

Run 2524 Morjoke Run

*Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.*

*Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.*

At 7:30 and run's end, when I arrived at the park hut **Irish** was mumbling these words about his Bitch's Brew. What charm was he seeking? Trying to stay off ice?

But let's go back two hours as the red sky over the Governor's Hill turned to grey then black, the leash free dogs left the park and the hounds arrived. A cold mist settled at the lowest point of the park telling the assembled group this was going to be the coldest run of the year.

Cold as a witch's tit but **GM Lufty** was hot about being ripped off at some weekend function. He paid \$175 thinking he would have the royal box and gala treatment but got a seat in the stalls.

Unsympathetic, all the pensioners listening on switched to imagining how much Pal dog food that would buy them.

Co hare **Mortein** was quick to pass all blame to **Irish** for not setting the run and Co-Cohare **Minder** for f@cking up the walk trail. Nothing new here.

As the temperature approached zero any physical moving was better than listening to the verbiage from the hares so off we trotted. Runners off into Rosalie but a loop back to very near the start point. The walkers had moved on by this stage so the FRBs (that being **Tinkerbelle** and **Optus**) main aim was to catch them up.

When we reached Birdwood Tce the runners thought for sure we would go into the bushland but no and after tricky trails and headed towards Stuartholme Rd. The odd hill (**Mortein's** forte) had the pack down to a walk including **Tinkerbell** who took pity on the quality of the pack and made a couple of impromptu re-groups. **LAP** and **Multiple** were never far behind but far enough to have **Scruffy** worried that they would get lost. Not having **Bugs** to mark off the checks has it disadvantages.

We got to some bush running and **Verbal** finally turned on his torch. Saving his battery power it seems but taking more pity on **LAP**, **Tinkerbell** gave up his diesel power loco flashlight so that **LAP** would survive another run without a broken leg or worse.

As we started into more downhill running the pack spirit improved and suddenly we were on the in trail and back to the Governor's Park.

The walkers had been home some time on a **Minder** inspired special short-cut and had finished all of the free beer. They didn't seem to miss Brewmaster **Optus** so there were a couple of cold ones left for the runners in the hash esky when I arrived.

Circle

Lufty immediately got **Multiple** on ice for not writing the run report for last week. Funny he was quick to accuse his little mate but ignored the last three run reports still un-written.

It was not **Multiple's** direct fault but **XXXX** who was slow in forwarding the report to **VD** for publication.

Absence of the Monk left **F*nut** free to throw his weight around.

There was **Scruffy**, **Anchovy** and guess who? **F*nut** on ice for offences too abstract to remember. Although well deserving, none of them got the SOTW shirt. It went to **Multiple** for his multiple driving faux par (that's French for f@ck up).

Irish's chowder was still par cooked at this stage as the air temperature was 10 deg below the cooker temperature, but the pack could not wait any longer, ahh the smell of Luggage Point on a misty evening....bliss!

Run ..could have had a couple more checks 7/10

Food...snap-frozen chowder without beer ?? How to rate this??

OnOn

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Irish prepares hash nosh