

Acton like Christmas fools

I won't keep you in suspense. Yes, Infallible was the hare for our annual Christmas run, but it was not an Infallible Christmas Run. Many people made special preparations in anticipation of the latter (booked annual leave for the remainder of the week; left 'in case I don't return' videos for loved ones, etc.) but—happily—they did not prove necessary.

Present: Crash and Burn; Grease Nipple; Easy; Rubber Ducky; Baaabra; Sir Lance A Slut; Soft Centre; Big Boy; Squatter; Gnash; Crunch; Betty Boop; McTaf; PP; PP; Dickhead Too; Poo Shooter; Sex Change; Duckhead; Furballs; Dickhead; Rambo; Drunken Tiger; Hidden Flagon (and their offspring plus hangers-on); Many Tongues (late arrival!); Dicky Knee (late arrival!); Scarlet; Gobbles; CountHerFeet; Friskies; Hello Kitty; Kitty Litter; Deep Shaft and fur baby; Weatherman and Weatherdog; Premature Ejaculation; Dunny Gone; FishFinger; Crying Dick; Date Diver (he didn't kill her and stuff her in the closet!); Infallible; Buns; Gerbils; Richard Gere; JR; Suellen; Silent Knight; Holy Knight; Meat (very late arrival)

Mix watch: not here (at hash) but apparently still here (in Oz)

Observation: I was struck by the number of hashing couples/hashing families who call Capital 'home'—and we still had a fair few missing. Reckon this makes us pretty spesh'.

The Run: When you set an annual run on the same site at the edge of the lake (as with the AGPU and the Founders Run), well, it's kind of like being married. There's nothing you haven't seen or done before, but somehow it's still interesting and enjoyable. I'll just stop this metaphor now, before I get into trouble. The weather was perfect (yes, yes, Crying Dick, stop your crowing) and there were Enough Chippies at the drink stop. We probably gave the grumbles to all the evening cycle commuters bent on breaking land speed records around the lake as we ambled, strolled and generally took over the paths, but, so what? We were having fun.

The Circle: while waiting for Santa to arrive, we contented ourselves with chowing down on Furballs' amazing pate—definitely the highlight among other items on offer. Our standard hash canon was replaced by the Christmas tunes, so irreverent and rude that one may never again be able to sing the 'real' versions with a straight face.

The GM and yours truly had prepared a special version of 'Fairytale of New York'—only to find that fewer than half of those present were familiar with this modern Christmas classic. Dudes, WTF? **Homework:** go to your favourite search engine, look it up, listen to it and be bloody amazed at the talent of Shane MacGowan and Kirsty MacColl. Honestly. It ain't Christmas without Fairytale of New York.

Finally, Santa arrived. Perhaps he'd been caught in a fender bender on Glenloch Interchange? No matter, there were presents for all, democratically distributed in order of hash name. Why was this important? Because once you got your pressie, you could line up for the chow. Pity poor Zanzibar!

Hash Mash: amazing and delicious, as always at the Christmas run. Thanks to Furballs, and (probably?) Rambo, and everyone who helped make it such an enjoyable evening for us all.

What else: Listen. Sometimes an evening just comes together; it works. There is good weather, good company, good food—that indescribable magic. Monday night just...worked. Sorry if you couldn't be there, and we look forward to seeing you in the future.

Tidings of comfort and joy!