

## **Run 2148 Anzac Day**

**Location :** Hellfire Pass

**Co-ordinates :** 14.3605 deg N 98.9452 deg E

**Captain Tinkerbell** was showing the strain. After weeks of recces and tunneling he had found a way out of life's concentration camp. A chance to also get his men to freedom and food before they all fell like flies. His time in incarceration had left his English sadly wanting but with his men gathered around him he still struggled to give directions. With promises of Me Kong whisky and 'cock' for the survivors, his men knew he had spent too much time in the company of soldiers.

The Captain divided the group into those fit enough to lead the way (seven souls) and those twelve plus emaciated shrunken stragglers who could barely walk. Popular among that group was **Major Boxa** and **Corporal Radar**. They carried the only supply of fresh meat in the form of pet mongrels. Others kept a weary eye on the more ample frames of **Flying Officer Jackoff** and **General Monty** in case they fell in the effort. Any protein is good protein.

**Sergeant Mu** knew this was his last chance to impress and led the point. Up deserted alleys of the village he silently moved his group where he found **Capt. Tinkerbell's** tunnel under the Death Railway. All commented on the engineering skills of the Captain. The trail was clearly marked but petered out at regular intervals. This slowed the lead soldier down but his mate was always ready to assist in the search for the true trail. One recently recruited soldier nick-named **Anzac** fell back with the stragglers leaving a valiant set of six to find the trail. All good men, **Batman JC** took turns with **Private Royal Screw** and **Sgt. Mu** to lead the team. **Midshipman Bugs** and **'Second Time'**, a veteran of the Korean troubles, were masters of overcoming adversity, travelling by the stars they knew that freedom and the Thai night life was out there waiting for them. The terrain started to get tedious with over grown jungle when the men realized that they had entered the dreaded Hellfire Pass. This rocky ravine smelled like it had been built on the blood and sweat of their fellow prisoners of conscience. Grey stone walls towered either side and foetid water flowed at their feet. On the steadfast six pushed aiding each other over the slimy rocks and through the giant bamboo that bedecked the banks. At last, an exit from the Pass to a large river named Brisbane. Would this muddy water flow to freedom?

Stealthily the six slid past the dimly lit village houses alerting each other to the oncoming traffic until they arrived at a large road monikered Moggill. The group were tiring but fearing for their safety dared not enter such a public

place. Keeping to the dark lane beside the highway not even a lone bicyclist noted their passage. The Captain had promised a regroup somewhere in this area and true to his word he was waiting with much needed refreshments. He congratulated the escapees on their successful venture as they drank their first taste of alcohol in recent memory. He pointed in the direction of the night lights.

Only one kilometre past the town of shopping the free men met their fellow escapees. Gathering around modern conveniences such as eskys and ice the men retold their stories of life before and after the escape. **Major Snappy Tom** addressed the gathered group. He announced that Thai food was waiting but that a small issue of housekeeping needed to be settled. **Corporal Radar** was admonished for not wanting to share his mut with those men in need and locking it away.

### **OnOn**

Thai night waitress attended the survivors every wish and the steamed rice flowed. **Sergeant Mu** was rewarded with a pat of the lil' bird because his name meant pig in Thai language...and pig is good.

**Capt. Tinkerbelle** had masterminded another breakout.

Trail 8/10

Food 8/10

Singa Beer 10/10

OnOn

Very **Private XXXX** (1<sup>st</sup> Class)