

Run 2408
Colmslie Hotel

Your scribe arrived late at the run and was confronted by a full car park, with the assembled pack being addressed by Snappy Tom and nearly ready to go. But, ah, here's a park, under a tree, beauty, no problem. This is my excuse for parking under a tree filled with one thousand lorikeets, whose messages were well in evidence when I left the pub at 9.00pm.

Meanwhile Snappy was advising the pack that LAP had been delayed and was still out laying the trail. A memory was triggered of another occasion when I missed the start of a run that LAP had set, and he kindly offered to drive I and one other to a spot where we could catch the pack. We took off in his white Alfa 1750 GTV, and he redlined it up and down dale on bush roads out near Samford. The Alfa was full of every kind of clutter which bounced and flew around on every corner and bump along with his white knuckled passengers. As matter of interest this car was sold sometime later by LAP to Farcanal, who then some short time later was leaving the Creek one night after 10.00pm in this very car with a prospective conjugal partner, when he was approached by Constable Plod for a breath specimen. Farcanal's poorly considered response was to abandon the car and the girl, and to hightail it on foot back through the drive-in bottle shop, which, you may remember, was between the main beer garden and the Spanish BBQ. Unfortunately for Farcanal, it being after 10.00pm the high gates had been closed at the other end, and he was forced to meekly surrender, body and soul. This explains many things, including why Farcanal has been a successful brief for various hash miscreants in the past; it takes a miscreant to defend a miscreant. As for the car, Far disposed of it because of his lengthy DUI suspension, and missed that bullet, never having to learn what a hard driven lemon had crossed his orbit.

But back to this night, LAP's trail crossed Wynnum Road, with a very large pack congregated for safety on a central island waiting for a break in the traffic, with the occasional daredevil threading the traffic needle. LAP used early 70s lazy hare techniques with no FTs or CBs, just checks, mostly three way, some long, some short, and some with misleading arrows, 40 year old tricks of placement and afterthought arrows initially disregarded by modern era FRCs. How sweet it was to interpret this code and get ahead of the pack at a number of the 387 checks on this trail. It was check after check after check, and perfect to keep the pack together, so how could it be explained that the running group evaporated to just 7! But there was an answer, this was 7 Hills! From this moment it was just a count down, Hill 1, up this side down the other, double around the other side, up another easement, down a track, up past the construction, back through an easement, a steep pathway, Hill 2, another descent, another ascent, Hill 3, another pathway, a low road, a high road, a circuit, a climb, Hill 4, a contour, a swerve, a shake, a drop, an incline, Hill 5, a decline, a reverse, a switch, a rise, a ruse, an errand, a gully, a slide, a ramp, Hill 6, a drift, an hour, a sweep, a crest, an error, a mirror, less care, no pain, Hill 7, and the run in, 70 minutes.

The (magnificent) 7 runners arrived back from the 7 hills in about 70 minutes, 10 minutes per hill, so the 7 were grateful that there is no suburb named, say, Eleven Hills. The footpath venue for the circle is anything but private, but what the hell. LAP was first called to the ice, for good reason, and as usual had to defend his well-known female association. This was followed by a number of miscreants including a stand in for the GM for a number of character defects on display during the four-pack trip to the Princes Highway and the Great Ocean Road. Multiple also enlightened the pack as to the strange domestic circumstances of Luftwaffe, which in the big picture was no surprise to anyone, but the detail! Not sure who was SOTW, the traffic noise intervening.

A large pack retired to the pub, many for a meal, many for a drink, another renaissance night for the hash, a retro run, well executed by the single hare Little Arseplay, and what more can be said?

Pushup