

Bizant-ium¹

ToyBoy's run, from lakeside in beautiful downtown Amaroo. Well may you laugh, but Toybs and I are Amaroo old-timers; when each of us first moved here there was the lake, a few houses and not much else. Now, you can barely walk around the lake without coming upon walkers, strollers, runners, cyclists, dogs; on Saturday mornings you practically have to get a pass to get on the path! But I digress.

So we circled up at the formerly-but-no-longer-abandoned house at the end of Bizant Street, ToyBoy's preferred venue. Normally one has to listen to the incessant whingeing of the southsiders who fear venturing so far north of LBG, but they were fairly subdued (no doubt tired from the long drive—begun Sunday afternoon).

Nobody really cared that the GM and RA were absent once we were assured that Hidden Flagon had brought the grog. Phew! McTaf assumed the position of stand-in GM, with Meat as his RA (and, on such short notice, he did an outstanding job on the weather front—are you paying attention, Crying Dick?) All we needed was the hare to tell us where to go, and he duly arrived, accompanied by his two youngest offspring.

Present: Mixo, Rambo, Centrefold, McTaf, Hello Kitty, Deep Shaft (returnee), Crunchy Crack, Visitors Zero and KKK from Tasmania, Crash and Burn, Dickhead (showing up after the run), Meat, Easy, Grease Nipple, Distemper, Betty Boop, Gnash, PP and PP, Drunken Tiger, Hidden Flagon, Gerbils, FagEnd...did I miss anyone? So sorry (not really).

With a 99 per cent certainty that the drink stop would be chez ToyBoy, we all had a fairly good idea of where the run might take us and ToyBoy did not disappoint, though Centrefold muttered almost the entire time about how the checks were too far apart and other minor annoyances and gripes. With a bit of judicious short cutting, the walk-the-runners arrived at the drink stop not long after the runners. Fortified by vege 'sausage' rolls, outstanding hummus and Aldi champagne (\$4.99 a bottle!), we lounged about on ToyBoy's massive new deck, complete with hot tub.

Returning to the on-in, we were treated to the sight of Grease Nipple taking a post-run dip in Yerrabi Pond—oh, brave man! It possibly affected his mathematical skills as, when he was asked to rate the run out of a McTaf-specified maximum of 2, he gave it a seven. At least Hello Kitty paid attention and said 'one'.

There were charges for returnees, visitors and a random assortment of gripes. Visitor KKK (one hates to even ask how she was named) tried to ingratiate herself by commenting on the hare's resemblance to Guy Pearce. Her other half, Zero, apparently talked both ears off Betty Boop during the walk, for which he was duly charged and then started to demonstrate why he had been so charged. Thankfully we put a quick stop to all that.

Betty Boop was awarded the FRB from ToyBoy—the only award present on the night. Rambo's joke was 'meh' and Zero's elicited a few half-hearted chuckles. Announcements:

Thredbo weekend coming up in November – you need to register! All details on the capital hash website. Thankfully the circle was frocked and we hove into an excellent green chicken curry. On out!

¹ With apologies to WB Yeats – Byzantium – check it out, gorgeous poem.