

## **RUN REPORT # 2420 ... 4 JULY 2016**

### **HARES: Bare Bum ... ShitBags ... Minder**

The venue for this run was the same as 12 months ago. That previous run generally covered the area north and west of the bowls club, and was notable for its flat running and rated as a "piece of piss" on the Push-up scale. Tonight was to be different.

The GM and Hares just about needed a megaphone to ensure all present were able to hear, such was the crowd! All these former runners assembled on this chilly night to help BB celebrate his birthday. At the run briefing Minder described himself as the principal master of the run setting. At the end, after an hour and 15 minutes had passed, and not all runners were back in, he was avidly dis-associating himself of any responsibility.

The run had a benign start, southwards towards the river, then east over Racecourse Rd, and that was the end of the nice part. I quickly lost sight of the main group of runners as we gradually ascended. Companions either got away in front or dropped off behind, despairing their fitness or cursing the hills. Push-up and Miles O'Tool, somehow in touch with the psyche of the hares, were predicting where the trail was headed. And sure enough a short-cut for them and trail following for me, saw them cool and relaxed near the top of the reservoir hill..... bastards!

The first of two re-groups was on top of the Bartleys Hill reservoir. I'm reliably informed that for a few local area residents, this hill holds a special place in their early sexual encounters. Ah well, totally stuffed but not rooted we set of down the million dollar staircase. Ahead was a bitch of a hill up to Queens Rd. Part of the slope is too steep to be a road, but it has been recently turfed, and sprinklers were going full ahead - bugger. So up on Queens Rd and heading for the Brekky Ck pub, the trail thankfully turned right for another re-group. My next recollection was turning onto Sandgate Rd for a while then right and up to St Margaret's school, a flick round a few corners and we were on Lancaster for a long straight cruise on-home to the bowls club. Somehow the hares found about 11.3km of upward inclines in a total of about 12.7km, or thereabouts! (Its my run report and I can say anything I like, bugger the physics!).

The circle was interrupted, to the disappointment of Irish Joke, but the pack, cold and hungry, not so. On in to a lovely warm club-house for a couple of red wines and a birthday shout dinner from BareBum. Thank you indeed BB! A couple of raffle prizes were dispensed and our visitor for the last couple of weeks, Flim Flam Man, snagged the rum.

On On,  
Anchovy