

In which we celebrate HM’s birthday and the return of paragraphs

I should have known something was up when McTaf didn’t even bother to get his chair out of the car. ‘I won’t need this’, he said, ‘since I won’t be taking notes’.

That’s because he and the Boopstress are flitting off to Europe for the northern hemisphere summer, or a portion of it, abandoning their Beloved Child (Crunchy Crack) to her own devices for a number of weeks (any truth to the rumour that CC’s recent video livestreamings include *Risky Business*, *Weekend at Bernies* and *The Hangover?*).

It is a truth universally acknowledged that runs following a holiday long weekend may see a pack of reduced numbers, and this was the case on a brisk Monday night on the shores of Lake Tuggeranong, but let’s just celebrate it as quality over quantity!

So here’s what we know:

- 1) McTaf has to sit down to write
- 2) Even with the prospect of a multi-hour flight in an aluminium-hulled flying tube, he couldn’t be arsed to prioritise one final spewing of ‘trash’ over multiple visits to ‘refreshments’ at the Q Club lounge.

Deigning to grace us with an appearance after a prolonged absence

Drunken Tiger; Crying Dick.

Other notable returnees

Centrefold, Grease Nipple

As if he was beamed in from the teleportation deck

Gobbles suddenly materialised mid-walk, much as if he’d always been there.

The important stuff

Plenty of chips, and home-made dips—at least for the walkers (runners can’t complain; you had plenty of chips, and we never promised to save you anything but chips!).

Plenty of nosh, even the chowhounds were satisfied, and the fire was perfectly warming.

There was nothing particularly remarkable about Monday’s run, but perhaps that was the point. In recent weeks we’ve been shocked, stunned and saddened by various world events, and yet hash is our little constant in a troubling and ever-changing world. Good company; good food; a decent walk or run that, even in places we’ve visited over and over, never ceases to reveal something new and different.

Thanks, Poosh’!

Next week: on to ~~Brigadeon~~! Duntroon!