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It was a slightly smaller, and somewhat subdued, crowd gathered in Fishwyck last night. Or is it Fyshwick? I always forget. It's a stupid name anyway. But I digress.

So clearly there were a few people who had Too Much Fun over the weekend at Kioloa, as only twenty-odd (emphasis definitely on 'odd') people rocked up to the carpark behind Tackleworld in the Wick of Fysh. However, Hash always Happens (unlike Hurricanes in Hertford, Hereford and Hampshire), so we carried on nonetheless.

I always have every intention of taking copious notes of every award, every bon mot, every sparkling bit of repartee... but, really, it's quite hard to hold a drink, wear gloves, remember the eyeglasses and write at the same time.

Best part of the run/walk: Gluhwein at the drink stop—and plenty of chippies. There should be an umlaut over the 'u' in Gluhwein but it's really too much trouble to find it in the symbols template. And isn't it a bit wanker-ish to be throwing in all these foreign words, anyway? Why can't I just say, 'hot, spiced, mulled wine'? How can the Germans have *one word* for something that takes 4 words in English? Like *schadenfreude*. I love that word.

Fyshwick—the industrial centre of our dear city, and yet still full of paths, woods, trees and scary places (the latter not including adult learning centres, of which there are plenty in Fyshwick).

Every time there was a fear of the walkers getting lost, we had only to listen out for the rustle of Betty Boop's ski pants. Clearly they are not her chosen attire for black ops, because the noise of those pants nearly drowned out the noise of the sawmill we passed (at least, it smelled like a saw mill, and sounded like one too).

The night was clear and windless but still cold, and the fire bucket very much welcome. There were some charges—returnees, etc., etc. Oh, wait. QL—who usually wears a fetching little skort—was wearing some daggy, baggy green things that were large enough to house a family of four. Yes, it's winter, but that's no excuse. Tights can be worn under the skort!

Mercifully, the circle was not interminable but duly flocked, although not before the requisite 'jokes'. This is the point where my eyes usually glaze over and/or roll back into my head, so I missed them.

Fishfinger served us an excellent stew, which helped keep the cockles warm (insert own nudge-nudge reference here). What else could one want?

It's on-on to Molonglo next week!