

I am not sure where the BS meets this run. Maybe the hares think BS stands for 'Brilliant Strategy'. Some might say 'Bodgie Scheme'.

Whichever, the venue in Osborne Road was very pleasant. Lots of parking space and red skies over the forested hills to the west. Just on sunset the GM, **FNut** called the crowd to order and attempted to make a pack out of them. Hard work really with every second hasher wanting to provide some smartarse remark. Transcending the turmoil GM called in **HandjOb** to perform the safety induction for the run. Bring a torch, no hills, no wet running, walkers follow the runners, before he finished the FRBs had already started across the carpark.

What came next probably can best be explained by our in-house medicos **Catgut** and **Vaso** but it seems similar to symptoms of hypoxia. Lack of oxygen to the brain causes FRBs to run over FTs and CBs because their legs are moving faster than their noodles. Wikipedia, our environment minister's first line of advice explains it such: *Symptoms of more localized or less complete oxygen deprivation (hypoxia) include increased breathing rate, lightheadedness, [dizziness](#), tingling or warm sensation, sweating, reduced field of vision, sleepiness, a bluish tint to skin, particularly the fingertips and lips, and behavior changes, often an inappropriate sense of euphoria.*

I think the reader would agree that they can regularly identify at least one of those symptoms in the pack every Monday night and last night was no exception. This also helps explain the pack's reluctance to call OnOn during the run.

A bit of runner confusion around the Brook underground carpark had shoppers cowering in corners in fear of having their shopping stolen but the small footpath trail was finally found beside a private college. The competitive runners **Craft**, **Grewsome** and **Tinkerbelle** jostled to be the first up this track. **Catgut** disappeared about here. This trail led to running near to the creek and many runners were looking desperately for any alternative to crossing the water. The only route seemed to be across three stepping stones after a down-hill sloping bank. A modicum of balance and bravado required for this manoeuvre.

Yours truly got across by following the simple hop-scotch rules. Step one-miss one-step one but found it entertaining to watch the firefly display of torches on the opposite bank as everyone seemed to have an opinion on how best to accomplish the task at hand. Here I saw more evidence of the aforementioned hypoxia. Probably reduced field of vision and sleepiness saw **Wasta-Time** plonk his foot into the wet spot much to the amusement of the pack. He was not alone judging by the many cheers that accompanied each hasher crossing.

Upon reaching the soccer club the pack leaders were milling around another creek crossing looking for the start of another back check. This is where **Mortein** appeared on the scene. Was he flying or what? Back runners, **Push-up** and **Little @rseplay** were miffed to be overtaken by a walker.

Back across Osborne Road and anyone with sense of survival would have headed for home at this point. Then on to the much anticipated Re-Group. In the dark I think I recognised **Scruffy** and **Grewsome** keen to break away from the recovering runners. Walkers were to split at this point but I am not sure how many made it this far.

Away from the creek and back into suburbia when **Catgut** suddenly appears from the dark to re-join the pack. Where does he go on these Monday evening sojourns?

All the while **Octapussy** had been maintaining a steady pace at the back of the runners pack but when we hit the bitumen the FRBs left the two of us for dead. We were the last back to the beer.

## Circle

Rowdy circle under a bright street light. A bunch of musical bums on ice including **Snappy**, **Chard@rse**, and **Wasta** but a unanimous vote for **Brengun** as **SOTW** for his inability to assemble Ikea junk (refer to hypoxia)

## OnOn

A good crowd in the bar but a bit of a wait for food except for wily **Kreepy Krawler** who ordered his food at 6pm.

Run 7/10 Food 6/10 (cold chips)

ONON

XXXX