

Approx. 8.45pm:

I was able to escape before Charlton Heston rose from the dead and parted the lake. At least, that's what it sounded like...

Earlier this evening:

It's an annual event, this—an organisation getting together to commemorate the year gone past. Awards are presented; there are speeches, bad jokes, blubbing and lots of grog. Old faces; new faces; people wearing funny outfits and lots of *mwah-mwah* on the cheeks...

Yep, Oscars were on today, Hollywood's 'night of nights'...and also the AGPU, Capital Hash's 'night of nights', and it started out quite perfectly: a hot, slightly humid and sunny early evening by the lake. One might say, a perfect Canberra late summer day: birds were sweetly trilling; puffy white clouds dotting the sky; no doubt somewhere cattle were lowing contentedly, while placidly chewing their cud. What could possibly go amiss?

We laughed when Weatherdog shat in the pre-run circle (and then Weatherman scooped the offending turds in a take-out container), but perhaps it was a sign of things to come...

The run commenced along the well-trod paths of LBG and took in some of Canberra's best-loved and most familiar landmarks: temporary fencing, concrete barriers, 'path closed' signs, neglected government buildings. The hare actually told the truth when she stated that the run contained 'no hills' and was not 'overly long'. For it wasn't—we arrived at the drink stop, conveniently located by the Olympic Pool footbridge, having barely raised a sweat.

And still the birds sang sweetly, and the bats roosted quietly in the trees by Stage 88 as we made our way back to Regatta Point. Did the skies to the south seem a bit more gray, or was it just dust on my glasses?

Whilst enjoying the delights of the bucket, pre-circle, we snacked on Furballs' delicious and much anticipated offerings: pate, prawns and an array of dips. Did the wind pick up or was it just the collective, simultaneous output from some old windbags? It seemed not to matter as the call came to form a circle, and so we did.

For the last time, retiring GM Queen Latrine donned her regal garb, and while Big Boy changed into formal attire for the occasion (that being, for the uninitiated, his polka-dot dress with coordinating *chapeau*), retiring RA Sex Change did not take the opportunity to kilt up. One might have enjoyed the sights...

QL then apparently mistook the circle for your cousin Betty's wedding where Auntie Freda (who'd gotten on the fortified courtesy of a hip flask secreted in her handbag during the interminable wait while photos were taken and the marriage certificate signed) attempted to initiate a group dance before enough guests had been sufficiently lubed. These days they call it a 'flashmob' but old timers know it as...

Doing the Nutbush. QL called upon putative handmaidens Betty Boop, Babbling Brook and InCider to assist, and there was something about 'left-left', 'right-right', 'back-back', 'up, up, up, up', 'kick-kick', 'out-cross-round'...

Yeah, doesn't make sense to me either. And there was no music—at least none that most of us could hear, but possibly the Queen was dancing to the beat of her own particular drummer?

Any rumblings of discontent (or was it distant thunder?) were quickly quelled by the presentation of QL's outgoing GM gongs, and there was a collective gasp (or was it gas? Hard to tell, with this crowd) at the magnificent display of the Queen's Own Guns...talk about the right to bare arms! But I digress. T-shirts and certificates were presented to the following miscreants:

FishFinger	Coldest Hash
All Day Sucker	Scotch Mist
Leprechaun	Biggest Cluster (apparently he threw his wife down the stairs to try and get out of hash)
Glory Box	Best Run Report – Poetry in Motion
Crying Dick	Short and Flat Run
Weatherman	Pub with No Beer Run
Rambo	MKR award for Best Mash
Frizzy Lizzy	Robust Markings
Festering Gash	Multiple Drink Stop (a.k.a. good shag award)
Gerbils	Best Hash Weekend Away – Thredbo
Betty Boop	Wettest, Coldest Hawaiian themed Run

Alas, Sir Prince Philip was not acknowledged this evening. It saddens me to think that somewhere, in one of countless rooms in an old London mansion (how did the Luftwaffe miss that?), some old Greek git what lives off his wife may be weeping, silently, into his tea.

