

## Run 2453 Brothers in Arms Run

Hare: Colonel Boxa



*"I love the smell of gyprock on a Monday"*

**Colonel Boxa:** Colmslie... shit; I'm still only in Colmslie... Every time I think I'm gonna wake up back in the jungle.

When I was home after my first tour, it was worse.

I'd wake up and there'd be nothing. I hardly said a word to my wife, until I said "yes" to setting this run. When I was here, I wanted to be there; when I was there, all I could think of was getting back into the jungle. I'm here planning a recce for a week now... waiting for the pack... getting softer. Every minute I stay in this city, I get weaker, and every minute a front runner masters my checks, he gets stronger. Each time I looked around the walls moved in a little tighter.

Here come those ill-disciplined rabble now. Better get the instructions down in writing for these dimwits. Ah..where is my trusty gyprock chalk. I will put it all down in simple symbols so there will be no debate from those whinging front runners.

God...look at those walkers...a man tries his best to maintain some standing at BH3 and look at the burden I have to carry. Had to set a girls' short walk for those Nancies. I only wish my dogs were German Shepherds so I could put them into action sorting out this lot.

"OK.. Brothers in Arms, our mission today is to complete this overland task on time. Instructions are perfectly clear here on the bitumen. Run that way ...walk that way and stay on trail as there will be rations along the way...ON ON"

**Front runner:** Our mission is to proceed up the Colmslie Creek in a barbed wire canoe. Pick up Colonel Boxa's path at East rail line, follow it and learn what you can along the way about his mission skills. This guy has high ambitions. There is a gap between hope and reality. Between the fantasy in his mind about 'run of the year', and the fact of the matter...running in shite.

**Runner 1:** Why would nice guys like us want to follow a trail set by this genius? Why? Because rumour is that he is crazy? The Colonel is not crazy. The man is clear in his mind, but his soul is mad.

**Runner 2:** When this is all over what are they going to say about him? What? Are they going to say he was a kind man? He was a wise man? He had plans? He had wisdom? Bullshit, man!

**Runner 3:** Hey, man, you don't talk to the Colonel. You listen to him. The man's enlarged my mind. He's a poet warrior in the classic sense. I mean sometimes he'll... uh... well, you'll say "hello" to him, right? And he'll just walk right by you. He won't even notice you. And suddenly he'll grab you, and he'll throw you in a corner, and he'll say, "Do you know that 'if' is the middle word in life? If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you, if you can trust yourself when all men doubt you"... I mean I'm... no, I can't... I'm a little man, I'm a little man, he's... he's a great man! I should have been a pair of ragged claws scuttling across floors of silent seas...

**Flim Flam Man:** This is the way the fucking world ends! Look at this fucking shit we're in, man! Not with a bang, but with a whimper. And with a whimper, I'm fucking splitting back to Subic, Jack.

**Walker 1:** I am going to the best place in the world, the drink stop and I can't seem to find it yet. Hours away from dinner and kilometres up a creek that snaked through the abattoir on a trail set like a main circuit cable plugged straight into Boxa's mind

**Walker 2:** "Someday this run's gonna end". That'd be just fine with the boys at the drink stop. They weren't looking for anything more than a way home.

**Circle:**

**Monk to SOTW Vaso (on ice):**

**Vaso:** What's the matter with you? You're acting kinda weird!

**Monk:** Doc., are you giving away your fuel for a Playmate of the Month in Mackay?

**Vaso:** No, Playmate of the Year, Chief!

**GM:** Well, you see, Boxa, this is hashing, things get confused out there. Power, ideals, the old morality, and practical military necessity. But out there with these natives, it must be a temptation to be God. Because there's a conflict in every human heart, between the rational and irration, between good and evil. And good does not always triumph. Sometimes, the dark side overcomes what Lincoln called the better angels of our nature. Colonel Boxa..you had high ideals for the pack but it is hard to soar with Eagles when you are surrounded by Turkeys.

Your troop looks like this:



**OnOn:**

**Hotel Chef (before food is ordered):** I hash been

**(before food is** can handle these fuckwits I have trained. They lined

us up in front of a hundred yards of prime rib. All of us, you know, lined up and looking at it. Magnificent meat! Really! Beautifully marbled... magnifique! Next thing, they're throwing the meat into these big cauldrons. All of it, boiling it. I looked inside, man, and it was turning gray. I couldn't fuckin' believe that one!

**Hotel Chef (after food is ordered):** You can have the whole goddamn fuckin' shit, man! You can kiss my ass in the county square cause I'm fuckin' buggin' out! I didn't come here for this! I don't fuckin' need it, I don't want it! I didn't get out of the goddamn Eighth grade for this kinda shit! All I wanted to do was fuckin' cook! I just wanted to learn to fuckin' cook, man!

**Colonel Boxa to Waitress:** Are you in charge of table 69?

**Waitress:** In charge? I don't know, man. I'm just doing what I'm told - I'm just a working girl.

**Run 8/10**

**Circle 6/10**

**Food 7/10**

**OnOn**

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