

Who would have thought the Ekka westerlies would arrive one month late? At the Albert Bishop Park the wind was howling, this time neither **Smooth Ride** (top vent hole) nor **Boxy** (bottom vent hole) were to blame. **Strut Fuck** ably assisted **Jake the Peg** in putting up a protective spinnaker. This stopped the bowl of chips from flying.

**Jake the Peg** offered around lollies before the run, claiming you'll need the sugar to get through it. The run will be 60 minutes, while the walk will be one hour. The mob took off west then back east, with **B-** showing off two security tags on his ankles. Gawd knows what crimes he did to get two tags.

The runners arrived back from different directions (?) and seemed pleased with the trail. **FIGJAM** managed to look even more scowly than usual; what took place out there in the bush?

**Tail's** hastily purchased dips n bix, were munched down in no time as the temperature dropped but the wind didn't. (**Tail**, standing in a pool of hash cash, was so keen to reimburse herself for the food she failed to remember to bring dips. She buggered off quick smart to a grocer to get some, having to pay, GASP!, from her own pocket).

**Dog's** puppy **Hannah** was asked for the run number and was sooo close with a guess of 6,000. She was asked why she hasn't been to Hash for yonks. Her answer? She's been kicking balls on Monday nights.

The hares **Jake the Peg & Tail** were roasted with a score of 1 out of one and 5 out of, well, dunno.

Welcomed back was **Abbo**, whose plastic surgery trip to Phuket seemed a great success. Also, back now that his free ride has returned, was **Picaninni**.

**Singapore Sling**, aka **FIGJAM**, awarded **Boxy** the large appendage/nasal probe. He baldly goes where no man has gone before!

**B-** was charged for talking. He could talk under 10 meters of wet cement.

**Heart Starter** charged **Strut Fuck** for talking strap-ons with a minor. It turns out **B-** had a strap problem with head torch.

**B-**, via his **Excremency the GM**, tried to charge **Jake the Peg** for setting trail with an electric fence in the way. **Jake the Peg** stated for the record, that the trail went around the fence and reversed charged. However, the good burghers at **Northside** shutted him the fuck up and he took the drink.

**Strut Fuck** was flirting with **Heart Starter** with sparks between them lighting up the darkness. The smell of burning hair was taken by the gale force winds.

The **GM** then charged **Jake the Peg** again, this time for trying to kill 'em all with Hendra virus. **Jake the Peg** co-charged **Dog** for failing to sniff out the snacks stop (next to Hendra Pony Club gates where sacks of horseshit are for sale).

The **GM** then explained how **Shredder** was due on a helicopter delivery flight. But because he'd eaten all the pies, he was too much of a fat bastard and couldn't go. Well, that helicopter crashed, killing the five occupants. Poor **Shredder, Night Owl** and **Phantom Pharter** will be in mourning for some time to come.

**Tail** served up rice and stew deliciousness.

NWR – Mammary -34 Onion Place, Bridgman Downs

This Sunday 15.9.19 Bike HHH – Dog – Platypus Acres, Lawnton, 8:00 for 08:30 start

Sat 5.10.19 Brewery Hash – White Lies, Sumner, 13:00 for 14:00 start.

On On, Jake the Pencil Squeezer