

RUN REPORT #2321 – scribe Brengun

at Aussie Footy Club Morningside

This was my first run back after 77 days travel across the planet and what do I get ? hit with the scribe's job by our illustrious GM **Fucknut**, he could have shown a bit of pity as my brain is still jet lagged.

We assembled in the cold and were briefed as usual. Two trails, walkers and runners, the latter the ever shrinking group. I went with the runners, knowing I would be unable to stay the whole distance, but at my age, who cares. We headed out a side street and after a couple of checks, which kept us together, we headed down to Hawthorne Rd. Does anybody really care about the names of the streets we run on, more importantly is it a bloody great hill, or endless boring flats. We ran a loop past the footy ground, but too early for short cutters and past the old cinema, where I am sure many of us had a grope in the back row, 60 years ago.

We then turned left off Hawthorne and wound our way through a series of checks and turned to the river in the new high end locality down there.

The usual front runners set the pace, **Bugs** (70 and running like the wind), **Optus** with the chalk marking out false trails, Tinkerbelle of course fast as ever, **Grewsum**, so skinny that he is like Phar Lap without saddle bags and a few others that have now escaped my brain cells. The super-fast guys were missing half of their brigade still in Europe including the REHHH trio of **Royal Screw**, **JC** and **Craft**.

I found myself at the rear of this elite group, (what would you expect) and with **Handjob**, who was dropping off the pace a bit too. He enlightened me about his recent travels in Slovakia, where he did the tourist thing. We two short cutted down the full length of Oxford street, I am not sure where the trail went, then we ran along Hawthorne road inbound. Along the way we passed the GM **Fucknut** in deep conversation with the immediate past GM **Divot**, Oh to be in the centre of power! Then we ran past **Radar**, who decided to have a burst of speed with us, putting his iron hips in grave peril.

On arrival back a few seconds later in ran **Wast O'Time**, he short cutted too. He arrived back from Europe the evening before, went to work next morning and to Hash in the evening. at 70 y.o this guy is made of steel.

The on on proceeded, with the ice now permanently sat on eskies to relieve creaking bones and replaced knees and hips. Monk **Multiple** got **Irish** for his roof rack debacle, something about a jemmy bar and a couple of other very minor things including **Luftwaffe** who has apparently been forced kicking and screaming in to the 21st. century having being given a tablet. However it is still in the box and I imagine will remain there for the next ten years.

The food prepared by **Boxa** and it seems without the assistance of **Verbal** (who did the eating), was if I may say so fabulous ! The best sausages at hash ever, reel gourmet stuff and the lamb hamburgers were top quality. **Boxa** did a great job of cooking to perfection and had all the right trimmings including fried onions – delicious. To top it off at \$2.50 per serve, it was bargain street for sure. Every one stood around munching I buggered of about 8.15PM

Run was well set and pleasant – 8/10

Food fantastic 10/10

Brengun