

Run 2234 - Seaforth – Mr Neat

A Neat Run on a Dam(n) Fine Night

On a mild fine night the pack dutifully assembled at the bottom of Kempbridge St knowing that although they were without the President to control them and a Trail Master to lead them there would be no escaping being fleeced by Hash Cash at dinner. So with heavy heart they set off west along the bike track into the back streets of North Balgowlah. The trail followed Burnt Bridge Creek to Clontarf Street with the lead group only slightly slowed by intervening checks so by the time they reached North Balgowlah Public School the pack had started to string out and would remain that way until the finish. At the edge of the Manly-Warringah War Memorial Park the walkers were given the opportunity to take the shorter route home whilst the runners plunged into the darkness down through the bush and on to Roden Cutler Drive running along the edge of Manly Dam. Would the hare take them across the dam wall? Some decided not to bother and were rewarded by picking up the loop trail a short distance after the gates, the others followed trail across the wall and did the loop around McComb Hill to Manly Vale school. Again it was back into the bush to meet up with the walkers trail at Condover Reserve and the home trail along the Burnt Bridge Creek bypass bike trail.

A good run well marked and without having to cross over a main road, although it could perhaps have had more difficult checks early on to keep the pack together. The dark bush stretches challenged the more intrepid walkers particularly those without torches and a number did not get back to the bucket for over 90 minutes with **Swampy** and **Simmo** in particular bringing up the rear.

The ON ON at the Dumpling Inn was the usual Chinese restaurant fiasco with the waiter unwilling to bring out the food until everybody was seated and had been counted five times so that not one grain of rice more than was necessary was cooked. The wait was too much for **Irish** who ordered and paid separately for a starter whilst the rest consumed copious quantities of wine becoming so unruly that when the food finally came only the strong survived in the ensuing melee. **Grape Escape** was so underwhelmed by the fare that he could not stop himself from informing the cook that the food was **So Horrible It Tasteless**, at least we think that's what the acronym meant.

Such was **Grape's** ill humor that when **E Shit** got up to tell us of his next adventure he was given such a stinging rebuke from the aforementioned **Grape** that he was reduced to silence and retired to lick his wounds.