

## Run 2378

### Memorial Run Camp Hill Hotel

#### Hares: Craft, Scruffy and JC

Remembering the highs and lows of a friend's life can be a challenge. The good times you shared and the troubles they may have experienced in their later life. The scary similarity between their age and your own. Multiply that by seven. That's what confronted us on arrival at the pub carpark. If contemplated too long... a bit on the depressing side, but maintaining high spirits, JC was busy pouring toast cups for the BH3 departed brothers. Cock Robin, Blue Vein, Brown Fox, Licker, Ordinary, Ringbark and Snot.

A call was made to form the traditional circle when an untraditional visitor arrived to read a eulogy for our departed, or so we thought.



It was Father B. Gun local evangelist with an alternative mission to save the sinners in the club. He was well informed and picked the most immoral members for communion. Vaso, Anchovy and Sh!tbags were blessed with the flesh and blood of Chr!st and used as an example of how confession could turn us all to a righteous path. After this consecrated cleansing Father Gun led the toast for our brothers at rest. The absence of Fang and Embryo meant the Divot and Boxa could practice this communion stuff with an extra cup of sinners sherry. They both needed it.

With one quarter of the running pack on other duties, setting runs or touring Adelaide the hard work was left to 9 hounds, Bugs, Grewsome, JC, Miles O'Toole , Optus , Splat, Tinkerbelle, Tightnut and XXXX. Through the huge vacant carpark the pack headed North. Tinkerbelle and Splat were keen at the front and mastered the many checks. Hares, Craft and Scruffy made good use of 360 checks or was that because they wanted to save chalk and aging legs? Predictably for 7 absent friends, we headed into the 7 Hills Forest Reserve which should

be renamed the 70 Hills Forest Reserve because of the dozens of new 'speed bumps' recently build by a rates rich city council. Poor old Miles threw a fetlock before this hurdle and hobbled home. While Grewsome was busy chatting to his GPS, Optus and Bugs were handy at the two way checks and kept the run fast. All those hills and 6.5 km took it out of yours truly but I had the company of a slow Tightnut who must had over exerted himself on the weekend. Lucky bast@rd.

We got a little lost in the last 500 metres and bumped into walkers Mortein, F\*nut and Dr Who. Who needs chalk arrows when you have august fellows of that calibre to escort us to the cold beer.

Circle:

The circle had to be kept short because of the reluctance of the publican to pay the cook past 7:30. Still evangelising, Father Gun called out Snappy Tom for some close attention. But Snap already had the SOTW shirt off as he knew there were major sinners in the pack. Shltbags budding altar boy offered up one of those in the form of Miles O'Toole. The censured sin was being mean spirited. A man with a garage full of luxury cars but unwilling to spend any money at Crazy Clarkes or Coles for a set of hair combs. Miles tried to explain away his uncharitable behaviour but the all-seeing agent of the Lord saw through his feeble excuse. Episcopal punishment was light but fitting. No Hail Marys, no public lashing, not even an opportunity to confess to Father Gun behind the altar... the smelly SOTW shirt.

OnOn:

Food was ready on arrival and consumed before the first schooners.

Raffle prizes donated by Volvo and VD

Run 8/10

Food 7/10 (visual assessment)

**"Life is pleasant. Death is peaceful. It is the transition that's troublesome." Isaac Asimov**

**OnOn XXXX**