

RUN 159, I think

It all began at 6:15 - for us. We arrived late and had to scramble to find the pack, so I have no idea what happened at the beginning of the run, but thanks to these kids on their bikes (later to find out that one was the Cooke boy) yelling and screaming "they went that way, they went that way," "the paper's over here," who showed us the way to paper, and thanks to the hares for one of the worst and longest laid checks, and thanks to Anna who knew the area and took us through a "non-paper" area (a.k.a. short cut), that we finally caught up. Now, I gotta mention the second check at the hawker stands in the middle of the road; it's one thing to have us run past a hawker center, but it's a crime to have a check at a hawker center, where we have to stand around with no money in our pockets (for that matter, no pockets), waiting, and staring, licking our chops, and foaming at the mouth at all those people drinking cold beer. I almost ripped off my shirt and traded it in for an ice cold Anchor. Well, we went on & on & on & on through the rice fields. I was just hoping somebody would slip on one of those narrow bridges and plunge right in, it would have made a real funny down-down. Through the jungle, and over the fields to Alistaire Cookes house we go.....we thought. But, we kept running and running in hopes that the bus would be just around the next bend. Yes, I said bus. Who was the turkey who told everybody it was a bus run? Anyway, it was a long run in and by the time we reached the shipyard it was pitch black. It's been a long time since the run, so I don't remember much, although if I had written this the next day I still wouldn't have remembered much - I was too pissed. I do remember you two turd hares. HASH SHIT!!!! I really liked the location of the On-On - it wasn't too far to stumble from the beer wagon. I gotta hand it to 'em, though, the On-On was great, and that house was awesome. I especially liked the bagpipe players, and no offense to the Scotts, but I have to honestly say that I'm glad Elizabeth's Hogus rumor (or however you spell it) was not true. I couldn't bare the thought of eating a sheeps stomach and intestines when mine were doing flip flops from all that piss. Yet, I heard the food was good, although I didn't eat, and I heard the lucky draw was good, although I didn't win.

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