



Run Number: 217, Sept 2024

Hair: Lost Rooster

Weather: Not Bad. No rain

Afters: Lost Rooster's

Score: 0.69 (I think)

Well, there was a fair mustering of affletes for the first waddle of spring. **Black Tulip** and **Empty** dropped in from Royal Peninsula. **Gerbils** landed from Capital and the much missed **Infallible** and **Bunz** were back from their northern hemisphere excursion. **Sniffer Dog** extended her stay in Straya and turned up for a near record breaking second successive run looking hardly any the worse for wear from the previous night's excesses.

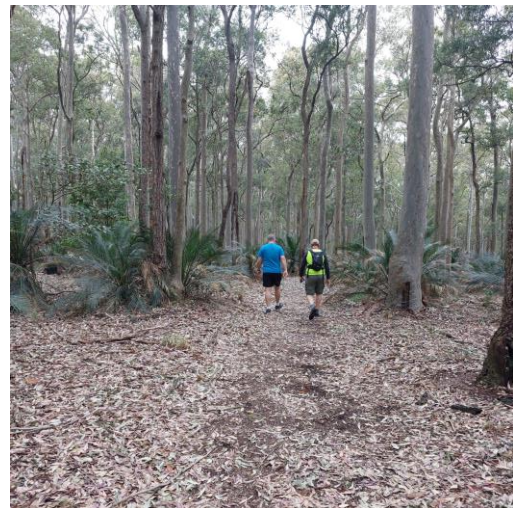
The returned RA drew attention to the lack of rain. The hair gave out a few instructions that bore some minor resemblance to the facts as it turned out. It was however correct to suggest that the pack lurch out down the stairs out the front. So, they did. **Gerbils** and **Lickalotta** set a cracking pace by breaking into a run. Show offs.

The rest of the pack (well, without **Energizer** and **Winnie** who were suffering from an advanced dose of gin-fuelled runallergy) sorta strung out along Blairs Road with **Two Fathers** quickly taking up the rear and remaining there for the rest of the trail. **Bunz** (sensibly) peeled off when offered a ride to the drink stop while others plunged into the dense scrub along the Square Head Track to a precipitous cliff where **GreenFinger** got the yips or something. But I digress.

From there the pack adopted a pace somewhere between a meander and mosey along some animal tracks through the burrawangs somewhere adjacent to the Cullendulla Crick.



I think **Sniffer**, **DUI** and **Meat** were leading the pack. Followed closely by **Easy** taking notes for the run report with **Toesucker** and **BlackDog** chattering along happily. **Biggus Dickus**, **Infallible** and **Greenfinger** were unerringly tracking



while somewhere astern **Mighty Aphrodite** and **Rooster Booster** were solving the problems of the world and running a serious risk of topographical agnosia if not getting completely fucken lost.

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\*On one of her visits to Oz.



**Two Fathers** was observing nature and stumbling along in the far far back.



There were a coupla signs, one of which meant 3/5 of 5/8 of fukall



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But another which was far more informative and welcome



This was populated by the motley crue somewhat larger than the pack due to the arrival of **Footrot** and the aforementioned **Gin Sluts** and **Bunz**. **Two Fathers** took the crown of DFL.



From there it was a mere straggle back to the start and the elongated oval shaped circle on the hair's dick presided over by the RA and stand in GeeEmm with their usual aplomb in the face of ignore.

**Easy** awarded the run a minuscule but well deserved 0.69.

**Biggus Dickus** was awarded a drink for an appalling joke on the trail.

**Black Tulip** and **Empty** were welcomed back as returknees.

So were **Toez** and **Footrot**

The much travelled **Rooted** and **Routed Award** returned and went to **Likealotta** (for reasons I can't recall)

And...

Going Downhill Fast

That's about it.

EXCEPT FOR

NEXT RUN

### **RUN 218**

**WHEN:** Saturday 5 October 2024 **at 3pm**  
**AEST**

**WHERE:** Bracken, Mackenzies Beach

**HAIR:** :FishFinger

**AFTERS:** There. *(Numbers please)*

Last one before daylight saving.

### **RUN 219**

**WHEN:** Saturday 2 Nov 2024 **at 4pm DST**

**WHERE:** Merinda St Malua Bay

**HAIR :** Infallible

**AFTERS:** Same place. *(Numbers please)*

### **RUN 220**

**WHEN:** Saturday 7 Dec 2024 **at 4pm DST**

**WHERE:** Mariners Tavern Batemans Bay

**HAIR:** **RA as usual** will find a suitable stroll.

**AFTERS:** Mariners **Numbers definitely needed**

*Bookings can be made at your establishment of choice.*

I think Santa is planning an arrival.

Hats or Xmas stuff *de rigueur*

Other stuff might happen.