

Declaration of Hashdependence

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.¹

Yep, three days since the debacle Federal election.

My friends, it's been too long, hasn't it? Welcome back to the world of paragraphs and readable type. With McFather-of-the-Bride off attending to family duties (imagine, putting family above the hash!), it has fallen to yours truly to duly record the goings-on of Monday night's hash.

As I write this, the rain is pelting down steadily outside, whereas yesterday—hash Monday—the sun came out and the wind was thankfully absent. True, it was cold enough for the monkey to sing soprano, but a fire bucket kept us warm and toasty during the circle. All hail the powers of the RA...safe for another week!

These notes are quite extemporaneous—I did not see the need to huddle in a chair, wrapped in a St Kilda poncho, diligently recording every fart, whisper, or PDA (Anklebiter and Crash and Burn, obs.).

To the best of my recollection, the following hashers were present:

JR; Suellen; Dickhead Too; Turkey Slap; The Pimp; Just Chris; Anklebiter; Crash and Burn; Weatherman; Weatherdog; Rambo; Friskies; Horse; Soft Centre (returnee); PopTart (late arrival); Centrefold; Gnash; Sex Change; Drunken Tiger; Hidden Flagon; Grease Nipple; Poo Shooter; Meat; Easy; Squatter; SLAS; Crying Dick.

A call-out to Phallus and Vomit, apparently off to join the Baghdad hash for the next few months (and possibly some military duties, if he can manage to fit them in between runs).

There was idle talk about starting the fire bucket before the run, but of course had that happened, we never would have left the Peeps' yard!

The run/walk was well-marked, with chalk and dribble drops, although I note what seems to be an alarming precedent—'4 and your on' after a 3-way. Sounds like a lazy man's check to me.

The trail took us past the colourful abode of Dicky Knee and Many Tongues, the latter of whom came out to greet us in her PJs and uggs, alerted by the wild barking of her faithful hound. For a minute there, it was like being in boganville, and I was hopeful of seeing a car up on blocks in the front yard (it might have been hidden by the Porsche Cayenne in the neighbour's drive).

¹ Pre-amble, Declaration of Independence, Thos. Jefferson et al.

² Declaration of Independence, ultimate paragraph, Thos. Jefferson et al.

The walkers' in-trail crossed the runners' out-trail (shock, horror), and it fell to Party Pie to loiter on a corner, a human lighthouse of sorts, and guide us on the correct way. We arrived at the drink stop in due course where PP provided a white wine cocktail and Sufficient Chips. Remember, my friends, we are, at minimum, a 4-bag hash.

Back at Schlich Central, we were about to start the circle when some observant soul noticed that Friskies had yet to return. Half the crowd was voting to call Hello Kitty and tell her that she had to find Kitty Litter a new daddy, but of course a couple of killjoys actually called Friskies and determined that he had not rolled into a ditch on Alexandrina Drive (where he would not have been discovered until the first Sri Chinmoy try-tri some few months' hence). With Friskies present (and HK at home deleting her hastily-created e-Harmony profile), the games began.

Where to begin? The quality of the hash song, weatherverses notwithstanding, has sadly deteriorated. Even for hash.

Meat was wearing some abomination of a Texan hash ensemble, complete with Lone Star (thankfully historically but not anatomically positioned), of which the less said, the better.

Sex Change flagrantly flaunted his Triple Six beanie, cunningly snuggled beneath his Uncle Sam super-tophat.

Don't think there were any awards, because the awardees Could Not Be Arsed to front up—a sad state of affairs, indeed.

There were a couple of 'jokes', and possibly even a couple of 'laughs'.

We missed Gerbils' jovial presence and witty repartee in the circle. Said no one ever.

Frankly, we were hankering for the mash and the Four Peeps did not disappoint—giant hotdogs in pre-cheesed rolls, with full condiments!

And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor².

A large, elegant, handwritten signature in black ink that reads "John Hancock". The signature is written in a cursive style with a prominent, sweeping flourish at the end.

On out!

² Declaration of Independence, ultimate paragraph, Thos. Jefferson et al.