

Run 2440

Richlands Hotel Raffle Run

Hares: Ron the Bomb and XXXX

This run was carefully planned to suit the oldest member of BH3, **Embryo**. Walking distance from the Richlands Station, fairly flat terrain therefore no hills to climb and a chance to see a Queensland Kauri Pine tree planted 115 years ago by the Duke of Windsor when he opened our first Federal Parliament in 1901. All that history of course was meaningless to our youngest runner **BFC**. He managed to get a lift with someone probably **Tinkerbelle** and any Anglophile history lesson was not going to stop him from beating the pants off the usual fit runners like **Craft, JC, Grewsome, Optus, Bugs** and **Tinkerbelle** himself.

As the pack assembled in the rear carpark of the pub an officious woman appeared and asked 'what was going on'. A number of hounds keenly assured her that we would be heading inside to drink and eat all in good time. She showed the same expression of that of a hashman's wife when he tells her that the reason he is home late is because the whole pack got lost ...disbelief but not worth arguing about.

The walkers and runners headed off towards the rail line now linking Richlands with Springfield. The trail took them over the line and then under it across some very rough rocky ground. Once the small dry creek was crossed the trail really turned into run of the year material. Shady paths beside an overgrown creek took the runners through a few 360 checks which encouraged them to turn left. At the third 360 check the trail did move left which caught out a couple of front runners. Across the main Forest Lake Boulevard where injured **Pushup** headed towards home and the back back runner **Multiple Choice** now far behind the front runners also followed. These recalcitrant runners made it home in about 55 minutes which left the hares worried that they had miscalculated the run length. 7:15 pm and the walkers were guiding **Lufty** with eskys in tow into the darkest corner of the pub backyard and no runners in sight. Hares **Ron** and **XXXX** were worried and hoping that **Lufty** had forgotten the ice when at 07:20pm the first runner **BFC** arrived. He did not wait at the Homestead Park to learn about the oldest heritage tree remaining in the west of Brisbane where the Regrouping hounds also ran between an ancient avenue of mango trees. **Tinkerbelle, Bugs and Craft** complained that the last check was not on the road but in a park and therefore in breach of hash regulation. The hares will be seeking legal advice as to whether there is any precedent to support that claim.

The circle was held in a whisper lest the pack alert the nasty woman that we were drinking beer NOT from her pub. The anthem was done in dulcet tones and **Multiple** was iced for crashing his bus into two others at his work depot. I believe he got SOTW and **Embryo** will use his influence to find **Multiple** a train drivers job with struggling QRail.

The pub bar meals were very slow as it seemed the cooks were overworked feeding the busloads of island diners in the buffet. **Barebum** and **Tweety** some to the last to eat.

The promised raffle was postponed due to lack of interest in anything but the quality of the next week's AGPU boat trip.

Run 8/10 (while run of the year quality it was too close to AGPU to be a possible contender...)

Circle about 40 decibels

OnOn food 8/10