

Run Report

Run 2128

Mor-shit 3 Run

Date: 20 December 2010

Hares: Moretein & Shitbags

It was a hot and steamy night at The Padding Hotel, more affectingly known as the 'Paddo', which had been selected as the location for this week run. The Hares set off a respectable crowd on a cheeky little loop around the car park and back out onto Caxton Street before a left into Given Terrace. The pack kept pretty close together running at a steady pace in anticipation of the many hills that were sure to be encountered.

Leading the way was **Push-up, Bugs, Mu, Gruesome & JC** who were kind enough to sniff out the majority of the CB's. There was a particular point when those hares caught the whole pack three times in a row up a series of steep little hills with CB's at the top of them. They also included a couple of mean 'beasty hills' that tested the fitness of many runners, at one point stretching them out along the whole of Fernberg Terrace, with a RG and a song at the top. **Tinkerbelle** who is now released from the burden of chief brew master no longer has to race like a mad man to be first back or suffer abuse from the short cutters, walkers and other assorted hash riff raff, was seen taking it easy on this run. **Buggs** however was well up front. Future committee selectors take note, that this particular job increases a hashmans running ability through these incentives!!!!

Dimprick as Head Trail Master was issued with a nice shiny new Vuvuzela. This proved very useful for indicating to the pack where the short cuts are (Sorry Boss). About half way through the run **Cellar Rat** was seen with the Traditional Bent buckled and decidedly un-shiny Hash Horn, but soon disappeared again after a few sad notes. He was probably hurt as his traditional quality instrument had been replaced by a mass produced plastic toy from Africa. **Verbal Diahorrea** stayed back with me to ensure the trail was effectively marked. This was really a waste of time because we were at the back of the pack anyway.

There was a final regroup in some waste land somewhere near the brewery, where some 15 remaining runners gathered before the short sharp sprint home. However, there were still a couple of hills to encounter before the OnOn.

This is the first real OnOn with the new Committee, and **Hand job** firmly controlled the crowd, formed the Circle, introduced two guest Runners, Luke and another guy, before handing over the new monk **Luftwaffe**. I could not tell if this was payback, but immediately **Irish Joke** and **Multiple Choice** were selected for the Ice. The Ice blocks were nice colored slabs as oppose to the traditional plastic bags, a nice touch from **Buggs**. **Irish Joke** was accused of being a bad monk in 2010 resulting in **Luftwaffe** spending many hours on the ice. **Multiple Choices** was accused of nothing and was later released on short bail as **Gruesome** was accused and iced for being tight..... again. **Irish Joke** also had to drink a cold beer from his new Shoe. However **Multiple Choices'** short reprieve was over and he was selected as SOTW by unanimous vote on the basis of nothing. Which is more than enough to win this particular award, it was then off to the Paddo for a few cold beers (\$7.00 each.....WTF) and a \$ 12.50 steak

Run: 8/10 could have done with a hill or two more

On-On: 7/10 pretty quick, and not enough icings

Food: 8/10

On-On - Chips

On a final note, the running joke of the week:

A blonde goes out for a run. She comes to a river and cannot see a bridge anywhere nearby. She spots another blonde on the opposite bank. "Yoohoo doll!" she shouts, "How can I get to the other side?" The second blonde looks up the river then down the river then shouts back, "You're already on the other side!"