

## Diary of Mr Nobody

*This diary was found lying in a pool of beer after a pack run, it can be claimed from the Harrier's lost property department, currently housed in my shed.*

- Weds 6<sup>th</sup> Big Beryl from the typing pool has asked about coming along to a pack run. Told her where and when, not that I'll be there myself, I'm prophalactically resting an injury I'm expecting any time now. I don't know how much running she's done, but my mate Bob says she's got a fine pair of lungs on her (he seemed to find this amusing, don't know why).
- Thurs 7<sup>th</sup> Approached at work by Beryl in a distressed frame of mind. She said she turned up for the run but found the pub not to her taste at all. She described it as a seedy place full of 'unkempt old men, who frankly smelled a bit'. I explained about our fell running section.
- Friday 8<sup>th</sup> Mrs Nobody's birthday. Bought her a new mop. Words can't describe her face when she saw it.
- Sat 16<sup>th</sup> **Road Race.** Poor result, maybe I haven't rested enough. Is one run fortnightly more than a body can take at my age?  
Also, someone's going to have to do something about road safety in races. Was nearly killed by a speeding motorist who appeared not to see me at all, seemed to drive straight at me whilst shouting 'I've had enough'. The funny thing was that the driver looked very much like the present Mrs Nobody, and the model of car was identical. There's a coincidence for you. Spooky.
- Weds 13<sup>th</sup> Attended après pack run drinks tonight, still waiting for the injury to materialise. Due to a slight misunderstanding during a discussion about Mrs Nobody's new mop, one of the feminist runners in the club accused me of being sexist! Only thing is I'd had four pints of 'Old Jockstrap' by then and thought she said 'sexy'. Offered her a lapdance. I'm getting to know the people in casualty quite well. It's handy to be on good terms with a man with a procoscope. Mind, the landlord of the pub doesn't want the glass back.
- Fri 15<sup>th</sup> Had to give a presentation at work about my impact in the organisation during the past year. I pondered this long and hard then decided honesty always pays. In the end just said 'sorry' and sat down again. I think they appreciated my brevity.
- Tues 19<sup>th</sup> Got a phone call off a chap wanting to know which pub we were running from tommorrow. I explained that I preferred to think of it as running to a pub rather than from it. It just a matter of perspective.
- Sat 23<sup>rd</sup> Fell race on Tues. Last hill session today. Run slightly spoiled by a mother dragging recalcitrant brat up footpath behind me., particularly when she said to the complaining child, 'look, if that fat man can run up to the top of the hill, you can walk'.
- Mon 25<sup>th</sup> Bought a can of Lucazade Sport, then didn't drink it as I've decided to take a stand against drugs in sport. Had four pints of 'Old Jockstrap' instead.
- Tues 26<sup>th</sup> **Fell race.** Started badly, then faded. Perhaps not enough facial hair for fell running. Considering taking up the hula hoop.

*If the owner of the diary doesn't claim it more pages will be published in due course.  
CD*