

Aranda World in 80 Ways*

*Okay it was actually only two ways—walkers and runners—but why spoil the literary allusion?

Using my amazing powers of recall, I did see the following: Meat, Easy, Duckhead, Drunken Tiger, Hidden Flagon, Poo Shooter, Sex Change, Grease Nipple, Premature Ejaculation, Gerbils, Infallible, Crying Dick, Date Diver, McTaf, Betty Boop, Crunchy Crack, 'Asshopper, Microchap, Queen Latrine, Squatter, PP, PP, FishFinger, Scarlet, Sir Lance A Slut, Gnash, Squatter, Big Boy, Soft Centre. Post-run appearance by Furballs and Dickhead—good to see them both!

Monday's run site was the carpark pretty much smack in the middle of Glenloch Interchange. To the unknowing this sounds pretty bleak indeed. In fact, you practically need secret, inside knowledge to safely navigate to the carpark itself. But, to the knowing, this site is in fact the Launchpad of sorts for an infinite variety of walks, runs and rides (speaking of the latter, we were more in danger from determined cyclists on their evening commutes along the bike paths, than from cars on the nearby roads).

The hare (Dickhead Too) was the last to arrive, and sometimes this can be a worry. Had it all gone utterly pear-shaped and he'd done a runner? He then proceeded to carefully describe the first klick or two of trail (for which some of us thought—and said—'hey, that's why we use ARROWS') and produced a couple of hand-drawn maps for the walkers (someone get that man an i-something with GPS!), including detailed instructions about what to do where the trail *bifurcated* (italics mine. I mean we were so damn bloody impressed by his erudition, well, I'm a bit wordless. But I'll recover).

We rambled through the Aranda Bushland nature park. Canberra is rarely prettier than at this particular time of year; green, lush and full of possibilities, before the harsh, drying summer sun sucks the moisture from the earth. We were watched by two or three different groups of 'roos (including a doe with a joey in the pouch); viewed rosellas darting from tree to tree, and were utterly beset by flies! Dickhead warned us about some menacing magpies at one point along the trail, but we all hid behind McTaf and his imposing, Senile Service Navy-ness no doubt kept them at bay. Arrived at the drink stop unharmed and were among the first to sample Dickhead's concoction, from, he advised, an old family recipe (and by 'old' he meant having been thought up the previous evening!).

The Circle: Hmmm...this is the part where it could be useful to take notes, except then I'd be missing half the fun. Some returnees: Soft Centre and Big Boy; Dickhead and Furballs. Trouble is, these days you're classified as a 'returnee' if you've only missed one or so runs—hardly long enough for anyone to really even miss you, and leading to unwieldy charges where there are more 'in' the circle than without.

No awards because they were either forgotten or the awardees were 'no show'. Losers. No significant 'versaries; a couple of OK jokes. Mainly we were waiting—and waiting—for Dickhead Too to show up with the food—and, when he did arrive, he didn't disappoint! In fact, the most troubling aspect of the entire evening is that Dickhead Too set the bar entirely too high. The run/walk was not bad; the drink stop was okay; the food was acceptable; the weather was pretty good (let me know if you feel I've been inclined to hyperbole). How can he possibly achieve this again the next time he sets a run?

Next Week's Run: Pussy Run! Superheroes is the theme! And, Big Boy, you may NOT wear one of your two housecoats, because we are not aware of any housecoat-wearing superheroes!

On out until next time! And that's all, she wrote.