the Run from Tom Rose Park was bordering on
Nerang Forest Park.

See below what is lurking there waiting to drop from a tree onto any unsuspecting
Hashman who may stop for a nature break.



First there was Paul Hogan and Steve Irwin but now it's all about Nerang's Riki Stokoe.

Faced with a nine-feet (about 2.74m) python down the side of their house, most people would quake with fear.

But not Riki Stokoe who became the talk of his local pub this week after wrangling the beast from his lawn across Yarrayne Road to the forest on the other side at about midday last Monday.

“It was just laying down the side (of the house) with a gut full of food,” he said.

