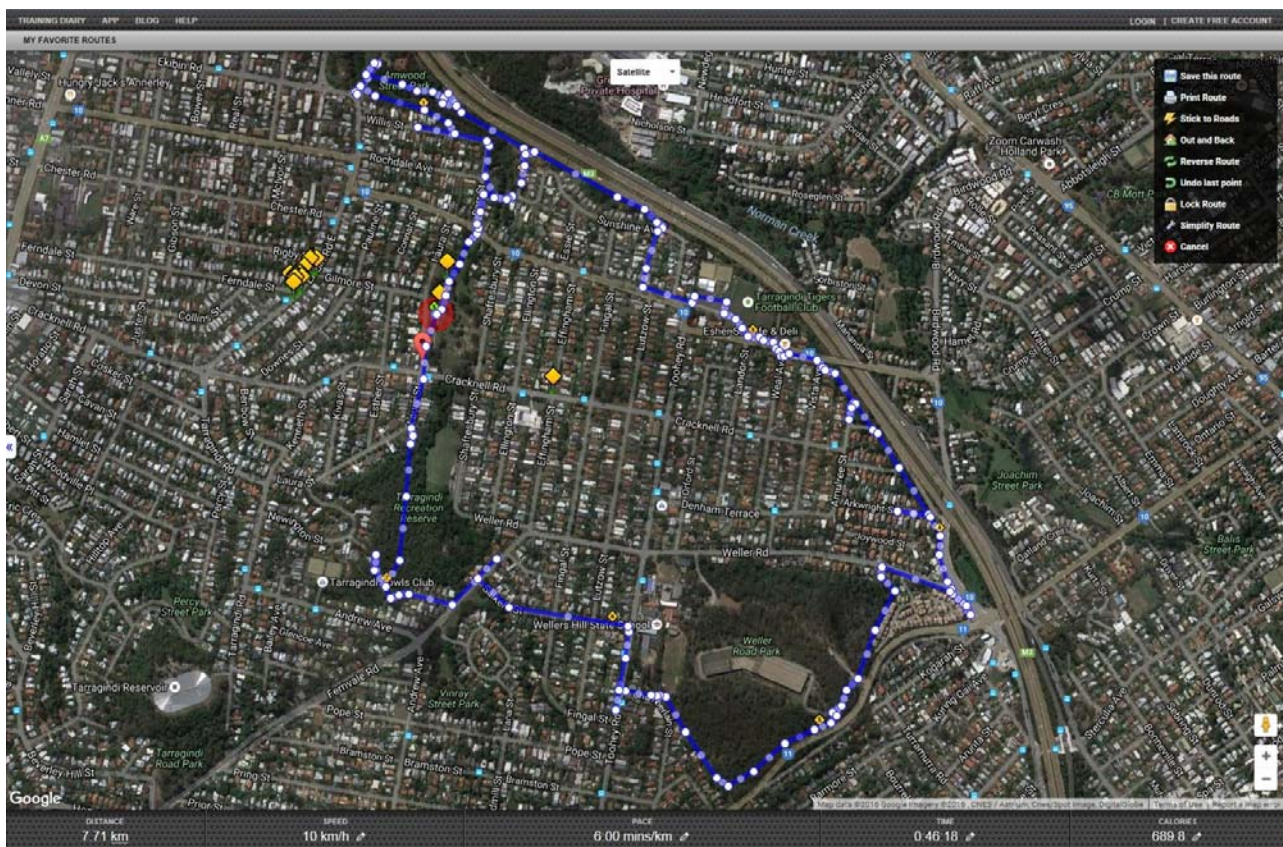


12 Sep 2016
Run No. 2430 "Ekka Plaza Run"
Hares = Virgin & Tinkerbell

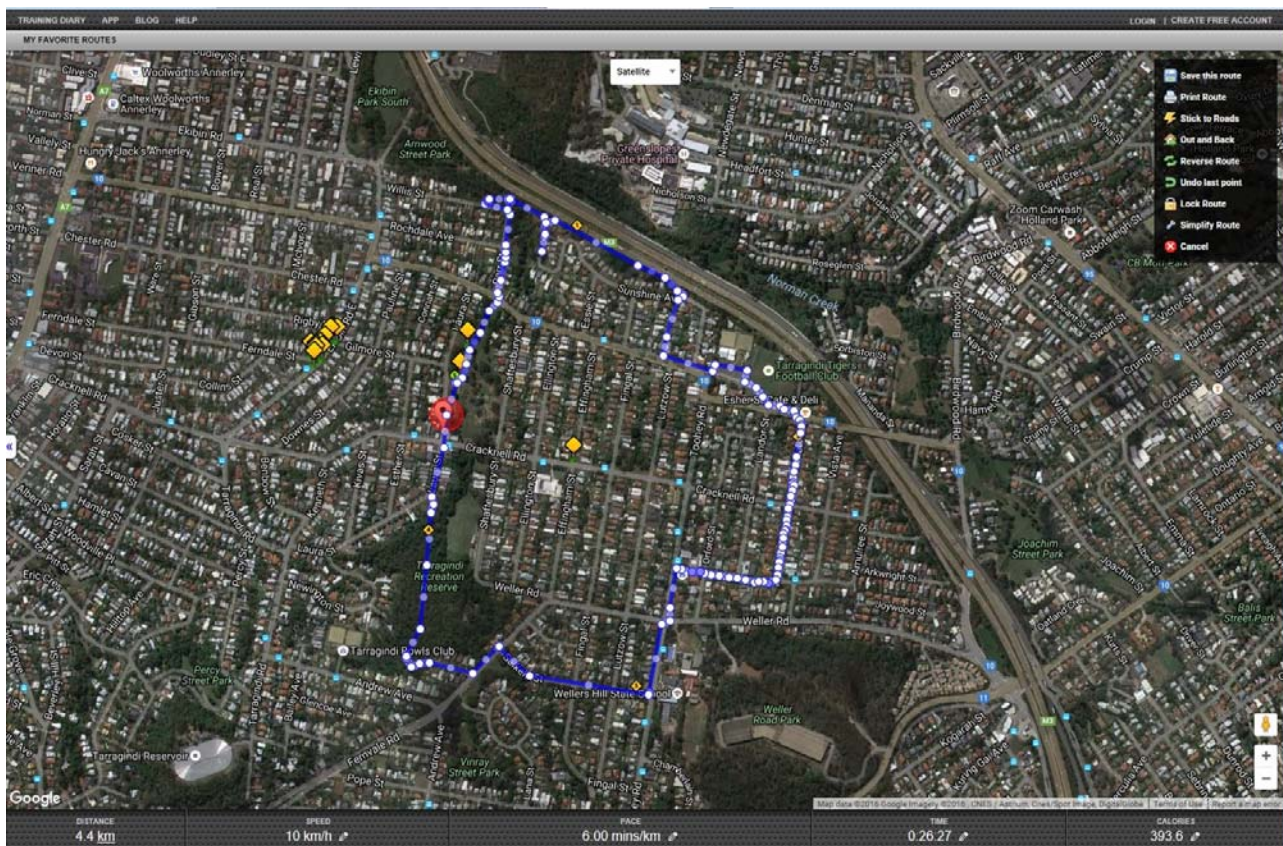
Aye, ah ken ah wis suppose tae write this run report a lang time ago. That wee prick **Tinkerbell** keeps reminding me ilka week. "Where's mah run report?", he keeps banging oan about. Erse-hole. Besides, ah hud tae learn me howfur tae write Englain. Forby, a'm sae auld, ah forgot whit happened. If **Layup** cannae mind th' run fae a week ago, howfur am ah suppose tae mind a run fae twa months ago?

Anyways, 'ere goes.... Ah git tae th' run site earlie, at Tarragindi Recreational Reserve, neuk o' Gilmore 'n' Laura Streets. Th' hares wur awready back, setting up fur th' fairn, 'n' perving oan th' wee lassies. Thare wis some reminiscing about afore runs fae this site, anaw th' yin that git washed awa' a tae o' years ago. Na sic luck this time!
GM **Sh!tbags** wis awa', sae **F#cknut** git proceedings underway.

Th' run set aff doon th' bikepath towards th' M1, crossing creeks 'n' a bawherr o' shiggy. Then it folloed th' M1 heading sooth, afore heid up ower Weller's Hill. Splat 'n' Optus wur among th' foremaist runners back. This is whaur mah Garmin says th' run gaed. Anyway, 'twas a pumpin' guid run, back in yin oor, sae weel dane **Virgin (Tinkerbell kin git fucked)** – it deserves tae be "Run o' th' Year"!



Th' walkers stumbled along behind, partly somewhere lik' th' follaein. Bunch o' decrepit auld bastards, bumping intae trees. Ah wish they'd sling yer hook mair often, sae that ah git back afore they dram a' th' beer.



We arrived back tae gourmet prime rib fillet steak burgers, complete wi' deli-style buns, onions, tomato, crowdie, beetroot, lettuce, etc. Fuckin magic. Weel dane again, Virgin!

Th' circle follaed, wi' th' usual trumped up charges. Ye dumb shites sure gang amok. Sorry, bit ah cannae mind wha wis SOTW.

Run 12 / 10
Circle 9 / 10
Fairn 12 / 10

“Run o’ th’ Year”!

On on
Grewsome
(or his Ghostwriter)