

COVID LXVI – The Spooning Run

With diminished numbers and an expectation of four it was good to see that Marathon Man was waiting at the On early as usual. With the advent of school holidays, the Walking Dead AGPU providing an attraction of a Surfers pub crawl and other members cleaning out their sock drawers the small pack was buoyed by Baah Sinister pulling up at 6:27 just in time for the departure.

Y2ky Jelly instructed the runners of what lay in front of them. "It's a runner's run, and it's a thinking runner's run". Set on flour and chad the trail would see the pack loop around the Great Coombabah Swamp. At 6:30 we were off, Good Head and Lamby opting to walk and observe the wildlife at a more moderate pace, the runners after contemplating the gate, Safe Sex wondering if she'd get out if it closed, trotted off. Due to results of inclement weather the start of the run was re-routed last we be wading through waste deep black mud before the first check.

The pack of four including the Hare commenced checking. The Hare after an eternity finally hinted at the direction and called the pack through and along the boardwalk. Sharp eyes from Safe Sex picked up trail and avoiding an on-back, off the boardwalk for a detour only to get back on the boardwalk. On to another check, the looping trail skirted the boundary fence.

A couple of cunning on-backs confounded the pack in the dark, but trail was easily picked up and on the pack ran into the depths of the Swamp's interior. Slipping off the pathway into the scrub the runners we confronted with a deep wide channel. The Hare, on the other side cajoled but they weren't to be fooled, taking the ten-meter detour circumventing the channel. Although, not disappointed the trap didn't quite work, Y2k pondered if Safe Sex would deliberately get 'mudded up' for the trip home in his car! (That's the sort of bastard stunt Y2ky Jelly would pull given the chance!).

Back around the outer path, where the pace picked up startling kangaroos. Another couple of timely placed On-backs and a check that split the pack. Trail was found but Baah Sinister was a long way back. He eventually caught the runners at the following check. Trail pressed on further North through the sylvan tunnel twisting and turning over a rocky section to another check. Baah Sinister again picked the wrong direction "*The Force be piss-weak in this one, Obi-Wan*". It will be a miracle if we get around Baah's run next week. Marathon Man went on with it only to run down a 400m on-back, meanwhile Baah caught up and went looking for trail in all the wrong places! Again!!

A relatively straight forward turn for home punctuated with a couple more checks allowed the pack to settle into a good even pace for a couple of kms on the smooth tracks. Safe Sex, The Thinking Runner, wise to the whiles of the Hare started to check the park signage for the most obvious way homeward. Lulled into a false state of security she checked off in what she thought was the way home, Marathon Man followed Baah into the scrub. Why would anyone follow Baah, he couldn't pick his nose let alone trail? Eventually, after the Hare had slipped away in the darkness they realized they weren't on trail, regrouped and scampered after the Hare and trail.

A simple one km On Home along the road was all that was left.

Returning to the On, the Walkers were well and truly availing themselves of the post run drink stop. After a post run Boags we adjourned to Good Heads for the Circle and On Afters. Fuck Beer Down Downs in pint glasses were doled out in the circle for any miscreants. With reduced

numbers most had several. Quite undeservedly the Hare got more than a fair share. In judgement of the run scoring was as follows; -

- Quality of Trail – With the stamper couldn't be better 10/10
- Keeping the pack together 10/10
- Distance – 7.3km 8/10

- Virgin Territory - Some new and some reused 5/10
- Off Road Aspect – Bush 5/10
 - (although only 11% was on road)
- Rat Cunting – those too stupid to know what it is! 3/10
- Cleverness – It was cleverer than the marks reflect 4/20
 - The Sergeant was outwitted constantly!
- Quality of drink stop – 0/20
 - Even a quality Boags Drink Stop at the end apparently doesn't count?

Total score 45, way too low for a run of that quality! Especially when the Arse Nic Fuckworth-Lewis accounting system was used to add up the score.

More beers were consumed as we were treated to Green Curry and Chilli Pork Stir Fry followed by Swiss Roll and Pumpkin in Coconut for dessert. Excellent food and 8 More Beers!

ON ON to next week