

CRACKERS

Run 1817 – 29 June 2015

VENUE:: Molonglo Reach is a desolate corner of Lake LBG, inhabited only by botanists, sheep, shopping trolleys, and crazy nude midnight canoeists. Cars wiz past at 80kms for good reason, Cyclists dont give it a second glance and runners just use it to clock up a few extra kilometres towards their goal. Therefore, it was the perfect venue for a hash gathering especially as the GM had a hair brained scheme to sing an appropriate hash song to the very sick CRACKERS.

Before i go any further, there are four things you need to know about CRACKERS:

Firstly, he has an almost encyclopaedic knowledge of pop music

Thirdly, he is a long suffering supporter of the EELS, and

secondly, he was the GM for the Capital Hash ONE THOUSANDTH run.

Now that you are armed with that knowledge i will continue.

And so it was, that GERBILS was detailed off by his holiness the GM to give the run report. GERBILS in his usual semi coherent diatribe described how the runners made there way around the suburbs of Barton, Russell, Campbell and Duntroun, ran through seven Hash Halts, survived several dangerous obsticules, enjoyed the drink stop (although complained it was to long) and gave a score of 2/10.

And so it was, that JR gave the walk report, praised the exceptional navigational skills of MCTAF, bagged FAG END for being a lowly Navy Engineer, described how trail took the walkers through Russell, up Mt Pleasant, stopped for the magnificent Hash Vista on top, got to the drink stop before the runners and ate all the chips and scored the walk 2/10

Returnees, Visitors and Virgins: GERBILS, JR, POPTART, WEATHERMAN, E.C.E.G., and BABBLIN',

CHARGES.

TUN, TUN Glorious TUN was dished out in galloons to the following:

MCTAF was charged for writing superior hash notes and is likely to win a record eighth Pulitzer prize at the end of the year.

The worst fire lighter ever is officially GERBILS, he would have done a better job torching himself and running around sharing the heat.

HIDDEN FLAGON was charged with whining like GERBILS

INCIDER apparently set the trail up and down the same hill three times

M.T.P.Y. then fell down that same hill three times

The soft cock Army wankers were outed for wearing long pants in what was clearly short pants weather.

CRYING DICK and BETTY BOOP were charged for getting lost

INCIDER was in tears because DICKHEAD 2 didnt make the drink stop (and after all that effort she put in to it)

SQUATTER attempted to call QUEEN LATRINE short and fat, but that one was never goner work...Rebound

SIR LANCE A SLUT un necessarily sledged. WEATHERDOG ate all the cat food then proceeded to entangle himself in HIDDEN FLAGONS legs

JR is a carrier of bird flu.

Awards: Dummy spiter of the week went to HF

Front running bastard award incredibly went to DICKHEAD 2 (didnt think we would ever see that)

Cracker of the week went to GERBILS for pooing himself.

It was at this time that the fire finally caught and the ambient temperature of the circle was raised from minus 1.8 to minus 1.7 Woo Hoo heat wave.

The GM then reminded us why we were all standing out in the cold..... to remember **CRACKERS**

INCIDER then fed the hordes with a lovely stew (jiz free apparently)

Good health to you all, On On [says McTaf]

NOTE: Whilst all efforts are made to maintain the highest standards of accuracy of the reporting contained herein; due to the origins of the source material available, not a single word can be guaranteed to actually resemble anything but a thin tissue of lies.