

## Caperings in Campbell<sup>1</sup>

**Who came:** Mixo, Toyboy, FishFinger, Meat, Easy, Betty Boop, Crunchy Crack, McTaf, Crying Dick, Date Diver, Hello Kitty, Grease Nipple, Scarlet, Weatherman (and Weatherdog), Hidden Flagon, Drunken Tiger, Sex Change, Duckhead, Furballs, Dickhead, D2HD, Gerbils, Just Surat, Just Andrew (aka Just Trevor), InCider, Centrefold, Squatter, Rambo...if I've missed your name perhaps you were unremarkable..do write in protest!

The Hash website heading 'Gnash' memorial run' sent more than a frisson of fear through a few of us, coming so soon as it did after Crackers' memorial at the Portrait Gallery (and, sorry, it's a few weeks' late but who thought it was rude to be clapped out—literally—from the venue? But I digress). As someone (NFI who) said to me, 'did Gnash cark it too?' And, friends, that's why grammar and punctuation is so important. This was Gnash' Memorial run—meaning, from the Australian War Memorial (or its carpark, anyway).

Gnash, we should have charged you for scaring the bejeeberus out of half of us—wanton use—or misuse—of the word 'memorial' can strike fear into the aging and unfocused!

A great hue and cry arose as Crying Dick and Date Diver rocked up. I thought they'd been away on some exotic trip overseas, but no—Crying Dick had a knee replacement! He was quite ambulatory for a bloke now filled with plastic and metal, and his Frankenstein scar was hardly scary at all (I've coughed up uglier stuff). Although foregoing the run for the walk, it was no surprise that snippets of conversation filtering back during the walk featured details and observations of his and others' knee sagas.

Now I, and others, were remarkably remiss. There was No Fr(&\*ng reason why Date Diver couldn't have come to hash while her other half was recovering...and she herself admitted to being a total slack biatch in this regard! Why, even Hello Kitty has recently abandoned her family for the hash in past weeks...if a mother can wantonly disregard her child, why can't a wife abandon her cranky old git of a crippled husband?

The walk meandered through the streets of Campbell, affording us occasional lake views, the odd up-hill (it is nestled on the slopes of Mount Something-or-other), and various pleasing panoramas. Speaking only for the walkers, when we were on trail it was clearly marked—gyprock accompanied by chicken feed—DFAT's finest, shredded secrets!

**Back at the circle:** There were several returnees, and a virgin—Just Surat, who was brought by Just Andrew (who apparently at one point was Just Trevor...what the?) Various charges, blah blah, and then...a naming! Just Andrew, apparently having naff all else to do of a Monday evening, had apparently accrued the magic three attendances at hash. Numerous suggestions of an appropriate name were put forth, but luckily wiser heads prevailed and someone remembered Just Andrew's martial arts prowess. Henceforth, he will be known as...(gr)Asshopper! (As was hastily clarified, the 'gr' is silent). As with all those receiving their hash names, we offer the cautionary tale of Shithead and say, shut up and be thankful.

Fabulous lamb curry and accompaniments by Plug an Gnash—thank you!

**Thredbo weekend coming up in November – you need to register! All details on the capital hash website.**

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<sup>1</sup> Yeah, pathetic, sorry, inspiration did not visit me.