

Christmas in July Run Report, West Toowong Bowls Club , Hare **Monty** (with a little help).

Cool dark night welcomed all that decided to venture out, Standing in the car park I suddenly remembered it was a joint run with the Harriett's, Not that many seemed to be there. Oh well. We had a little entertainment from **Vasso**, with his walking Santa robot, but like most from the Clayfield push he was little unstable and kept falling over. "it was because of the rocky car park" Yeah right, .Given the hilly area we had found ourselves it was going to be an uphill affair all night.

Sperm Whale and **Monty** wandered out of the bowls club telling all and sundry that the beer had been tested , and could be considered safe. (**Whale** and **Monty** just look after us all the time and their sacrifices are extreme..) The pack gathered **Beachball** looked like he was going to play tennis (from the 70's, Might want to update those Dunlop volleys). **Dr Who** , **XXXX**, **Verbal Diarear** and I watch the pack gather, still no real sign of many harriettes, Finally when 6.25 arrived they all spilled out of the bar.. (It was warm inside,). **Snappy tom** followed them out (would never have guessed).

After some brief explanation of the goings on **Flush** (Dickless runner) told us about the run and how well it was set. Given she is the better half of **Waste O'Time**, I can only hazard that his was going to be a poor run. (Perhaps the Husband and wife team can do a run) .

The run set off, after a minor direction from **Flush** given we all started to run past the trail without looking. A quick direction towards Water St and into the dark we went, Up hill . The pack of runners including the fitter harrettes went up hill all blowing early, RH turn into what a guess towards Camp St, it looked like a bad night was about to commence, The FRT like **Even Optus**, and **Turbo**, ran halfway up the CAMP st hill,. **Turbo** was saying in his Mini days it was only possible to go up this hill in first gear, **Push Up** said for his car reverse was the only way up...Well we lost the trail, only to find a CB halfway back. The pack then went on a wild goose chase looking for trail only to find we had to go all the way back to Exmouth St (obviously a **Waste o time**, trail).

Following the road to Gower ST, Holly shit a Bigger hill, I could only think death was imminent But not to be we ended up going to Kapunda St and then on Boseley Rd, right on to Stanley Tce, and up the hill (Again).. No regroup at this stage , the pack was spread out over a few hundred metres. Now the trail went via the bush tracks parallel to the Western Freeway, . The trail was well marked with Flour, and Paper,. **Layup**, **Verbal** and I made our way towards the different checks at a slow pace given I have failing eyesight and the torch was running out of light,,

We found ourselves on the New Bike tract and ran to the first and only Regroup at the Free dog run. Regroup was small with most giving up somewhere along Stanley Tce and not venturing into the bush trail.. A quick trip into Anzac Park and towards the bus depot and I hoped home, Nope. **Scruffy** was now at the back of the pack and able to talk and run , the trail took us toward Toowong along Sylvan Rd Quick RH onto Jephson St, then Up Hill Again, Sherewood rd I see a theme here Still not sure what that could be,, The pack was no longer together although a few of us picked up the back alley between Dean St and Vera st then a quick run back to the bowls club where everyone seemed to have beaten us back..

All the walkers **Dole Bludger**, **Vaso Snappy Tom**, **Anchovy**, just to name a few all were inside drinking some supplied beers, which was a nice touch. We were offered to make judgement on the run , but because **waste o time** had something to do with it , it was declared a poor run, Sorry **Flush** PACK RULE..

The night inside was pretty good we have a few nibbles , Santa (Sperm Whale gave us a few words about eat drink and be happy , but it will cost \$5.00 Great cheep and beers too,... a few beers until Brengun the Monk brought the rabble and proceedings to order.

Firstly after a few prayers, much to the amusement of the Harriett's, He called for sinners to come forward and receive the light of god , to hold the candle of faith, Which as usual burned very quickly. And left a nasty smelly in the room, He called for further sinners, Funny seeing a fallen Harriett come forward, Pregnant with a large belly (Fallen Harriett thought they all were) , anyway she blamed Santa's knee for her predicament, not being all that smart, Santa, called for a DNA, but agreed to look after the poor wretched thing. Her hash name I don tknow but she was called a Harpy , Harlot and fallen woman of disrepute by all and sundry, this was Goaded by the Monk,, He had the crowd in his hands (which is normal for **Brengun**) and the kiddie touching priests . Anyway **Whale** agreed to 'look after" this poor woman and took her away, behind a screen,.. Well the wailing and screaming , noise that came from the back of the room was huge, then we were all represented with Baby **Beach ball** want a suckle See the photos.



Santa at the shock of something so ugly, and its his..



Note the happy family



Brengun tells all of the Harpy, and how the use of the rod of divine probing was to be used...

In general

The run was probably a 7/10 (only because the pack was too spread out)

Food was great 8/10 steaks or fish for those red meat challenged..

On oN klinging

