

SEMENYIH CHICKEN FARM RUN

It is tradition that the previous week's Hare scribes the following week's run. Last week Arthur Hoi was thanked for his scribing efforts, even though he was not at the run. To get Arthur's name in the newsletter it should have said "scribed by Playboy Choo who is a good friend to Arthur Hoi".

Which brings me to this week and wondering why OnSec asked the 4.30 crowd to scribe this week's run?

It was a stinking hot day and while a great run site behind the chicken farm it is very open. The 4.30 crowd therefore kitted up and left the run site as soon as each was ready. Everyone was on the trail by 4.15.

From the run site we had been looking up at Broga Hill being decimated by bulldozer tracks as the rubber plantation was being replanted and extended, all the time wondering which way the mastermind Peter Cushion would take us this time. Hopefully not up that hill in the heat. We followed paper east towards Broga town and the first check near the market gardens was quickly broken forwards.

Paper continued east along the edge of the hill to the Indian Temple above the rabbit farm. Your scribe headed down the track towards the road in the vain hope the hare would take us into the low lying palm oil on the other side of the road. This was not to be and we still continued forward but with no climbing until we hit the back of Broga town. We skirted the town between market gardens and then came the hill.

A relentless climb up Broga Hill. The rubber plantation here is an attractive one with massive boulders strewn along the hillside.

Half way up the third check was back and up, following the main path through the estate.

The lung wrenching thigh burning climb continued. Just as the path levelled off near the top paper branched off right up the terraces to continue the climb. A check here could not be broken by the 4.30 crowd who dropped down back to the main path knowing it was heading in the right direction. How many of the main pack short cut along here? We followed the path and found paper once again behind the peak of Broga Hill. The hare said there were 5 checks so we must have missed one out.

The paper lead us along steep slopes through secondary jungle around the hill. Your scribe went off paper to climb one of the secondary tops and admire the view and the sunset. Back on paper there was an unpleasant drop down the hill in the secondary jungle with the dust dry ground not giving much grip.

We then hit the bulldozed tracks we had seen from the run site passing through the logged rubber where specialist Indonesians, capable of keeping fires smoldering for months, were burning the stumps. It was here we met the large contingent of Walking Hashers who were reversing in (and up) to meet the pack.

In clouds of dust we headed back to the run site. A smaller group of runners than usual but they reportedly drank the beer allocation at a good clip. Was it the heat or the dust to blame? Who needs an excuse!
Thanks to the Hare for a good run.

Many thanks to John Dodgson

