

Run No 1397 – The Portuguese “Stone Bridge” Run
February 20th

Sponsored by “Bridgestone” it seemed a bit churlish to call it the Dunlop Run so we decided to go to the Portuguese Bridge just beside the Ethio German Park Hotel. It was all a bit last minute but the bus was there at the Hilton by 08.00 hours, the cars were there, the people were there, all was more or less on time and we left at 08.15, loaded up with T-shirts, beer and even water for a two hour trip in the countryside along the Japanese road towards Gojam. Wee Willie is in the middle of toilet training so we had to stop about four times on the way there, each and every one of them a false alarm.

The hotel overlooks a huge gorge and is truly impressive if you don't have to worry about a two year old launching himself off the cliff. It was therefore a gorgeous sunny day, all set to go, when the hares remembered that it was to be an A to B run and the beers had to be at the circle which was at the bridge. So we stuffed around a bit until things were sorted out and like the mad dogs in the song set off at quarter at mid day in the brilliant sunshine.

Having delivered heaps of shreddy to the hares the day before I was mildly surprised by the lack of paper on the run, as were the runners who complained bitterly about it not being “fair” to have to do check backs of such monumental proportions that the walkers were soon in the lead shouting On ON! to the miffed pack. Hash Queen was found sitting under a bush in full sulk and promised to give her frank and forthright opinion on this lousy run. Back at the circle her opinion was that it was the best laid run ever, 100 out of 10! So much for placing any trust in Addis Hashers opinions.

The Circle was held on the edge of a massive drop in the middle of the river bed in front of the bridge. Whenever Tesfaye is haring you can be sure that there will some romantic notion that is unsafe for children. Anyway Hash Flash did his stuff, Gearbox was named since she didn't have a hash name and was a hare and no one can pronounce her real name. Also, as she was about to leave Addis, if the courts will let them, and since Baldrick's was acting RA, it seemed only logical to get him to name his Missus. Eventually after much sycophantic umming and erring she was named I scream, or as he would have it, Iced Queen after last weeks run. Just goes to show you can invent your names here in the land of the Lion of Judah.

Then it was off back to the hotel, some keen bargaining with the buggers who wanted to charge the hash for visiting the bridge – always good to have Tedele on your side when it comes to money matters– and lunch and the T-shirts, which while they were not brilliant were free and in sufficient numbers that everyone that wanted one got one! Lunch was good, the beers were free and one word of warning. The kites at the hotel have learned to dive bomb free lunches, so hang on to your injera. Then it was all off back to Addis, a well earned rest and the worst sun burn it has been my pleasure to see here in Ethiopia.

On ON!

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