Then the outgoing committee was acknowledged:

All four Ps (that's PP and PP)	Haberdash (no mention made of the rebel blue caps, hmm...)
Hash Flash	Suellen
Hash Horn	DunnyGone
Random Dogsbody	Gobbles (we all know it's really for Hash Hair)
Hash Orgy	Furballs
Drinks Bitch	Duckhead
Webmaster	Squatter
Hash Dray	Poo Shooter
Hash Cash	Drunken Tiger
Hash Trash	Mighty Aphrodite
Trailmaster	Meat to Pleeze You
RA	Sex Change

Poo Shooter tried to dazzle us all with some facts about our consumption (and he wasn't talking TB):

105 bottles white wine
 197 bottles bubbles
 319 bottles cider
 239 bottles light beer
 290 bottles red
 890 cans of Tun
 819 bottles heavy beer

...and apparently that was just at the Christmas run! If ACT had a container-deposit scheme, hash would be rich!

There was some blathering by Sex Change, attempting some Mr Chips-ish recitation in Latin but no one was really paying attention, least of all me, and then the old committee was kindly invited to naff off to the Usual Song.

And then...

The Queen is Dead...Long Live the King! Sex Change! A not entirely unsurprising turn of events, and apparently the cause of his second erection for the year.

Forthwith, the new committee was announced and ~~induced~~ inducted:

RA	Crying Dick
Hash Cash	Hidden Flagon (yep, time for another new car)
Trailmaster	Sir Lance-a-Slut
Dogsbody	Rambo (can we have a whip-around for some supportive undergarments?)
Webmaster	Squatter
Haberdash	PP and PP
Hash Horn	Double Shuffle
Drinks Bitch	Hotlinks (a.k.a. She Who is Married to He Who Does Everything)
Hash Flash	Suellen
Hash Orgy	Furballs
Hash Pyro	Mixo
Hash Trash	Frizzy Lizzy and McTaf
Hash Dray	Poo Shooter

The RA was duly invited to lead us all in song and...NOTHING! He had zip! Helen Keller could have done a better job!

And, lo, the bats were a-chitter, the sky flashed, and the winds rose...and this time it wasn't just gas...

Walk report – Deep Shaft – 2 out of 10

Run report – Free Willy* -- .5 out of 10

(*what's the point of border controls if they'll let any old person in? What? It's *not* a different country?)

Charges:

QL –there were some actual reasons, but really, everyone knows it's just because you can

Scarlet – hair cut

QL – another confected reason

Frizzy Lizzy – being a snitch

DT- no idea but 'bullshit' was mentioned

Gobbles – under the misapprehension that the purpose of hash was to meet harriettes

QL – trying to make the Dray late for hash (that could be a hanging offense in some states!)

McTaf – stretching

Dickhead Too – don't remember but it seemed like a good idea at the time

Betty Boop –least amount of clothes she's ever worn (since being in the 'berra)

Buns – for being a Wicked Wench

Dunny Gone – NFI

Weatherman – standing in for the w'dog and the latter's pre-hash poop

Duckhead—what will he do, now that he doesn't have to do everything?

Birthdays: InCider, Blue Hawaii, Fish Finger.

All were summoned (summonsed?) into the circle, drinks dispensed, and the RA invited, once again, to lead us all in song.

And? Pathetic bleatings issued forth. It was Milli Vanilli, asked to sing live.

And lo, the earth awoke and made known her displeasure. The skies came alive as winds blew fierce, the dust rose in biting swirls, the bats fled. The temperature dropped five degrees in five minutes; the smell of rain was in the air.

The circle was not so much naffed as abandoned; hashers battling the rising elements to line up for the (most excellent) mash.

We had Ezekiel, Isaiah and most probably a touch of Revelation within the space of a heartbeat. The RA was rightly cursed between mouthfuls of the most excellent repast provided by Furballs.

Your scribe was forced to flee, before the anticipated arrival of locusts, to the relative calm and quiet of Gungahlin where I remain, until the next time.