



Coronavirus Virtual "Run" Number 454

5th November 2020

Living rooms across Merseyside, Chester, Grantham, Julich

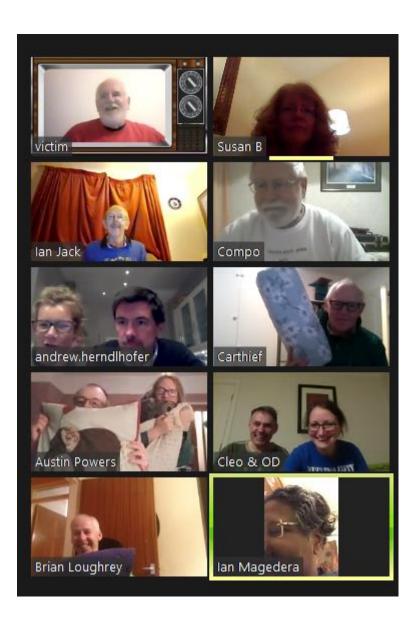
The Pack: Cleo (Hare), Compo, Overdrive, 10secs, fcuk, ET, Eccles, Victim, Austin Powers, Hovercrap, Carthief, SMS, Grasshopper

This was billed as a "rehash" (boom, boom) of Cleo's run from September, but with "different "moves", different objects to hunt down and a different action song". There were welcome returnees such as Austin Powers, Hovercrap, SMS and Grasshopper (not that every returnee isn't welcome, but it felt like a while since we'd seen these hashers in particular). Carthief appeared to be expecting a leak in the kitchen but he was only wearing the special 250th run cagoule.

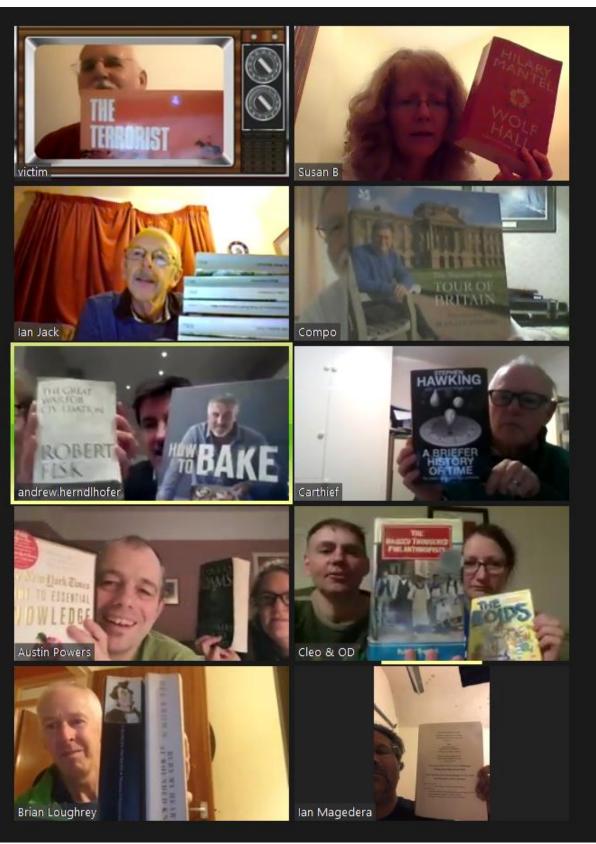


The activities were even more strenuous than last time. SMS and Grasshopper were observed to do the star jumps with especial gusto, indeed seeming reluctant to stop once

they'd started. And Victim's simultaneous patting of head and rubbing of chest was apparently especially striking though I can't claim to have witnessed it personally, having to concentrate pretty hard on this myself.



The objects included cushions, a toothbrush,



and books.

