

'So how did he die?'

'I shot him before he could destroy my house.'

Yep, that was the best part of the evening, SLAS¹ joke. Okay the second best part of the evening, because of course the hash mash prepared by Betty Boop and Crunchy Crack² was tops.

Poor McTaf; thought he could write the run report for his own run...as if! Since when does hash let the fox be in charge of the hen house? Never!!

Reckon the RA must have been working overtime with his jungle drums and RA mojo, because it was a decent evening in the fair suburb of Franklin—considering that Sunday afternoon we had rain, winds and general unpleasantness all through Gungahlin.

We crossed Flemington Road at peak traffic without incident and—at least for the walkers—the trail took us up the old Well Station track, now a thoroughly suburbanised bike/walking trail. The best thing about Franklin/Harrison? No bloody hills! This was probably the flattest run we've done in yonks, thanks be. Even Baaaaarbra could—almost—keep up (who ate all the pies?).

Drink stop was a bit further from home than one might have expected (there is a perfectly good park not 500 metres from the McTaffian abode, WTF?), but sometimes change is good.

Circle was thoughtfully held within the confines of the garage, which bore witness to McTaf's anorakness—we couldn't help but behold the sight of a model train village, still in stages of construction, and possibly we all secretly, joyously rejoiced at the heretofore unrevealed geekiness of McTaf. Yeah, he's all 'rum, sodomy and the lash' but now we can imagine him lovingly crouched over his model village, with his model train, and...I have to stop now, before I break down from the emotion of it all.

I think Meat got the FRB award and for the rest of them they weren't there. Cracker of the week—someone dropped the ball and we had recycled drink stop snacks—but we sang, and wished our own Crackers was there with one of his disgusting European offerings.

Sadly, this run was neither appallingly bad nor appallingly good. It just...was. The weather was OK; no hills; good drink stop; good nosh. Oh—there were some visitors, Cheryl and Max, and not quite sure of their story—friends? Randoms who knocked on the wrong door? They seemed both bemused, mildly frightened and intrigued.

Ah, McTaf; would that I could have called this the best run ever... or even (better?) the worst run ever. Sadly, it was just a run. But, you know what? Sometimes, that's enough.

¹ SLAS= Sir Lance A Slut. I think he is destined to become another KISA (Knight in Shining Armour).

² This ungrateful offspring was quick to bag her sainted père in stating that he claimed 'credit' for the hash while she was responsible for all the actual work: cooking, setting up, etc., etc. Why do people have kids?