

Run Report – Boxer’s 69’er Run

Golden Buddha Restaurant – D’Arcy Road, Seven Hills

The Location

Boxa managed to ‘book end’ the year, with the first and last run for the new committee at the same venue. So this was a reprise run, with a novel twist – this time there was a bucket. We recall the miscommunication from the outgoing committee policy that the Hare would bring the bucket. Only problem was that the Hare wasn’t told. This resulted in Boxa taking on BrewMaster for this year and next year as a self-imposed penalty and the greater good of the Hash.

Around 35 stalwarts turned up to be greeted by the restaurant menu with a fine choice of food, and great expectations of another fine trail from the location. With an AWOL GM, Luftwaffe stepped up to the crease to get the ball rolling. From the Hare: ‘Follow chalk and pink ribbon’; the standard line for this suburb: ‘Blessed are the Easements!’; and, “Take care at the **Gate** near the **Small Sign Shelter**”.

The Walk/Run

Runners and Walkers set off into the setting sun, with the Walkers quickly diverting to the left up Appia Avenue and a quick loop across The Corso. The Runners got the benefit of a longer loop, into Bennetts Road Bushland, out onto the west end of D’ARcy Road and left to a steep first Heritage Trail easement from Majestic Outlook up to Palatine Hill Park and rejoining the Walkers Trail on Appia.

Across ‘The Corso’ for a quick right down yet another Heritage Trail easement and back onto Majestic Outlook. A short CB from a right arrow to send the Pack east 500 metres along Majestic to YET AGAIN another easement back up to a right on Oateson Skyline Drive. A few weaves through Caelian Street, right on Porteus and left on Uranus into the verge of the Seven Hills Bushland. The pink tape showed the way **EXACTLY 575 metres** to ‘**THE GATE AT THE SMALL SHELTER**’ described in the Hares briefing. And for those whingers claiming the distance was a lot more than the estimated 600 metres, **Google Map doesn’t lie**. Runners and Walkers parted way, with the Walkers taking the gate and a lovely path through a leafy gated estate. The Runners got **The HILL** as promised for 200 metres (felt like 400) up to the Fleetway Street entrance to the park, and a right-hand dirt track diversion to the top of Blackwood.

Back to the ‘burbs’ for the Runners Trail, down Blackwood - left, right, left and left into **Keralgerie Park** with playgrounds, bubblers and a dog park. Also, according to residents, a breeding ground for snakes and ticks. Out of the park, sadly without a snake or tick incident, down Pinedale and Lysander and across a bucolic walking bridge across Perrin Creek to rejoin the Walkers trail.

A lovely combined trail along ritzy Perrin Drive to leave the gated estate and Perrin Creek at Foxton Street and a left into the new estate on Tallowood past the new BCC community centre. Through the X, XX and XXX markers onto Clearview for a left on Agnew and a 200-metre saunter home.

The bucket was fully set up and lit up, the usual halt and lame already imbibing, as the first of the Runners and Walkers came in within a minute of each other, at 50 minutes. Another stunning trail achievement using Boxa’s rule of thumb of a 6 km Runners trail and a 4 km Walkers trail. Or as Optus chipped in, **his trail device read exactly 5.97 km**.

The Circle

A rousing circle convened by Luftwaffe, with a little nervousness that a few stragglers hadn't appeared yet. LAP and Multiple were usual suspects and their appearance cheered the pack. But the very delayed absence of XXXX was concerning, leading to a rescue team (Tinkerbell, Bugs, Craft) heading back along the In Trail. That was great as XXXX ran in along D'Arcy Road unassisted after a bit of a navigational encounter with the Park. So much for the heroic rescue down team who came back stuffed.

Whale took charge of a song fest with a parody of the first run bucket fuck up:

*'It's lonesome away, from your missus and all
by the Circle at night, where the wild Hashmen call.
But there's nothing so lonesome, so morbid or drear
than to stand at a Circle that ain't got no Beer.
Now the pack is all anxious, for the Esky to show.
There's a faraway look, with the boys feeling low.
The Monk's gone all cranky; the packs gripped with fear;
what a terr-i-ble place is a Hash with no Beer.
The later runners turn up, with a dry dusty throat.
They come to the Circle, a thirst like a goat,
but the smile on their face quickly turns to a sneer
when the GM says quite sadly, we ain't Got No Beer!'*

Boxa got the Shit of the Week, for do-gooder furniture lifting service in support of Cleo. 'Nuff said!

The Restaurant

A great deal for the restaurant; \$20 for a fine Thai meal and a beer or wine of choice. Fuck all wine left at the end of the night so that one glass of wine went a long way for some. Boxa played sheep herder for the orders with the lovely restaurant staff and finally all got their meal as ordered. The Hare picked up the cash and paid by card, as a loyal Westpac money laundering client.

RJ, our host and a PNG hashman himself, kept a few of the boys entertained at the outside tables. All in all, a great meal and quite a few of the Pack there well after 8.30 sharing the breeze and tail pipe views of QF527 on approach. A great suburb is Seven Hills; especially if you happen to be a plane spotter.

Wrap up

Probably Run of the Year, as was the first run here. But that award has doubtless gone to some undeserving choice because the AGPU follows in just one week and the deal is obviously already done.

Walkers Trail	Runners Trail	Circle	Grub
10/10	10/10	10/10	10/10