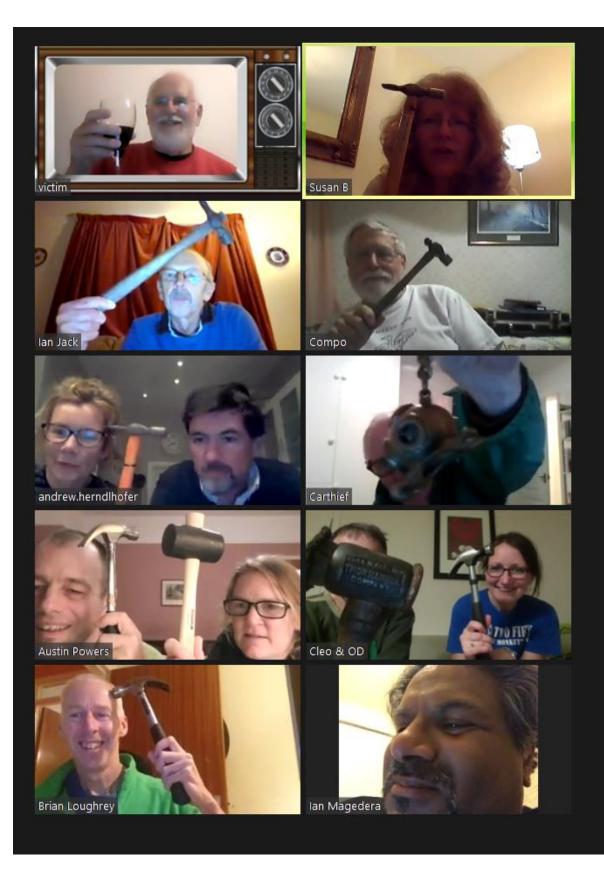




There was then a beer stop, which was welcome since we had carried on past the usual Zoom call time. fcuk was at his parents' house which he said was well stocked with beer. 10 secs showed a deplorable ignorance of basic chemistry by suggesting that Carthief's glass might contain ammonia. We swopped COVID-19 stories; fcuk said it was weird living in the university halls and knowing that the virus was only metres away.



pens...



...and a hammer. fcuk's parents seemed better equipped with beer than with basic tools... I think someone, and now I can't recall who, thought their hammer might have come free with something else. And we now see why Victim is always drinking a particularly robust red wine, since any moment he may be using it to bash in a nail...

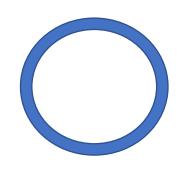
Finally we found the On Inn...



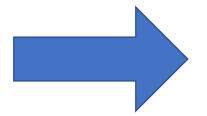
More conversation followed over a final beer. We discussed Cleo's translation of a classic Austrian children's book, called something like "A Week Full of Saturdays" which apparently had already been translated into most languages except English including Chinese and Russian; odd since apparently it contains lots of wordplay which presents a challenge. Sadly Cleo was too late to qualify for this year's Stephen Spender prize for translation, which she won in 2015. Maybe next year...

