

RUN 229 : EVELYN, STEVE, NIKKI
SCRIBE : HORNY BRUCE ALIAS PUSSYFACE

It escapes me why so many people wishing to be "remembered" on their farewell run feel it necessary to go for the turd. Surely being remembered for a good run is more desirable....although everyone still remembers Gordon Mackenzies final effort. After following a typical engineers road directions which made no sense at all we finally found the starting point purely by good luck - at first the crowd was small probably because word of Steve's Wednesday effort had filtered around Singapore. However Buttlings charismatic and magnetic personality managed to draw in the numbers for the start which was 10 minutes late.

The very beginning of the run showed some promise as it went along old paths and tracks soaked in discarded sump oil until we came to the first check at the reservoir. The pack groaned in unison when paper led across the "causeway" with everyone predicting either a bus run or else the longest hash in history. The second check at the other side held the mob momentarily before it was called-on for a boring stretch of road running. A quick poll held at the end of this stretch showed that most runners were dying of boredom by now and were disappointed in the non-use of good hash country surrounding us. Still, the pack moved on to the next check where the collective intelligence of the 10 FRB's showed its might by not bothering to check forward at all so that they all ended up at the back when paper was found. Not a clever check...j ust a dumb pack!!! Scotty added a bit of life to what was becoming a fast paced boring run by lying in wait around fish ponds and bombing unsuspecting hashers with fallen coconuts. The scribe is pleased to report that Scott was dealt with sufficiently by a well placed coconut. It was dark by the time hashers were twisting their ankles on the run beside the canal although most thought the buses would be at the end.

Alas and alack it was not to be as Evelyn coaxed hashers up a wooden ladder onto the MRT tracks...despite the best efforts of some workers below to stop them. Then it was a long hazardous run along the tracks avoiding tar patches, protruding iron rods, workers wielding cutting torches and soldering irons, and gaping cracks in the cement. A very worried looking Nikki at the end showed us the quick way home only to find on our arrival that all the staminade was gone and so were all the hashers who had been given a shortcut before the MRT Section. We ran in at 7.45 which I think is a bit bloody stupid. By the time the second bus left we did not get back to the start until well after 8 o'clock - also bloody stupid.

Nikki and Evelyn protested strongly that it was all Steves fault and they had nothing to do with it so don't give them a bad time. When Mike Croft was asked for a comment he only laughed but he wasn't smiling. The general feeling was that there was such a lot of good hash country around, so why so much road running and why so long. The t-shirts were great and helped to mollify the crowd. Best of luck in Hong Kong Steve and I hope you give the HK Hashers a taste of your Hare talents.

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The ON-ON was surprisingly well attended probably because everyone was too tired and it was too late to go anywhere else. Mr Ho as usual had more than enough food for the hungry hordes.

P.S. To all those MRT lads with their very unique T-shirts. The negatives can be obtained for a reasonable 6-figure amount before they are sent to Head Office MRTC. Just leave the money in an unmarked brown paper bag in Palms next Friday.

