

Run 248a 11th October 2013

We survived Easyjet and got to Lisbon!!

MTH3 WEEKEND IN PORTUGAL

It's a balmy (or is that barmy?) Friday night in Carcavelos. Back in town, 2 taxi drivers are treating their wives to a slap up dinner from the proceeds of our taxi fares from the airport on Wednesday.... meanwhile, in Carcavelos, Snoozanne and Mad Hatter are relaxing after being in 5 different beds in 2 days, 10 Secs and FC are just relieved that their hotel isn't the 1970s East European apartment block as it appears on the outside, and Cleo and Overdrive have recovered from spending half of Wednesday night searching for a doorway in a wall that turned out to be the entrance to their hotel. AP and Hovercrap still don't understand why Ryanair thinks Porto is the best airport to deliver passengers going to Lisbon, and up in her room OTT is hiding her disappointment that Hansel has bought limeade instead of lemonade to make the Sangria...

But hey, it's a Hash weekend, and lo, who's this jogging along with a tell-tale bag of flour in her hand? AE has arrived, the trail is set and the pack, refreshed by the beers and sangria in Hansel and OTT's room are ready to go. AP and Hovercrap have baby Sonora in her running buggy so we're ready to roll.





The pack lines up for the photo (note there are 3 teams - the yellows, the blacks, and 'the rest') then its off; the trail takes us over the infamous 'waste ground' adjacent to the hotel, towards the station, through an underpass and then winds through the suburbs of Carcavelos, past many gardens with barking dogs and even one with a friendly horse.



Some places were a bit scary - could have been Liverpool!



We crossed the railway line by a steep bridge with many steps - helpers needed to get Sonora + buggy up and over that one, and eventually run along the railway line and into AP and Hovercrap's accommodation, kindly lent by a friend of AE's. AE had set the run in reverse and had left some pizzas and other snacks along with the beer, all of which was gratefully consumed.



Downdowns ensued, and the 'others, not in yellow or black', (that was Hovercrap and OTT) were punished (Sonora was let off!)



AE then tearfully revealed something that has been festering away in her heart for ages - she'd attended the MTH3 200th run - her name was on the shirt - BUT SHE'D NEVER GOT ONE!!! In a flash (or is that with a flash??) AP stripped off, handed his shirt over and the wrong was righted!



FCUK was duly punished for his oversight.



Eventually, constrained by the train timetable and the need for parents with babies to get their shut-eye, we took the train back to Carcavelos to rest up for the trials and tribulations ahead i.e. the run with The Lisbon Hash (described as 'dXXX by AE') ... to be continued, possibly, sometime in the future!