

A relatively small group of hardy hashers gathered at the park on Stanhill Drive at Chevron Island for the regular six o'clock start, with most probably thinking something like "oh well, here we go again, good old Chevron Island, nothing new to be seen here". We gathered for the briefing and Shat pulled out six envelopes and announced that the runners were to do a "postcard run".

The envelopes were randomly distributed amongst the runners, whilst the walkers were told that they had received preferential treatment and that the walk had been comprehensively marked and was through previously un-chartered territory. We all greeted that with a degree of skepticism but off we went in a westerly direction and after a few hundred metres indeed we were in virgin country as most of us had never crossed the brand new "Green Bridge", which is actually blue in colour. With much glee at the new discovery, we enthusiastically traversed it and headed off into the wilds of Evandale parklands.

Mad Mike asked "where are we, I've never been here before!" and those of us who do not live in the lofty heights of Mudgeeraba, as he does, had to explain to him that he was indeed traversing hallowed ground upon which stands HOTA, the new and yet to be inaugurated art gallery and the hardly used council chambers. Off in the distance we saw a group of runners, clearly confused as to the instructions in their envelopes.

We crossed Bundall Road, meeting up with Botcho, who had started on the run but decided that it was far too hot to run, so he joined the jovial walkers as we went past the post office and down Upton Street. We were all hoping to go past the brothels on that street, hoping against hope that perhaps Shat had gone to the trouble of organising a drinks-stop at one of them. It wasn't to be however as we were directed by arrows down between the industrial sheds and back out onto Bundall Road, but not before coming across an arrow pointing in the opposite direction.

There was a degree of conjecture as to what may have been going on, with some speculating that it was an arrow to do with one of the many gyms in the area which regularly send their clients out on circuit runs, whilst others speculated that it was the remnants of Halal's run from several weeks ago, which he'd marked in surveyor's paint and which was destined to remain imprinted on the footpath for several years.

We went back north on Bundall Road and several of us headed back into the park to again traverse the Green Bridge back home, but S-Bends headed further north, intent on walking beside the heavy traffic back to Chevron Island. I yelled out to him "we paid for the bloody thing with our taxes so we might as well use it", but no, he insisted on going a different way. He was probably on trail all the way, but we didn't care. We ran into some of the runners, and it would appear that there was

a bit of shortcutting by some and passing on of envelopes to those more dedicated runners.

Back to the park and we were greeted by starters of "little boys" or "weeners" or what I know them as, little hot dogs. Shat had lovingly prepared these, bringing the water to the boil just at the right moment to have them split open and ooze their delectable insides all over the foil serving tray. Shat then proceeded to squirt almost a full bottle of tomato sauce over them and proclaimed that indeed they had been lovingly prepared! Mains was a chicken schnitzel of sorts, with what I think was processed meat. This was served with a bun and coleslaw.

But wait, the best was yet to come with several Aldi lemon tart pies served with copious amounts of aerosol fake cream. Ahhhh, it doesn't get better than this, does it??

The circle was called to order by the GM and visitors were called to the front. Steve No Name, introduced by Iceman, came out and got a down-down. Bent Banana then gave the run report, who said that the run was clearly set by somebody on a pushbike as there is no way it could have been done on foot.

The walk report was provided by the cardiac cripple (self-described!), Sir Prince Valiant. Hard-On and Shat were called out as the hares and got a down-down. Weekly copped a down-down for a mobile phone infringement. He grumbled something about the fact he wouldn't be treated like this if he was still in Rotary...well, you know the answer!!

Botcho told a yarn about ringing Caustic, who had accompanied Truckie home from his endoscopy and apparently it was a very revealing procedure, with the gastroenterologist having detected two sets of car-keys, a wallet, a passport and several other lost items in bowels of his stomach.

On to the RA, who called out Bluecard for constant chatter in circle, clearly due to feeling isolated during his absence from Hash. In turn, Bluecard called out Bent Banana, for coming over to Bluecard and his father in a Nerang fish and chip shop and stealing the 94 year old father's chips!

The GM then asked that we all look around in our garages, shelves, cupboards and boots for the **VARIOUS AWARDS, WHICH ALL HAVE TO COME BACK SO THEY CAN AGAIN BE AWARDED AT THE AGPU.**

So, if you have received an award, would you kindly bring it to Hash so it can be re-distributed.

Miscarriage called out Sir Rabbit for being a Green Bridge virgin and Foxtrot for deceiving him and saying that beers were free tonight. Both copped a down-down. Poxy and Rug both told jokes to cap off the circle...they had us in fits of laughter.

NEXT WEEK'S RUN... YOU WILL NEED YOUR GO-CARD AND ALSO YOU WILL NEED TO HAVE YOUR MOBILE PHONE (IDEALLY) SO YOU CAN CHECK IN TO THE DRINK STOP WITH A QR CODE.

Shat ended the circle.

On On

Fanny Charmer

Stand In On Sec

Has anybody seen Nasty?