

RUN 69 – BEARDED TROLL PAUL with TIGHT-CLIPPED JOYCE – Our Valentine's Run

How could Danny, the master of the lighter side forget? He numbered all the runs in January – or was it September? that was a long time ago.

Start: Franklin St. Middle: around Weather: Cold (February finally decided to make an appearance) On in: P.J. Kelly's on Fulton assisted by Indian restaurant

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Paul, bless his little cotton socks (or big ones perhaps) had an idea. Some Bovis sticky labels got transformed into obvious pairs – Ed Lynch and Fireman Bob, Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky. These in turn were transformed onto not so obvious couples. At least the cops asked me what they were for. Just out of curiosity, poor things, they're so bored they never go hashing. So Ed was Ciderman and Fireman Bob Danny, while Robin was Leslie and Batman John Burke. Cree as Cinderella adopted two virgins as ugly sisters – I can't remember what happened to Jean and Liz although they were there getting along famously. The deal was if your partner did not come in at the same time as you, you both had to do a countdown. I was, yes you guessed, in this category – the chivalry of my partner BooBoc bear (Andrew) being somewhat sporadic, as were Popeye and OliveOyl (Head-UpAss and Madeleine), and Robin Hood and Marion (Crofty and Mickey Mouth).

It was cold and windy, though fortunately the first check under the Travellers umbrella did not go onto the river but rather slightly north and then back east. The trail was loads of fun worming its way left through a film shoot (they must have been on break when we came through because although we got directions, no one wanted to film us) then on round the courts park onto Mott Street in Chinatown which was lit up with good luck signs for the Chinese New Year, then onto our favorite – Jeremy's, but past since by then I had only been out 50 minutes, at which point I got caught up by late Beth who had only been out half an hour (somewhat more realistic, even though it was cold), and on past the fish market and then up to PJ Kelly's. No funny business up the bridge stairs or anything. It was still a nice short run. The couplism didn't last I fear – someone accused us of being rather poor singles although the hot food (or something) did make us quite animated – OK, so I know it's the beer. And Paul was reveling in his conception. He and Joyce, who luckily was there, drank in honour of the number of the run. Kelly's basement floor was wet so we had to keep off it, scrunched up in the smoky upstairs. As usual such circumstances made life cozy. And so goes, another Wednesday.