

## Run Report

Run # 2534

Hares Pushup and Miles O'Tool  
The Gap Tavern... several weeks ago.

Small (hardy?) pack, seemed like about ten or so hounds, gathered in this hilly bush setting so close to the CBD, fearing the worst. Bad thoughts were compounded by the no-show of the hares at set off time. Someone found a chalk arrow on the pavement that pointed out of the car park (relief #1), so we set off dutifully, at about the same time that half of BH3 were sipping their first Tequila for the day somewhere in the Mediterranean.

Not long after, into the inky blackness, your scribe regretting no torch, to the first (last?) check we strode. After some minutes scouring the hillside for trail, and while others explained to some locals what the fuck was going on, the trail was eventually uncovered. Another small taste of civilisation before we ventured into the bush proper.

The hares managed to keep us bush-side until we skirted across Ithaca Creek and then up the other side, more bush and hills. In the midst of this, the run deviated from the walk, not sure when it converged again, or if anyone did it. One trail marker was seen to say "Top", clearly the hares couldn't get there. Just as steep on the downside, we decelerated back to the bucket, **Little Arse Play** valiantly playing tail gunner.

The run was viewed with such dismay, that the Hon GM **Luftwaffe** was seen wandering around before the circle asking if it was within the rules to ice the **Monk**, who by this time had materialised in the form of **Pushup**. In the end **Lufty** chickened out and soon handed the reins over to the **Monk**. But all was not lost. After a few loose charges he managed to get co-hare **Miles O'Tool** to cool his gonads. Justice?

On On  
**Fingers**