

Run 2343

Grewsome's Scenic Run

Downfall Creek

As I sit with my rain and sweat saturated piece of parchment trying to decipher my notes taken during the run, I am reminded of that line from the Banjo Patterson poem "Clancy of the Overflow", 'and I think the same was written with a thumbnail dipped in tar'. That's about how legible my soggy notes are.

An excellent pack assembled for the run/walk. Little Arse Play was in such a rush to get there that he drove in against the directional arrows to grab a parking spot ahead of other desperate hashmen. Royal Screw however was happy to motor in slowly beside an absolute spunk who was just finishing off her afternoon run. He even parked beside her. I didn't see if he got her telephone number. He certainly wasn't letting on!

There was some apprehension regarding how well the trail would be marked given the afternoon's down pour, but this was ill founded as Grewsome had done an excellent job utilising the full gamut of trail marking material; chalk, paper, shredded paper, and nifty little flour arrows.

After a call to arms by XXXX, the trail set off east along Rode Road up a hill to a 360, then on to a two-way, and then on to another two-way. Bugs got caught on the complete trifecta! It was then left into Glenrowan St. running parallel with the Downfall Creek bushland in which lay the walkers trail. I paced it out with Anchovies, Turbo, Miles towards the back of the pack via Ainsdale St, Culworth St, and Shelgate St to the small footbridge over Downfall Ck and then up the hill via Kinnerton St and Federation St into the Downfall Ck Reserve. Here we came across Snappy Tom who by virtue of being at the rear of the walkers group was at the front of the runners pack. He was pushed off to one side as the pack sped past him. I heard him yelling out "if you bastards treat me like this, I'll down grade the quality of the entertainment at the next AGPU". Is that possible? Along the trail there were signs stating "Mountains to Mangroves". It was certainly so f—king hot and humid that I wouldn't have been surprised to see a few mangroves along the track. Right along the Xanthorrhoea track, a two-way at the Banksia track which went left, and up to the Possum Over pass over Hamilton Rd. At this point, Anchovies could have done with the help of that ex hashman, Village Idiot, the possum expert. He stopped to have a pee, thinking the shape coming towards him was a giant possum, but it was a female runner. Village Idiot would have been able to help Anchovy with his identification skills. I heard the female runner say to Anchovy "Possums have bigger ones than yours!".

Luckily I was still at the back of the pack as it saved me doing the loop around the Milne Hill Reservoir as had been done by Best and Less, Even Optus, Craft, Scruffy and others. The trail then swept around the NE aspect of the reserve to a regroup. I went West from here, wrong!, but Best and Less picked up the trail heading North along Kenna St and then left into Martindale St to cross Little

Cabbage Tree Ck before turning right [still heading away from home!] along a bike path to Steffen Place and up a hill, Roebig St, then via a laneway to the NE corner of the Chermside Hills Reserve and a welcome regroup. Twelve runners remaining at this point. The trail then took us south for a distance along the edge of the reserve before heading into the trails that course the reserve. I passed Miles O'Toole at this point who was bemoaning the diminishing number of CBs, FTs, and 360s, as the run approached the one hour time. Tinkerbelle and Royal Screw were showing good endurance at this stage, with good night vision as the light faded, leading the terrific twelve to the passageway under Hamilton Road at DeMille St, across a small water course, and thus to [Bridgette] Bardot St. The trail passed through Grewsome's yard, where we were verbally abused by Mrs Grewsome yelling "run faster you laggards. An hour is nearly up and you need to speed up to stop Grewsome being put on the ice." We all immediately slowed down. Scruffy, Craft and I then negotiated the grassy hill parallel with Bardot St to reach and make a left turn into Walpole St, then across Raven St into the Raven St reserve for the run back tolerating the hot humid mangrove inducing weather via Senses track to home. One hour 22 minutes!

Wee Lassie's Top Curry and beers imported all the way across the Bass Strait were already being served when the runners got back in just 22 mins over the hour.

The GM presented Ron the Bomb with a 999 runs & 50 years? T shirt before the Monk began looking for victims. Grewsome's neighbour Peter was called up to recount the JC radio interview set up (was this why JC missed the run?). Virgin was iced for selecting chocolates rather than beer or wine for his thirsty fellow hashmen at some boring play while Zit was an able sit in for Irish (or Mrs Bucket) for damage to Grewsome's car and Irish's bike at the canal run. Virgin was a clear winner.

Good run and the beers and curry weren't bad either but it can't have been hash. Only 8:00pm with plenty of food and grog left over and everyone had buggered off.

Run Score; marginally too long; deduct ½

Given the weather conditions, plus ½ for quality of trail markings

To few RGs, FTs, CBs towards the end of the run; deduct ½

Good territory; plus ½

Abusive woman in Bardot St; deduct one

9/10

SOTW

On On