

Well, it felt like world's end, what with the cold breeze blowing off the lake but, no, it was Horse's run in honour—celebration? of ITLAPD...aka International Talk Like A Pirate Day.

### **Obligatory Pirate Talk**

Arrgh, mateys! We be havin' a run tonight from the lake, aye! It were grand, mateys, though it be cold what with the wind whippin' off the lake and blowin' like a ~~cheap~~ where a madman tryin' to put out a fire...

See? See what happens when you try pirate-speak? Completely off topic and verging on the obscene. One also wasn't quite sure whether one was a Yorkshire man ('trouble at mill') or a run-of-the-mill pirate; is there perhaps a pirate who grew up in shoebox in middle of road?

### **Do not forsake me, oh my darling**

...Unless my newly married daughter and SIL come to visit for an extra-long weekend. That's right, McTrash couldn't be arsed to venture forth for the Pirate Run, preferring instead to spend time with his family. Selfishly depriving us all (well, yours truly) of the opportunity to mercilessly mock his quill-clasping claw as he faithfully transcribes each momentous occurrence of our Monday night circle. Our loss!

### **Schlemiel schlimazel hasenpfeffer incorporated**

Yes, the run could have been a complete shemozzle. Greeted at the start by Weatherman bearing the world's largest piece of gyp rock and muttering something about having to mark check-backs and false trails, one felt...concerned.

### **And then she tried to kill us all...**

With a death-dash across State Circle at peak hour on a blind bend...the mind boggles! ~~Sadly~~ Thankfully, everyone made it safely across and on to the drink stop.

### **Drop and Roll**

It was a wee bit windy at the circle but nevertheless we gathered close to the fire bucket and got straight into it. Plenty of charges, awards, announcements and jokes.

We

Didn't

Even

miss

You

McTaf.

Hah.

Indiscriminate paragraphs...freedom!!!

(Okay, we missed you a teeny-weeny bit.)

On-on until next week!