

From: **Fergus Maclagan** maclagan@bigpond.net.au
Subject: SH3 R*n No.2757~Mon June 29 2020~Camp Kedron, Ingleside~REPORT
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Run No. 2757 Camp Kedron, Ingleside
2020 Hares: Khyber & Wrappa

Monday June 27,



*Yea though we walk, run, dawdle through the Kedron/Kidron/Qidron Valley of the 4 o'clock shadow of death, we will fear no evil: for **Khyberius** and **Wrapparial** art with us, thy rod and thy staff they comfort us.*

For though this is the Valley where Jesus was arrested (He did have an arresting nature) it be also the Valley where a multitude of two-score Poshovius true believers set out to remember our dearly departed members: the Body of **Garbage Guts** and the Ashes of **God Knows**.

First on the scene and out on the stroke of four are **Musiq, Nureyev, Cinderial, Kittiod, Petitius Sh*tius, Flying Scrotum** and **Choiceius** nimbly negotiating the slippery Kedron Brook and soaking their Brook sandals through the barely passable, over-grown and quagmarshy Valley tracks. Hot on their heels (well, warmish) are **Captain Blivius** closely followed by **White Asasheet** and **Armslengthiphil**, **Geṛeṇa er, Calici**(I still call Australia home)**virus** and Headman **Wankererial**.

Crashing out on to McCarr's Creek Road (of which more later) and then up to **DuckweaveHole** Track, sprint **Krudders, Go-on-Sho-us the-wey** and **Grapeius Apius**, who upon being spotted hanging around, and very cross, is crucified for heresy. **Centerpointius** (humming "76 birthdays on my big parade") and the living, breathing **Kernel Kwait**, mastering the trail, bring up what they opine is the rear. Not so. And nor are **Smilius** or **Wombatouttahellius** or **Scuderia, Jungleian Jim** together with **Simod** and **Arbitratorial** who pause as do all and pray over the very outcrop ridge rock from where our **God Knows** was at any earlier time despatched to God knows where.



No, the dawdling double are **Copraphilius** and **Virginus Illuminatus**, whose rods and staff, like Jesus' blood never failed them yet, yet...after whom comes **WeeWillpissoverya**. Inspired by **CindersCinders** of seven days' prior, **WW** retraces the out trail on to Duckholes—to genuflect at the very spot where **Garbage Gutsian** departed for the mount on high—and has to send up a Steve Jobs' smoke signal (not easy to see in the dark) to be rescued from the end of the Valley of Death, at the corner of Westerman Headde Road by **TiccusToccus** in the newly de-badged H3 limo.. Yet **WW** too was not entirely alone—**TM Supine**, bent on replacing his much-used cache of fresh arsenal parchment also retraces

the out trail until that kicks in and he sheepishly returns to the Eskys of Energy and Refreshment aka the Bucqet.



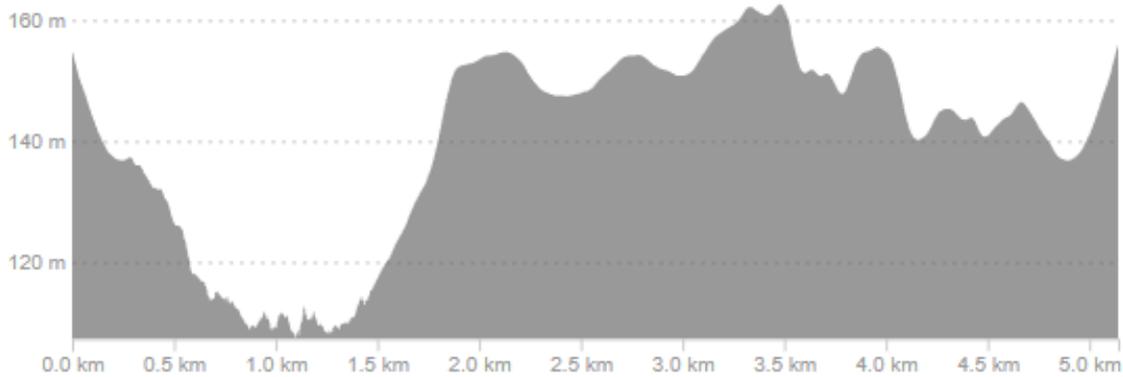
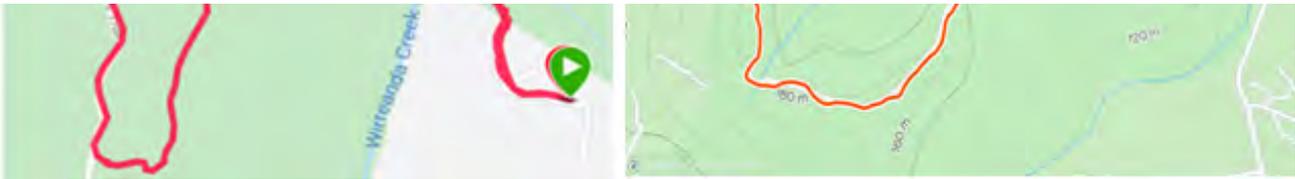
From on high God notices the afore-mentioned **Go-on-Sho-us the-wey** nicking the absent **PeeDubius'** usual collection of 50 empty beverage bottles x 10c a pop—not a word, he'll be furious. None of this melee affects **Han-oi-YOU**, who goes to an address far, far away (Ingleside Scout Camp) and runs his own race taking social distancing really seriously and receives an on-the-spot citation and tongue-kiss-on-the-arse from Goddess Gladys. Meanwhile skin-like-a-baby-now, courtesy of Dr Maximus Factor, **Krudd** and Plantar Fasciitis **E-Sh*t** seek the missing **WeeWill** as darkness falls on the Valley of Death and they learn eventually that the crisis has passed, like a dump in the forest (*Hello Super*).



