



SYDNEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Changi's Run Report*; 30 December, 2019, Run 2742

Hares: White Shit, Centrepont, & Druid

* with a bit of help from Castro

A Winter's Run in Summer

More hot and expectant runners than might be expected, plus a few brides and visitors, arrived at the Terrey Hills Tavern after the previous week's Christmas extravaganza bash. Most were donned in their classical hash clobber thus creating several twin brother-likebrothers.



A few Hash Twins at the starting line



Now, we are all familiar with our annual classic 'summer run in winter', which gives us a welcome reminder of our glorious summertime joys in the bush, but what we were about to find out was quite the opposite.

Our three hares, more commonly known as **Centrepoint**, **White Shit** and **Druid**, charged with setting a summer run in the bush, and having dragged us all the way to Terrey Hills with buckets of the best summertime bush that Ku-ring-gai Chase National Park has to offer, then decided to make the trail '*safer than bloody safe*'.

White Shit pronounced (like a consummate politician) from his esky podium that they had trimmed out and shaved the bush for our "Occupation, Health and Safety" (OH&S stuff*blah blah blah*) in anticipation of the bushfires, not that any threats were remotely close by. So, were we to expect a 'Brazilian' run for the evening?. Read on to find out.



The start was encouraging enough, trotting along some well formed and attractive fire trails, with an orange sun hanging in a smoke shrouded sky. But this was about all the bush we were to sample for the evening. All too soon we emerged onto a semi rural street with 5 acre lot mansions hiding behind large ostentatious gates and fences, and before too long we moved onto ubiquitous grass trimmed and ultra bland bitumen suburban streets. One friggin' street after another, until refreshments were advertisedat a local service station. '

No Hash port or brandy at this refreshment stop, rather petrol and 'Pie Face' no less. **Tic-Toc** was decidedly non-plus, "*Shit Face more like*"... he mumbled under his breath,

*Our stand in TM, **Flying Scotsman** was sporting his vibrant red and yellow interhash T shirt whilst "entertaining" the sweet young Tranny Granny.*



and **Goonshow** was less than complimentary, until he spied a headless torso and a pert pair of tities on the side of a trailer which took him nostalgically back to his misspent youthful days and well-practiced antics.





And all the while our stand in TM, **Flying Scotsman**, sporting his vibrant red and yellow interhash T shirt, was attentively “entertaining” a sweet young English lass, AKA **Tranny Granny**, from Liverpool via Dong Guan, China who was immaculately togged up in her local hash regalia. An hour or so alone with a gorgeous young thing was not to be hurried at his maturing age.

A long sweaty trot back along Myora Road brought us back to the bucket which was loosely attended to by Centrepont, ie only topped up only when rudely reminded from thirsty hashmen.

Tranny Granny from Dong Guan Hash



If a crowded pub that decides to close all its bars bar one just as the Posh arrives is your idea of fun, then the Terrey Hills Tavern is ace.

Queues out of the door resulted until the one bar added to its single serving wench. Luckily, the food queue was almost as long, so **Lightning's** club card could pass from line to line to obtain bonus points by the dozen for him.

Molly and Hot Spot in a loooong queue

Molly & Hot Spot in a loooong food queue

What to eat from the monster menu? How to remember what had been ordered with a half-hour wait between order and delivery?

Fortunately, conversation flowed at the reserved Posh tables. Equally fortunate, visitor Tranny Granny turned out to be all lovely female and not a Tranny, as vouched for by her Mum, so **Your Choice** didn't have to leave her table. **Goonshow** got so excited at the revelation that he spilled her red wine all over himself and had to buy her another.



President Wanker (and at least half the Committee) took the opportunity to apologise for failing to recognise Tranny Granny's visitation because of competition from the noisy un-Posh crowd, despite which she promised to return for a double down-down in the future.

Despite setting a disappointing 'winter run in summer', **White Shit** got to drive the Liverpool ladies home.

Next Week's Run in the Bush

Run number: 2743

Hares: Wrappa and Jock

Date: 6 January, 2020, 6:30 pm

Starting Point: Warners Park. For map, [CLICK HERE](#)

OnOn: On-site, and on the mark with gourmet burgers and fine wine

BRING DILLY BAG, PHONE, TORCH AND HEAD LAMP

Humour



**Sammy Hagar is 70 years old.
Bill Clinton is 71 years old.**

**Sammy has had over 40+ years of alcohol,
drugs, sex and rock and roll.**

Bill lives with Hillary.



**Russian mail
order brides**

