



### Same, Same at Salwa

Rumours are surfacing of obstacles being cunningly set at Ranco Farm in an attempt to stop the unstoppable – Mo Foustok's 100% win record.

Suggestions abound as to how this is to be carried out – snake pits, landmines, poisoned darts etc have all been mentioned but as a traditionalist I like piano wire stretched between two palm trees. That'll seriously slow him down plus it's cheap and we can play football (soccer to the uninitiated) with his head afterward?.

Next time you have a hangover (in Riyadh?), feel a little sniffly or are carrying an injury don't stay in bed and sulk – get yourself to the race and volunteer to help. The club is run entirely by volunteers who give their services for free and assistance is always required as timekeepers, recorders etc. You could also rope in your nearest and dearest non-runner to give them something to do while you float around the course.

Anyway onto last week's race if I must. Having suffered from a bout of gastro enteritis (full details on request) in the days leading up to the race I had decided to take it easy until someone (thanks Claes) mentioned arch rival (in the wrinkly division) Matti was injured therefore I just had to join battle with McParland for the fastest zimmer frame in Riyadh. Despite cunning tactics and a go faster haircut McP was no match on this occasion finishing ~~seconds, minutes,~~ hours behind. I was going to let him win (as he is much older than me – respect your elders etc) but I couldn't let a man beat me in a SR 8 vest from Batha (they saw you coming mate) and shorts borrowed from his wife. Elsewhere in the seniors fashion stakes Mr Spong was sporting a pair of Adidas shoes with more holes than a golf course. He thinks they are a retro fashion statement – too much sun on your head Claes. Am I the only over sixty with sensible running kit (apart from the prison vest as Ms Benning calls it)?

Despite the absence of white chocolate Twix and SR 500 inducements I suppose I should mention a few other achievements. A magnificent field of 103 runners were led home by Mo Foustok finishing almost five minutes clear of second place Gary McGregor. In her first season with RRR Claire Rutherford secured her first official win (she would have also won the five mile

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race except for a hiccup in the results) – again the margin was almost five minutes to Janine Mosher in second place. Nice to see Liz Rourke back competing again after almost a season's absence.

This season's race apparel was distributed after the race finished. Wonderfully manufactured by Ronhill Sports from the UK and designed as a joint venture by the Mukhtar family and Riyadh Association for Solvent Abuse.

Finally the morning ended with an English fry up breakfast in Salwa's restaurant at a heavily subsidized price courtesy of the club. Very enjoyable food and company but I still can't get my head round Mr Nixon's assertion that it was a healthy balance of protein and carbs – more like an unhealthy balance of sugar and fat!

On a more serious/whinging note for all club members and guests – FFS get there on time. If it says starting at 8.00am then don't aim to arrive at 8.10am. Your clubmates will have arrived on time and warmed up expecting to start promptly plus volunteers manning the registration desk can't do their own warm up. If you turned up late anywhere (and I mean anywhere) else in the world you would see the field disappearing into the distance.

Allow enough time to get through security and to the actual start area at least 15 minutes before the race is due to start.

And last but by no means least:

A guy goes into a store and tells the clerk, "I'd like some Polish sausage."

The clerk looks at him and says, "Are you Polish?"

The guy, clearly offended, says, "Well, yes I am. But let me ask you something." If I had asked for Italian sausage would you ask me if I was Italian? Or if I had asked for German bratwurst, would you ask me if I was German? Or if I asked for a kosher hot dog would you ask me if I was Jewish? Or if I had asked for a taco would you ask if I was Mexican? Would ya, huh? Would ya?"

The clerk says, "Well, no."

With deep self-righteous indignation, the guy says, "Well, all right then, why did you ask me if I'm Polish just because I ask for Polish sausage?"

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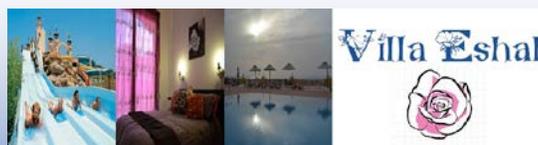
The clerk replies, "Because this is SACO"

This week the Polish get the abuse, next time.....

Well no one actually as I'm away but watch out for the 5 mile report – it could be you.

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