

Run 2512

Muddy Farmer RunAnnerley

Hares:.Pushup & Royal Screw

Three visitors made the trip for the run, **SKULLCAVE, HYDRAULIC AND MACCA. SKULLCAVE** is a real blast from the past as I haven't laid eyes on him since Adam was playing fullback for Jerusalem. **TWINTUB** or **PUSHUP** might be able to confirm this but I am sure he was famous for fitting **KUNTRI** with a "bunch of fives " at the Lord Stanley one time in the dim distant past.

The usual bullshit pre-amble to the assembled pack, " I did this part and he did that part with no hills no water etc. Somewhere the trail splits for runners and wankers but surprise, surprise it all finishes back here."

On On across the road and shortly after down into a park area which rapidly degenerated into a tropical jungle gully. The runners apparently alerted a local who was waiting for the rest of the pack with some bullshit claim about local rights pertaining to private property. I understand he received the appropriate response regarding lack of maintenance as this section was more akin to Scare than Monday night run. The escape from the gully was supposed to be assisted by the Hares providing a rope. It must have worked as didn't have to call in **SCRUFFY** and his SES mates to retrieve anybody although I heard there were a couple of close run situations. Age is a pain in the arse, isn't it?

From here things got a little confused as trail markings deviated from the accepted norm. The Council helped in some little way by only providing two footpaths, thereby limiting the options for the Hares but they still managed to confuse us. When the trail passed an intersection with no markings confusion reigned supreme. **SPLAT** headed off in search but lost the rest of the runners and by this time the Wankers had caught up. Dunno from here in as **XXXX** and I searched around, separated and were never seen again. Trail was located on an unlit bike path remote from the intersection. Followed trail now, crossed railway line at Fairfield, various ins and outs as far as the Dutton Park Cemetery, more innning and outing and round-abouting, came across **RADAR** looking for a couple of mates and then home.

Down downs for the visitors, SOTW nominations and accusations and surprise! surprise!, I think by process of elimination **SNAPPY** ended up with his name in the frame . We should just carve the award into his back and forget all else but that would be un-Hash like so please let's have some other bastard do something.

RUN..... 6/10

FOOD...Dunno, didn't eat although nobody seemed to be whinging, not about the food anyway. It seems we were in the exclusively designated eating area and not supposed to be standing around drinking. A supervisor with the personality of a boil on your arse reminded us of same. Four would-be drinkers took this in the manner it was delivered and pissed off home.

On On, **BUGS**