

Tonight was the much anticipated Backpackers run conducted by Helga and Irish Joke. We don't need to remember much more than "backpackers". We well know where it is, know there will be hills, know there will be a drink stop, and know there will be pretty girls. Ah-ha, that's it, that's why so many turn up, Girls!!

Helga and Irish introduced the lovelies, gave the usual spiel, and set us off downhill and round the corner just in time to see the late arriving Boxer shifting the Mazda into reverse while still moving forward, very noisy gearbox response!

Down along Coronation Drive we went, turned left to effect a large circle back into Upper Roma St, then down Milton Rd into Lang Park. Using the lift was a novel experience on a hash run. A RG+song of "Rule Britannia" had the young German fellow amongst the guest runner stumped for words. Bit of a loop around and found ourselves down the stairs into the usual drink stop park. A slurp of box wine and off again, headed out onto Hale St for a long slog up to Musgrave Rd. The pack thinned out on this stretch where an escape chute promised a short cut opportunity. The honest bastards continued on and up over Musgrave Rd, crossed into Lower Clifton Tce, then the pedestrian overpass took us over Kelvin Grove Rd, and out along the ICB. Putting in the hard yards now and Miles O'Tool complained about FRT's, Short-cutters, sore knees, old age and one or two other topics.

A sense of relief came with the trail leading over another overhead pedestrian bridge, heading for the CBD. Good trail marking led the strung out and depleted pack up onto Gregory Tce, cross into the Roma St Parkland. A bit of indecision on how to exit the rail station bought the pack together, then sniffing cold beer, set out along the home trail.

A good trail Helga and Irish; familiar territory, but a good mix of park and road plus the elevator ride, woohoo!

The Circle: A noisy big crowd enjoyed the parade of miscreants / short cutters / and other petty transgressors. SOTW nominees; Luftwaffe was subjected to more insights into his complicated personal life. Embryo had endeared himself to one of the girls, (stirring some misguided maternal protective instinct), right up to the second he tossed a down-down beer over his shoulder, giving the young lady a cool surprise. Almost got himself a kick in the arse.

The no surprise recipient of SOTW was of course Lufty!!

Up on the deck the boys enjoyed the sights; sexy young girls, city buildings, the river, and Southbank, while knocking back a cold beer and, for some, a bloody big hamburger.

Run 8/10

Food & View 9/10

Anchovy