

11 June 2012

Run No. 2208 “Swedish National Day Run”

Hares = Missing in Action???

Anyone would think it was Swedish National Day. The arctic winds were blowing, the temperature was freezing, and there was driving rain and sleet. But where were the hare(s)?

I drove around the car park of Lord Stanley Hotel, to make sure I was at the right venue. Luckily **Craft** showed up, so we both huddled under an awning to see who else would be dumb enough to come out running in weather like this. Sure was cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey.

Only 16 brave souls eventually showed – **Twin Tub**, **Leech**, **Zit**, **Bricks**, **Boxer** and **Meatiwhore**, to name a few. **Zit & Scruffy** agreed to set a “Bring a Mate Run” in three weeks time, to cover the slot vacated by Spermwhale & Monty. **Twin Tub** was telling his jokes again. **Scruffy** was still suffering Asian flu caught at Interhash, so was not running. Lowest run numbers since I started running over three years ago. And where was **Divot**, the hare?



Scruffy called the circle together and relayed the run instructions. Apparently **Divot** has having too much fun down the coast, so had arranged for **Hi Riser** to set the run instead. **Hi Riser** had then set the run (allegedly), but it got washed away and covered in two feet of snow (allegedly). **Hi Riser** was no where to be seen, but he had sent delegate **Meatiwhore** instead. **Meatiwhore** was claiming complete innocence, particularly if the run was a f*ck-up..... Fortunately **Scruffy** had organized **Even Optus & Chips** to “live-hare” the run.

As the rain slowed to a drizzle, we set off east along Stanley Street, over Norman Creek, across Cavendish Rd and along Tiber Street. **Optus & Chips** ran two quick check-backs up Rome & Hope Streets, which caught **Tinkerbelle** and **Bugs**, and gave **Craft, Catgut, Ringbark, Verbal Diarrhoea** and **XXXX** time to catch up. Then it was a left turn up a path through the park to Scott Street, and a re-group at Norman Avenue.

After a rendition of “Rule Britannia”, we headed up to the Norman Park Service Bowls Club, jogged around the mud track at the back, into Donaldson & Bodalla Streets, then back along Wynnum Road to Walter Avenue. We looped around Hilton Street, to Oaklands Parade (past Churchie), then set our sights on the hill up Mowbray Tce. Finally it was on home via Rosslyn, Vulture and Norman Streets.

Scruffy formed the hash circle, and announce there would be two beers each provided we sang “God Save the Queen”, it being the Queen’s Diamond Jubilee Holiday. **Verbal D** got iced for running the “Queen of the Mountain Run”, and winning (allegedly). **Leech** gave his 60th Birthday Run a plug for the following Monday. SOTW was **Verbal Diarrhoea**.



Only about four of us went to the “on-on” in the pub. The Beef & Fat Yak pie with Chips and a beer was excellent (covers all the food groups, for a male). When I came back outside an hour later, the blocks of ice were still sitting in the middle of the car park – instead of melting, I think they had grown larger? Damn it was freaken’ cold!!

Run = 7.5

Circle = 7

Food = 7 (good food, but most buggered off early to their warm homes, to watch “The Voice”).

On on

Tinkerbell

