

Run: 2256 **Hares:** Miles O'Tool and Pussy Galore

Venue: Guyatt Park, on wide open plains of St Lucia

It was dark the night we gathered at Guyatt Park to partake in a jog around the plains of St. Lucia – A gentle run in the vast open countryside. The amount of fluorescent stripes on the running shoes of hash men was impressive as I walked the 2 km from where I found a 'park' to where the group assembled. In the nick-of-time our illustrious **GM - Divot** arrived sweating in his dodgy shirt looking like and escaped Disney world character. Before we set off, **Tinkerbelle** provided with some Good HS&E advice that included not going home with dirty young women – but if you did there are ways to ensure that your tackle does not fall off. **Divot** the bar-steward then fingered me for the dubious task of being tonight's scribe Barrrr humbug – and thanks for the purple pencil – I felt like a tele-tubbie. – The GM then, quickly called the circle into disorder and after uttering some confused instructions - said 'go!!'.

Baaaaah Baaaah as hash men blindly followed **Tinkerbelle** up the wrong road, until **JC** sniffed out some chalk and away we went. It was at this moment I realised I was not on the great St Lucia Plains of Southern Africa where the Wildebeest run wild and the Zulu hold up tourists at will - to rape, pillage and murder. This was a very different St Lucia with many a hill. The animals I noticed roaming wild in this St Lucia, were ferrets – well it looked like two of them were stuck in a nubile young students very short running shorts and were trying to escape. Now that's my kind of Wildlife!!!!!!

I digress – Off we went up one hill followed be another followed by another. The FRB's were the normal Crew – **Tinkerbelle, Even Optus, JC** with **Bugs** hot on their Heels. Our very own **XXXX** was diligently marking the trail for those lost souls behind. Post, a two-way and the preverbal FT down some poorly lit street, I found myself as an FRB with **Luis the Fly** and **Lucky Dog** up front wheezing and puffing like an old Geezer. At the first RG we were 13 and an unlucky bunch we woz. Up the hills and down again – what street – I do not have a clue – it was dark and I guess all the street signs are now proudly displayed in student accommodation. Through the park and hash men were coming in, from all directions **Rat Bags,** and **Royal Screw** from the East, **Turbo, Virgin** and **Zipata??** From the west– go figure how well this route could be marked☺. Anyway After some more regroupings in unknown locations we pounded through to the University and viewed some more exciting Wildlife.... We had an impromptu regroup at a 360 to make sure the dirty old men did not stop for a grooming session and we all abided by **Tinkerbelle** earlier warnings. From here it was a good old sprint home, and **JC** won the Race, because he short-cutted. It was a well-marked run on a very pleasant night.

The circle was very nice with the moon glistening on the river in the Background. And in a fitting tribute there were many punishments for **Monk Sophie** to administer. The first order of business was the Shirt had been washed – is this **Pushups** Fault? (ICE _ICE _ ICE). **Dole-Bludger** promised to bring the real Sophie and we wait in anticipation. **Lucky dog** – was iced for taking his wife to the Footy on his anniversary instead of his mates, **Dimprick** for not providing Porn on a Memory stick, **Vaso** for making **JC** ride 60km extra backwards and forward on his bike, **Layup** for training in Pink (Rule 1),. The free beers went down well (Were they Free?) and the Chicken Sausages were good- I never got one ☹.

SOTW: Vaso (Well deserved)

Run: 8/10 – well marked and very hilly – worked out at about 7.5km

Circle: 8/10 – WE WANT THE REAL SOPHIE

ON-ON Chips