

The Run of the Three C's (with substitutes, so now being Tinkerbell, Tweety Pie, Scruffy)

My own working title for this run report is The Cubberla Creek Crawl!

A portent of trouble emerged when I could not manage to drive directly to the start despite Tom Tom and a UBD. Found myself on the wrong side of a broad paddock of playing fields, and having to double back.

Tinkerbell cajoled the intending walkers among us who considered the walk may be a better option. A few wavered, like myself, and elected for the run trail. The run started straight into the trench of the dry creek bed of Cubberla Creek, (CC). We went stumbling along the uneven rocky and overgrown creek bed with perfectly flat ground alongside us. Sometimes I think Dr Harry would have a challenge on his hands assessing the pack mentality of the hash! That stumble went on and on till we climbed out onto that cutely named Marshall Lane – now a busy major suburban road. More bloody shiggy for a while then out into civilisation along a twisting trail of streets till we met Kenmore Rd and Kersely Rd intersection.

A thoughtful check here propelled Little Arseplay from back marker to the leader. A triumphant LAP, arms in the air, led the pack round the corner and back into the shiggy again. A tough section of bush to negotiate, but less than a kilometre, delivered us to the piece de resistance of the run; a concrete pipe, 800mm diameter, crossing under the motorway. Phark!! Stiffened backs, bugged knees, and confined space fears all took a beating here. More bushy trail on exit, then some streets led to a drink-stop. Had a nice little cocktail party here while 'leaving no man behind' we waited for Irish Joke. No show! Meanwhile IJ, using cunning local knowledge and taking advantage of a vandalised gap in the motorway fence, short-cutted on home on the bike path.

So on we went, to where the trail indulged in a spot of illegal entry into private property, down, then up, through a F B gully, accompanied by a "piss off" yell from a resident.

Enough yet? No! The hares had more in store for us. We encountered that bloody CC again, but turning upstream this time. Another pipe was feared, but thankfully we could stumble erect under the crossover of Fig Tree Pocket Road and the motorway, then a nice clear canter across the playing fields, on home.

Cold beer and a generous steak burger restored our bodies, while the circle entertained the assembly with icing and the arm of justice. Among the motely selection of others, Octopussy and Splat stood out. They failed to call an FT, then compounded their effort by having Splat actually sit on the FT to conceal it. He wore the SOTW.

At about 6.5km, it was not a long run, but with numerous obstacles, the time taken stretched out to about 1hr 15min..... and we found no sign of the mini nirvana field of dreams promised by Tinkerbell.

