## Melba Host

Duckhead was the hare, and this was probably the one legitimate occasion where he could truthfully claim to have 'done everything' and it would be (mostly) true. I say 'mostly', because I suspect Hotlinks might have something to say about that.

**Present:** Soft Centre; Big Boy; Duckhead; Phalllus and Vomit; Crash and Burn; Gerbils; Anklebiter; Weatherman; Scarlet; Prem Ejac (did he actually start at the beginning of the run, or show up mid-way through?); Dangles; Pop Tart; Dickhead Too; Hidden Flagon; Drunken Tiger; Crying Dick; Date Diver; JR; Suellen; Meat; Gnash; Fish Finger; Grease Nipple; Rambo; Furballs; Dickhead; Infallible; Sex Change.

**Returnees:** Hotlink; Jumpin' Jack Flash; Sir Lance A Slut—quickly dubbed 'Sir Miss a Lot' by Infallible, as we hadn't seen him for some weeks.

**Did he mention the war?** Apparently Sir Lance was on hols around the country with Swiss Army Wife, two of her friends, and the MIL. It was a great trip, he said, even though he was subjected to innumerable conversations conducted entirely in German. I forgot to ask whether Swiss Army Wife et al. had happened to drink any *gewürztraminer* while indulging in *schadenfreude* (regular readers will be aware that these are my two favourite German words, and it can be quite difficult to work them into everyday conversation. Well done, me!).

**Newbie hopefully to be regular:** Fluid Movement, late of the Ballarat hash. We met her at the Dawn Busters, and she finally made her way to a Capital run.

The run (walk): Can't speak for the runners, but the walkers followed the trail around Mt Rogers, which offered plenty of opportunities to take in the splendid views of Belconnen, Dunlop, and the gently rolling hills in the distance. There were some gentle up-hills but nothing too strenuous, and a cooling breeze kept the evening sun—quite intense at times—from overheating us. Before we knew it we passed through the underpass and arrived at the drink stop—plenty of chippies, and port and lemonade to cool any parched throats.

## Observations from the circle

Hare song Weatherverse: 'we started in Saville/from there did unravel...'

Crash and Burn thought he would get to be stand-in RA again (did he really try to trip up Crying Dick as the latter made his way into the centre of the circle?) and was cruelly disabused of this notion by being forced to drink a warm 'beer' (I use the term very loosely) for his troubles. I believe this was the point where the conversation descended into utter rudity as Crash and Burn declared just *what* he was prepared to drink if only to be spared a warm down-down.

Phallus and Vomit was charged for competitive running: 'I got to the drink stop first!' What is he, five?

**Hail, Roger, in your face:** the Weathercar copped a bonnetful after last week's freak hailstorm that seemed mainly to focus on Queanbeyan.

**Slash and burn:** Poor Hidden Flagon. Thinking that Duckhead would set his usual run up and over Mt Rogers, he had pre-loaded the  $H_2O$  in anticipation of unleashing a mountainside slash at some point along the trail. Unfortunately for him, Duckhead chose a more urban route amidst the streets of Melba, forcing HF to, well, *contain* himself until a more appropriate depository (so to speak) could be found.

## Awards:

Anklebiter gave the Big Pr#K to Crash and Burn Scarlet gave the Little PR@K to Rambo

There was more rudity and bragging about being able to reach one's own wedding tackle and what not; one has mercifully blocked it from one's mind.

## 'Versaries:

Duckhead – 400 runs! And, in his mind, probably 399 times where he 'had to do everything!' Hotlink – 49 runs (she probably would have done more if Duckhead hadn't been so busy doing 'everything')

Birthdays: Pop Tart

Duckhead had a tough ask, following up after Scarlet's Run of Near Perfection, but he did a pretty good job. Sometimes people ask, 'what's so great about living in Canberra?' Well, Monday night would be one reason why living in this city is so frickin' great.

And that's all, she wrote.