

## Where there's a Wilgabar, there's a Way!

Oh huzzah...the first hash of the year! Try to contain your joy and delight and keep the noise to a dull roar.

**Dodged the biggest bullet:** As I write this on Tuesday evening, we've had nearly 24 hours of steady, continuous rain—except for a miraculous 2-3 hour break on Monday night when the sky, though grey and cloudy, held back and allowed us to ramble or run through the streets of Karabar without getting wet. The RA must have put on his extra-special underpants, but whatever he did it worked—no rain for the duration!

**Where the streets have 'bar' names:** Our hare, Crash and Burn, lives on Wilgabar Way...adjacent to Atholbar, Bulbar, Highbar, Alanbar, Hilbar...all located in Karabar. I find these sorts of things fascinating; what does 'bar' signify?

**Deigning to make an appearance:** Suellen; Hidden Flagon; Drunken Tiger; Grease Nipple; Crazy German; Crying Dick; Date Diver; Pop Tart and Dangles (**returnees!**); Sex Change; Poo Shooter; Meat; Scarlet (**returnee!**); Just Sean; Weatherman & Weatherdog; Sir Lance A Slut; Gerbils.

**Total Sooky Lah-lah:** JR was worried about the possibility of inclement weather so stayed home and left his missus to fend for herself. Which, I might add, she was perfectly capable of doing. And did.

**Visitors:** Crazy German—his third consecutive Capital run—he's practically furniture! Kamikaze and Airbags—South Eff-ricans from Jo'burg via Perth and in Canberra for **REDACTED**; two random Germans—Vagina Destroyer and Deep and Dirty. Wow; how often does one get to write the phrase, 'two random Germans'?

**Missed opportunity:** Forgot to ask Airbags and Kamikaze to say 'diplomatic immunity'.

**Belated observation that in retrospect was worthy of a charge:** Crazy German and the two Random Germans were seen talking...German (go figure). Secret plot? Peace in Our Time? Probably nothing so exciting but I regret that I missed the opportunity to ask them to say 'Gewurtztraminer'...my second favourite German word (after 'schadenfreude').

**The run/walk:** Crash and Burn was not only a virgin hare, he set a themed run—Grim Reaper. Ordinarily this might be grounds for a total fuster cluck, but somehow he brought it home. Rookie luck? Speaking mainly for the walkers, we had a pleasant meander through quiet tree-lined streets; and one can only wonder how—if? the sight of the figure of the grim reaper (mainly, Crash and Burn, Date Diver, Crying Dick)—caused some of the locals to reconsider their New Years' resolutions.

**The circle:** the hare song had at least 7 verses, and it could have gone on for a bit longer but someone stalled at the crucial moment. Come on, people! When the alternative is Gerbils unimaginatively offering up a chorus of 'Him, Him...' can we not just exercise our imaginations that little bit more?

There was a lot of blah blah blah (I might have either been getting a drink at the time or visiting the loo) and then suddenly we were having a naming...Just Sean. Poor bloke seemed distinctly underwhelmed while the conversation about potential names raged around him. He just continued to kneel (at parade rest?!), bemusedly on Crash and Burn's bricked patio while the rest of us merely determined his hash future (again, one offers the cautionary tale of Mr S.F. S—t-head as a reminder). Finally, a name was announced: Phallus and Vomit—and he was thusly christened.

Frankly, following the naming, it was just a countdown until we could all respectfully line up for the mash. No significant birthaversaries; no memorable jokes .

**Other items of note:** Plenty of chips at the drink stop (2 huge bags), which was port and lemonade. Plain chips and S&V—does it get any better than that? Not only that, but we possibly put the willies into some bible study group which was meeting directly opposite the site of the drink stop. No doubt they thought it was End of Days when they walked out and saw a few Grim Reapers virtually on their front stoop!

**The (Kara)bar has been raised:** Crash and Burn did an amazing job to make us all feel welcome (and well fed!). Future hares, take note. What can I say...Blue Oyster Cult was right—don't fear the reaper!

On out until next time!