

Run Number 2366  
The "Where's Anna?" Run  
Hares XXXX, Zapata, Ron the Bomb.  
Venue: Durack Inala Bowls Club

The entrance to the bowls club was dark and badly rutted. Several Hashmen missed the entrance and had to have a couple of goes to get in.

Once in we all gathered in the car park trying to figure out the origin of the two-toned, rather large tree that stood smack in the middle of the car park. Irish thought he'd urinate against it to see if that had any effect. Pushup in all his wisdom reckoned that the darker colour was a parasite tree that had grown in the host tree. Nobody had sufficient knowledge (or could care less) to challenge him so we took his word for it.

XXXX addressed the group with the news of the sad passing of Optus' wife, and we all wished him the very best and looked forward to seeing him back soon.

It was a bloody cold night and XXXX sent the two packs, walkers and runners, off in different directions. The running pack consisted of Craft, Tinkerbelle, JC, Royal Screw, Splat, Bugs, PeeWee, Scruffy, Little Arse Play and Multiple Choice. The latter two sort of formed their own sub-pack in the end but nevertheless through some local knowledge on Multiple's part and some short cutting were able to finish right behind the FRTs and the walkers back at the trough.

The runners exited the bowls club via steps behind the clubhouse up and over Blunder Road, which wasn't too busy at that time of the night, and headed left down towards the long pathway along Boss Creek (appropriate for the Anna run). At this stage Tinkerbelle was racing ahead as usual with JC up his clacker until they hit the first 360 at the first intersection we came across. Tinkerbelle took the left path and came back without finding any arrows, JC keep going along Boss Creek, and Splat went right, across the creek. There was a wee state of confusion at this stage as nobody had found any arrows until Craft and Multiple decided to check where Tinkerbelle had been and found one discreetly tucked under a parked car in Durrang St. This was only a loop however as the trail came back down again to the Boss Creek pathway, crossed it and went up Clifton Crescent, across Serviceton Ave where we dodged a bit of traffic and on to Kev Hooper Memorial Park, confirming we were really deep into ALP country. At one stage we passed a decrepit building that looked like a motel but Multiple insisted on it being a Skating Rink where he took his first date, Frigid Bridget!

Then it was straight along Lavender Street, to Hock Davis Park, probably another ALP member, to the first regroup under a wee shelter. Tinkerbelle started getting all flowery at this point as we shot across Lilac St along Punica, passing Poinciana and Frangipani, past the Reformed church of Inala (where all hashmen should go) and across Poinsettia St into a no-name park where we followed flour arrows in the dark, left through an alley way to a two-way where JC got on the proper trail and dragged a few of us along while Tinkerbelle found the false trail.

Down Columba Street, into Fornax (short for XXXX knackers) across Octans, then Clipper and into Len Waters Plains (yet another ALP bloke?), and then circumnavigated the Inala Town Centre where the arrows confused a road maintenance mob who started digging trenches from arrow to arrow. Still it was dark.....

It must have been about this stage that we lost Little Arse Play and Multiple Choice and for some reason Tinkerbelle doubled back to try and find them from the regroup. After a few minutes of anxious calling the SCBs arrived at the regroup from a totally different direction with LAP a bit panicked swearing and cursing Multiple. I don't blame LAP, imagine putting all of your trust in him!!

From then on it was a long route march back to the start where everyone seemed to arrive at the drinks esky at about the same time. What a well organised run.

The circle brought out many miscreants, Swami Screw had a busy time but eventually the SOTW went to Irish (I think, but maybe Fucknut), although Twin Tub's explanation of how Verbal D got his big black eye had us all in stitches.

Run 7/10  
Circle 7/10

Food - I didn't participate but it looked real value for \$12 and when I left there were about 25 hashers all getting stuck in, so it must have been good.

OnOn

Craft

