

We all gathered at the soccer field at Robina Common for a 5 o'clock start for what promised to be an extravaganza of running, walking and most importantly, gourmet dining courtesy of Sir Prince Valiant.

Sir Slabb had set the run and walk, with the run being about 6.5 km and the walk being about 3.5km, all marked on the right hand side on chalk, except where it wasn't.

A hardcore group of runners set off at a keen pace (no pun intended, sorry Iceman - they went faster than your usual pace!), including Rug, who said "no worries Fanny, we can jog together at a slow pace"...bullshit!...off he flew at the speed of knots!

The walkers set off at a fairly leisurely pace, with some of us having to dodge traffic on Ron Penhaligon Way as we attempted our first street crossing. We weaved our way in and out of various nooks and crannies in the wilds of north-east Robina and most of us, typically, had no idea where we were at any given time. Thank goodness for arrows. Down near the Robina Bowls Club, after having lost trail, several of us decided "bugger it, that's long enough!" and we made a beeline for home.

The birthday beers were on (belatedly) for Shat's birthday so we early returners got stuck into them, meaning I didn't have to touch my byo stash until much later in the night.

Not long after, some more lost walkers made their way back and gave us early returners heaps for shortcutting what was, in their view, a fairly short walk anyway. Some time after, the hardy runners came back, all hot and sweaty, puffing and wheezing and ruining the relaxed ambience that had been established by the leisurely walking troupe.

Sir Prince Valiant, meanwhile, continued slaving away at the trailer, brandishing two giant woks, a pot of boiling rice and many cooking implements. Finally, at around 6.30 the nosh was ready and we all lined up to receive our very generous helpings of stir-fry beef with mango and various vegetables, served with lashings of boiled rice done to absolute perfection. There were no complaints and it was to be noted that most hashers lined up for seconds of the mains. After the mains had been served, out came the tradition SPV fried bananas in rum and syrup, served with vanilla ice-cream. Again, the hashers lapped it all up, some behaving like they'd not been fed for a week.

Circle was called but I cannot recall the opening remarks as I was too busy helping Sir Prince Valiant in the initial stages of the cleanup, but I believe that the hare, Sir Slabb, was called out and complemented on the run and the walk. Ah Pisto rated the run as a 5 (out of 20??). I don't believe the walk was rated.

Ferrett commented on the nosh with words to the effect "Prince has been doing this same dish for years and years, and I have to tell you that tonight's effort was the best he'd ever done". I respectfully disagree with that comment as to me the best was several years ago at the Robina Cricket Club when a full bottle of burmese rum went into the bananas and I got pissed just on the dessert!! but that aside, yes, it was a feast of a nosh.

Miscarriage broke into the middle of the circle and insisted on speaking as the indigenous person of the hash, saying that Australia Day should be recognised as invasion day and that he and his fellow first Australians were going to be having a day of silence and contemplation on Australia day. This was howled down by protests of indignation and laughter by the rest of the gathering. I think it was just a ploy by Miscarriage to get a down-down. He should have gotten another one for turning up in his finest work clothes and having no hash gear on whatsoever.

Phantom was called out to cop a down-down for turning up at the wrong venue, having gone somewhere else in Robina.

Yours truly got called out for getting lost on the walk. Sir Slabb also got called out for not wearing a helmet when riding around the route as sweep.

Shat was called out for his (belated) birthday and got a rousing rendition of hashy birthday sung to him. Whilst in circle he recounted the mishaps of the RRR lunch, particularly noteworthy being the fact that Truckie and Slug absolutely trashed themselves and surprise, surprise, Truckie left his bag, with all his wordly possessions, including, you guessed it, his phone and wallet, on the bus at Chevron Island. Luckily, Shat, armed with local knowledge, knew that the bus would do a loop and come past again so hailed it down on its return journey and retrieved the bag.

S-Bends apparently fell asleep on the train on the way back from RRR Lunch and Shat purposely let the train glide past Helensvale, being S-Bends' intended stop, meaning he also had to go back to Shat's place to continue getting shit-faced on Reisling. Oh dear!!

Blackie evaded drinking from his new running shoes by...wait for it...changing into old shoes for the circle! The feeling of guilt overcame him and he changed into his new shoes again and took a down-down out of one of them.

Circle ended with Poxy and Rug telling a couple of jokes and then S-Bends another. Noner up to the quality of the jokes we used to get from Iceman!

We went out with a fairly sedate bang courtesy of Swollen Colon. Apparently he's saving his best fireworks for next week's run from Shat's place at Chevron Island.

On On  
Fanny Charmer