

Run Report 2174 - 1st July

Phantom

38+ Runners

So, here we were back at the Phantom Castle, scene of many triumphs and the occasional not so much. Tonight Phantom has really gone all out to win whatever award the Hierarchy may see fit to give him. He has assembled a cast of thousands to help - well, his brother Pete, his son in law Pedro, his neighbour who is Seth Efrikan, Nasty, KB and of course the majority of the Hierarchy. Maybe even Ms. Phantom?

Food is already bubbling away as we get our Run instructions and set off under a gloomy sky. No sign of the yellow moon that was rising in the east last year. But we did have Yella with us - more of that later.

All managed to survive the Run and Walk and returned in normal time to find the Boozemasters had set up in a convenient spot - not far to stroll to get a refill.



Here is FOXTROT with a new style from the range



After a relaxing start we are ushered to the river porch and placed in comfortable seating to be fed courses 1 & 2, quality chips etc. and party pies and sausages rolls, piping hot from the oven. SHAT commented that the sauce had 25% sugar content but that did not slow the Pack.

Idle chit chat for a while until we were politely asked to move back to our original location in the carport area.

Out comes course 3 - trays of pastry boats filled with tasty lamb mince with a sweet cabbage and onion mix that has everyone looking for more. But yes, we now formed up for course 4, an excellent spiral pasta with beef and veg.

Enough? No! Then came 5, Friands with curly cream [only 25% fat] Where was SHAT?

During all this the Boozemasters moved their camp under cover so no Hashman would need to be inconvenienced by the light rain that was now falling.

Before we knew it our GM was calling Circle! The tables were cleaned and put away along with chairs and all was ready. MAGICIAN was kind enough to loan me a comfortable chair to take notes.

Run:



MADMOISELLE LATRINE [pictured here with VD] told us he had taken 45 minutes, somewhat shorter than the 3 hours he was out in Miami. He rated at 6/10.

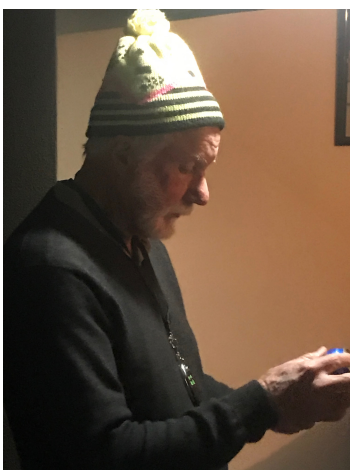
This pleased PHANTOM who had expectations of 5

Walk:



WEEKLY, back from a mystery malady, said it was well marked, made for good conversation, was marred by SBENDS AND S.SLAB disappearing into the distance and was worth 7/10

Nosh:



SWINDLER was called upon. He said the PHANTOM had excelled! Table service, innumerable courses, quality and 9.5/10!!

No, that a is not SWINDLER'S new headwear - mentioned below, it is secret.

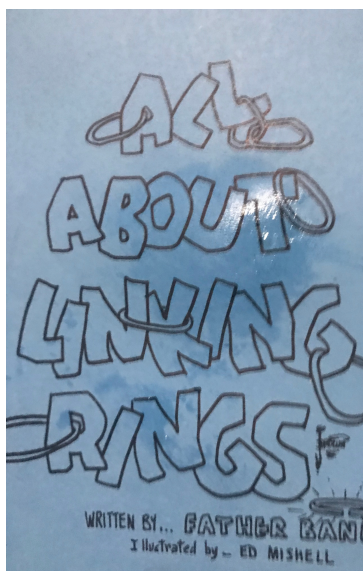
However HARDON looks good in this piece of history

The GM then called out around 12 Runners. These had broken an unknown protocol and run past him. On this occasion he let them off any penalty with a warning for nay future such actions.

Visitors: included FANNY CHARMER'S son Julian, a musician who is visiting his Dad before taking up a new gig. And of course PHANTOM'S band of helpers.

