

## Run #2187 The Mud Run. Radar and Verbal 160112.

It was a dark and stormy afternoon, nobody but the serious/committed Hashman had ventured out to the shed on Nudgee Beach where the wind was 15knots plus with moisture. Speaking of things moist, many dickless runners turned up with big false boobs Madonna style to honour "Radars White Pointer Run". We had a good selection from Northside, Halfway and I think she was from Bayside, a welcome guest [your scribe had to climb greasy banks behind her].



Anchovy and Dimprick stayed in their corporate clobber and drank beer, the Walking dead planned a short mudfree walk while Scruffy whipped the runners into a pack with Bootroter wearing a lamb chop on a string around his neck as our sacrifice to the sharks. Chips and Tinkerbell brought their other blow up toys, the toy shark and croc later to be used as rescue devices for drowning swimmers. Radar and Verbal set a great run on the Sunday arvo only to see it washed away with the rain, so we got version 2, a slightly shorter f\*\*\*up just completed in time.

We started out heading up to the cafe, then into the first of many swims with about 45 taking the plunge. Plenty of regroupings on the boardwalk and in the bush gave the frb,s a chance to shiver waiting for the rest and a chance for Tinker Bell to count the sadly decreasing numbers. The cunning sharks were regularly taking 3 per swim, by R G 4 we were only 24, no screams, nothing just gone. As dusk fell there was a great camaraderie as we ran/ swam together not wanting to be the next victim to Jaws our band of men and 1 very fit with nice shorts Harriette.

We saw the normal mangroves, grassy bits, treed bits, the black swamp and then free, out onto the sand flats heading for home, beer and dry clothes. Mr Chips did a great fall at speed in a hole near home using his blow up croc expertly as an airbag, no damage done. Home in just over the hour to find a full shelter shed, food being eaten and our lost runners miraculously still alive.

Our Great Leader Scruffy prevailed over a tough audience; our Monk had a problem with a damp wick on his Holy wand but trying to find any charges proved impossible. The Hares were probably unjustly iced due to the whingeing of the non runners who were in the majority at the vote [a lesson in life] , I reckon they deserved a down down for a run well set in tough conditions.



Lots of good food thanks to Northside , plenty of laughs and ladies, a good run.  
Run 7.8 [version 2 run]  
Circle 8.1 [a tough audience]  
Food 8.0

*For more great pics of the night go to our photo gallery*