

Kein schöner Land



Run # 900

Hares: *Casting Couch, Free Willy & Slinger*

All downright compatriotes ever since deny to have heard about this scandalous bunch of drunks (foreigners naturally) who pretend to „run“ through our lovely countryside, thereby molesting all the (old) ladies who to their own misfortune happen to be along the so-called „track.“. Even worse, these weirdos had the audacity to invite even more foreigners to pollute our very own and lovely Langenzersdorfer backyards. And this happened under fantastic meteorological circumstances (i.e. 32 degrees Celsius). YUK!

Of course not a single compatriot was seen at the venue, at least not declaring themselves Europarians. The group of Hares, a third of them a Pariah, did set a walkers and a runners track and the pack of 60, with runners from Prague, Zagreb, Kuwait(?), Heidelberg and other strange-sounding potholes (even Orgasmus Retardus, the old faithful came along from Singapore) quickly divided into the runners and the walkers group. The faster group quickly got into trouble when this steep sucker of a hill came our way and the trail often resembled an army training camp, including avoiding wire and nearly rolling under low bushes.

One Hare promised that there would be two liquid stops, eagerly trying to rebuild a reputation which he so completely let slip away at the die-hard Hangover run in October last year. This delightful outlook animated the FRB's such as (?), there were so many and it was **very hot!**, so I don't really know, well

a short episode. Struggling somewhere in the forest in the company of No Mercy Master who busily took notes of all the misbehavings which had already started the night before (I heard something about stamped boobs and such) and few other other unlucky fellahs, NMM heard Free Willys Hash Horn in the distance, declaring „This must be it! All after me, we’ll catch up!“ Downhill it was in the distant haze two of the walkers just disappeared and the idiots (which was us) truly followed, only to find out that these actually was the walkers group so we had to re-run it all again. THANX MATE! Surprisingly many FRB’s though persisted to run around in circle in this vast forest, Whoppa was voted in between for having had a piss (which he had not, acutally) and Tug (from Kuwait H3) and Flying Dutchman found a way out of this maze. Somehow the walkers could be seen on several parts of this trail and after a very messy situation on the far end of the forest (where it starts going downhill again to Stammersdorf!) the first beerstop came along with many many many victims of the Heat and lots of thirsty ones.

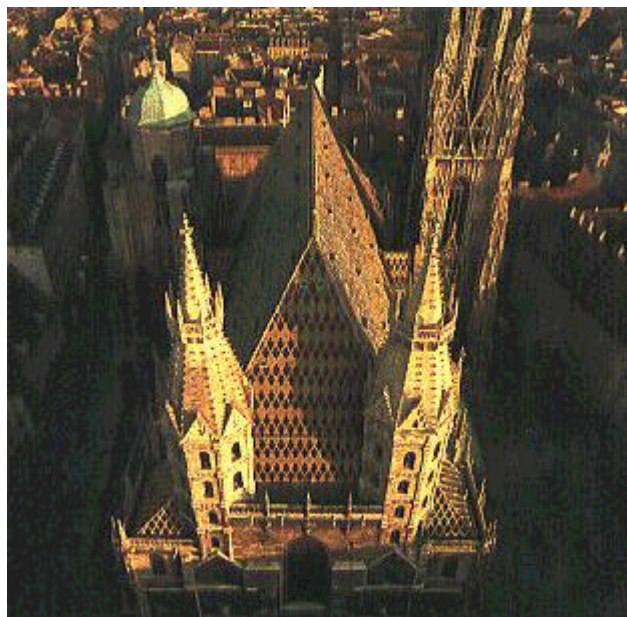
The second part led all the way back to the Elisabethhöhe (above Bisamberg) where runs had started from before. Well, the second beer stop was being held by Bony M. in the midst of the car park and a long and steep downhill In-Trail followed. The very, very long circle was conducted by No Mercy Master with a little help from Tug and a few others and at first circled around the happenings on Friday night where boobs and other private parts were said to be stamped and written upon. Then, in a long row a Down Downs awarded came the Highlight naming ceremonies for ... Jana became CHEEKY – for reasons obvious to the seeing - Christy C. became FREQUENTLY FRENCH – no, not what you’re thinking of, Dagmar became the ICE QUEEN as she found out about our „running“ group at the yearly ice-skating drama in front of the Vienna Rathaus. Cheeky and Frequently French were said to have had a common shower in Casting Couch’s (the hosting Hare) bathroom with a large number of peeping Tom’s having a great time outside. Wait for some self-explaining phtos to come.



Slinger had learened his lesson from last time (the wonderfully cocked-up Hangover-run for the millenium bug run in October 99) by preparing himself and the track meticulously well. The sluggish remaining ones from Saturday's heyday were told were the trail would lead („from the Prater to the Hundertwasser Haus in the 3rd district, then borad a tram into the center of town“ and so on.

A very relaxed jog on over the Donaukanal followed, with a few explanations by the XXRark and der schöne Ronnie (Free Willy) what that Hundertwasser Haus was all about. Then ~40 strange looking people boarded a tram singing a few songs to the entertainment of the bystanders. Of course no-one carried valid tickets with them but two Hashers (no names please! – were seen validating tickets.

Running around the frist district was fun, a quick Father Abraham in front of the Stephanskirche delighted some Japanese tourists to take some pictures, same scenery a bit further on the Michaelerplatz where the Hash family photo was taken by at last 12 different people, Hashers and non-Hashers. Back at the Burgtheater and boarding another tram without tickets of course brought everyone back into the Prater, the FRB's took the long way along the Hauptallee back to the carpark, the slow ones stayed on the tram and everyone met back at the cars.



The overlong cricle was led by NMM, Tug, and the Obnoxious Sex Craver with everybody showing their specific talents, Tug's tattooed bottocks and NMM's way of Milanese Down Downs, lying head down on the floor being the most remarkable ones. A great big lunch in the nearby House of Lust (Lusthaus) concluded the thing. Thank you all for coming in and checking this out.

Hallo Jörg!

