

RUN NUMBER 2198

HARES ; Ringpiece and ?

The pack gathered in the park to listen to GM explain run number 2198. Ringpiece described the run with no hills a contradiction to where we were located. So off up Luvv street and into St Pauls Terrace led by Tinkerbelle and JC. A double back into that eventually led into Royal Street where the pack split. Pussy galore somehow shortcutted with the junior member of his family apply named Felix ( must love cats) who shows the attributes of the senior O'Toole by cheating on the run. Somehow the pack got it together to sprint into Astor Terrace and then doubled back around the soffitel after Tinkerbelle made known that he knew the place intimately (more of this later).

A sort of regroup before heading back up into Astor terrace and then over to the former cat walk club. (led by tinkerbelle who knows his way around) The packed skirted around the entry noticing that a note had been left on the door for Snappy together with his morning papers.

So across Wharf street into the backblocks of Flynn, Berry and finally Sedgebrook where Bugs ever the scavenger found a discarded mag. car wheel and tyre and attempted to propel it back to his car. Some rumblings from the older hash that use to reside somewhere in this locality. Methinks it was in the adjacent park after a big nite on the turps.

By this time the pack was significantly reduced after loosing their bearings. Back up to wickham terrace led by Grewsome and past the private hospital until another regroup in the International hotel. No time for a drink we were miles late and still had to get back up to the terrace and on home.

The OnOn had chardarse name and shame the unfinancials. Boxer and Tampon sat on ice until the monk called up repenters. Royal screw crawled on knees begging forgiveness for being pissed on Friday night but this palled into nothing after Tampon gave a version of Irish Joke's wimping over the weekend on the mountain bike trek. This was elaborated by Ring piece who recounted the hardship that his group put up with spending nights out without food, water and accommodation only to hear that the Joke had booked himself into a 4 star hotel with Mrs Bucket. After going up to his room and upon hearing the sounds of young kids in the next room he immediately complained to management and asked for a room changed. The Manager succumbed when Irish gave him more cash from the kitty he had collected from the other bike riders. Mrs B who was totally lost (she thought that he was still in the camp site) eventually found the hotel and banged on the door for Irish to let her in. Unfortunately he had omitted to tell Mrs B about the room change and she was invited in to quell the noise of re awoken kids and irate parents. Not sure if she got out alive. Has not been heard of or seen since and Irish has no idea.

Mortein was welcomed back after loosing the use of his wanking arm and nominated Shat for forgetting the address of the hospital and visiting another Mortein in another hospital. We think he never turned up in the first place. Just wanted to make Mortein feel wanted.

Summary:

Good run most of the markings were discovered. 9 out of ?

On On 10. Very funny

SOTW - Irish Joke

Scribe:

Royal Screw