

Hmm...how to begin...¹

Once the sun set, the temperature dropped faster than a French whore's drawers. Or maybe...

Following the setting of the sun, the temperature fell faster than the Maginot Line.

That's right, although our run was on the 13th, it was in recognition of Bastille Day—that sacred event when one can refer to '[cheese-eating surrender monkeys](#)' without fear or recrimination! After all, what kind of world would it be if we couldn't just randomly and indiscriminately bag the French because, well, they are cheese eating surrender monkeys? *Sacre bleu!*

Hey, as *Les Français* say, '*chaçon a son gout*' (and no, it doesn't mean that Chaka Khan has gout). That's right, *à quelque temps*, I will be dropping the random French *mot* into the trash, indulging my inner pretentious git—*mais, non!* Celebrating *Les Français!*

Just off the top of my head, [The Beatles](#), [Donovan](#), [Talking Heads](#) and, more recently, [Regina Spektor](#), were wont to erupt into French For No Apparent Reason in the midst of their songs...WTF? (In all fairness, there may be a similar case to mount for Italian, as I have the Volare earworm threatening to invade at this moment).

And of course, the government believes that adding an extra 'm' and 'e' to the word 'program' will somehow make us fans, when in fact their *raison d'être* is [pour encourager les autres](#)...and have four more chilling words ever been uttered? *Apparemment*, delivering the bad news with a bit of French *politesse* is *plus préféré*. WTF? As we say in Boston, FTS².

But...I digress!

OK, the run. We gathered at Sex Change's usual spot on Springvale Drive. It's called the Pinnacle and it is part of the Bicentennial Trail. It is also DARN dark and unlit and you would have thought, given the average age of Capital Hashers minus the attendance of Friskies, Hello Kitty and Kitty Litter, a bit dangerous but, praise *le bon dieu!*—all returned unscathed and intact; even Weatherman, damn it! (I mean, even Weatherman, hooray!)

Les visiteurs: Just Anne, and Felloffa, former Capital Grande *Maîtresse*, the latter visiting from *Nouvelle Zealand*...where is this vaunted Australian Border Force when you really need it? *Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*

The hare (gamely attired in a striped, Breton-esque shirt; shorts; shoe black above his upper lip and a beret to warm his hairless pate) set a run/walk that was neither overly *mauvais* nor overly *magnifique*—probably just *average* (I think it's the same in French, just with an accent).

The drink stop was *très fantastique*—glug vine and plenty of chippies. *Pas de problemme pour les walkers*. However, there were whispers of an Incident possibly involving spillage? *Quel horreur!* They tried to blame the weatherdog (*le chien météo*)—how sad is that?

It seemed to take an impossibly long time (*longtemps*) for *le cercle* to actually *commencer* but – *merci a le bon dieu*—it finally did.

¹ I had trouble getting all the correct accents to appear; just deal with it. Probably you don't really care anyway, but just in case you are a pedant.

² Frock that spit.

Typiquement I have no verbatim (sorry, that's Latin) recollection of specific moments, but I do recall highlights:

Just Anne, *la mere de la reine latrine*, was named. There was a big push (*le push grand*) for Queen Mother, for reasons *obvieuse*, but a freak incident (omen?) involving the fire bucket and a flaming ember saw her duly christened 'Witch Hunt'.

Of course *les hommes* chuckled like *petit garçons*, while *les femmes* rolled their eyes and stifled groans. 'Twas ever thus in hash. But, Witch Hunt it was. One can imagine, at a later date, a Concerned Mother counselling her daughter over her peculiar choice of friends and activities. Or maybe not—after all, they are from Tasmania.

Premature Ejaculation told a joke that was actually *très amusant* and broke the Hash's [Bee Gees](#) curse. *Malheureusement* it loses its panache when written down, so you're just going to have to trust me.

At this point we were all jonesing for the mash—talk about [will the circle be unbroken](#)—and some other stuff happened but mostly people were starting to worry was the food getting cold.

We did have a cracker of the week (*biscuit de la semaine*). There may have been another joke, but nothing memorable (Bee Gees curse returns).

Finalemment, le cercle was frocked. And the mash was not *froid*. And the fire was *chaud*. And everyone was *tres satisfait*.

Who could ask for anything more? (Assuming you already got rhythm and music).

*A tout a l'heure...**

(*which, legend has it, was corrupted into 'toodle-loo'...)