MIHZ

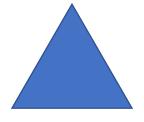
Run no. 454 - Virtual



= do one lap around your table/chair



= jog on the spot for 10 sec



= pat your head and rub your tummy

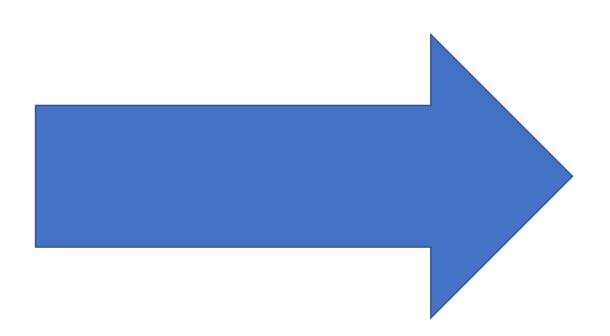


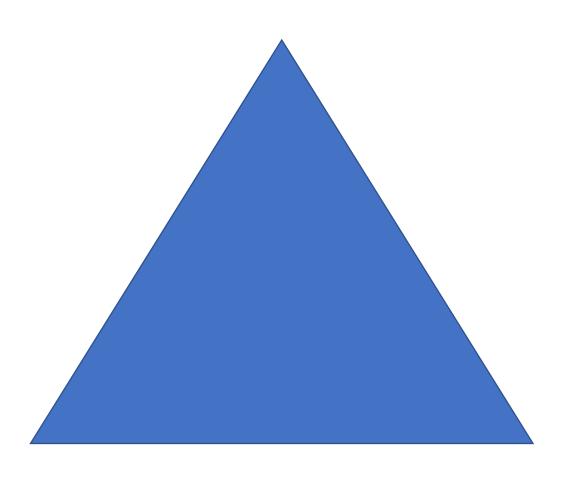
= do 5 star jumps

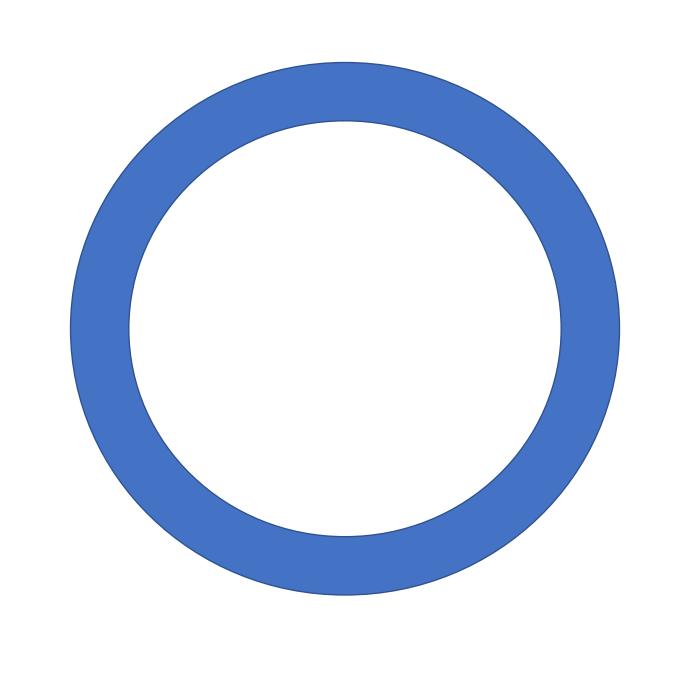


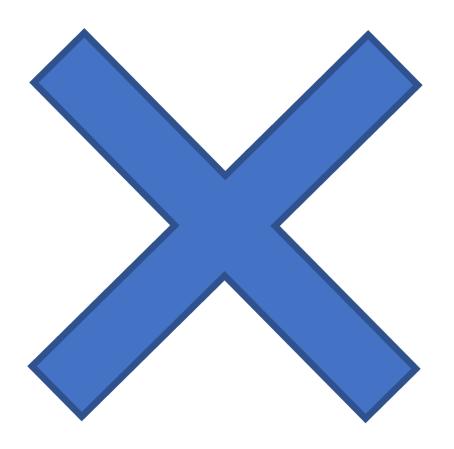


