

MUDRUNNER was almost there, but on the way home to pack @ 3am, yes after an all nighter his trailer gave up at the weighbridge, unloading and driving his **MUDRUNNER** back to Ulverstone he did his diff. In true trout form he packed up, headed home to get his Don't Doubt the Trout GQ packed up and would meet us on the \$1000 track.

We met Mick and Kurt at Waratah where Mick had organised a block for us to park our trailers,

Mick escorted us to the start of the Cold Stream Track and then headed into the hut meeting up with the Shephard's and Simon, with the Beecham's heading in to the hut that Afternoon.

First bog hole in DALE broke a steering rod, but a battery weld and some bracing had him better than new.

Around the corner a few more bogs, some winching we came across a huge old Myrtle blocking the track, out with the Stihl 066, MAV on winching duties, and an hour or so we had the track cleared and were on our way.

The next 6 hours or so were bog, winch, double winch repeat, most holes being that crap that the heavy vehicles were using 2 winches to get out, their own and the one the rear of the car in front.

YOTA with flat batteries, FRANK boiled, a couple of tyres off the beads, fan belts inverted and vehicles not charging, and YOTA inverting his shackles several times.

Around 5pm a large bog hole with a sneaky second piece that saw the vehicles flex with the front right well off the ground, the best being Emily in YOTA, saw us take around 2-3 hours to get all vehicles through,

YOTA was the first casualty with a broken front tail shaft, hats off to Kurt for towing him the remainder of the way, the same bog hole claimed DALE, with his brakes fading and clutch seeming a little suspect.

Into the night we plodded along MAV in front, Kurt towing YOTA, Lyndon stopping to keep FRANK Cool, RANKY and DALE bringing up the rear of the field,

The groups lost radio contact so the front three weren't aware that DALE had lost clutch, brakes and was running like a hairy goat, YOTA also having some clutch issues, FRANK had gone at his own pace getting hot cooling down and had left the last 2 and eventually caught the front 3.

Hats off to RANKY, towing DALE up the hills and letting him roll where he could and on one occasion, stop with the use of a tree 😊

The crew back at camp met MAV at the log hop into the creek @ 11.45pm, they were a welcome sight guiding us home, the fire going the Shepards were awesome cooking for us while we set up swags. FRANK showed how athletic he was with a perfect 10/10 drive from Lyndon bouncing the log with perfection, but it did appear that overheating may be a blown head gasket.

DALE and RANKY hit the log @ 2am with Scotty B meeting them at the log jump to guide them in.

None of us had heard from Trout, but a bit after 4am he snuck into camp and the story the next morning of 4 hours to get out of one bog hole shows the Don't Doubt the Trout attitude.

Wearied heads were out of bed @ 9 and there were 3 vehicles ready and willing to do Wombat Flats, MAV, RANKY, TROUT, trout decided to wash his radiator, in to the creek, fell off a ledge drowned the GQ and broke a CV so he was out, RANKY and MAV headed off @ 3.30 ish (should have stayed at camp!)

A visit by a quad riding Leighton.

As we left, Mick dragged DALE Back out to the trailers at Waratah,

Been ages since we had done Wombat Flats so we missed the start of the track, after that all going well, until MAV developed a very soft clutch, we called it after about 3 hours and turned around heading back, done for at a massive hill climb, RANKY headed back for camp, MAV winched a couple of hundred metres up a gnarly hill, prepared to stay the night on the track and walk out the next day.

Around 11pm we heard the calls of Steve and the Legend Mick who had smashed in the track in @ 1 hour to drag MAV out, we found we had some clutch so towed and drove most of the way back until a horrid bog hole took the clutch completely, Micks Beast was nothing short of an Animal pulling us the last couple of ks on the track completely

dead, MAV bounced around like a pinball, dents, bent rim, tyre off the rim, lost lights, and tore the roof rack clean off the roof.

Trout had the GQ running, after what was later described as an entertaining cluster F### and met us near the start of the track where we needed 1 winch after a near roll over, back to camp around sunrise!

RANKY the winner!!!!

The way-out got to do a shout out for Michelle being winched down the rock face by Mick, Mick also giving Michelle some sound advice on the line to take and how to drive it.

Mick had some clutch issues and barely managed to get himself home, Simon taking over tow duties on MAV for the remainder

A cool / awesome waterfall on the way out, a few vehicles off to the pub and Kurt blowing a radiator and head gasket on the way home, rounded up what can only be described as a trip of epic proportion!

These two tracks have earned their titles as being amongst the hardest tracks you will encounter!