

Wednesday, Nov.7 NAWW 62
Hare Baldwin aka steamer
Scribe Harrison aka four wheel walk

What a glorious day for a run – everybody said it was cold, but it was hot. What a glorious place for a start – that corner had never quite used that corner before. What a glorious choice for a hare, injured and all, the recent marathoners thought they had it easy (no matter, they both came in first anyway). Well, until it came to pass that the first half of the trail was great, as great as the second half wasn't. Who ever heard of someone who couldn't walk setting an hour and a half trail. There's a Brit for you. Actually, I think he was just trying to ensure that he couldn't walk for a while.

59th and 2nd past the defunct British open onto the bridge that Danny was sworn to secrecy about, having had the "nauss" to go for a prerun beer in the ONIN. Back – maybe by now they have learned what an ABJ is. Onto the drive just like my run two weeks earlier. Stand there. I come up having deposited bags at the ONIN, yell is there a check. I mean everyone is standing there – except Diane and Danny who still have life in 'em. So I lead the pack off the Drive and up York. (OK, so I knew a thing or two, but you're not supposed to know that). And that's only because the hare got paranoid about his trail and told me at the last minute. I did NOT ask. Well I give Danny credit for actually finding the check because he sidled up to me HOURS later. Next check – outside ex-ETC and ex-hash bar. Andy found it because although we were going north he suddenly got the brilliant idea to go south, and find it around the corner. I got slightly misled but tried to convince a recruit to show up in the future – it's funny how much somebody likes something if somebody else is doing it.

After that is the start of the great big blur and the running faster and faster. I knew where the onin was. (I know I have told you this before). When I hit Madison and saw it was going to Fifth after any number of steplike zigzag pushing outwards, I decided to meet up with the trail when it came back to Madison. Well, needless to say, it didn't. But Eva did. So we spoke Polish all the way through Bloomingdales. Christine passed us and got to the water first. But although many minutes passed, the trail was so well marked noone complained except to differentiate between the goodness of the first half of the run and the somethingness of the second. All smoothed over by honey, cherry or normal beer and some pretty decent burgers with so many fries the hashcash lasted for an early night. I personally prefer a real meal.

New boots – here's the real test – it's not Thursday anymore – and Kelly, some marathon leftovers including Sucks' friend from Florida - whom he never heard of. And, hallelujah, and coming 4 2 carry me home and various other things Ian – who led a thoroughly long and in tune round of singing with Dave Hardy's help, and Andy Raybould, or am I getting mixed up with Marion's post marathon Monday run. It doesn't matter anyway because that one won't get a writeup.