

The Sydney Hash House Harriers



Smiley's Posh Chronicle – brought to you by his assistant

Run Date: August 24th 2015

Run No. 2512

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The calm before the Storm, After the Downpour

When the pilot announced there was a problem with the plane leaving Tullamarine (Melbourne) I thought I might do the Smiley ghost report, but 35 minutes later we were on another plane and on our way to a rainy Sydney. Arriving in Manly having driven through a downpour the rain was easing. **Spud** mumbled something about life saving Shelly at the beach for the walkers and set off on a live hare run. The assumption was that 3 inches of rain would have washed away the arrows.

Not true, there was an occasional faint mark on the road as we headed down North Steyne. Left at the lagoon past the playground (bringing back fond memories for **Super** who lost his virginity there in the 1960's). Through the lagoon park and a huddle formed with the **Flying Scotsman** checking the tennis courts at Keirlie Park while **Moishe** sheltered at the bus stop. Across the lagoon and the scene of the infamous Snake Stewart wrangle at the Catalinas.



And so the stairs began, newbie **Bob** bounding up with **Bennie**, **Grape** and **Goonshow** not far behind. All the way up to Queenscliff road (crossing Queenscliff Rd along the way, go figure). We then ambled through the fringe of Queenscliff, before heading into Freshwater. **Nautilus** paused to check at Soldiers Ave, where lone pines are

maintained by the council, while **Tic Toc** stopped at the shops for a coffee. "Wyndora, Wyadra, Wyuna" the trailmaster mused "I am sure we turn somewhere here".

Thinking I knew where we were I suggested can't get through there, "Stewart house is in the way". On up we went, across on Foam and eventually up to Batho. Now with the ocean ahead the only way was down,



past Stewart house on a footpath, and still not being rained upon. From here those in the know charged off past South Curl Curl beach and onto the scenic Boardwalk. The ocean crashed as we passed the Diggers and had a tricky trip over the rocks to Freshwater beach. Across the beach



and only the ridge stopping us from the bucket. On up and over with good use of the stair shortcuts the small pack of runners headed down to the QCSLSC. Now the Honolulu grill was in sight along the beachfront and the promise of a well-deserved beer.

On arrival at the bucket, which was all but empty, **Peedub** threatened to pack up and put the cups and beer into **e-Shit's** car

before the last of the runner had returned. A **short fuse** and some broken teeth ensured that a drink was available for all runners on their return. So on in to the Honolulu grill.

A good crowd awaited us with the Moochers in full force as was to be expected. Joining **Van Ordinaire** and **San Francisco** were **Anonymous** (now with a silver-grey moustache) **Bunny**,



Poly (a pretend moocher for the evening) **Dr Jekyll** and **Simmo**. **Scud** had returned from his 5 month holiday (Robyn said "enough is enough"), and was filling **Wee Willy** in on his exploits. **Music** kept **Mr Neat**, **Duckweave** (was he on the run?), **Frenchie** and **JTR** informed. The food was plentiful, and given managed A-La-Carte amazingly good and quickly provided.

Peedub mumbled that some Italian needed to give him a blow Job at 9:30 so down downs for the Hares, **the Judge** and a few others were served before dessert. The staff who consisted of pretty young ladies were also invited to join in the down down and for the most part out the boys to shame. **Darwin Don** managed to sidle past the waitresses as they lined up and had a smile as he returned to his seat.



Ice-cream with topping was then served, with the waitresses amazed that Tic Toc was still eating his starter spring rolls, and his massive plate of prawn Linguini as most of his fellow hashmen headed on home. Not wanting to miss out on Ice-Cream, and having paused to follow Pee Dub's jokes, Ticklers went for the classic ice-cream-chilli-spring-roll dessert with rocket topping. Yum!



And so on home, realising that a torrential storm had blown through while we ate and the notorious "Harris Farm" roundabout was closed by the police, fortunately too busy for breathe testing..

As so off to Lavender Bay next week.

On On White Shit.

Sneak Preview for Druid (also a space filler)

Next Week's Run

Run No 2513

Date: Monday August 24th

Hares: E Shit & Changi

Where: The "Synogogomosque" Lavender Bay in McKenzie Street, North Sydney – more information next week; you can be sure where E Shit is involved there will be a difference!!

Time: 6.30 pm



Druid's Boob Corner

