

NAWW 61st run – 49th & 1st to Houligans on 93rd & 2nd. Hare and scribe: Alice Hashmobile: Sucks Hashmobilette (that means mobile phone): Eva

When is the last the first? When it is the third writeup I write this week, a later one being first and a Brooklyn one being just now. So when is the last the first – when one's promised writerupper has gotten so behind schedule that one decides one will just force one more writeup out of oneself. And when the run is so long ago it was actually on October 24, UN Day as I said in explaining the start's proximity to that august organization. Funny thing – today happens to be the day they celebrated Staff Day – a well-kept secret – just ask Leslie or myself.

That makes it first, but you will have to tell whether or not that still makes it legitimate to write up your own run. I promise to be better reading from here on in, particularly since the suspense will be killing since I don't think any of you ran the trail including Crofty who had an injury – lame excuse. Illuminating. (well, it was dark).

I got to set this thing with a younger, cuter, (kinder, gentler... although the hash has taken to hurling after me – “not a nasty bone in her body”) runner, no actually cameraman from National Geographic. Unfortunately that's where the trouble started. 'Cause when he left me something happened to the mark that was supposed to be after the check on 72nd and 3rd. All right, let's start from the beginning. What a bunch of pouftas. I started on a check. After ten minutes I put a packmark down so you guys wouldn't cut the very cute underpass through a house after end of the garden. I put a check on the bridge in the park but I imagine noone went to the river. Cameraman took a lot of pictures of my behind in front of the lights at Conran's – something about getting a good mark on TV after we couldn't use flour anymore. Onto the drive – off the white steps at 71 – out to Park bedecked with flags and back at 78th to climb a great set of stairs leading to a check behind the Carl Schurz gate where I fell flat on my face, knee actually. Picked up going north up a plane tree alley, then down into the depths of the park and up opposing set of stairs – out of park, north to onin. Easy, except for missing mark.

Very grateful for self-parking Sucksmobile (he actually changed corner of my start but even that didn't help them solve the check) and the desire to acquire own cell phone. Onin splendid as usual – literally more food that you could eat – we weren't all that many. Come back, I promise – I won't set with any nice young men again.