

As we have done every other year, tonight we gathered in the Tunnel at the top end of Ashmore Road, Molendinar for the Hashoween run. Upon arrival after walking down the bush track, there were the hard workers, having set it all up on the tunnel, which dates back to 1888 and is known as the Ernest Junction Tunnel. The trailer was there, the generator was up the hill and there was KB at the trailer, beavering away on the final touches to the extravaganza he had created for us.

The troops gathered for the six o'clock departure and we were told by the hare, Botcho, that the run was of approximately 7 km and would take 45 minutes or thereabouts to complete (wishful thinking for most!) and the walkers would trundle over a distance of some 3 km. Yours truly set off and returned after walking about 500 metres, due to a dicky knee.

The tables in the tunnel were being prepared with table cloths and starters in readiness for the arrival of the runners and walkers. The nibbles was comprised of corn chips with hummus and another dip of what I think was yoghurt and cucumber. Very nice indeed. All washed down with the first beer of course.

The walkers all strolled through the far end of the tunnel after about 25 minutes and all agreed that the walk was very good, but of course some had short-cutted and asked some of the locals if they knew their way back to the tunnel. Cheating bastards!

The runners all came in close on an hour from what I could make of it, all hot and sweaty and saying what a great run it was. I heard mutterings of "run of the year"!! Seems that this is the conclusion every week and clearly dementia is setting in because nobody can remember what any of the previous runs or noshes were like, including the previous weeks' one, hence the cries each week of "run of the year" or "nosh of the year".

Soon after all were back at base, our entertainment arrived, Anita, who proceeded to serve as hostess, starting with serving us all a shot of Schnapps (peach flavoured) and then we quickly got served our starters of long soup with meat wontons and garnish on top. This was devoured by one and all when they weren't being distracted by the obvious assets of Anita.

Mains consisted of wonderful salads and fresh ham off the bone, expertly sliced by Miscarriage, who wielded a mean knife and you could instantly tell he had been a butcher in a previous life. His knife honing skills were amazing to watch.

Circle started with Bent Banana giving a run report. Aussie gave the walk report. Prince then took the floor and gave a report on his health, or rather lack thereof. He was not sure if the defibrillator was going to be in use tonight, so he came prepared with his own device should he need it...a pair of hefty jumper leads ready to be hooked up to the generator or a battery and onto his chest. Sir Two Dogs assured him that it was there, ready to use, and all operators had watched the Mister Bean training video on its use. A comment from the floor was that if that same model defibrillator can save a Wiggle, it can surely save a prince!!

The RA then took the floor and immediately dragged Truckie and Rug out front for the best costumes. Truly creepy the both of them!!

Botcho got a mention for giving priority to Hash tonight ahead of his 35th wedding anniversary. Clearly Cappa has been well trained into simply accepting the fact that nothing,

absolutely nothing, ever gets in the way of Hash on a Monday night. A well deserved Down Down on that one!

Sir Rabbit got a Down Down for providing the music. It of course included his home stereo system, which he lugged all the way down the hill to the tunnel. I assisted about half way and I swear the bag weighed 50kg!! I hope it got driven up the hill rather than the poor soul having to lug it back up on his back!

Next well deserved Down Down was for Kitchen Bitch, who has usual has excelled himself in providing us with a nosh to remember (at least until Sunday night...see above)

No charges from the floor.

Suddenly out of the far end of the tunnel appeared what seemed like a camouflaged commando who stood there for what appeared to be minutes, then all of a sudden the loud, explosive thunder of fire crackers going off, reverberating at a couple of hundred decibels up and down the tunnel. Bloody Swollen Colon up to his old tricks again!

Then there were various carry-ons, including introducing the visitors. I only got as far as John from Benowa as I was up the other end of the tunnel. Sorry about my ommissions. Then we were led into raucous song by our new members, but I am sorry as I don't know them.

Prick of the week....Rug presented it to Bluecard not only for not being dressed for Halloween, but for being dressed for Octoberfest!!! That was ages ago!!

Well, that's about what I can recall of the night as I spent most of it taking photos and looking for my lost torch, my lost phone, my lost glasses.....now I know how Truckie must feel 24/7!!

On On,

Fanny Charmer, sub-substitute stand-in scribe