=go and get what is shown in the picture





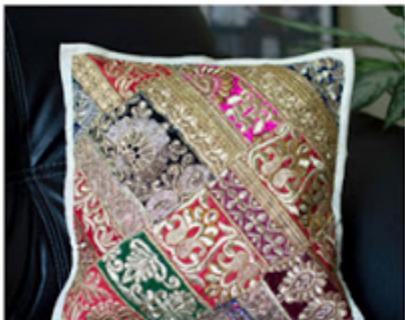






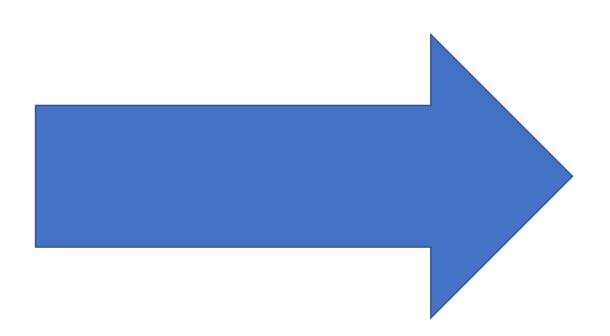


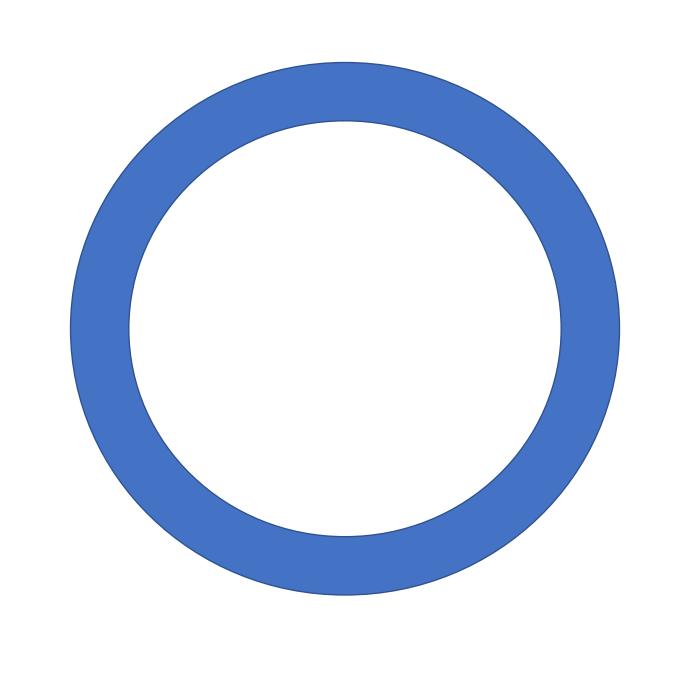


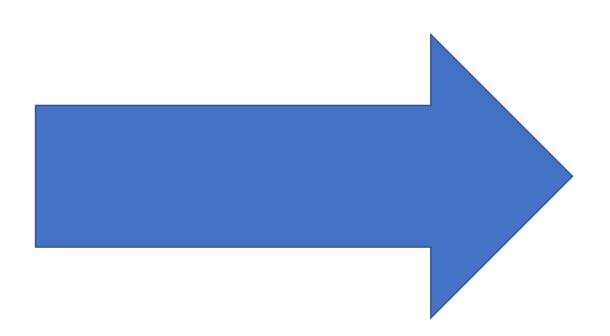




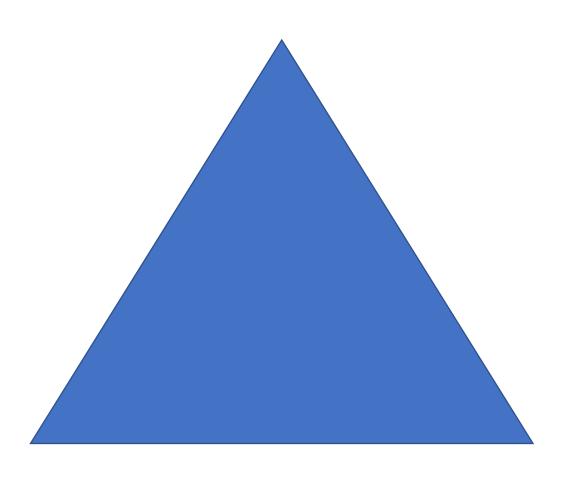


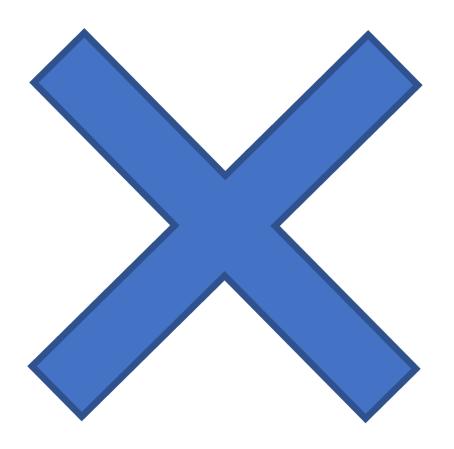


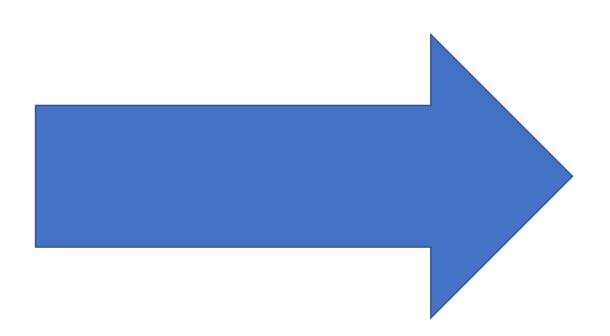


