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[This Weeks Run...](#)

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| Run No: 1148 Anzac Day Run | Hares: Wanchai Gap and Haggis Humper | Place: Tsim Sha Tsui East to Wanchai | Date: April 26, 2009 |
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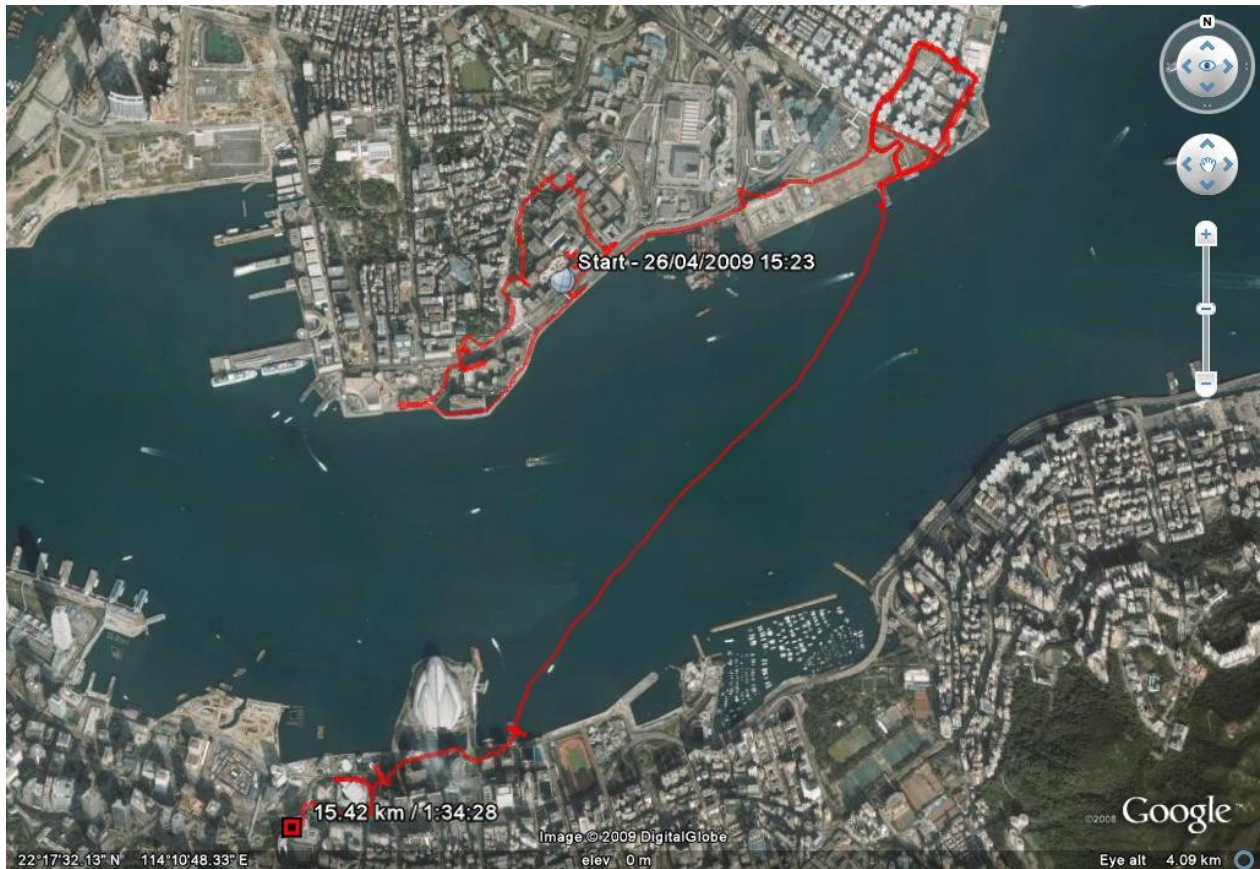
[The Warm-up...](#)

What warm-up? Coldest, dampest April 26th since Hong Kong began keeping records, etc. [Dribbledick](#) should really have commemorated the day in some way. But then too this is the sort of thing that one must expect when leaving the comfort of TST, entering the catacombs of Kowloon, then surfacing in the bleakness of TST East. For Mody Road is a place of sinister Bentleys, inclement micro-climate, and frigid Hashers, comingling ever so closely in hopes of generating heat, there beneath the street side pavilion. And heat they would later get—but I'll tell the story in due course.

