

Run No. 2035
Joint Run with Gold Coast Hash
Monday 17/11/14
Shearer's Arms Tavern, Ormeau.
Hares: Slab and Anchovy.

Good roll-up, although a few missing from Brisbane Men's Hash.
Anchovy looked a bit stuffed when we arrived. He'd been assisting Slab with the trails in the heat of the day.

The trail began by running up towards the Gold Coast Highway, busy with cars and smoky from a nearby bush fire.

The first 360 of many was across the road to the south of the big roundabout.

The pack was held up by traffic here except for Tinkerbelle who managed to shoot across the road in front of cars - he MUST be in front...

From the first 360 the trail went south, parallel to the Highway but along an escarpment and the back fences of houses full of BIG dogs.

Eventually the escarpment gave way to a park which led onto Ormeau Ridge Road where Slab appeared on his mountain bike. This was a bad sign, it meant that we were in danger of getting lost.

After turning left into Yarwood Crescent we encountered our first hill and an impromptu regroup at the top which was broken by the Gold Coast FRTs – inconsiderate bastards. At this stage the trail went overland down to a new development and another 360. Tinkerbelle went right along a road, the first of his many wrong decisions, Even Optus and Bugs went left here along a track towards the highway. JC and yours truly could see the paper trail disappearing into long grass between the new estate and the highway so we plunged on down across a rocky creek, disturbing all sorts of dangerous animals. After following along the escarpment for a while the trail then plunged down into a dry creek with a series of waterholes interspersed by parks and uneven tracks which threatened to break ankles. Veteran was taking it easy at this stage, whinging about the rocks with another Gold Coaster and holding up the rest of the pack behind them as they took up all the bloody track!

Eventually the track came out at another estate, Kingsholme I think, where once again the intrepid Slab re-appeared on his bike to guide us on the true trail. Except that he let the FRTs do a bloody loop while favouring the Gold Coast Hash Horn and enabling him to short cut. Tinkerbelle had another miss at another 360 at this stage while the pack shot up a path and along Hay Lane to another 360, where once again Tinkerbelle took the wrong option. Did I mention there were a few 360s?

Up we went along Landsdowne Drive, Ormeau Hills, after Slab did a bit of Trail Mastering on the 360, pointing us in the right direction - he must have wanted to get back under the hour. At this stage the Gold Coast FRTs got lost as the trail appeared to go along a concrete path. It actually cut left through a playground/ tennis court area where Even Optus lucked onto it and took us along Merivale Avenue and past the Ormeau Ridge Sales and Information Centre.

The suburb names give away the nature of the terrain and after a bit more stumbling through bush we eventually ended up on another road with a 360 which Tinkerbelle eventually got right, then up a gut-wrenching path which was so steep the hare couldn't ride his bike up it, to a regroup where Royal Screw joined us having arrived JIT at the start - like 6.16pm - and having found us by some sort of fluke in the dark.

After that it was more bloody hills, with a panoramic view at one stage where we could see the lights of the tavern way in the distance plus the bushfire further north. At one stage we encountered one particularly steep descent down a long sweeping road where Slab screamed past us in the dark on his treadly without lights like a bloody ghost, and then after a bit of meandering around more roads eventually we ended up back at the Shearer's Arms.

The circle was a joint affair with the Gold Coast GM in a man-kini (take note Fucknut), shit of the week Luftwaffe again I think, and Tess was introduced all around after a 30 year absence. Who was he with though, the Gold Coast or Brisbane hash? The Gold Coast GM handed over a Brisbane HHH 1971 pewter mug that they'd dug up from somewhere, which was duly handed over to the longest serving Brisbane hashman Bare Bum, for safe keeping and turning into some sort of shrine.

The Tavern was packed for a Monday night and the meals were popular with the locals. There mustn't be anything else to do in Ormeau on a Monday night. It also seemed to be full of my fellow countrymen!

I hope everyone made a gold coin donation to Sir Cumference for his Ebola treatment....

Run 8/10

Walk - don't know except that I heard Fucknut got lost again and Mortein got caught in a few CBs!

Circle 7/10 - Multiple excelled himself in the F department

Feed - don't know although it looked popular.

On On

Craft