

# 2089 - 09 / 07 / 07 - BTG FOUND LURKING IN FORSYTH PARK - AGAIN

We know that BTG, who likes to go by the more elegant name of VAN ORDINAIRE, will kick off his run in Forsyth Park. It has to do with whether you want to park near the run and walk 2 km uphill to the On2, or park near the restaurant and walk 2 km downhill to the run. The mark of an Idiosyncratic.

Either way, it was so bloody cold that the pack were spread out at the start like a proctologist's inspection table.

At 40 minutes The Hare was worrying the run was too short, at 50 minutes he worried it was too long, at 60 minutes he was sure he would be lynched and at one hour the Pack mostly came in. Relief. Your Scribe knows this, due to YAKKITY convincing me to walk with him. Something to do with his thermal underwear being too tight.

Anyway, the Pack saw Neutral Bay, North Sydney, Milson's Point, parts of Kirribilli and Crows Nest. And a hard run it appeared to be, judging by the panting going on at the bucket. DRUID didn't run, preferring to stay back and ensure the beer was cold. As he should. KLITTY LITTER started late 'cause he couldn't find the start, even though he lived nearby for years - what is it with these Canadians? PAY-LING brought along his son who is training for the City-to-Surf - I imagine he wondered how any of us manage to do that run at all, if that is our level of preparation. We never said we did it for the run, just for the On2.

MR NEAT, by the way, was seen during the run wandering along Broughton St in a dazed and confused state. He had forgotten to wear any Hash clothes and was mistaken for a normal citizen. And we were buzzed a couple of times by a police patrol, I noticed.

41 determined souls paraded in to the Italian restaurant, which already had 4 tables of diners in the adjacent room. No problem. SIMO has returned from his latest world safari, wearing what looked like a red bear skin. No sore head, though. Out came the pizzas, and the Posh showed its true colours. Reach, grab, shovel. Then the pasta dribbled out, at least made more appealing by the Czechoslovakian waitress, who must have leaned over BTG a dozen times, revealing a couple of points of interest to him. Then the pasta stopped dribbling out, and we were left with unsatisfied appetites. 5 more serves were delivered and that was it. This owner wasn't about to lose on the night. IRISH was heard to mumble something unprintable. DR JEKYLL, though, was relatively pleasant. He is, as we know, unusually forthright.

Any humour? PEE DUB, you really have to start rehearsing these jokes of yours. A guy at the next table took pity on the joke presentations, and gave us one we knew, but with good delivery, we all pissed ourselves.

COWRA continues to be of great interest to members, and 65 pax have confirmed. Please register and pay, as we are capping it at 80. Thanks.

Your Scribe

**You may be wondering what has happened to the Major, then again you may not.**

**Some weeks ago, his doctor wife, before leaving for the medical practice thoughtfully left him a Male Arousal Patch to while away the hours before her return. The Major, unable to find his glasses to read the instructions, and in too much of a hurry as usual to bother to find out what the adhesive plaster actually was all about, assumed it was a new flea patch for the bull mastiff. Accordingly, the brute had it slapped on it's hind quarters.**

**The immediate results were spectacular if somewhat alarming. An elderly woman**

door-knocking for the Red Cross had both knee caps sexually assaulted and dislocated. Even worse, the visiting plumber, caught in a compromising position under the sink, sustained an injury in a spot he wouldn't like to talk about.

Meanwhile the Major, you will be pleased to know is currently recovering in hospital from a number of nasty bites in the most unlikely of places which make even walking a shade awkward. Visitors are not appreciated anymore because their laughter is upsetting the other patients.

Regards

As always, your avid reader

MajorD

