

T'was a balmy evening in the groves of Ferny where an elite tactical team were replaced by some mottled and motley semi-pensioners and lonely Hashers with nothing better to do on a cold Monday night in winter. First on the scene was **Tail**, impersonating Ebenezer, along with the dashing and debonair **Jake the Peg** (29).

As we waited for the bewitching hour, **Night Owl** explained how she was tipsy when her better half slipped in a crafty request for a boy's holiday in Thailand. This Harriette was demonstrating unheard of levels of trust in her man, trust which usually stops whenever he's out of sight. **Boxy** reinforced the low levels of trust expected by giving out intimate details of Soi Kato (Ladyboy Street). His Excremency **Figjam**, seemed to know the place quite well too...

(Let us pause and enjoy the gently wafting aromas from the municipal BBQ, what can it be that smells so divine?)

**Heston BlumenScrubber** sent us on our way, joining in the run with a disturbing gait. I think he ran because there were only three runners and so he was guaranteed a podium place.

Gracing us with his presence but without presents was long lost prodigal returnee **To & From**. Sniffing out a free beer opportunity he was here to celebrate his 1,000,000,000<sup>th</sup> run, or not.

**Smooth Ride** was verbally powered on-trail with a near constant stream of consciousness for **Tail**, **Night Owl** and **Jake the Peg** to endure, ahem, enjoy. **To & From's** attempts to get ahead and out of earshot were repeatedly thwarted by **Gordon Scrubber's** checks. At one such check we hid behind a car while **To & From** called On On from afar. After 0.75secs his give-a-fig muscle was heard tearing as he turned back on-trail without us.

Back at **Scrubber's** pop up kitchen, drinks were popped and hats were permitted in the circle, thanks GM. (What is that delicious aroma, roasting meats?)

#### Charges

Run score	<b>Boxy</b>	9.6
Run score	<b>To &amp; From</b>	9/10 but -5 for boring as batshit and -5 for too cold, so -1. But then +1 for EKKA fireworks, making a total of 0. <i>Shitty Trail...</i>
Returnee	<b>To &amp; From</b>	<i>Here's to brother Hasher...</i>
<b>Boxy</b>	<b>Night Owl</b>	For mistaking him for a walker. <i>Here's to Jolly Hasher...</i>
<b>Jake the Peg</b>	<b>Smooth Ride</b>	For using Hal the computer in the circle. <i>BIMBO...</i>
<b>GM</b>	<b>Boxy</b>	650 runs. When asked which was the best run he said "Tonight's." When asked which was the worst run he said "Tonight's." <i>He ought to be publicly pissed on...</i>

**Jake the Peg**    **Night Owl**    For filling up with Lite N Easy before the run. *She's a Harriette...*

**GM**            **Boxy**            For Un Zud impersonations. *Build a bonfire...*

**GM**            **Boxy**            For grizzling it's too cold to drink. *Drink, drink, drink your beer...*

**All**            **Scrubber**        For the COMPLETELY unexpected hot toddy at the drink stop.

**WOW!**

I'll say it again, **WOW!**

**GM**            **Smooth Ride**

**& Tail**            For feigning innocence. *They ought to be publicly pissed on...*

**Boxy**         **Night Owl**        For confusing chips with checks. *She's stupid. She's stupid...*

### The Feed

**Delia Scrubber** fooled everyone with his threat of sausages on bread. He miraculously served up;

A trio of dips with chips

Hot roast chicken, with hot roasted potatoes and gravy

Hot custard with Mince Pies

There was only eight of us so we all pigged out, yum!

Next week's run            Dog, Platypus Acres, Lawnton. Oh boy, the food better be as good...

On On Jake the Pen