

# Happenings at Sungei Gapi

**Date:** 7 Sept 2015

**Run No:** 3745

**Runsite:** Sungei Gapi

**Hare:** Chris Boyd

**Co-Hare:** On Sec; John Dodgson

**Guests:** None

**Runners:** about 80-90

**FROPS:** Sotong at 7.15 and then Ah Kah, Monkey, Ah Meng and the usual crowd

**Distance:** 12.5km; **Checks:** 7 (fairly easy ones)

## The Run

This was the most excellentest run in Mother Hash history except for the one on the 28 July 2014. Well, what do you expect when the co-Hare is the scribe. I was hoping for a scribe to come in as I'm genuinely interested to see how the pack got on with the checks. Such is life.

The trail was fairly easy and even those old farts who know the area quite well admitted that there was new terrain. The Hare, Chris Boyd, who joined in 1974 and has paid full subs ever since, took out his GPS on the recce and it was, in fact, a 1974 GPS device – called a compass. Who uses a compass anymore? But it worked and didn't require any batteries: can't be that bad. The recce went well and a lot of fun was had - sometimes I think the recce is as almost as much fun and exercise as the run itself.

The first check was an easy one into the palm and up on the left. It was broken further up to the left and down, skirting the farms to the left. Nice shaded trails that hugged the newly developed farmland.

The second check was at a junction, well, it could have been, but I'm on my third glass of wine so it might not have been.

Fourth glass of wine. Now I remember! It was a circular; not that long but hopefully enough to catch the pack and allow the middle runners to catch up. And what a wonderful check it was.

Then there was the third check. I do remember it had a false trail as we were all still fresh at that stage, and I was delegated to set it. After which we added a loop to the original path as we were concerned that as it was a runner's run, the pack would come out too early and the On Sec would have to fine the run. Then we meandered through palm and up a hill into a bit of jungle then left into orchard. Alas there was nothing within arm's reach so we knew the pack would still keep on running – if only there had been rambutan: that would add at least 15 minutes to the run.

We dropped down into a valley and went left across a small natural bridge and saw rubber to our right. Well, we thought, it would be a crime if we didn't. So we went for the holy trinity of palm, jungle and rubber, and went up a steepish hill where the Hare laid a check/an unmentionable/a chicken/a goat/ with at least three bits of paper at the top. After a little chat with Chris, he informed us that in the days, the checks were never joined “so why do I need to leave paper”.

We dragged Chris passed the goats who looked despondent – both the goats and Chris. And we went along the jungle trail I had written about earlier but only now existed. Was that my fifth glass? It's my birthday and I shouldn't have to be ~~writing righting~~-writing this. Anyway, hic, we dropped down into more palm and good running trails, but we were knackered, so we rested a bit, only to be woken by a screeching wild thing – we're old and we needed a nap, ok! Ex-On Sec John immediately recognized the wildling: it was either from Game of Thrones or Fico. We agreed Fico.

Time to get a move on. We went down to the stream where we had previously seen the laziest cobra in the world. We had to step over it as it moved so slowly away. Then set the trail the other side. Ha, that would sort the bastards out. But no, the cries were getting closer. We set another check; I can't remember where as right now opening a new bottle is more important.

At the last check, at a five-way split, we dropped the paper (literally) but had lost the Hare. He'd either gone back for the goats or had gone ahead for a pony and trap. Further down the road we found him looking satiated.... and a rather sad looking chicken walking funny. And we made it back just before the Squid, who came in at 7.15pm. How the hell do they run that fast? It's not natural.

## **The Circle**

As the runners came out, with Sotong at the head of the pack at 7.15, the Hare, Chris Boyd, who rarely runs with us, was flabbergasted how the pack could cover 12.5km in such a short period of time. The clouds were ominous and the air incredibly still and pregnant with the portent of rain. So a decision had to be made quickly. And the Guinness bar was opened at about 7.50pm.

If it was going to pour down which is what it looked like then we would have the circle at the restaurant. But it just wasn't there yet, so to the delight of Ramli going home early, we had an early and short circle. The Butler was a very willing Chew LC and a small pack gathered. Many of the hashers thought the rain too much for their delicate constitution and had already left for the restaurant (wimps).

As the Hare and the Co-Hares were called up, the rain started to get a little heavier and the pack looked restless and dejected. The pack declared it a Good Run and the Hare in his generosity allowed John Dodgson to drink from the Piss Pan to a good song. On Sec then stated the rest of the circle would be at the restaurant and everyone disappeared in a hurry.

The restaurant was 218 just outside Serendah where another short circle was called. Spindle Tan was looking very pleased with himself and must've thought that there would be no Bomoh that evening. However, On Sec called him to the box to perform his duties, which caused a shocked expression worth a million. Poh Choi was the new volunteered Butler as Spindle Tan came up to the box. At first he declared that he was going to set a monster run next week as the On Sec would be on holiday; however, On Sec has postponed this holiday just to attend Spindle's run. Another look of shock! But then he did a quick recovery and set into his charges. On Cash Russell also got up with a charge, as did Billy No-Hair Igor.

By this time the pack was baying for food. Seven dishes were served including home-made tofu, house special Tong Poh Yuk, wild boar curry, a house special green fern salad, Mantis Prawns, Tilapia – Nonya style - and sweet potato leaf. At the end, the Hare was called up to explain the price and generously made it FOC. The Terrimakseh song was sung in appreciation. Following this, Russell launched into the Swing Low Hashnal Anthem which was a perfect end to a great evening. Thanks Chris for your generosity and an excellent evening.