



Sydney Full Moon H3 Trash

Run#: 218

Hare: Hairy Twotter

Date: Sunday 31st January 2010

Start: Christie and Chandos Sts. St Leonards

On Inn: Gilroys Hotel, St. Leonards

The Run

Hairy Twotter looked particularly relieved that the rain had held off for the afternoon and his trail, as far as he could guess, was still (a trail). *"A brief wander"* he assured us on this warm and humid afternoon.

Not knowing how long it would take to get from the Shire to the lower North Shore, some of the keen B2H3 Hashers had turned out reasonably early. **Cold Duck** and **Dirty Weekend** sat on the Grassy Knoll trying to prise run details out of HT. **General** and **Virgin Blue** were ready for the walk **General** insists on calling a run. **Bingo** stretched and **Dundee** tried to look like the tyranny of long-haul travel hadn't reduced his pace to a crawl.

Lickerty Split was already soaked up effort from his short cycle journey to the Start. **Bad Habit's** running attire wasn't and his lack of post-trail glow indicated a refusal to dampen his draws.

Megasorearse decided she needed to immerse herself in some hot and humid Aussie conditions before jumping a jumbo back to Scotland...smelly joggers and all.

Dead man Running, **Glow Job**, **Coming Anyway**, **Dutch Oven** and **Deadly Treadly** were late arrivers; there must have been a decent 1940's midday chick-flick which blunted their normally attentive attention to time. *'They'll catch-up'* the Pack intoned; particularly as the TM **Hannibal Lector** found negotiating the pack through the St. Leonard's station particularly hazardous.

"Where did all this bush come from?" queried **Queen Rodent** not having been exposed to bush for some time...

Dead man Running for want of no explanation sprinted through the cemetery, rather oddly juxtaposed beside the Royal North Shore Hospital.... There's a less than cryptic message there! **Glow Job** was just glad to see him emerge, ticker intact! **Dutch Oven**, by this time had decided that the distance and drudgery of hills and stairs had tested her patience and athletic capabilities, relied on **Candle Sticks** to see her back to Bucket.

Other than the un-expected, yet spectacular eruption of a manhole on trail; The Pack appeared to return to bucket in the pink.

The Bucket

Springbox, notably absent on the run appeared just in time for Bucket, which due to **QR's** versatility and HT's concern about neighborhood abuse, was located down a lonely but privet back alley.

Megasorearse threw herself into the Role of RA and didn't fall short of charges:

Cold Duck, running so fast he ran into his own sputum – so glad I wasn't there to see that!!!

Bingo and **Hannibal** being the tight-arsed bastards that they are; sporting runners that needed replacing about 200klm ago!

General wearing new shoes which miraculously accommodated the largest bunions both the Pack and the Australian medical fraternity had ever seen!

Dutch Oven, being observed to stumble after a thimble of beer.... Cheap date that one!

And finally, in an effort to gain Australian residency, **Megasorearse** on her knees begging **Darwin Doneto** bestow upon her his own brand of marital Bliss... it was more than the Pack could bear... off to OnOn.

On On

Gilroys hotel had the space and had the tempters... its food to which I refer! \$10 specials..just one catch, one had to buy a beverage.. \$10 steak and a \$7.50 thimble of reds wine; enough for **Dutch Owen** perhaps but a little less copious then this Harriette is accustomed to consuming.

Nonetheless, service was fast and friendly and the food , consumerable...

Thanks for your efforts:

Hairy Twotter – Hare

Hannibal al Lector- Trail Master

Megasorearse – Religious Advisor

Queen Rodent: - Bucket Master/Hash Cash



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Hare Line

No Hare No Run!

To set a run, contact me directly on: 0419 631 261 or bingob2h3@hotmail.com

Full Moon Run	#	Hare	Start Location	OnOn
28/2/2010	219	You!		
28/03/2010	220	Cold Duck	Southern Cross Hotel - cnr Canal Rd & Princes Highway, St Peters	Same
25/04/2010	221	You!		
30/05/2010	222	\You!		

OnOn **Bingo**

Renault and Ford are working on a new small car for women.
They are mixing the Clio and the Taurus, and calling it the "Clitaurus."
It comes in pink, with or without fur on the dash, and the average male thief won't
be able to find it,
even if someone tells him where it is.

