

## Chinese New Year Run

We gathered in the front of the Hotel Diana to listen to the Chinese words of wisdom from Snappy Tom that did not amount to much. So much for the year of the Dragon

It was out and right at Annerly road and onto Stanley street where even optus headed off east to the chalk hotel for an early drink. Catgut picked the correct line and took the pack in the opposite direction until he too lost the markings. The pack eventually located the route and moved up into the hospital eventually getting back onto Stanley street. Once over the railway bridge the FRT's headed into the underpass to be greeted with a FT. A cunning move by whoever set the trail as we now all headed into Stephens road. Multiple CB's slowed the like of Tinkerbell with 4XXXX taking the initiative and leading the pack until the informal regroup at the corner of Prospect Tce and Gladestone road.

It was around this time as we shuffled past the mansion owned by the Indian Oswal family that Scruffy made comment that he wondered if the occupants of refugee hostel were on the Xmas invite with their next door neighbours.

Moving on with a slightly reduced pack took us to Hampstead road with some further ducking and diving until we eventually reach the hut in the park on Dornoch terrace. A struggle to get to this elevated position again saw the pack reduced significantly.

Moving along and up to Highgate hill across, over and down into Gertrude street. FRT 's lost the way with Craft picking up the trail with a left into Mabel street. A right turn back into Gloucester street and over the railway line for the race back home.

The circle saw a repeat performance of the GM explaining the flying fickle finger fate. Highriser was led out to try the newly plumbed down down machine. A fine piece of pipework and valving tried, tested and approved by highriser. The Armenian Monk then pulled out the miscreants for not confessing their sins. A thong (a black one worn around the crutch type) was discovered on Irish Joke's person The Armenian monk blessed them with his lighting sabre and then called upon his blessed son layup the nazi to reply. A confused Layup referred to the monk as Dad while the pack were even more confused but quickly understood that these sort of shenanigans are normal from those that come from the Apple isle

Now as for the statistics: There are none as I don't ave a satellite navigation embedded upon my person like some of those FRT's. Suffice to say the hills were hard and the direction (who knows) All the more reason to ensure the hares mark trails correctly. (Note this Beach Ball you prick. We still remember the complete fark up down at wynnun)

The hares were given a reprieve by the democratic finger and it was on to the food and drink. Not sure of the quality as left early

Royal Screw