

Franklin, My Dear—I Don't Give a Damn!

Well, it's started already, the slow falling away of hashers as they head off on their Christmas peregrinations. A slightly smaller turnout on Monday than at the Capital Christmas run the previous week, but still enough to make it a good evening.

Present: Pop Tart, Duckhead, Babbling, Weatherman (and W'dog), Poo Shooter, Crunchy Crack, Betty Boop, McTaf, Hidden Flagon, Drunken Tiger, Scarlet, Gnash, Sex Change, Gerbils, Meat, Easy, Rambo, Crash and Burn, Sir Lance, Anklebiter, PP, PP, FishFinger, Big Boy, Soft Centre, Toy Boy, Friskies, InCider, Infallible, JR, Dickhead.

Mixo Watch: Not at hash. Anybody know?

The Run/Walk: Apparently a little déjà vu all over again for those who went to last week's WACT run, but a nice enough meander through Mitchell, Harrison and Franklin. The runners were sent in circles 'round the back blocks of Harrison but it was otherwise pretty straightforward for the walkers—the trail even thoughtfully marked with 'W' and 'R' in appropriate spots.

Then we see that most pleasing of signs, 'DS', with some helpful arrows, and we pick up our pace and hasten onwards. And then onwards some more. And just a bit further, around that bend, down that path, on and on...what a tease! The hare helpfully marked out trail to a pleasing vista—and it was—and did he have the bloody drink stop there, a most logical spot? Why, no! He was parked yet further along, on the side of the road, amidst piles of dried dog turds. Thankfully, cups of port and lemonade and plenty of chippies (4 bags) put an end to most of the grumblings.

Back at the circle: well, it was strangely subdued, despite the GM coming up with some special, Franklinised verses for the Hare Song. Betty Boop was more interested in watering her veggie garden and a number of others were more interested in the ginormous RV parked at the neighbours' across the road. Crash and Burn was the stand-in RA and, with very little coaching from the sides, did an admirable job. He certainly passed the weather test—which is more than Crying Dick accomplished on his first outing!

There were charges and awards and 'versaries but, really, between Betty Boop in the garden and the RV across the road, I struggled to pay attention. There were 'jokes' –why do we encourage this? Although, to be fair, there were an equal number of groans and laughs. Finally, the circle was plucked and it was time to put the feedbag on.

Perhaps it was just first-time RA luck, but as the sun began to set a gentle breeze arose and cooled us down as we ate, drank and talked. A most enjoyable meal, in fact, featuring vegies from the well-tended Boopian garden.

No doubt there will be even fewer of us next Monday as Christmas draws even closer, but that's okay. More to eat and drink for the rest of us!

Hashy Christmas to all, and on out until next time!