Returning Runners: FANNY again, back after an unsuccessful bid to become president of his native Spain which has taken up recent months and ARSENIC who has been somewhere that he did not want to discuss.

RA: SIR PRINCE VALIANT took the floor



He gave us the history of a name -
MAGICIAN.

Out came a Magic Wand, A Magic Circle Badge, and a Book of Magic. MAGICIAN, now fully equipped, will be performing Magic for us over the coming weeks starting next week.

RA called on MAD MIKE who updated us on ROCKHARD who has had 7L of fluid removed from his lungs and is now progressing well.

Mention was also made of SHAT who fell up some steps.

And SWINDLER who went to Nimbin and got a new hat to disguise himself when tending unusual crops.

POW: A decidedly grumpy FERRET lined up a large group, ARSENIC - no reason ,MAGICIAN - eating leftovers at Splinter Lunch and drinking NASTY'S \$45 wine and leaving him with a \$7 special, NASTY - for talking on his mobile on the Run, SHAT and Your Scribe. First and last claimed Hierarchy privilege and SHAT scurried away, leaving NASTY as Last Man Standing. Hope you don't go grumpy on us NASTY. Please come back soon.

KWAKKA told us he had created a new record by beating SIR FERRET AND SIR TWO DOGS to the front of the Nosh Queue.

GM ICEMAN took over again and named Jelle - rhymes with YELLA, a Dutchman, DUTCH OVEN. Hopefully no one will tell him what that means!

NWR: MAD MIKE - Mudgeereba.

Kwakka led us in song and the Circle was closed by a happy SIR FERRET.

History

Regular readers with memories will know that the history of Sorrento was explained last year when Phantom set his yearly Run. For the rest of you here is a re-print:

Sorrento was developed during the 70's by Sir Bruce Small who was mayor around that time – is history repeating itself now with our much loved developer mayor? Sir Bruce had just finished Isle of Capri and had some sand leftover. What to do? Why not another Italian masterpiece? History suggests he did well. Both suburbs command high prices.

Bruce Small, as he was originally, was a blow-in from Melbourne but born in Sydney. He made his first fortune making Malvern Star [a Melbourne suburb] Bikes and flogging them through his General Accessories wholesale business. At one point he had 100+ stores and 1000+ dealers.

He gave Hubert Opperman his first good bike. Oppy went on to compete in the Tour du France when it went into the night and many other long European races.

In 1956 the Tandem winners in the Melbourne Olympics rode a Malvern Star.

Humour:

A man walked out to the street and successfully hailed a passing Taxi.
He got into the taxi and the cabbie said, "Perfect timing. You're just like Brian"

Passenger: "Who?"

Cabbie: "Brian Sullivan. He's a guy who did everything right all the time. Like my coming along when you needed a cab, things happen like that to Brian every single time."

Passenger: "There are always a few clouds over everybody."

Cabbie: "Not Brian Sullivan. He was a terrific athlete. He could have won the Grand Slam at tennis.

He could golf with the pros. He sang like an opera baritone and danced like a Broadway star and you should have heard him play the piano. He was an amazing guy."

Passenger: "Sounds like he was something really special."

Cabbie: "There's more. He had a memory like a computer. He remembered everybody's birthday.

He knew all about wine, which foods to order and which fork to eat them with.

He could fix anything.

Not like me. I change a fuse and the whole street blacks out.

But Brian Sullivan, he could do everything right."

Passenger: "Wow. Some guy then."

Cabbie: "He always knew the quickest way to go in traffic and avoid traffic jams. Not like me, I always seem to get stuck in them.

But Brian, he never made a mistake and he really knew how to treat a woman and make her feel good. He would never answer her back even if she was in the wrong; and his clothing was always immaculate, shoes polished too.

He was the perfect man!

He never made a mistake. No one could ever measure up to Brian Sullivan.."

Passenger: "An amazing fellow. How did you meet him?"

Cabbie: "Well, I never actually met Brian.

Actually, he died.

I'm married to his fucking widow."

Keep going down