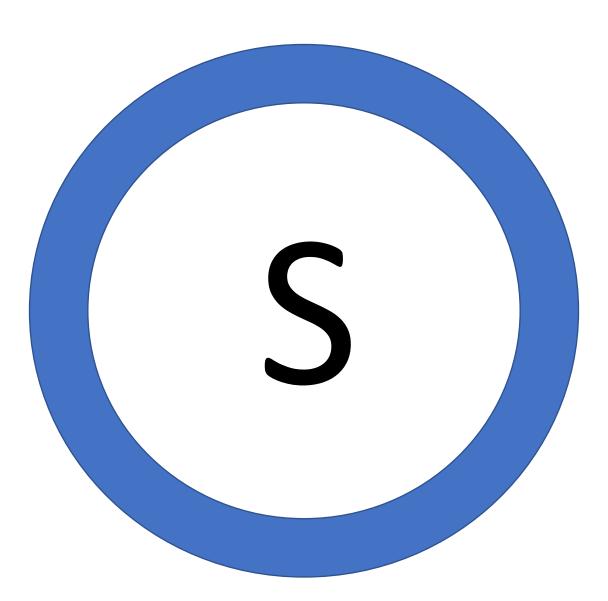












Father Abraham

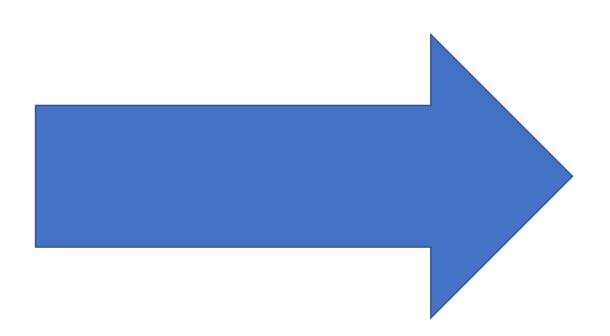
Father Abraham had seven sons.

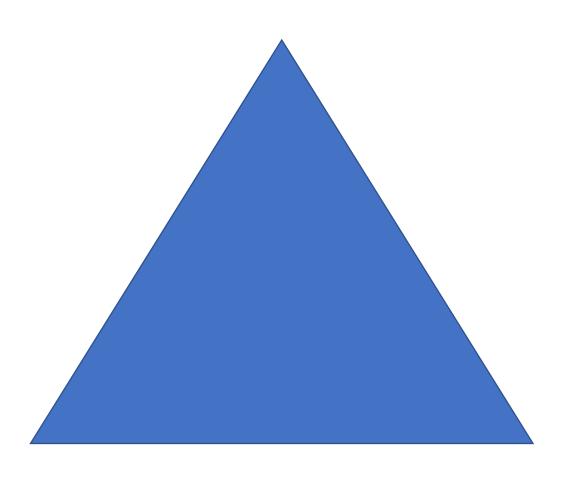
Seven sons had father Abraham.

And he never laughed, and he never cried.

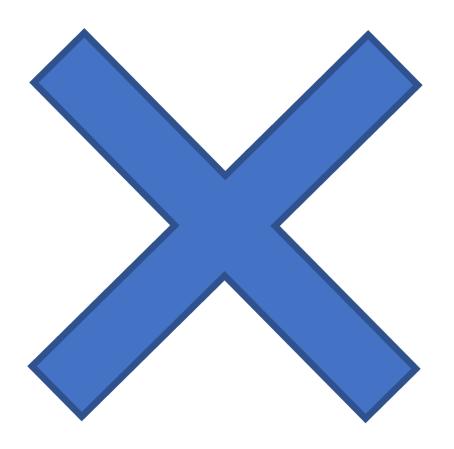
All he did was go like this:

