

**AS IT WAS ON RUN 3850
KAJANG BANDAR TECH.
(28/8/2017)
HARE : PETERPAN FONG
PHOTOS BY: KANA
SCRIBE BY: ERIK BLOKHUIS**

Run: 3850 (Merdeka Day Run)

Date: 28th Aug. 2017

Hare: Eric FONG (PeterPan)

Run site: Bandar Teknologi Kajang

Scribe: Erik Blokhuis

Distance: 15km (approx. 2km shorter without the last circular check) with over 420m of climb.

Checks: ???

FROP: 1:35hr (1st Baby Monkey, followed closely by Tauhu So & Ah Kar)

Run Report:

On the way to the run in Ninja's car I was wondering what today's hares Peter Pan & Co had in store for us, as I had seen on a satellite map that the run site was located in an urbanised area with not too many green spots around it. However, as today's run was a gazetted run, the annual Merdeka Day run, I expected a good run and festive evening nonetheless.

Upon entering the Bandar Teknologi Kajang commercial area looking for a parking lot, we were welcomed by a few RELA guys probably contracted by the hares to act as traffic wardens rather than of performing their usual main duty of checking the travelling documents and immigration permits of foreigners in Malaysian cities. I guess some of us were lucky today.... The RELA guys guided all the exited hashers in an orderly fashion into the allocated parking lots with an efficiency that was actually quite refreshing compared to the usual somewhat fuzzy logic on-site parking ritual. Maybe we should consider dressing our OnSec and/or President in a yellow traffic warden vest on the future runs...!

There was a lot of pre-run excitement in the air today judging by the number Malaysia flag waving hashers either taking selfies with some buddies or being photographed by the usual suspects for our Mother Hash records.

At 6pm sharp OnSec made his move by running off, followed on his heels by our esteemed President who carried the Malaysia flag very much like a flag-bearer for Southeast Asian Games' national hash team.

The paper trail led us along the local shops on Jalan Bandar Teknologi, heading north-east towards the crossing with the main road Jalan Semenyih. Again, we were welcomed by the familiar faces of the auxiliary traffic wardens who blocked all traffic, providing us a safe passage across Jalan Semenyih into the palm oil estate on the other side of the road. By the looks of it, we left behind quite a few bewildered locals wondering what the hell was going on today....

Across Jalan Semenyih, we went sharp right up on a slight slope passing a water tank. After a few of hundred meters, the trail made a sharp turn to the left and led us north towards the high voltage power lines. With a fairly easy going we followed paper on a service road through the palm estate, went left under the power lines, shortly followed them before turning right, back into the palm estate, heading north again towards the LEKAS Highway. The trail led us through a small creek and further up north closer to the LEKAS highway.

As I heard some shouting ahead, and given the layout of the area, I suspected we would cross the highway by tunnel or drain. So, I ran along parallel to the LEKAS highway up the terraces of the palm estate and meanwhile kept hearing Ah Kar's voice. Unfortunately, I couldn't see him as the floor was covered with ferns taller than Ah Kar. Luckily Ah Kar had paid attention last week when contract bomoh Billynohair explained the various meanings of the use of hands. So luckily, he started waving his hands above the ferns and I found him again. After another 100 meters or so we found a path that led us down towards the tunnel that would bring us to the other side of the highway. My GPS watch indicated I had covered 2.42km when we entered the tunnel.

After the tunnel, the paper led us on a wide gravel road, heading to a kampung area, which we followed for just a few hundred meters before turning sharp left off-road. After crossing another creek, we found ourselves at the back of a concrete factory which we quickly passed following a gravel road leading us gradually uphill and back into a palm estate. We had then covered 3km.

Shortly after, the paper led us from the palm estate up on a short climb into the adjacent rubber estate on the right-hand side. After going up another short but steeper climb into the rubber estate, I found myself accompanied by Ah Kar and Monkey as well as our esteemed guests Allesandro "Sherpa" (Penang), Railroad R....m (USA) and Mike Rickard's son (UK). We seemed to be quite in the front of the pack and hit a check which triggered all of us to spur of in different uphill directions looking for paper, guessing it would be a forward check further up the hill. Alas, it turned out that we went looking too far and in the wrong direction and as such didn't hear the OnCall from the pack behind us. Eventually we decided to turn back downhill back to the check and found the connecting paper which led us back on track through the palm estate in east direction until we hit a small tarmac road and exited the palm estate.

Crossing the road brought us into a flat and open field at the backside of another cement factory where Ah Kar and I caught up the walkers at the back of the pack. From here the trail continued east for half a kilometre or so on a gravel and dirt road, passing by a brick factory and finally leading us to an excavator site. From there we turned north and followed the dirt road for another half a kilometre before turning

west and going up-hill. A bit further we found ourselves in back in the shiggy again and basically making a 1.5 km clockwise loop up and then down in a rubber estate coming out again quite close to the in-trail of said loop.

