

Run No 2225
Hares – E Shit and Druid
Location - Lavender Bay (Ferry Run)

Energy **S**apping **H**ot **I**nnocuous **T**rot

Another fluky sunny evening amid the recent drought breaking downpours gave the pack a chance to see Sydney harbour and the city foreshore at their sparkling best. The ferry trip to Woolloomooloo enabled E Shit to kick off the evening in his inimitable style with his famous chook raffle which was eventually won by Pheasant Plucker after a convoluted knock out procedure. It can't be said that PP looked that thrilled to receive a defrosted chicken which was going off quicker than the promised fireworks on such a hot night.

Once the hounds had disembarked the run started with obligatory false trail for the runners who started to make for Garden Island whilst the walkers headed off in the direction of the Boy Charlton swimming pool in the Domain. A number of hounds who must have missed lunch were seen milling about outside Otto's restaurant salivating over the menu; little did they know that a sumptuous meal was being prepared back at Lavender Bay in an alfresco setting to rival any waterfront restaurant in the world, John Law's eat your heart out.

The pack was generally together passing the pool and around Mrs Macquaries Chair but one of the trickiest loops set for a long time, a left turn into the Botanic Gardens by the outdoor cinema, had the runners going in circles and ending up back where they started leaving them to chase the walkers who by this time had long gone; a clever variation to the usual walkers and runners trails.

The trail led predictably through Circular Quay tempting Centrepoint to extract the emergency money from his sock and catch the Milson's Point ferry home whilst Kitty Litter had to stop himself from running home for a quick drink. The trail then detoured through the Rocks which had Tyre Fruck kicking himself that he didn't have any emergency money in his sock to buy a schooner in the Harbour View Hotel to revive him for the trek home over the bridge.

The ON ON proved to be a winner with enough meat to satisfy the hungriest hound and without having to wade through all that green salad stuff and where else could one be treated to a solid chunk of lamington with a choice of topping to be eaten as nature intended with the one's fingers (of the right hand of course). Pee Dub rounded off the evening with his special style of humor having everyone in strictures or was that caused by eating all that meat without any roughage? Moochers eat your hearts out.

Next run hosted by Cinders and Salty is at:

Allan Small Park, Saiala Road, East Killara. Sydway reference 236 Q6.









