

14 Sept 2020

Run No. 2627 "Footy Fever Run"

Hares = **Radar & XXXX**

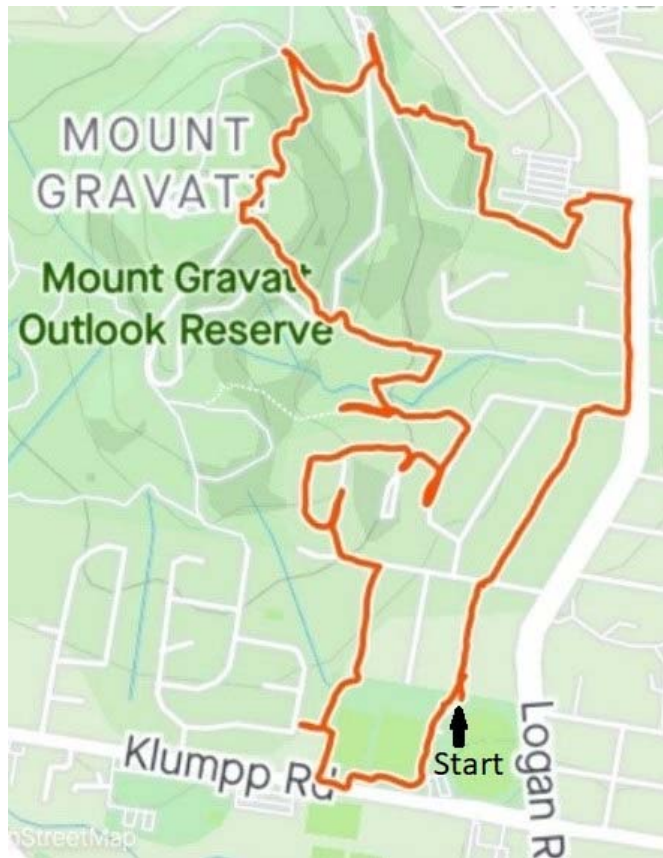
Venue = Southern Cross Sports Club (Mt Gravatt Aussie Rules Club), Klumpp Road, Mt Gravatt

Due to development happening across Brisvegas, our hash runs are often on bitumen and concrete paths; this was NOT one of those occasions. The Southern Cross Sports Club is nestled under the craggy peaks of Mount Gravatt's bush tracks. This was enough to scar **Vaseline** away for the night; **Radar's** reputation as hare is legendary. Or is that infamous? Personally, I was looking forward to a bush run in my Inov-8 Trailroc shoes.

With Aussie Rules Football finals a week away, it was **Radar's** "Footy Fever Run". The lads gathered in socially distanced groups of less than ten, scattered around the large car park, with lots of football conversations happening. Given the Brisbane Lions position at the top of the AFL ladder, it was disappointing that **F*Nut & Miles O'Toole** couldn't attend. **Scruffy** arrived in his Queensland Reds gear. Yours truly wore a Brisbane Broncos outfit, complete with wooden spoon around the neck. **JC** kindly suggested it was because I'm a 'Stirrer'? (Okay, Broncos are second last, but a win to Bulldogs this weekend would see them with the wooden spoon; either way, it's their worst season ever).



GM **Verbal Diarrhoea** called the hares (**Radar** and **XXXX**) forward around 6:15pm and the walkers were directed out the back of the carpark, heading west and up-hill through the trees. A couple (**Leach** and ?) headed straight to the bar.



The pack of nine runners were led by **Multiple Choice & LAP**, down the driveway to a right hand turn on the side of the playing fields along Klumpp Road. Then it was up-up-up-hill to re-join the walkers, via a series of lanes & check backs (was that a double arrow before a check-back, down the hill on Mt Gravatt Road, into Curfew Street?) and a crafty loop around Treacher Street that brought **LAP, Multiple Choice** and **Even Optus** to the front.

The entrance into the bush was off Granby Street, with **Scruffy, Craft, Peewee, Bugs, Inspector Rex** and **Tinkerbelle** taking turns out front. Part-way up the gravel trail, the walkers split off, traversing around the slope to the north. The runners continued up-hill. We re-grouped at the wooden look-out platform on the side of Mount Gravatt

Outlook Drive, to admire the view and watch the torches of the runners below, coming up the slope. Then **Scruffy & Craft** led up on up again, on a winding white-rock track, to another re-group on the side of the road, just below the summit. **LAP** complained that the trail didn't go all the way to the top of Mount Gravatt.



From the top of Mount Gravatt, we ran down a steep narrow trail that I've never seen before, before joining the Skinnychino Mt Gravatt route. A couple more check-backs to bring the pack together, before joining the walkers (still in the bush). I recall seeing **Tweetie, Luftwaffe, Dole Bludger, Irish Joke, Waste of Time, Pushup** and **JC**, just before a re-group in the carpark of Hillsong, off Rover Street. Then we headed back to the Sports Club.

Back at the venue, we met **Royal Screw**, who'd arrived late and failed to follow the trail (God knows how; it was well marked with huge arrows, as shown above). **Radar** was directing traffic to a private room at the back of the venue. The hashmen were trying to argue with staff that the 11 meals advertised for \$11 meant that if 11 people ordered together, they should only pay \$1 each for their meals. Good luck with that one, you bunch of tight-@rses! I'm told **Layup** was the first to order his meal, but last to eat, as **Meat Lovers** ordered the same and was more quickerer to raise his hand when the food was bought out. You snooze, you lose!

Run 9 / 10 (Top run, no-hills walk, no-one lost)

Circle (None due to Covid19)

Food 8/10 (Sorry, I didn't eat. The beer went down well, and the menu looked good)

On on

Tinkerbell

**I see people around my
age mountain climbing
- meanwhile, I feel
good getting my leg
through my underwear
without losing my
balance**