

Run 1825 24 August 2015

Hare : Crying Dick

Perfect weather (if you are a member of the Scottish cricket team)

This weeks run was set in deepest darkest O'Malley, which, to be fair is not very deep or dark as its on top of a summit whose cost per square metre is something akin to the GDP of a small nation. It was definitely the wettest run of the year and happened to coincide with a localised outbreak of Softcockitus. There were softcocks flopping all over the place as evidenced by the no shows. MIXO turned up and left, realising that a) it was too wet for a fire and b) he was too soft. PREMATURE EJACULATION turned up, deposited cups and left, and JUST NICK, last week's virgin, was this week's biggest softcock as he was cycling to the start, then decided to just cycle home to Jerrabomberra instead.

Anyway, 12 hardy and brave souls gathered at the featureless paddock. We welcomed back MEAT, who was wearing 5 layers of clothing and looked like he had been pigging out for the last 5 weeks, and hence deciding to walk a few hundred metres instead of running. About 8 set out on a run / swim through O'Malley. This was actually a good run, and while wet, took in some very deep streams / rivers / puddles, some bush (where were you Gerbils- another apology by phone (Note for next week!)) and ended up heading through the horse trails and paddocks reminiscent of an Infallible summertime saunter. Certainly, some light would have been handy as we headed through ankle-break pass and break-neck gulch, but every one of the 8 survived, including hash virgin JUST MARK (a league ref, fireman, CAŞA audit person- there has to be a name in there somewhere!). CRYING DICK and DATE DIVER had a massive erection at the start with a double pop up shelter, and we huddled beneath it to regale tales of the run, welcome back returnees (QL, MEAT) and Virgin (JUST MARK).

Needless to say, there were no awards, not many charges and only a joke from STR LANCE A SLUT once the warmth of the voluminous hearty beef stew had suffused the chosen few. With alacrity, once feasting was over, did the massive erection droop into nothingness, and the pack departed the now muddy environs of O'Malley to prepare themselves for Poo Shooter's North Cooma/ Bonython run next week.

Notes by MCTAF, who didn't attend due to softcockitus, with help from a very soggy SEX CHANGE