

After the relative flatitude of last week's run in Kingston, one approached this evening's run with some trepidation. Venturing south of the lake is oft'times an adventure fraught with peril. One must be suitably prepared: EPIRB? (check). Emergency rations? (check). Map and compass? (check). Instructions left with a solicitor in case one doesn't return? (check).

And then one recalled that, although the run originated from Pop Tart's abode (lovingly nestled at the foot of Mt Taylor), it was set by Dangles, who apparently now is a certified old git, which clearly meant that the trail would have to be navigable by Zimmer frame. A great sigh of relief was expelled.

A slightly smaller crowd than the previous week but no less enthusiastic, and the RA must have had a few good words with the weather gods, because the night was still and (practically) tropical (for a Canberra August night).

Now in summer, or at least DST times, there's no doubt Mt Taylor would have played a starring role in tonight's trail, but thankfully this did not prove true tonight—well, at least not for the small but hearty band of walkers, who with the use of judicious shortcutting managed to reach the drink stop just as the hares arrived (and, one wonders, just WHAT had they been doing that it took them 40 minutes to reach a point not even 5 minutes' drive from the on out?)

Runners and walkers both settled in to enjoy the chips and glugvine, in the shadow of a dinosaur (no, don't even ask), when we realised (okay, after a bit of prompting) that Crying Dick and Date Diver were nowhere to be seen. We waited. We drank and ate. We drank and ate some more. We tried not to look at our watches or smartphones, and ate and drank some more. Then we said, 'stuff them', and went back to the on in.

There may have been a small concern that Crying Dick and Date Diver were lying in a ditch somewhere—actually, no, we all thought they might have been caught up in afternoon delight (although, by then, it would have been evening delight, and probably a bit cold and uncomfortable, no?)

Visitor: Mulan (no, not Moulin, as in Moulin Rouge). We hope she returns! (and thus reduces the mean hasher age by, what, squillions?)

We warmed ourselves by the fire and were placated by party pies (note: not Party Pies!) proffered by Pop Tart and then, finally, Crying Dick and Date Diver deigned to appear (I'm sure they were brushing off leaves and twigs as they breathlessly joined the circle, but perhaps that's just an over-active imagination).

There were charges aplenty for those who had braved the hordes and run in the City2Surf. Also for Greenfinger, who may not have returned Meat's BBQ to its apparent immaculate condition (it's a BBQ; get over it!).

Finally (thankfully?!?) it was time for nosh, followed by cake. Good company, good food, not too many awful jokes...what more could one ask for?

So, Pop Tart, does this mean that now Dangles can take you to the cinema with the seniors discount?