

## Run 2365 Mansfield Magna Carta

Radar and Verbal were eager to avoid hash failure

So Verbal suggested a run like the map of Australia

To avoid it, they tried and they tried

And old Radar's efforts can't be denied

But the run ended up the shape of a dahlia.

King **Radar** and Archbishop **Verbal** were never going to agree. Who really is in charge? **Radar** wanted absolute rule while **Verbal** was more of a divine intervention sort of guy.

So they called together a collection of motley serfs and greedy knights at the Runnymede Tavern to judge their cross country trail setting skills. Let the serfs try the trail, the Archbishop eulogised, let the common pedestrian people pick. Nay said the King it is the knights of the realm, those front runners who will decide.

And so it came to pass that under the Magna Carta rules of equality for all, the men were stripped to their basic costumes and sent to test the trails.

As is their want the serfs all the while searched for ways to take advantage of the unfair system. Found Under Carnal Knowledge **Nut** was a horse and cart man kept his eye peeled for accessible locations to store his friends barrows, Germanic **Lufty** often seen with a stein in the hand is not going to waste a drop on running, **Mortein**, the bean counter still looking for the bean that made Jack rich, **Ron the Bomb**, the crusader recently returned from mixing with the Mohammedans. All men ready to take power from the King.

The half a score of Knights without armour looked pretty puny average actually. Sirs **T.Bell, JC, Screw, Craft, Bugs, HandjOb, LAP** all with their battle scars revealed and keen to show these serfs that Kingly rule and natural order would prove their God given power.

With much fanfare, and the King and Archbishop keeping a comfortable distance from each other, a call of OnOn sent 30 good men into the night.

The serfs were a cunning lot. Years of on the ground village existence had taught them not to venture far from the beaten track. After passing through the streets of Manor houses they moved into the greener lands. For many this brought back the memories of donning green tights and following Robin Hood into Sherwood. The old tricks quickly came into play. Keep to the high ground and lie low when the knights are near.

Meanwhile the knights were struggling. In the stately suburbs they felt safe but once off the cobblestones and without their trusty steeds they faulted. Forging ahead Sir **T.Bell** was on the look out for useable trails but so much undergrowth made progress difficult. If only he had his broadsword to clear this mess. Imagine the embarrassment to finally make a way through and find those pesky serfs giggling from the high ground amused at the knight's unpleasant plod.

But knightly nobility was ne'r going to be easy and back into the bulrushes blundered the bold 10. Along another overgrown Bulimba Creek line. This folly was to repeat itself and each time they reached high ground there were the grinning serfs or signs of their disgusting toilet habits. Shit paper everywhere!

The knights knew this race was do or die but chivalry forced them to wait at least three times for Sir **Little Arse Play**. A knight who it was said had had his day, but since taking a vow of chastity has found energy to burn.

Finally there it was a single 'X' on the trail and hope of a finish line and foaming ale ahead. Temporary relief to the front running Knights only find themselves cheated by short-cutting serfs. Serfs were first home and first into the keg.

Knights were not going take this lying down and cleverly planned to have Sir **Royal Screw** pose as the court jester. This would be a way to the Kings heart and also punish those shitty serfs along the way.

Royal aka **Swami Screw** hauled out the miscreants for punishment when a Tavern wench trying to win her way to the Kings attention impolitely placed a peck on the regal mug.

King Radar trying to divert attention from the friendly femme invited all to a Tavern banquet agreeing to all that his vassals requested....well almost all! **Verbal** vowed to fight another day.

Run 7/10

Banquet 7/10

OnOn

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