

I thought for a while about home as I ran around the Harewood 10 mile trail race today... Seeing so much rain, mud, rain, giant puddles, rain and more rain my mind turned to bush Australia... There have been massive drought breaking floods in Australia recently... I feel us harriers copped some of this today...

Quoting a part of bush poet John O'Brien poem "Said Hanrahan" I'll add a few lines myself

*And every creek a banker ran,
And dams filled overtop;
"We'll all be ruined," said Hanrahan,
"If this rain doesn't stop."*

Vics bit

*"Its an awful day to run man,
I'd rather not get out"
"We'll all be ruined," said Vicman,
"Before this race is out."*

*"There'll pbs in the future man,
that'll be with much hope"
"We'll all be ruined," said Vicman,
"I just want to survive that slippery slope"*

*Start running as fast as we can
though within a mile pace eased
"We'll all be ruined," said Vicman,
"We must get round and be pleased"*

*"Pass the time and do what we can
and just enjoy the run"
"We'll all be ruined" said Vicman,
"Getting over that fence won't be fun"*

*"Of rain and mud I'm not a fan,
a final effort we must find"
"We're getting there" said Vicman,
"We must not get behind."*

*Its over now and I am a big fan
of all that muck and sludge;
"We all made it" cheered Vicman
"And done without a bludge"*

Vic Verecondi