

Report - Run # 2247

11/3/13 - Royal Mail Tingalpa - Hares Tinker Belle and Chips

When will the council fund a tunnel from Toowong to East Brisbane? The current surface route, the only option, seems to include all the traffic hotspots unrelieved by the current tunnels. They definitely missed out on this potential tolling goldmine, for the \$4 fare I would have been in front by 30 minutes, and the time of a hashman is worth more than that. It's all very well for Dolebludger to arrive relaxed at the run venue after a few minutes drive, the balance of the western domiciled pack had to fight their way across town, but hang on, that also includes the hare Tinker! How does that work?

In the absence of GM Divot, VD greeted the pack and Tinker offered the usual lies about the forthcoming delights of the run, including the news that shredded paper marked the trail. The run report role was distributed to the incumbent courtesy of lack of attention, together with paper and red colouring-in pencil. What's amazing about the Tingalpa region is that it lies beneath the water table. From the first step away from the hotel car park one's feet were in soft stuff, the running pack being quite pedantic in avoiding the muddier bits. The trail picked up the fence line around a huge leash free area, more for duck owners than dog owners, which resulted in a huge and clever loop that allowed Irish Joke to catch the pack after his late arrival. The trail continued endlessly through waterlogged paddocks sprinkled with clumps of shredded paper. One could only feel for the poor bastards trying to mow their lawns around here. Somebody needs to read the Tingalpa Times this week and look for the letters to the editor complaining about shredded paper in their swamp.

Those clouds of mozzies seemed to end up in ones lungs, and without recall of breathing any back out again. In due course fence line #2 built on the edge of, a swamp, what else, was traversed leading to the drain under the M1, been here before. An unofficial RG over the highway brought the pack of about 15 in, but we found the official RG some 300 metres further, followed by a CB and a turn right into the mud and knee deep water. Verbal avoided this water by going to water, and was not seen again. What followed was an ankle deep circuit of the Minippi wetland avoiding any clues as to direction or location. Back on fenceline #3 this time on the other side of the M1, passage under permitted by what else, a flooded tunnel, and the pack was counted in at 13 at the RG. The run in was a pearler, if you like pearls. Basically a grind back to the pub with wet feet and to be greeted as usual by a happy and dry shod bunch of walkers and drinkers.

Where did the walkers go? Does anyone really know what time of day it is? I think it was 7.25. If anyone really cared about where the walkers went they would also have been issued with a red pencil. A brief circle, but wow, that Fucknut does a great monk job, let's hope he's there every week. Luftwaffe's guest performance recalled an earlier time when Multiple visited the ice weekly for a year, but Multiple really earned Sophie's award this week for his out-of-control night on the town the previous Friday after the Broncos. Let's hope we're invited back to the Backpackers bar!

But will we be welcome back at the Royal Mail? Maybe not, since Fucknut returned his meal to the kitchen and Snappy lost his receipt.

Great run hares, despite everything!

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