

Run Report - the Backpackers Run, Roma St Brisbane - 13/1/2014

Those Swedish backpackers bring them from everywhere. The pack crowded the footpath, spilling on to Roma St, distracting passing vehicles, forcing Japanese backpackers out into the traffic, ogling the girls and generally being as bad an advertisement for the premises as possible. Hare Irish Joke and co-hares are onto a winner with this run in every sense but for the ever disappearing parking options. Quill followed a blue krautwagon up to Roma St, but whereas I had noted from the trash that parking was available in the now closed Shell station (the old Barnes Auto garage) the Tub drove straight past and found a park well down the hill past the YMCA, but he probably needs to park on a hill.

After Mine Host greeted the pack and introduced the evenings hostesses, the pack responded with the "They're all right" song, and I don't recall seeing those Swedes again. Finally, the welcome from the new GM ringing in ones ears, the pack split and I followed the runners through the closed car park door. So, it was down the back, false trail to the left, no, right, and then down the hill to Coro Drive, a hairy crossing of Hale St against the lights, then through the underpass to the bikeway. It was a bikeway in more ways than one, with all the inner west spectaculars out for their new year resolutions to be not like their mothers, and put in some jogging. As much as those resolutions will fail, it at least offers purpose to the wandering eye.

The trail exited the bikeway via the Drift underpass (how much money lost there) and into Lang Parade, pack of 17 at the RG. Something went astray at this point and quill ended up with Multiple taking the underpass under the railway line whereby the pack took the next street that didn't but continued down to Milton Station and crossed the line there, finally ending up in the Suncorp grounds. Full marks to Multiple who cunningly caused us to catch the pack down at the back of the Ithaca pool and then across the Hale St overpass, where the pack expressed no faith in the engineering of the bridge and preferred a RG option on the other side, rather than the intended middle. Then it was a crawl up to Petrie Terrace and the big decision, to follow the trail through the Barracks, or shortcut back to the Backpackers. Apologies to the pack, I can only report on the latter.

The on on back at the closed petrol station was a suitable venue. Arseplay, monk for 2014, was quickly into the accusations, Radar being slotted for the couple of hundreds FB posts that polluted his "friends" pages, when his phone was commissioned to report his location to the FB world every two minutes on some otherwise uneventful bike ride. Catgut went down for some fishy story, Snap with the broken arm that brought joy to so many, Vaso for his preference for McDonalds after the Canal Run and Optus for an attempt on Leech's life. Spermwhale recounted details of all the 4000 mums who ostensibly brought their little sweethearts to meet Santa but who really presented themselves for a breast examination by the man in red. Interestingly his employer counted them. During the week Craft also reported that he came across the long missing Moults from the 70s, who accosted him in a gym. Craft must have written it down. We'll see if we can get Moults along to a run or a lunch.

Then it was up to the Backpackers Bar for fairly brief beers, no light or gold on tap, so early departure for most. Shame about that, because it's one of the best bars in Brisbane. Well done hares, reasonable run in a predictable area, great venue, welcoming hosts funny circle, it's enough, 8 points.

Pushup