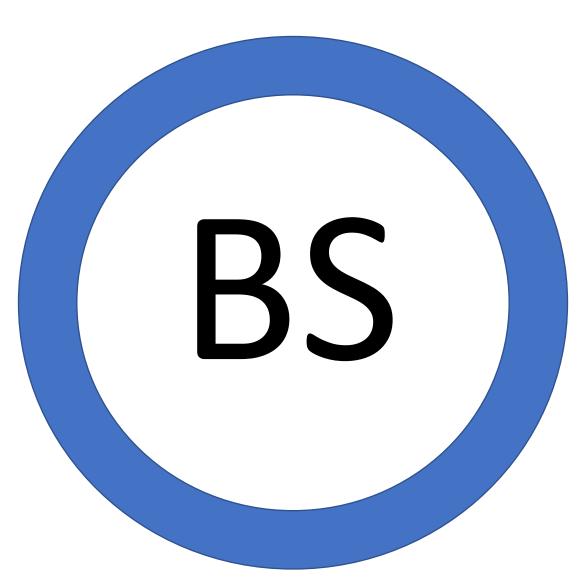
- 1. To the left (pump arm)
- 2. And the right (pump arm)
- 3. And the left (lift leg)
- 4. with his right (lift leg)
- 5. and a oohh (hips forwards)
- 6. and ahh (bum back)

