

# Bopping in Bauple

- 9:00am Arrive at Hash House. Observe many trees and patches of scrub. Worry about implications.
- 9:10am Collect map. It's flat. No discernable features. More worry about implications.
- 9:20am Ambushed by hordes of friendly neighbourhood mosquitoes. Get to know each other well over the next 24 hours.
- 9:30am Notice that only two areas of the map are marked "Unpleasant Scunge". Draw the logical conclusion that remainder of map is "Pleasant Scunge".
- 9:45am Try (and fail) to convince Tony that we should aim low and budget 3km/hour so that we can feel good about beating our plan.
- 10:00am Spirits are buoyed by Richard Robinson's suggestion that the scunge may be better than at Something About Mary. Fingers crossed.
- 10:15am Set a course of 42km (4km/hour during the day, 3km/hour at night). Already looking for which controls to leave out.
- 10:30am Eat a chocolate bar. Really should have packed a proper lunch.
- 10:45am Consume one bottle of powerade. Ready to go.
- 11:00am Event start. Begin by running along the track to the north. Energy and motivation for running expires after ~500m.



11:10am The Smiths are hot on our heels through 52. Resolve to try and lose them with a burst of speed.

11:15am Realise that the Smiths have taken a different route. Give up trying to lose them with super speed.

11:30am Tony is setting a cracking pace. Ahead of schedule. Some confusion at 94 quickly resolved.

12:00pm Arrive in the vicinity of 100. Certain we have arrived in the right gully. Look up or down the creek?

12:15pm Looked down the creek. All the way to the bottom. No control.

12:30pm Looked up the creek. All the way to the top. No control.

12:45pm Explore the creek to the south. No control. A little perplexed. Decide to leave 100 in peace and move on.

1:00pm No score for over an hour. Eventually stumble across 71. Relieved.

1:30pm It's hot. Very hot. Consistently harassed by unhelpful undergrowth.

2:00pm My mobile phone rings. A friend in Brisbane wants the phone number of some other friend in Brisbane. Amazed by inability to escape real world. Decide to request no mobile reception at next event.

2:15pm Distracted by phone call, don't notice that we have strayed substantially from our correct bearing.

2:30pm Realise that we have jumped ahead by one control (mentally not physically) and we are some way north of our target. Quickly back on track.

2:40pm Break at W1 with several other teams. No fruit cake! Worry that meagre muesli bar collection won't last the event.

3:00pm On the ridge near 80. Up or down? Try down. Walk for quite a distance. Call out to Tony "We've gone far enough". He replies "No we haven't" and points out the control.

3:30pm Relentless heat begins to ease. Comment that the last few hours were a scratchy sticky haze. Looking forward to cool night.

3:40pm Full-service punching provided at 91 by friendly neighbourhood team. No tip expected though. What service!

4:00pm Nice country near 62, for a brief moment start to enjoy the walk. Quickly remember nighttime is not far away.

4:30pm 1 hour behind the plan, but not losing any more ground. Extract a giant tick from the back of Tony's neck.

5:00pm The sky is darkening and flashes of light indicate we may be in for some excitement. Not excited by the prospect of rain.

5:30pm Rain. Start to consider implications of not packing an anorak. No longer looking forward to cool night. Wish Tony would stop being so bloody cheerful.

6:00pm Dark, cold and wet. Stupendous lightning strikes light up the sky. Suggest to Tony it would be nice if they kept the light turned on for us.

6:30pm Rain continues, soaked through. Arrive at 102, seriously questioning my sanity. Why is it I that do this sport again?

7:00pm Some respite from the undergrowth harassment while we follow the road to 55. Level of cold and discomfort is almost tolerable.

7:30pm Utterly confused while crossing the creek after 55. Substantial improvement in psychological state as we turn the corner at 93 and head towards home.

8:00pm The rain eases, and the night is suddenly a lot more pleasant. Also pleased to be hitting the controls.

8:30pm Tony calls me back to 54 which is on an impossibly vague flat-topped spur. Pause to consider how lucky we were to stumble across it.

9:00pm More respite from the scunge on the road to 46. Stomach is rumbling. Starting to look forward to clean clothes and hot food.

9:30pm The creek between 46 and 103 has turned into a lake. Luckily we find a way across not far upstream.

10:00pm Relatively friendly terrain, finally beginning to enjoy the walk. Tony starts to sing. Might have something to do with being close to home.

10:30pm Arrive at the Hash House. Protest to Richard that I really can't go rogaining without the prospect of fruit cake at water points.

10:45pm Long-anticipated changing of clothes and consumption of fantastic food. Begin to forget trauma of the past 12 hours.

11:00pm Swapping of war stories. Much mutual sympathy for lost time at 100.

11:30pm Richard hands out many goodies and we thank him for teaching us the beauty of pain and suffering. Tony gets his trophy back and I get a voucher to encourage more profligate spending at Silk Road. As if I needed encouragement.

12:00am Lights out. Another gruelling but satisfying rogaine. Thanks to the whole organising team, and especially the Bauple SS P&C for great grub.

Paul + Tony