

After about 6 klms touring the sights of western Southport, I was informed by Kwakka- After you have got your breath back, I am just letting you you know that Nasty wants you to do the run report. Outsourcing delegater and sub-contractor committee hasher of the year nomination, Nasty was having another Monday RDO from his job. So here goes, from memory, with no pen or paper, my recollection of the events co-hared by the Sirs Josephine and Rabbit.

The venue was Southport Tigers RL grounds where the amenities are sadly falling into a gutted dilapidated state. Many years ago they had a twinkle-toed winger who would flash down the sideline to score tries. Now that the former Tigers player is doing a reno on his Coolum joint, perhaps the club could reach out to him as their benefactor to throw a few dollars their way to fix a few things up like the toilets. The name in the old programme of that winger was Clive Palmer.

After Sir Jo had rigged up some lighting, he gave instructions on the run/ walks. There were 3 to choose from of varying distances, a bit like beginners, intermediate and advanced. So the full tour run highlights included the pony club, the cemetery, dodging the light rail trams, the beautiful industrial areas of Bailey Crescent, lots of slashed grass and plenty of shiggy before heading home along old rail tracks(now paths). You wouldn't think you could get lost but a gap between a re-group and a check on Wardoo Street was the Magician's downfall as he became disorientated. Upon consulting his telephone's GPS maps, it gave him directions to another Tigers Club, the AFL one behind Labrador Park. A worried Sir Slab was concerned about his lift home with his driver no where to be seen. However Magician wandered in just as the main course of nosh was served.

Prior to this, hashers had nibbled on Arnott's Saladas crackers served with an industrial sized container of Homus while enjoying their cold beverages. The nosh was a meal of heavily chorizo based with a hint of chilli and beans served with fresh bread. I had crushed Saladas like croutons just for something different with my meal. In my e mail inbox on Tuesday morning it showed that I had received a late 9.38 pm e mail on Monday evening from Sir Rabbit advising the official name of the meal. So for the record and those who farted well on Tuesday morning, you had consumed the ingredients that Now Loved had purchased a week earlier for his run that Sir Rabbit had transformed into his Shortcut French Cassoulet Receipe- Classic French Stew.

For dessert, there were chocolate wafers for those who still empty after a few servings of the main meal. The GM called the circle which saw hashers either sitting or standing. Point Two as a returning visitor was first up for a down down. Sir Blackie and Rug claimed the event to be a candidate for run of the year with its well marked trails and diversity. Slug and S Bends also spoke well of their walk. Magician got a down down for his late return walkabout and Sir Blackie was called out for a drink for an incident on the run. Out near a corner around the Bailey Crescent area, Sir Blackie decided to urinate as busy trucks were turning. So maybe the driver of the Pozzolanic cement tanker was distracted by the sight of public urination, but Rug 's life flashed by him as the speeding truck almost took him out. A modest Sir Blackie claimed it must have been a female who was impressed by his appendage but others suggest it was a male driver of the Rule1persausion.

The GM tendered absence apologies from Miscarriage and Shat who had visited the Greater Brisbane area while community infection had been detected and there was a notable absence of the RA and a few others maybe still wandering around the Nerang Forest at another Covid event on that evening. So an invitation for jokes saw Carefree open up with one which ended on a whole meaning for RIP -Rust In Piss. Weekly did a re-run of one he had told fairly recently and as expected had the same conclusion. Iceman as always was ready to conclude the comedy festival with his closing joke.

As the big moon came up over the venue, the GM announced an early public holiday start to next Monday night's Miscarriage event. Sir Rabbit was invited to close the evening.

On On

Circumference