

THE HASHTRAILIAN



1.

RUN 2875 : WRONG WAY Entertains at Brickmaker's Park

The jovial Pack of 22 (minus the GM, SGT and RM) gathered at Brickmakers Park under a LBQ like Rainbow, with just a few drops of threatening rain falling.

Wrong Way, the proud Grand Father of young Dean, gave us a description of what to expect – a Runners trail, a Walkers trail – and most importantly, a Drink stop, but located back at the Start, so as to be equally fair to The Runners, The Walkers and The Drinkers!



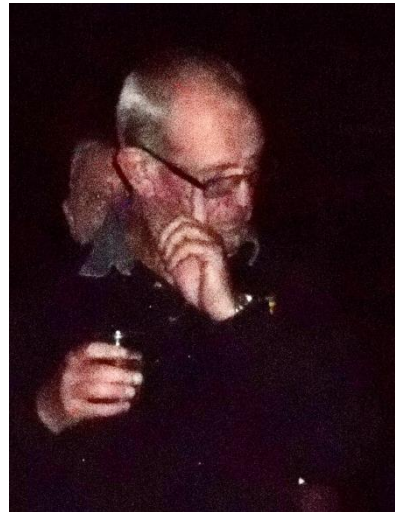
Trail turned out to be intriguing, but not too complicated, with the little flour arrows taking us out of the park and past the Sports Complex, down the Bike/Walking Path, through the greenery alongside the creek and emerging at Warrigal Rd just opposite Chadstone Shopping Centre. Trail then turned North, where we encountered the separation between Runners and Walkers, as we swung past the Dan Andrews Tunnel Training Centre and headed North and under the freeway, to hit Waverley Rd, where we turned East. We were now separated from Home (and the Drink Stop), by 12 lanes of high speed freeway, but not to

worry, the well marked trail took us to The Bridge Not So Far and safely back home and its comforts. As darkness fell, The Pack formed various groups discussing different topics as we were treated to a wonderful sunset over to the West. Happy sought out the Winners of the successful Cup Sweep, which he had organized at Herpes fish joint last week. Well done, Happy – and Thanks for the Third Prize and resultant winning bet I had. A nice little earner!

Before Wrong Way declared “Food’s On” he gave us a Welfare Report on our Mate, My Way, who is still in Cabrini Hospital, but now doing OK. Then it was into the Beef Rendang and the Seafood Noodles, (with and without Chillies), all of which had been prepared by his Son!

The delicious food was washed down with Kiwi beer and/or Hash Red Wine and then the Mosquitos joined in and began their supper too.

Herpes was still eating, so taking advantage of the lack of competition, JC launched in to the nights proceedings and asked the RA to come forward. However, instead of giving us the expected Run Report, Phantom waffled on about Nothing! JC intervened and admonished him, but gave him a second chance. But to no avail, so JC just chopped him and parked him to one side.

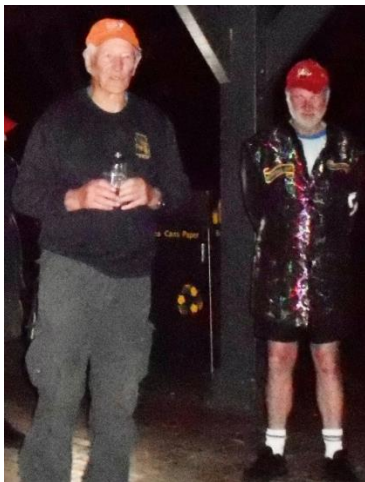


Meanwhile, Lunna was moved to tears as he realized what he had been missing during his long absence from Hash.

Then, Smiley from Penang, who had been hanging out at the back, with Larkin and Shiny Dick was called out and asked for his opinion on the Food - his score? 10 out of 10, which he entered on his phone App and sent it off to Mother Hash



Lethal, in a perceptive charge, nailed Farkin for displaying a fake Disabled Sticker on his Merc, when parking illegally, but Farkin being Farkin, offered to sell some of his counterfeit stock to the rest of the Pack. Lethal was then Charged, when it was revealed that he had turned up to Lakeside last Wednesday still in his Halloween outfit and with the same make up as the previous Monday (Is he some kind of Pom?) Poor old Gonzo was dragged forward and asked to Take Them Away, but he couldn't handle the numbers and failed the test so got one himself. It was getting quite dark now and we could sense the Spirits from days gone by who lingered in the Park by Night. Is that the Ghost of Willie Nelson I can see?



Lunna got a Welcome Back drink and Irish frightened us all out of our good mood, with a Raucous Demand to Pay our Subs, when were all hoping for a free year.

JC quickly regained control with a charge against a couple of jealous Bike Riders from Waverley RSL, who successfully lobbied the Local Council to remove the famous Puck's Bollard, just over the way, so Pol Pot and Phantom were exposed and given a drink. Gonzo, learning quickly in his new role, briskly stepped forward whilst there were only Two Chargees and managing to remember their names, was able to Take Them Away. Irish, our new Hash Flash, still in a mean mood began to charge Six – 35 for slandering his state of the art, 1990s camera in last week's Hashtrilian, but became so agitated, that he lost the thread and nothing materialized, so Six was able to sneak back to his seat, unscathed. JC then stepped forward and somewhat rambled too as he went about awarding the POW. It seems that a few weeks ago, Toppo asked JC to put a rather large box in his car and after some time, the said box was giving JC the irrits, so much so, that when he caught up with Toppo, he demanded that he take his "xyz" box back. Toppo responded, It's not mine its Gibbo's. JC straight to Gibbo, I've got your "XYZ" box. Gibbo to JC, Oh! I don't want it anymore, just throw it in the Recycle Bin. JC to Gibbo, with gritted teeth, Thanks a lot, Gibbo. Hope you enjoy being the "XYZ" POW.

And so we were nearing the end and Leathal ensured a good finish (we all left) when he told a joke about our new GM and a very attractive Qantas traveler.

But it wasn't over yet, Irish couldn't find his bag and despite looking everywhere it couldn't be located. Was it perhaps one of Phantoms "friends" who had been looking at us all night from the SKF windows? Or was it a Hashman?

Anyway, despite an extensive search it could not be found.

However, later that night I reviewed our photographic record and stumbled across this picture. -----**Is this your bag, Irish?**



RIP



Six - 35

