

Red Hill Ramblings¹

It pains me greatly to report on a disturbing trend that has grave implications for Hash Trash. I won't keep you in suspense, or blather on about irrelevant matters. This trend of which I write is the recent tendency of hares to set perfectly acceptable runs.

Few cock-ups. Trails of reasonable length (are you paying attention, Infallible?). Wonderful weather. Decent hash mash (to be fair, since the great DumDum Pumpkin Soup Debacle, there have been very few hash mash failures). Amusing circles with the occasional decent joke. If this trend continues, what in the world will one write about? [does bad Col. Kurtz impersonation:] 'the horror, the horror...'

As you might have deduced, Sir Lance set a perfectly acceptable run on Monday night. The end.

Present: Meat and Easy; Furballs and Dickhead; Dickhead Too; Dangles and Pop Tart; JR and Suellen; Scarlet; Grease Nipple; Crying Dick; Poo Shooter; Gerbils; Horse; Drunken Tiger and Hidden Flagon; Infallible and Buns; McTaf, Betty Boop, Crunchy Crack; Duckhead; Gnash; PP and PP; Sex Change; Big Boy and Soft Centre; Gobbles and CountHerFeet; Rambo; Squatter; Anklebiter; Crash and Burn; Hello Kitty

Returnee: Rubber Ducky, our former, esteemed, Grand Muffin. Now, he was a *real* returnee because we hadn't seen him in a couple of years—not just a couple of weeks!

Special Guest Appearance: Swiss Army Wife, who rushed home after a hard day of diplomacy and *still* had to cook dinner!

Mixo Watch: still here, but apparently has the bike box—though the bike is not yet in the box.

Traveled the greatest distance: It was nearly Squatter, but he was nipped in the bud by Horse, who had to travel clear across Canberra Ave from Forrest. It must have been a grueling journey, because she was late.

Possible cause for concern: for the second week running Date Diver did not make an appearance. Was she at another Athletic Event? Had Crying Dick committed some unspeakable act? No, apparently they now have a Fur Baby, whose care and wellbeing seems to be more important than showing up at hash. Sniff. Well, I never!

The Run: a lovely ramble (for the walkers) through Red Hill and up Red Hill (for the runners), while the walkers wisely stuck to Mugga Way, picking up the trail at an appropriate point and following it to the drink stop. The walkers crossed paths at several points with an increasingly bemused local couple out for their evening stroll; finally, they asked us—what were we doing? The trail provided plenty of opportunity for house porn and garden porn, and showed us that Red Hill too is not immune to the knockdown-rebuild trend—though thankfully not so many concrete monstrosities.

The Circle: to the best of my recollection, it was a rollicking good time. Sufficient singing, not too many 'jokes', plenty of charges. Possibly some awards, too.

Okay, now I remember, there was one problem. Only three bags of chippies at the drink stop. [does bad Col. Kurtz impersonation:] 'the horror, the horror...'

¹ At the time of writing, nothing rhymes with 'Red Hill'. Or 'Griffith'. So just go with it.