

## **Run 2290 Bear Grylls Survival Run – Norths Devils Leagues Club Hares - Tinkerbell, Handjob**

A small band of hashers who had nothing better to do in a storm gathered under various umbrellas outside Norths Devils Leagues Club . “Will we get wet?” was the call- why would you call it a Bear Grylls Survival Run led by Tinker of all people and not get wet? So, only 8 runners braved the trek into the marshlands around Schultz’s Canal-Tinker did a live hare . So it was across the football ground towards the creek and to our astonishment, a bridge! Across the bridge to the Cycle Criterium - not a bike to be seen as the sky lit up again with bolts of lightning-since scribe was the tallest runner, Turbo was grinning that I would be hit first. Bugs mumbled that the storm had turned around and was coming towards us again from the North. It was on down a path and then into the marshes again-Tinker commented that this area was fairly dry when he went through, as nearby Schultz’s Canal was in full speed and high.

Way in the distance , a lake was spotted about a hectare in area-how were we going to get around this. No problem, says Tinker, as the paper trailed into the lake. Shit, where are the markers asked Tinker-as he grovelled under the rapidly rising water, he found one-“there it is!” he cried. The mud underneath was reminiscent of the mud run-Bugs in front fending off the mudcrabs whilst Irish and Anchovy covered the rear attacking ones. Craft was up to his thighs wondering if it was going to get deeper as we got to the centre. Back into the grassy marshes, redbellied black snakes etc. Onto a track which led to the back of Grammar Rugby Playing fields-Irish reminisced his \$50000 contribution to Brisbane Grammer School as he stumbled over the playing fields funded by his money. Finally out of the shit-but not before a fine song by Choir master Tinker . The run continued on down concrete paths and finally a 10 minute run home.

Just over the hour prompting an immediate icing for Tinker.

Fucknut took over Monk proceedings and called up Irish, scribe and Moo (bugs stood in for him). Moo took the award hands down for intending to marry a Muslim 33 year old (half his age plus 7) and changing his name to Moohamid.

No less than 3 songs by Choirmaster Tinker-he sat up all the previous night  
memorizing the lyrics-well done Tinker!

Onon

JC

Points:

Run 9 ( I deducted for scribes yellow shoes getting dirty)-up there with the  
Mud Run

Food-7 out of 10