

RUN NO 2320. IRISH JOKE'S OYSTER BAR, COOPERS PLAINS.

Hares: TINKERBELL and IRISH JOKE

Whenever IRISH sets a run, I have memories of a run at Samford about 20 years ago where we came home with a 5 kilometre straight stretch of highway – no checks – no nuthin, and then a joint run at Woolloongabba where the pack ran out of trail 400 metres from the start. Fortunately, this time he was accompanied by TINKERBELL who despite his illiteracy as highlighted in last week's Run Report, took some effort in planning this run. Prior to the run, he said it was 7.8k on his GPS. I was never much good on GPS and have numerous sad tales of people being led astray by their car systems. He did send me a map of where we went. Thank God for that and for the Boeing 747 light strapped on TIGHT NUT'S noggin. Nevertheless, I was forced to follow the trail or spend years aimlessly trudging around looking for IRISH's oyster joint. I can see it now. Some derelict old bastard clothed in tatters in years to come asking people where the local oyster bar is.

The start, as usual, did a left turn into Richmond Avenue and then through some industrial property into low lying swampy country. We travelled under a railway line next to a creek by a concrete wall sloped at about 60 degrees. The murky depths threatened as we traversed this. I had visions of ending my days drowned under the Coopers Plains railway bridge which is somewhat distressing, as I always had plans to die with a beer and a voluptuous wench by my side. We eventually crossed the creek via an old bed and pallet strategically placed by TINKERBELL. Alas, this temporary structure did little to prevent wet feet as I slowly sank below the surface. More swamp followed until we eventually crossed at Coopers Plains railway station. PUSSY GALORE was pointing out a housing development he is involved with to TIGHT NUT as I breezed past, or maybe as they breezed past me.

After the station, we headed north, actually on streets until the inevitable creek and swampy country re-emerged interspersed with a couple of bike paths. We crossed a couple of major roads which I think were Musgrave and Riawena and the railway line at Salisbury Station. HAND JOB and MULTIPLE CHOICE at this stage had exited and headed home. The remaining pack, notably PUSSY, OPTUS, BUGS, SCRUFFY, TIGHT NUT, TWEETIE and SPLATT headed south via a tunnel under Riawena Road and along a creek behind some factories. What do you say to some irate security guard enquiring as to your parentage other than to inform him that I am of noble stock and accustomed to running through swamps in pitch darkness. Fortunately, by the time he released the dogs, I was out of sight.

The first X appeared on Beaudesert Road about 2 kilometres from the end. TWEETIE and I struggled home and finished about 7.20pm.

IRISH put on a bisque which I believe is a fish soup. Why fish would be interested is beyond me. MULTIPLE again regaled us with an eloquent and informative summary of the week's indiscretions. LUFTWAFFE was again rewarded with the SOTW and received elaborate instructions on how to avoid cyclists.

RUN 9 OUT OF 10
ON ON 7 out of 10
Miles O'Tool