Run 1764

Hare: Fish Finger

GM (a/g): Sex Change

RA (a/g) Sir Lanceslut

Scribe: anon

Fyshwick is a place of wonderment to many hashers. The plethora of pornographic premises precipitates pleasant paroxysms. At least they would if we ever got to visit them on a hash run. But, no, instead, Fish Finger essentially did a large loop of Fyshwick, with a couple of loops within that loop, and payed scant attention to the scanties and oddly shaped latex ornaments resting in and on many a window-dressed model. An opportunity that went begging perhaps, though as Gerbils left the run before the start, we naturally assumed that he had some prior information and was getting in early.

With such a featureless run, the small, but perfectly formed (just like my Johnson!) pack soon splintered due to the paucity of checks, and were it not for the magnificence and beneficence of the A/g GM and RA, as well as Leprechaun, calling into the blackness, the remaining run walkers, of which there were about 6, may have taken longer than they eventually did in the sub-zero conditions.

A trot from the Canberra outlet Centre to Gladstone Street brought us to a drink stop, which was the highlight of the evening: chips; dips; grapes; mulled wine and a relaxed atmosphere were very convivial.

The circle comprised 15 hashers with about 30 drinks handed out (#tunstinks). The a/g RA instituted left-handed drinking (it must be what they do in Switzerland, a bit like driving on the other side of the road) and even provided second verse of a song that involved needing a welsh minor to find something, or perhaps it was driving a Morris Minor somewhere dark and moist. Prospective drinks to JR and Swellen for their imminent Belgian visit and drinks to everyone else for reasons long forgotten. Small crowd meant more food and Fish Fingers’ best stewed fish bait kept everyone satisfied.

On On

Anon