

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, DO NOT LET WEATHERMAN SING AGAIN

Well, the evening kicked off, not as you would have expected with an emotional outpouring in support of "National Trail Mix day" (USA). But a constant whinging from FREE WILLY about how cold it is here in Cantberra. POOSHOOTER was racing around like a headless chook trying to get his shit in one sock, badly.

We all gathered in a circle to hear his Chalk talk only to be interrupted by a phone call from three air raid sirens in a maroon shopping trolley. There was much amusement as we all listened to INCIDER and FREE WILLY trying to navigate around Bonython and all the time being within spitting distance of the actual venue.

The walkers felt a little ripped off by the length of the walk. It seemed as if we were at the drink stop before the arthritic bones had barely had time to warm up.

However, on the up side, we did get to scoff all the chips down before the runners got there. MEAT TO PLEASE YOU delivered his run report in Eskimo, having just returned from the great white north. here is a transcript of it.

"Hello þú fullt af Wallaby eftir pricks, ég geri ráð fyrir að þú viljir vita um flóttu? vel, á flóttu allt sem ég heyrði var whinging cunts whinging um veðrið, whinging um ríkisstjórn, whinging um All Blacks og Whinging um flóttu, ó og stökkmýs whinging um fjarlægð milli kannana!. I give the run 2/10"

Three Virgins were dragged into the circle and asked to explain themselves: Just John, Just Graham and Just Erik. Just Eric was held back after the down down and named BUDGIE SMUGGLER, during the evening he was also introduced to the grand old Hash tradition of partaking of an ale out of his own NEW shoe.

Due to SCARLETT organising shit weather last week, which led to a plethora of Hashers NOT turning up, there were a million returnees this week.

The RA lost control, POOSHOOTER was charged for NOT having the foresight to organise smelly prawn head filled bins in the immediate area.

HIDDEN FLAGON and the other members of the Queens Own MCKamikaze Highlanders were asked to partake of the TUN replacement.

A range of excuses for not turning up to the previous weeks run were tabled. They included "Just polished the car", "I had to platt my belly button hair", "I was Crook", "Fuck that for a game of soldiers", "My suit didnt come back from the cleaners" and "The dog ate my homework"

At this point the RA claimed that the full moon was making everyone a bit Do lally gaga.

And, at this point GREASENIPPLE announced that QUEEN LATRINE was dead and COUNT HER FEET charged some poor sod with NOT looking like CANDO

SQUATTER was roundly condemned for not inviting the hash to a spanking session with the recently deceased QUEEN LATRINE

(Honestly, you couldnt make this shit up!!!)

The little prick was given to Just Graham for killing QL, the Big prick was given to POOSHOOTER for giving shit instructions to INCIDER over the community phone and the FRB was given to INFALLABLE for setting a shit run last century. CRYING DICK was named the Cracker of the week for the shit run last week.

There was a short discussion about the Thredbo weekend and it was decided that the Wombat Wrangling will be dropped from this years event.

There was an amusing story about water, cricket balls and Gynocologists.

The evening wrapped up after a bowl or three of POOSHOOTERS famous chilli (its Thursday and ive still got heartburn)

Post Script:

1. Next weeks run will cost you \$30, its a restaurant run
2. All Hammer and Tong beer used tonight has been certified "Halal Jizz free"