RUN REPORT - JINDALEE TAVERN

HARE - KREEPY KRAWLER

The last time I wrote a run report it described the litany of misfortune that befell me at ROYAL and CRAFT'S Hemmant run, the remnants of which still cause medical and psychological problems. I was however heartened by the outpouring of grief, especially from XXXX who took the time to offer his condolences to the missus. After leaving the Mater I have been able to recover sufficiently to run at KREEPY'S run.

There were about 9 runners that I can recall including LITTLE ARSEPLAY, TINKERBELL, ROYAL SCREW, SCRUFFY, CRAFT, BUGS, OPTUS and MOO. It is always nice to have ARSEPLAY on the run as I know there is always someone else taking up the rear. (maybe I should rephrase that)

KREEPY, I was only informed I would be this week's scribe about halfway through the run so I am buggered if I can remember where we went. I know we passed the Bowls Club at Jindalee and then up and down a myriad of streets down to Mt Ommaney Drive. At this point ARSEPLAY was a distant memory. By the time I negotiated a steep bushy slope I was at the end of the pack entering Jindalee Park. The bike track was well lit and then I emerged into Kooringal Drive. The pack had gone – only the quiet lapping sounds of the river. There was a familiar big X marking the trail and about 600 metres further on XX, and then nothing. At the end of Kooringal Drive I had two options, left or right. I took the right and passed through the shops to Sinnamon Road, back over the bridge, through the Homemaker's Centre and then home. After scouring the car park for the on on, I eventually heard noises coming from Amazon Place which I dismissed as just another piss up at JC's place. Alas, I was wrong.

Cardinal DIVOT produced a number of miscreants for icing. Notable JC, IRISH, KREEPY and one other whose only error of judgement was to produce a son who correctly pointed out in the Financial Review that the hovels that some of you call your home were likely to plummet in value to depths unseen before.

"We'll all be rooned".

On On   Miles O'Tool