

Crash and Burn takes us to the old Queanbeyan Cemetery

First off, false advertising. Crash and Burn called it the 'cock in a frock on rock' run, but there were hardly any of the former, none of the latter, and as for frocks, well, Grease Nipple, rocking up in a slip doesn't count unless you're doing the Victoria's Secret lingerie show. 'Nuff said.

Mc Trash is still away, swanning around Victoria somewhere, so you are spared a return to illegibility for one more week.

Returns: Infallible; Easy; Sticky Date and Cap'n Pugwash; Centrefold.

Virgins (and stealers of the show): Anklebiter's two sprogs, Tamiaka and Shanina, most competent back-markers and callers of on-on.

Travelled the furthest distance: Mighty Aphrodite.

The run/walk: Other than nearly killing us in the peak-hour Riverside Plaza outdoor carpark, the walk/run was very enjoyable. It's easy to make fun of Quangers but there are lots of lovely spots too, and we passed many of them—beautiful, heritage homes; leafy tree-lined streets. We crossed the river a couple of times—on the shaky bridge; over the overpass—and had the opportunity to observe Queanbeyan natives in their native habitat—David Attenborough eat your heart out! We noted that someone had thoughtfully left a couch in the Queanbeyan River, so passing kayakers could take their ease after an arduous paddle. To think, some people actually despair of humanity!

Oh mist rolling in from the sea: The drink stop was in the carpark of the Riverside Oval clubhouse. Apparently on Monday nights it's bagpipe club, so we were treated to the skirling of the pipes as we downed port and lemonade, accompanied by—of course—Sufficient Chips.

The circle: was conducted barse-ackwards so that the hare could run home to fetch something he had 'prepared earlier'. We started with 'jokes'; then announcements, anni-hashi-birth-versaries; awards; and charges. There were some of all of them, nothing that one recalls as particularly notable (but one stands happy to be corrected).

The nosh was spectacular—but the pasta was crap.

Weatherman attempted to mount a specious charge against the RA for 'adverse weather'—he felt about six drops of rain before the circle was flocked. It was probably his own flop sweat. Evidence will show that, while rain did fall, it did not do so until well and truly *after* the circle.

I'll get you Weatherman, and your little dog, too!

The rain put a little dampener on the evening, but not after most of us had a chance at seconds on Crash and Burn's tasty bolognaise (*sans* pasta). On out until next week!