[The Run...](#)

The run was enjoyable enough, up and down Sunday afternoon boulevards, crowded with souls posing bravely as shoppers. Indeed, the hares, Ms. [Wanchai Gap](#) and Mr [Haggis Hamper](#), were as imaginative as one could hope for on the flat urban expanses of reclaimed TST East. Highlights included shots of aqua vodka dispensed by Mr. [Dr. Evil \(thick\)](#) in the Sticky Fingers annex, jello shots at the Hung Hom ferry terminus administered by Ms. [Wet Nurse](#), and shots (for they were no more than that) of sangria served up upon reaching home. But all this cheer would soon take its toll—but again, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Oh, yes, as can happen on an urban run, a number of complaints were made about the procurement policies of local authorities. Mr. [Old Sock](#), flailing about on the tiles of an esplanade made dangerously slippery by rain, lamented, "That's city government." Mr. [Irish Spew](#), pointing to a refurbished complex known as The Boat, recounted a tale of public-private partnership, immense government losses, and environmentalist protests, then intoned, "That's city government." Mr. [Spew](#) was still in possession of his faculties at this point—but I'll say no more for fear of spoiling the story.



The Circle...

While waiting for the circle to commence, I spent some moments chatting with Mr. [Inflate-a-Date](#) about his recent trip to Boracay. With great patience, he explained to me the meaning of "goat-f**k." I learned also why a fan-cooled room in the Hotel Gecko is far better proposition than an air-conditioned one. And I was to find out too why Philippine resorts are so suitable for some: "They're great for a fat balding loser. Take friggin' [G-String](#) there, you loser. Run you P1000 a night." Well, I was to have my revenge for this insolence for [Evil](#) now sided up with a sports prediction: "In the next Olympics, [Yummy Mummy](#) will slip off the four-inch horizontal beam!" [Inflato](#) blushed. [Evil](#) grinned, his blood plainly up—but I'll return to this later.

Finally, I was to overhear a brief, but revealing exchange between Mr. [Bondi Barbie](#) and Ms. [Bottle Dancer](#). "What Bondo likes, Bottle will do", leered Mr. [Bondi](#). "Don't say that", replied a demure Ms. [Bottle](#). "Never mind", said [Bondi](#), "It's an open field of opportunities." Thankfully, it was at this moment that the down-downs began.

Ms Big P's circle:

The hares: for their setting a fine urban run.

Irish Spew: summoned in as a Mr. **Old Sock** lookalike. **Irish Spew's** inspired response: "Do you know why I bring a porta-shower? To wash away the smell of money." Boo, roared the onlookers, already made wary by **Spew's** having tossed Mr. **Haggis's** AUD100 Akubra under the wheels of a passing taxi.

Ms. **Mt. Edna:** for pouring her down-down down the drain.

Sundry returnees and virgins: called in for rustiness and inexperience

Dribble's Awards:

Ms. **Slippery:** commemorated for having completed a brash 300 runs.

Dr. Evil (thick)'s circle:

Community Chest: down-down drowned out by an animated **Spew**, chanting, "She's never internalized a kiwi fruit."

Kiwis: summoned in for the usual sheep fest.

Wet Nurse: for having engaged in rear entry. "Baaah", bellows **Spew**.

Strap-on: for being a dinky di Aussie: "I've got two convicts and a pirate in my family."

Wanna-be Aussies

Mr. Haggis Hamper's circle:

Wanchai Gap: for having left something personal behind in the park.

Slippery: for liking it "damn long and damn wet." (What ever could this mean?)

Master Wanker's circle:

Spew: for having imbibed 10 strawberry jello shots, then lactating blood.

Elizabeth: for wearing a clean shirt on a dirty body, evidently to be laundered by **Spew**.

Haggis's circle:

Dr. Doom: for anticipating his 77th birthday the very next day.

"Dirty guys and dirty girls": for having showered at **Little Pair's** place

Rawhide: for auditioning in her akubra lookalike as the next Crocodile Dundee

Dr Evil (thick)'s circle:

Former GMs (neatly sequenced)

Unky Onus: for consenting to **Spew's** throwing her cork hat under a passing taxi. I say, **Spew** really did require some disciplining this week—making it appropriate that now I finish the story.

Well, it's like this. I could stand it no longer, so closed my journal and wandered off for a slash. But though not so very far away, it took time to locate the disabled toilet, then longer still to get through the queue. It was only much later, then, and after dark that your scribe found his way back to the circle. And there I was to observe that most of our members had hurriedly departed; those that remained were too distressed to speak. My apologies, then, for I never did get the whole story. And this, the last Trash of my tenure. But the short of it is that I can't leave them alone for a minute.

Doom

Scribe Emeritus

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