

RUN #2637 CHERMSIDE – Marchant Park 23th November, 2020

Hares FuckNut & Irish Joke

Just a simple quiet aside to a fellow in the prelim circle landed me with another run report. Nice big crowd assembled for this run, numbers buoyed by the likely treat of seafood bisque to be served up by Irish. Marchant Park and adjoining country land makes for a vast tract of possible off road tracks.

I dunno why I got the run report – Wastatime is a much more unruly fellow. He staged quite a commotion complaining about the inadequate directions to find the location. Arrived late and found a tree to bless in the first 50 metres, and that is about the only eye witness account I have of the progress of the walkers & runners – except for the motely few runners arriving back only just ahead of the leading walkers.

Monty Vaso and I scrounged an early beer and compared the state of our old age and afflictions. I am now aware of a new medical classification of that has taken up a whole medical career to develop. So, I am now assured my medical condition is merely” rooted” Vs the next stage of “fucked“. Both are quite better than the third stage of “dead”.

A lively circle and protracted circle saved Irish from a multiple class action – giving sufficient time to heat his concoction passed toxic temperature to warm enough to avoid a Bali belly breakout.

Good to see Driftwood come out of retirement! The hapless Irish was once again awarded SOTW.

Distance 7.51 km | Elev Gain 60 m | Time 1h 17m

