

The Flower Moon
Run #282
Thursday, May 7th, 2009

We showed up at the run start just a little late. So I didn't get to hear hare lies, but as I was running around the parking lot I did hear, blah blah blah *this* and blah blah blah *that*. Any then we were off.

It started off as a nice walk down this road and around a corner and then some more roads. The trail then cut down into this canyon, and I was thinking "*alright, no more roads*" but after a few minutes, I heard blah blah blah *water*, and blah blah blah *poison oak* (what is poison oak anyway?) and dad made me and a bunch of others turn back.

So it was just more streets, and more streets. Not even a cat to chase, not that dad would have let me anyhow. So after a few more minutes and more streets, we arrived back at the start to be driven to the end.

This end place was some joint called the "Mira Mesa Inn" and for some reason I had to stay in the car, and I wasn't even bad!

So I wasn't able to see down-downs, but the car was parked close enough that I could hear some things.

First it was blah blah *demo* followed by blah blah ***Impy*** and then some strange noise that I was told later was a song. Other tidbits I picked up were blah blah ***Bort*** for blah blah *jury duty*. Something about mothers, but that couldn't have been because ***Murphy*** was stuck in the car with me.

There was also something about first timers, returners and birthdays. Followed by blah blah hares (hey, I like to chase hares!), blah blah ***In Cum Snatch, Hawkeye, Impy*** and ***Dogfish***. (Hey, why was he allowed in when I had to stay in the car? That doesn't seem fair.)

The last things I managed to hear were something about ***Capt Jerk*** and a *strawberry* and ***Chicken Poop*** getting something called a hashit, whatever that is.

Then dad came out with some of his girl friends (I don't remember which ones as he has so many) and drove us all home where I finally was able to get some kibble and bits, yum.

And that is my story and I am sticking to it, much like my hair sticks to furniture.

Bailey