

Run 2693

Tweety and Divot shared a birthday somewhere in these past few days, collectively trying to put behind them a combined 135 years of disappointment at their birthday coinciding with Christmas, watching siblings born in the middle half of the year enjoy their day, and rubbing it in. And, even at their birthday run, the gift giving was in reverse, the hares shouting the pack.

Disclaimer, I didn't partake in either the run or walk, but was alphabetically selected for the run report by the GM. A pack of 20 odd refugees from family functions collected under the Story Bridge to consider the run options available, either that way, that way or that way. There was a trail for the runners, but the walkers were told to head upstream on the shared path for 25 minutes and then simply return. There were probably only two runners, the Inspector and Bugs; Bugs later reported that the trail crossed the river and returned, for more detail see Bugs. On the Kangaroo Point cliffs board walk the walkers found themselves in the crossfire from runners, dog walkers, families, lycra types and the new competitor, scooters. A bunch of old codgers in colourful shirts just can't compete.

Snappy Tom chose not to join the walkers on the basis of his general decrepitude, no argument valid. Local resident Meteor phoned Divot to inquire where Captain Burke park was found! So much for local knowledge Meteor!

The circle convened near a bbq, GM Fingers and Monk Divot presiding. A few jokes about lawyers flew around, the best one being why the shark didn't attack the lawyer swimming alone in the ocean; professional courtesy. It explains why Little Arseplay and I were able to set all those canal runs at Broadbeach for 15 odd years and never be targeted by a bull shark. The sharks had plenty of time, after all LAP thrashed his way across the canals on a half inflated lilo while I side kicked with one hand out of the water holding the flour, chalk and paper. The pack had safety in numbers, no bull shark brave enough to take the pack on, but the hares were a different matter. I'd wondered about that until now; turns out it was just professional courtesy. Coincidentally I was able to provide the pack with an amusing video of Little Arseplay singing along with a 12 month old grandchild in his arms, one of nine grandchildren, all at physical risk. You may recall that a few months ago LAP missed a bottom step and was going down hard, but fortunately had a child in his arms and was thus able to cushion his fall. Also LAP's unconscionable womanising simply can't be put aside. So it was really a combination of all these factors that resulted in a no contest election for SOTW of LAP, picture provided.



Historian Divot advised that the Story bridge was built on the site of a shipyard, the owner of which was Captain Burke. As the circle was overshadowed by the southern pier, there was various commentary about the height and the bridge climb. Question, what does the Brooklyn Bridge and the Story Bridge have in common? Quoting Wikipedia *The primary challenge in constructing the bridge was the southern foundations that went 40 metres (130 ft) below ground level. It was not possible to excavate to that level as water from the level would rapidly seep in. So a pneumatic [caisson](#) technique had to be used. As men were working under pressures of up to 4 times normal air pressure, a decompression period of almost 2 hours was needed at the end of each shift to avoid the [bends](#). An on-site air lock hospital successfully treated the 65 cases of the bends that occurred.*



As it was a birthday run the hares put on the beer and the pizzas, picture provided. Tweety appeared with the pizzas neatly packaged in coolite boxes to keep them fresh, and those pizzas were great, would have been very nice accompanied by a shiraz. This suggestion was negatively received by the hares, but the question I'm sure will be revisited at next year's combined 137th birthday run, looking forward to it. Boxa most reliably had the hash beer in hand, and as usual the empty can collection was carefully undertaken. I can see the bloke at the reclaim centre, dealing with charities, scout drives, people from struggle street and Boxa in the Discovery. "What's your charity mate?", undertone answer "mumble mumble".

Fine effort Hares, scenic trails, great onon site, generous catering, a worthy contender.

Pushup