

...in which Pop Tart channels Sartre

Can you call it a ‘drink stop’ if there is no hare, no drinks and thus (obviously) no reason to stop?

Earlier that same day...

We were nearly back to our pre-holiday numbers: Scarlet; Rambo; Meat; Easy; CountHerFeet; Phallus & Vomit; Anklebiter; Hidden Flagon; Drunken Tiger; Gerbils; Dickhead Too; Squatter; Dickhead; Furballs; Weatherman; Centrefold; Gobbles; Crash and Burn; Duckhead; Poo Shooter; Fish Finger; Infallible; Suellen; JR; Grease Nipple; Date Diver; Pop Tart; Dangles.

In the absence of both Sex Change and Crying Dick, we had Easy and Date Diver stepping in, respectively, as GM and RA.

The run: It’s pretty much a given that any run starting just off Sulwood Drive will include Mt Taylor, and Dangles (Pop Tart’s subbie hare) did not disappoint. Runners and walkers started off on the same trail, which included a dangerous dash across said Sulwood Drive (good to get the heart pumping and check the reflexes). **Now this bit is important:** Pop Tart gave the walkers a map but it was only for the *second half* of the trail. She went all existential on us and said, ‘you’ll know when you get there’ and then we were to follow the map. ‘The drink stop will be somewhere along here’ she said, pointing to a wavy pink line on a map. Trust, yeah?

The runners went straight up and over Mt Taylor—so sharp and sudden that even Gerbils, nimble mountain goat that he is, was breathing heavily and had to forego his ritual chin-ups (although that might have been something he only did to impress Queen Latrine).

Meanwhile, the walkers somehow, fortuitously, arrived at the flour marking bearing the beloved initials, ‘DS’ and a helpful arrow. It was clear we’d missed a bit of trail, but who ignores a sign pointing to the drink stop? (Centrefold tried to get all, ‘teacher, you forgot to give us homework’ and make us walk the extra bits, but we were having none of that). So follow the arrow we did, only to arrive at...nothing! No hare, no drinks—no reason to stop?

We duly followed the wavy pink line as per our map; did a couple of laps of Bissenberger Circuit (apparently known for its fabulous Christmas light displays during the holidays)—still no hare, no drinks. Even the runners, gasping and panting—arrived at the ‘drink stop’ before the hare. Can you call it a drink stop if there are no drinks?

Because we are highly trained athletes, fleet of foot. Eventually Pop Tart and Dangles tootled up in the little Nissan Pulsar, all of us watching and wondering how such a tiny car could possibly hold the two of them, plus Dickhead, plus *sufficient chippies and drink* to soothe our grumbling souls. Pop Tart said *she had planned* for the run to take X amount of time. Can we help it that we did it in ‘Y’? She hurled terrible accusations at us, calling us FRBs and short cutters and alleging we didn’t do the entire trail (why, my poor hand trembles and shakes as it types these very words, ‘strewth). Can we help it if we took less time than she thought we would? Liberal doses of salt (cunningly contained in the form of chips, which are easy to digest) and fluids (of the port and lemonade variety) stemmed the bulk of the whingeing, and then it was on home to the circle.

Random circular observations: It was clearly Goldilocks weather, because JR could be bothered to show up (I know, I’ve got form myself as a fair-weather hasher but this is my ‘trash’ and I get to be the boss).

Don't ask, don't tell: Sex Change, Crying Dick and Sir Lance A Slut – all missing. Coincidence? Conspiracy? Time to re-line my tinfoil hat?

It's my life, now or never... Not wanting to cast nasturtiums, but in our recent history it seems that a newbie hasher shows up for 3 runs, gets named, and then is never seen again. Apparently Phallus & Vomit has f—k all else to do, because he actually showed up to his post-naming run. What, his refrigerator didn't need a sudden defrosting? I don't remember why but he took the opportunity to call Weatherman a 'gobby c—t', so clearly he's not shy and can 'handle the truth'. People seem to want to call him 'fruit and veg', and I can't help but think of 'frank and beans' (from 'Something About Mary'), which makes me wonder if there might be a natural re-naming in the future?

Poo's Own Goal: it's rare that Poo makes a misstep, but he's seeing the end of his indenture and is no doubt giddy at the thought of freedom. He called out Dickhead Too for nudity but was proved wrong (no doubt blinded by those darling little skinny legs), and then had to 'fess up about the missing lantern. He'd tried to blame the latter on us feckless lot, but apparently it was hidden in his own messy garage.

Hip to be square: CountHerFeet spotted sipping from San Pellegrino along the trail. Next she'll be requesting single origin beer at the circle.

Brokeback Mt Taylor: There was a lot of heavy breathing and falling on the knees during the ascent/descent of Mt Taylor.

You don't have to taste it, just feel the can: Duckhead's response to feedback about the down-down beer. And people think I make this stuff up!

Annibirthaversaries: Anklebiter, 15 years in the army.

Finally, the circle was broken and it was time to dig in to Pop Tart's excellent mash—curried sausages. What else? I have a scribbled page of notes and comments, but it's hard to go wrong on such a lovely summer's eve as this was.

On out until next week!