

Geebung Bowls Club Run 2240

Hares: Anchovy and Turbo

I.Q. Warning: There seems to be a growing consensus on BH3 that the write up is too long and that nobody reads it. I request that harriers with that view stop reading now and wait until there is a phone app that will do it for you.

When I read who the hares were I knew it was going to be a runners run and should have let common sense prevail. I did not say short-cut but you get my drift. As I had gone to the effort to bring along some chalk I figured I should fill my role as Trailmaster. After all there were two visitors that may need guidance. **Downunder** who had not run for 12 months and a guy named Greg Powell (A.K.A. **Minder**) who had not paid his fees. After the normal welcomes and BS about an easy run from the hares, the run started through the park across the road from the club and while the weather was not as hot as it had been last week it was muggy after the rain. It was not long before the pack were spread out looking for the washed out chalk arrows. This situation was to repeat itself many times as we alternated between bike tracks and suburban streets. There was a bit of confusion when half the pack crossed the wet part of the creek and the rest used the bridge. Here **Catgut** and **Grewsome** got separated for a while but **Grewsome** found his way back to the pack. Free thinkers, **Catgut** and **Handjob** did their own individual runs from there on. The front runners **Tinkerbell** and **Even Optus** did a lot of checking, while **Bugs, Chips, Scruffy** and **JC** did a lot of waiting for me at the three Regroups. A lost cause, as I got further and further beyond help. At one point in the run I was so far behind I was being guided by the faint glint of one fluoro shirt in the pack far ahead.

Circle:

GM Divot was fully refreshed physically from his 15 countries in 15 days world tour but mentally still jet lagged. The assembled pack kept offering advice about how to run the circle and the GM seemed unsure which to take. I think he needs a secretary. I arrived just in time to see the hares getting off the ice. They had been nailed for a badly set back check somewhere in the middle of the run. My well worn theory is that the usefulness of the checks is measured by the distance between the first and last runner. In the case of this run visitor **Downunder** was about 2 km behind front runners **Tinkerbell** and **Grewsome**.

Monk F0cknut got **Shitbags** out for wearing white shorts to the Boxing Day run when in fact it may have been **Barebum** who was the guilty party. No apologies to **Shitbags** but we will correct that error at a time when **Barebum** least expects it. **Anchovy's** sports massage grabbed everyone's attention, as most of us normally 'suffer' therapy but he seemed to more than enjoy it. That short lived happy ending earned him the SOTW shirt.

OnOn

In the Bowls Club bar the hares had hot pies ready to go with red or black sauce. Snappy reckoned his schooner was the coldest beer he'd had in a while...that 'while' would be about twenty four hours.

Run 7/10

Food 6/10

OnOn

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