From there it went left on a gradual but long climb to the east again into a quarry where after about 0.8km the trail changed course to the south following the service road along the quarry pit for another 0.8km until we reached the highest point of this run at approx. 219mtrs altitude. My GPS watch indicated I had covered 7.5km. Since running uphill is not my strong suit, I decided to just walk my way up and therefore had to let go of Ah Kar. As I saw him disappear in the distance in front of me. During this long gradual climb the hares treated us with sweeping panoramic views of the quarry pit. Reaching higher grounds, the excavators down started to look like dinky toys. Quite a change of scenery compared to our usual yongle runs.

At this point I began to wonder whether today's hares were personally vested in the cement, bricks and quarry business given the number of sites we had seen today. Or did they just want to give us some food for thought on this Merdeka Day run whilst making our way up in the quarry? One could interpret the views in the quarry as "this is what progress looks like" or rather the opposite "this is what destruction looks like". Anyway, something one has to decide for themselves. Or maybe the hares just wanted us to get a really dry mouth from all the dust in the quarry to motivate us to get back home asap for a cold beer, more like a "carrot and stick" approach as they had planned 15 km for us today. The latter worked for me, I felt myself craving for a cold beer from here onwards and wanted to make it home asap.

When we reached to highest point in the quarry at approx. 219mtrs, the trail led us down a very steep slope where myself and two fellow hash men skidded our way down like we were skiing in the Alps. Down the slope, the paper trail went sharp right on a service road in south-west direction and leading us gradually downhill. On a side note, after the run I learned that there had been a circular check where Monkey led the front runners, including our guests Sherpa and Railroad R....m, on an approximate 1.5–2km circular loop. Luckily for most of us the check was already broken as this circular loop added up for them to the 15km run the hares planned, which caused them to be back home only after 8pm. Upon his return, I witnessed our guest Railroad R....m from USA coming back with his eyeballs rolling and searching for water like a lost soul in the Sahara dessert. He told me later that he went in without any water, expecting a drink stop halfway the run like they do in his USA home hash.

Sorry bro, this is Mother Hash, different game.... And one should always be prepared... Back to the service road lead us gradually down in south-west direction. We were passing by another stone crusher plant, heading back towards the LEKAS highway again with the run site being on the other side of the highway. As the paper trail led us along the safety barrier of the highway, it was around 7:30pm and getting dark, the blinding headlights of the approaching cars made me feel less comfortable to run so as I couldn't see any potential holes etc. Hence, I just walked along and followed the paper trail going down a very slippery rain gutter. Yours truly slipped and made a hard landing on the ass, luckily not of the back of the head.

Anyway, as I picked up myself I went further down the rain gutter until it ended in a low lying dry reservoir of some sorts. There the paper trail stopped. Myself and 3 fellow hash men tried to find where it would pick up again. We expected there had been a check but no connecting paper was found. On our left-hand side, there was a 1.5mtr diameter drain pipe which we suspected to lead all the way underneath the highway to the other side, where we needed to go in order to get back home. So, with our headlights on, we went in for 50 meters or so but as we didn't find any paper we turned back. Luckily shortly after, we found paper half way up the opposite rain gutter from where we had come down. Following paper, we hit the same gravel road we had used on the in-trail coming from the tunnel.

From here on I ran, thirsty for beer, the rest of the home trail which was in the reverse direction and leading me to the same tunnel crossing underneath the LEKAS highway back towards the Bandar Teknologi estate. After exiting the tunnel, my GPS watch indicated I had covered 10.3km. I ran the paper trail back home in south-west direction, towards Jalan Semenyih, where I caught up with a handful of other hash men at the Jalan Semenyih crossing, all in orderly fashion waiting for the familiar RELA chap to signal we could cross safely.

For some reason, after crossing Jalan Semenyih, the others decided not to follow the paper straight forward, but turned left to follow Jalan Semenyih back to pick up the in-trail and somewhat shortcut home. As I wanted to complete the run on paper, I found myself alone running on the tarmac on the outskirts of the Bandar Teknologi area towards the well-deserved cold beer.

The last hundred meters or so of the home trail led me along a Pasar Malam. As you can imagine, I left behind quite a few bewildered locals staring at me wondering why this half-naked (no worries, upper half only), red faced and sweaty Orang Puteh was running past them....

As I grabbed a cold beer, enjoyed the first sip I looked around. My eyes caught Russel "Crusty Nuts" and "Excellent Choice" at a table inside the restaurant. Both with a self-satisfied smile on their face as they had found themselves surrounded with a handful of clearly excited and young UM's.

Supposedly they were there to help them complete the extraordinary task of handing out Merdeka Day freebie Hash shorts. Yeah sure, like they needed help with that. No doubt they would get an on-down for that....!

After washing of at the public mandi of the restaurant, the plentiful available cold beers and tasty food went down very well...! Thank you hare and co-hares for a great Merdeka Day run! OnOn to next week's run!

Circle:

During the Circle, besides the usual rituals, Playboy Choo took the stage to explain and introduce to us the renewed Mother 80 Organising Committee. It's a big task to organise such a high-profile event and there is a lot at stake. So, after the complete O.C. spoke out loud their pledge, Playboy Choo made an appeal to all of us Mother Hash members to support the O.C. in organising a successful 80th Mother

Hash Anniversary.

THANK YOU ERIK BLOKHUIS