

I approached tonight's run with no small amount of trepidation. Location: Point Hut Pond District Park—not even [General Sherman](#) went that far south on his March to the Sea.

I'm fairly certain I heard banjo music as I cruised down Woodcock Drive (or I could have accidentally tuned into Hot Country FM, I can't be sure).

And then, and then...

*Oh let the sun beat down upon my face, stars to fill my dream  
I am a traveler of both time and space, to be where I have been...*

Listen, if you weren't there, you missed out. If you were there, then you already know.

Duckhead wasn't there (must have been doing everything somewhere else).

Friskies and Hello Kitty came with Kitty Litter, who was the star of the evening.

Visitor from farthest (furthest? Furtherest?) away: Crazy German Guy, and we were his 171<sup>st</sup> different hash. I was dying to ask him to say *schadenfreude* and *gewurtztraminer*, two of my favourite German words. Funnily enough, no one actually *did* mention the war.

Drink stop: brandy sours...oh, it brought back so many Cyprus memories! (brandy, lemon squash, a dash of bitters. Nicosia Horrible Hash House Harriers was where I started on the long road to ruin).

*Talk and song from tongues of lilting grace,  
whose sounds caress my ear  
But not a word I heard could I relate,  
the story was quite clear*

Sadly, Plant and Page were not in charge of our circle—it was our own Exalted Grand Mutton<sup>1</sup> and Crying Dick. Don't know how many chickens he had to sacrifice, but somehow the RA kept it together and even managed to produce a tune or two. There may yet be hope for him.

Gerbils and Poo Shooter made pathetic attempts to impress us with their athleticism at Capital Punishment by cross-charging each other, but we all know it was Secret Hash Intensive Training (aka SH1T).

InCider has now attained her third international Black Belt—well done to her!

FRB: Gerbils

Little Prick: Hidden Flagon\*

Spit the Dummy: Drunken Tiger\*

(\*they seemed altogether too happy about this; we probably won't see those awards again for some time. Commit them to memory).

---

<sup>1</sup> A chap called McGurk/who was scared stiff of work...but he was *not* the [Irish Rover](#)

### **Birthdays**

Infallible (the counter *definitely* doesn't go this high!)

### **'Versaries**

550 – CountHerFeet

11 – Premature Ejaculation

100 – Queen Latrine

There was a bleat from the Queen about how hard it was to get a word in, now that she's not in charge, and the waaaaambulance was called.

Rambo, Weatherman and Prem-Ejac offered up some jokes but, frankly, I've coughed up funnier stuff. Suddenly (thankfully?) the circle was closed and we hove into some lovely mash.

*My Shangri-La beneath the summer moon  
I will return again  
Sure as the dust that floats high in June  
When movin' through ~~Kashmir~~ Gordon*

And that's all, she wrote.