

Run 28 Feb 2140

Hell run. Again

Well Hash men let me tell you. I forgot all about this run report until this evening when I was meandering through the valley on my last day at work. At the time I was, thinking of tight women's bums, breasts and beers, when I bumped into **Snappy Tom**, who I failed to recognise in a Suite and bright yellow tie. He mentioned that the run on Monday was fun, when I suddenly realised "I have to do the run report"

As I sit in front of this Computer slightly inebriated, thinking of my up and coming holiday to Tasmania my mind casts back a night far back on the 28 February when we ran somewhere in the valley.

Well what can I say???? We were gathered by the hare's by the now familiar Hell's kitchen Pizza place and a complicated formula of "Real runners", Pretend Runners" Walkers and something else was explained to us. It is very difficult to understand what we should be doing at that time, but my illustrious readers, what I should be doing now in my current drunken state is even more difficult to try and work out at the moment.

Well!!! We set of in gaggle in down Brunswick Street, around Bowen Street and back to the story bridge, where we crossed over to the South Side then came back to the north - all very confusing. I tried to keep in front with **Pusey Galore** and some other dude, but the pace was fast and furious. The hairs done a fabulous job of making us run 10km without breaking out of a 4km square from the start point. This really was a great use of terrain and track marking that included many loops that caught out the FRB's. The pack pretty much stayed together because of the good trail and the normal FRB's **MU, best and less, Hand job** and myself followed the fast pace of **Cat Gut** and **Bugs** through the many loops and turns on the circuit. At the 8KM mark we came to the Waterloo for a drink stop of Water (water WTF) and then we sent to the 9km mark for the real drink stop. The pack ran up Robertson road when I and **Tinkerbelle** followed the real trail up Kent Street to the cliff tops for a beer. We had the beer then walked back to the Hell's kitchen for the on- on.

The on-on was swift and I really cannot remember all of the bad lads, but the names of **Irish joke**, **Camel toe**, **Radar**, **Sonar** and **waste of time** seem to be enacted in my brain.

Miles O'Tool got shit of the week I think, someone got hosed and we all had pizza and were invited to a Scooter race around the Brunswick Circuit.

Run 9 /10

On-On 7/10

I deserve and Icing because I am writing this pissed. If anybody can make neither head nor tail of this well done, I will not be here next week so in my absence you can Ice Dimprick as head trail master.....

On On Chips.... I think