FINALLY...two.point.five score members high-tail it to a 6:00pm supper at the Terrey Hills Taverna where every second guest signs the Covid-19, -20 and -21 register. With many thanks to **Lightningius'** membership card all enjoy discount suds and schnittys until sneaking off into the night in time to catch the 7:30 Report and Media Watch.

Hash Run 2757 Camp Kedron, Emmaus Rd, Ingleside 29.6.20 4.2kms





The different routes taken through Kedron Valley of Death by **Little Sh*t**, **White Sh*t** and **Your Choice not Sh*t**. The 5ks may be distance but double that for elevation.

ADDENDUM

From the Office of the *Let's Make the Hash Great Again* movement,

- Since egos have apparently not been salvaged of late which has brought the Hares of recent dickey-di-does down on their knees, let it be here known by all and sundry that:
 “Herr **Smiley** and Herr **Scotsman** have set or been involved in really great runs, excellent runs, best runs ever, never better runs, beautiful runs, no really, other runs have not even come close to their runs, not geographically nor in superbness”

—OnOnTToc with appreciation and tnx to the Hares, **Khyber** and **Wrappa** as well as **Cap'n Bli**, **Lil Sh*t**, **Whit Sh*t**, **OurChoice**, **GShow**



Next
Week..almost
back to
normal!!

R*n: No.
2758
Hares: Wee
Willy, E-Sh*t, Krudd
When:
Monday, July 6, at
6:00pm (NO

EARLY STARTERS..

- Start: **Milsons Point** railway station
- Address: Alfred Street, western side park (Corner of Burton Street).
- Getting here: Come by train / bus / ferry or if you drive its BEST to share a vehicle. (Tic Toc will have some spare Council Parking Tickets to park in Alfred St).
- Your gear: Can be left at the venue before the walk - right hand side as you enter.
- Bring: Mobile Phone, torches, deodorant, moon-cream etc.
- Bucket & OnOn: **THE LOUNGE 70 Alfred Street, Milsons Point** with the Committee

BUCKET & OIL. **THE LOUNGE, 70 ALFRED STREET, MILSONS POINT** with the committee supplying an excellent range of bottled beer, ginger beer, water and wine.

(We have the venue to ourselves).

Why: There will be two runs - Walkers / Runners , no check-backs , beautiful Harbour Views, 4 - 5 spots to enjoy these.

Cost: **All the above for just \$20** (Have \$\$ ready as you walk into The Lounge - E-Shit will be collecting).

My wife yelled from upstairs and asked, "Do you ever get a shooting pain across your body, like someone's got a voodoo doll of you and they're stabbing it?"

Sounding concerned, I replied, "No..."

She responded, "How about now?"

They were called "people" and they walked like this...



At a bowling alley they put up this sign!



Paddy stumbles across a mass baptism at a river.
He walks into the river and stands next to the preacher
"Are you ready to find Jesus my son?"
Paddy says, "I am sir"
Preacher puts him under the water then says, "Have you found Jesus?"
"No sir"
He then puts him under for longer...
"Have you found Jesus?"
"No sir"
He puts him under for 2 minutes...

"Have you found Jesus?"
Paddy says, "Are you sure this is
where he fell in?"

BILL ABBOTT



"I figured you should have
breakfast in bed on your
birthday. Can you reach
the stove okay?"

OH, THANK GOD IT'S JUST AN ALLIGATOR



I THOUGHT IT WAS A JEHOVAH'S WITNESS.

Remember when we were young
and you saw that old man and said,
"If I ever try to leave the house
dressed that way, shoot me?"



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