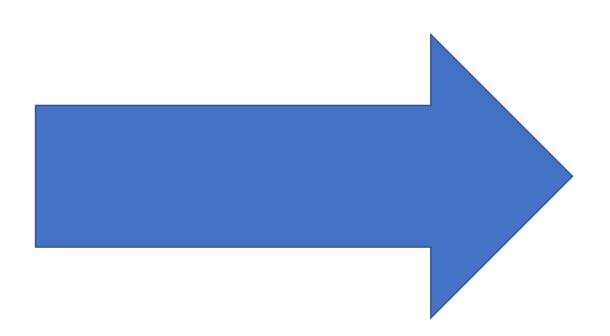


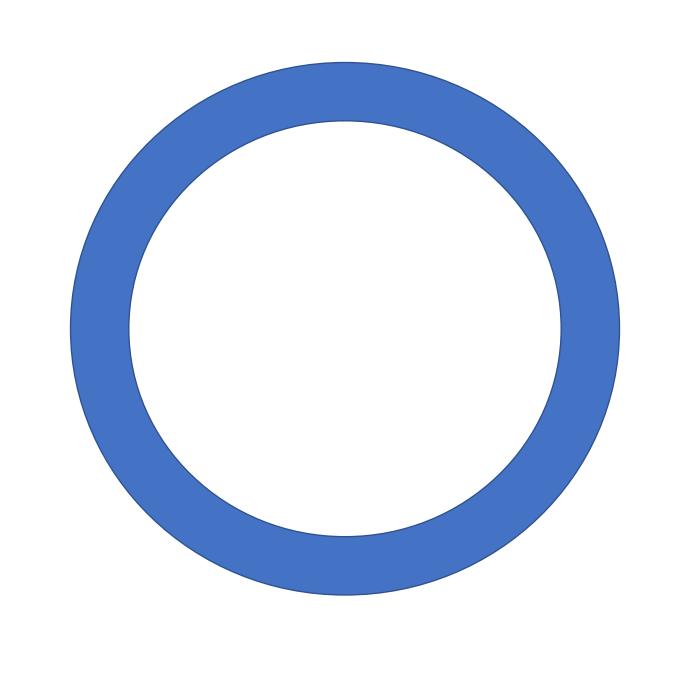




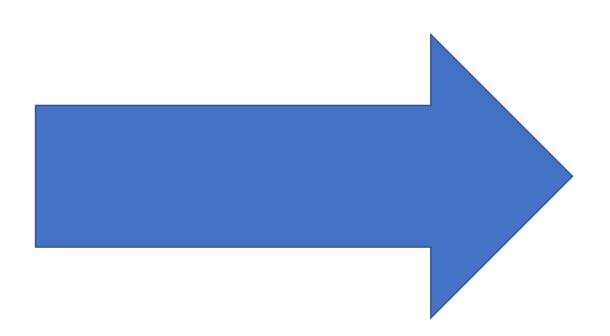


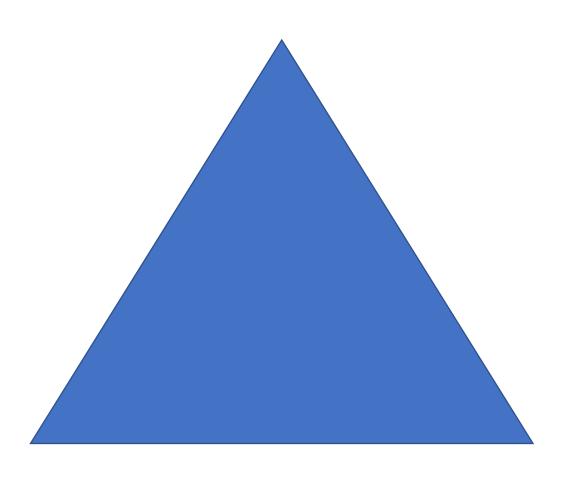


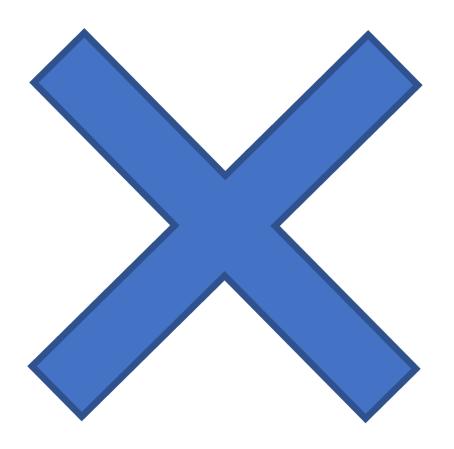




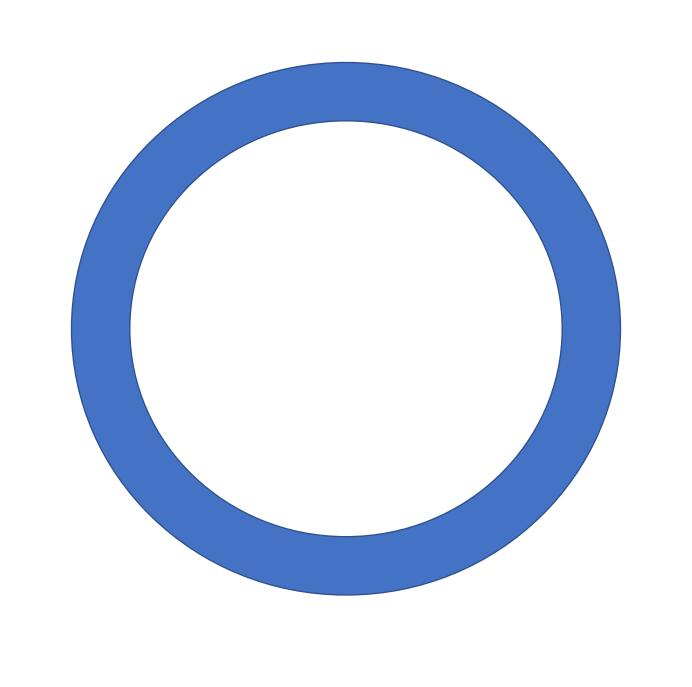


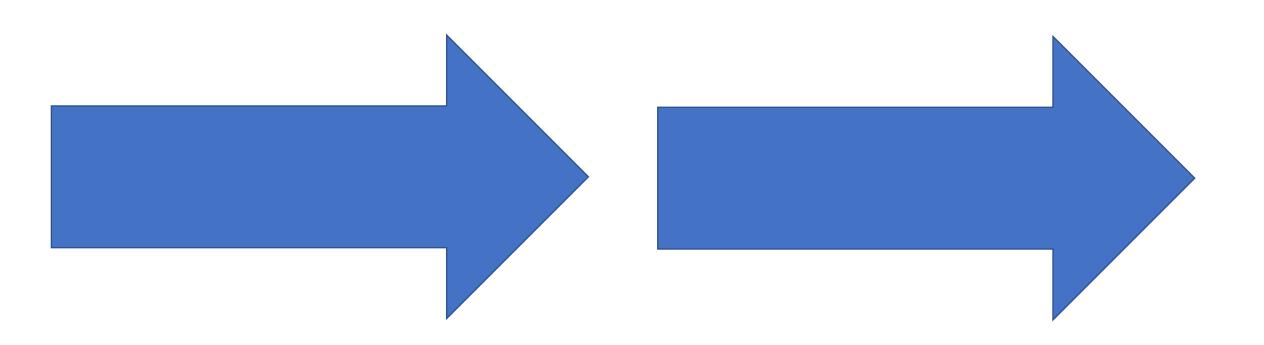












#