

## ***RUN REPORT, MONDAY 17TH APRIL, QUEENSPORT HOTEL***

I am responding hastily to SHITBAG'S request to write this report before the ravages of a number of life threatening diseases overtake my frail body. Firstly, I think I may have either malaria or dengue fever from the mosquitoes outside the pub. Most of them usually land at the nearby airport but were attracted to the 24 Hashmen as an alternate enticing destination.

Secondly, the Hares decided to set the trail along 500 metres of germ infested drain through thick undergrowth never before traversed by man or beast. After extricating ourselves from this, we emerged into Canberra Street and then into Aquarium Avenue with the choice at the dead end of risking our lives traversing Aquarium Passage, or similar fate following a one foot wide rock path for about 300 metres hanging perilously over a 20 foot drop to the murky depths below. A couple of fishermen at the good end said "You dickheads aren't walking along there are you? The last bloke we saw try that has not been seen since".

The six runners SCRUFFY, PEEWEE, FOUREX, BUGS, SPLATT and myself managed to survive and crawl under a fence only to find ourselves in an industrial waste site riddled with asbestos. I think I have the symptoms of mesothelioma, black lung disease and black spot.

The Hares only had a cup full of flour so arrows were made with weighted down toilet paper. We spent a good ten minutes inside a factory yard trying not to wake the savage dogs contained in the building before finding an exit in the fence barely big enough for the runners. ARSEPLAY would still be there if he had been on the run. We emerged back on Aquarium Avenue and then into Gosport Street back to the pub. The walkers had an out and back trail and arrived back at the circle after the runners who at this stage were undergoing counselling.

A couple of errant Hashmen were 'iced' due to various misdemeanours. BEACHBALL maintained his proud record and was awarded Shit of the Week. When pointing out a particularly low act from F\*NUT for which SCRUFFY graciously agreed to occupy the 'chair', I was attacked by BOXER's dog and now have weeping sores on my left foot and torn running shoes. Despite all this, the venue was good with the food plentiful and cheap beer.

By the way, after I was helped to my car and was driving home, MONTY sent me the wrong way and we narrowly averted death on a traffic island.

Such is life.

On On MILES O'TOOL