

Snappy's Birthday Run, Kedron Wavel club.

Run: 2435, 17 October 16.

Hares: Snappy Tom and visitor Hoof.

Monday's run started inauspiciously, with the majority of the hounds driving through heavy rains, flooded townships and over inundated roads. Conveniently the skies parted and rain surceased just as we circled up.

Snappy Tom and **Hoof** were hares. This led to the runners' trail not being placed, and the walkers trail was significantly washed from the heavy rains. The hounds were set free on a long pathway, with the runners given vague directions something to the effect of: run that way, then get to a road and take a right, then find another road and run back. Somehow find the walkers and return triumphant to beer.

It didn't happen that way, and the trail laid in invisible hash was dutifully followed by **Tinkerbell** and **CMC** to multiple confusions and contusions. Lost in desperation we were enormously aided by street signs and local knowledge in deciphering the invisible trail. It is excellent indeed that **Bugs** has tremendous experience in following trails, and he was able to lead us safely back to start.

Return to start brought us into bitter and acrimonious debate, for the beermeister **Luftwaffe** was nowhere to be found! Not only was there no hash, but there was also no beer, a true devolution in the state of affairs. As a matter of fact, this really was starting to look like a r*nnng club. Circle was disjointed, and accusations don't have as much sting when there is no ice or down-downs. The crown unanimously selected **Luftwaffe** for SOTW, and **CMC** gladly handed over the SOTW jersey to the **Luftwaffe** in absentia.

Luckily, the bar hadn't yet closed in the services club, and the hounds were able to find the missing nectar, but this should serve as a warning of how quickly an otherwise organized and well-mannered group such as the BH3 can devolve into a pack of rabid animals in the lack of a properly laid trail and no beer afterward,

The Brew Master was finally tracked down wandering around the Kedron Wavel club car park by himself at about 8:00pm by the **GM**. Luftwaffe claims he arrive at 6:16pm one minute after everyone had left but **F*nut** has evidence of a phone call from **Lufty**, lost and asking for directions at 6:15. Having being lost in his car **Luftwaffe**, headed off by himself for a walk and promptly got lost on foot. What really pissed-off the pack was that they could see and smell the hash beer locked safely in his vehicle, some even contemplated smashing the window. All this could have been avoided if only **Multiple** the brains of the couple, was able to guide him.

Circle - absolute F*ckup; no beer, no icings, no down downs – worst circle ever -10/10

Run/walk – what trail, everybody back in half and hour (Monsoon rain no excuse) 0/10

Food – lucky we were early as the Gallipoli bar was in the process of being closed, (PPPlanning) 2/10

All in all, a contender for cock*p of the year award.

On On

CMC

