

*"FluMoo you set your first run alone
without a team at the start
without a crew of your own
FluMoo*

*You knew just what we were there for
There was no need for a prayer for
A run, a walk—we were cared for..."*

First run of the new year (2017, if you're not sure) set by Fluid Movement (FluMoo) at Mulligans's Flat. Semi-virginal territory in that the last time we were out that way was pretty much back when ToyBoy still looked like one. But first—a brief re-cap:

19 December – Babbling Brook's run behind Questacon – The return of Mixo!

A huge, pre-Christmas crowd gathered, including: Black Dog and Greenfinger, fresh from Jakarta and marvelling at the blue sky; Infallible's sister, and possibly some others—how can I be expected to remember things that occurred *last year*? Oh, wait! Mixo back from En Zed—a whole year away but thankfully he doesn't talk funny! (Or at least any funnier that he usually did). We had a ramble through the Parly Triangle taking in various notable spots (Magna Carta Place; the rose gardens), and had a very pleasant drink stop in front of the High Court.

26 December – Big Boy's run in MacGregor

A smaller crowd to be sure, but no less fun was had in spite of it. Big Boy took us for a wander along the paths around Ginninderra Creek. His usual habitat but still quite enjoyable. Shaved Pussy made his annual appearance, but other than that most of the usual suspects turned up.

On to Mulligan's Flat. Pretty much everyone was back from Christmas leave—except, of course, our scribe, McTrash, who apparently was still swanning around Victoria somewhere having alleged, actual fun. The nerve!

Visitors: Honeypenny, who is studying at the ANU and whose schedule finally allowed her to join us. Returnees: Heaps of people! JR and Suellen; Gnash; Gerbils; Dangles; ToyBoy; Meat; Grease Nipple; Weatherman and Weatherdog; yada yada (can't remember).

FluMoo has set the standard (and a challenge?) for 2017—a run and a walk, both clearly marked in separate colours, through the Mulligans Flat nature reserve. You know, the one where dogs are NOT ALLOWED—not that it stopped W'man from bringing in W'dog and possibly decimating the population of small native rodents!

We haven't seen Date Diver since before Christmas. Crying Dick says she's house-sitting and pet-minding at his brother's farm...oh yeah, heard that one before!

Welcome back also to Mighty Aphrodite—she graced us with her presence pre-Christmas and also last week. Still running in long pants and not a skerrick of hash gear; what's with that?

Having set the standard for hash trash for 2017 (paragraphs; readable fonts; coherence), there is clearly no way to go but 'up' for McTrash—and good luck to him! On out and see you next time!