

Run 2195 St Paddys Day Run. Hares Growsome and Royal Screw.

A fine afternoon saw a good crowd of fake red beards, silly hats and greenish clothing at the front bar of Finnegans Chin a quality Irish Pub since 1789ish. Spermwhale had a few tunes and jigs on his tin whistle, the smell of a few dark beers and Scruffy was ready for the masses. Afterbirth, a west Melbourne visitor, not to be confused with Melbourne west was introduced and our English and Scottish hares gave instructions in the worst Irish accent. It reminded me of our Monk of late Irish Joke getting half way through then reverting to Aussie.

It was a worry seeing a Hare return from marking the trail in a bike helmet, he is either very clumsy or the arrows were going to be well spaced. The latter was true, as we crossed Settlement Road down an easement and into a bit of bush the bike must have got bogged so back out onto the bitumen we went. At this point Radar, his dog and Virgin THOUGHT they knew where the trail was going and headed off to The Gap. We saw all 3 again as the steaks were coming out. XXXX even encouraged the negative behaviour by going out to his car to give them a free hash beer?... We had about 20 runners at the regroup at Glengarry Rd; from here the peloton headed off towards Kimbies but were stopped by a large creek. After much trying to find a dry crossing, Optus very wet and muddy, Turbo nearly falling to his death the pack retraced the trail and crossed back at the bridge on the main drag. A few blocks of looping didn't fool xxxx and he was off for home to get the beer ready for the first home under the big sign. All in under the hour most seemed happy, except Radar and the lost Patrol. Whale led us in tune to "When Irish eyes are smiling", a disaster vocally, but spirited in delivery. Scruffy had a welcome drink for Afterbirth and a milestone for Tinkerbell before the charges for Our Monk. Tinkerbell for wearing fishnet stockings and not much else at the Women's Day run drink stop on Sunday. The next charge for financial skimming by none less than our Hash Cash Chardarse who only minutes earlier had been threatening the unfinancial members with huge penalties. His crime, getting VD to buy him a Gold Pass Reds ticket, when he had a better offer and was never going to attend won him the S O T W award. On in to the Olde Pub, for dark beers, steaks and for those who walked next door good curries for Anchovy, Fish and Chips for Snappy and Optus and sadly Subway for Vaso. No raffles, no big screen TV with the dish lickers on, just tables with food, drinks and the Irish music, thanks Whale, should be more of it. On On.

Run 6.5, good length.

Circle 7.5, Laughs aplenty

On On 9.5, Good venue, good crack.