

Oh 'twere a near thing that I even showed up tonight, having become such a fairweather hasher. Happens I was at home this afternoon when the sky grew dark, the winds whipped up, and thunder and lightning spewed forth. Verily I was awaiting the locusts next, when the clouds parted and the blue sky was visible once more. It meant my semi-pathetic excuse for skipping out on hash was suddenly no more, so I hastened lakewards and was suitably well rewarded for my efforts.

I was going to say there were a lot of returnees, but having been a bit absent myself, recently, I have no absolute way of knowing. But, if you're a name check kind of person, tonight we welcomed the following (back?) into the circle:

Horse; Horse's Arse; Toy Boy; Softie and Big Boy; Fag End; Mole (visitor from Cairns); Infallible; Dickhead; Hello Kitty (having left Friskies and Kitty Litter Home Alone); Gobbles and CountHerFeet; Just Nick; Just Sean; Prem-E; probably some others—if I left your name out well, get over it—I have.

Sir Lance A Slut (SLAS to his besties; we're likethis) was the stand-in RA and he just barely squeaked in on the weather front. And though there were some initial grumblings and rumblings at the lack of a bucket (apparently Mixo had a mancold—did somebody call the waaaambulance?), it was actually a pretty reasonable night. There was a half-moon and little wind, and the smell of fresh, wet greenery all around.

PP apparently had to re-set his trail but he picked a stand-out route; all around Parly House, into Forrest, past OPH, and a drink stop adjacent to the Hyatt and not too far from on home. One normally might have expected a quiet evening on Parliament Drive during a non-sitting week but, given the events of last Monday and their after-affects, there was a veritable Indy 500 of cars on Parliament Drive just after 6pm, and lots of lights ablaze in the various departmental buildings we passed. Incoming briefs to the ready, sir!

A mild moment of panic ensued when we realised there was no Drinks Bitch (everyone thought someone else was doing it) but reason prevailed and cups of weasel piss were made ready for all.

Just Nick might have thought he was about to experience a Brokeback moment (he's probably too young to remember Deliverance) but it was only his naming ceremony—welcome, Turkey Slap! Later in the evening he seemed to be about to question his name, whereupon he heard the cautionary tale of Stupid F#K&ng S9%&head. Lesson learned! (Sadly, due to the change in leadership, there will be no chance of becoming Sir Turkey Slap during the next Honours round. No doubt he will weep bitterly).

Sausage sizzle with trimmings from the P's—we had thought so, as the smell of grilled onions had been teasing us most of the evening. Sometimes the simplest things are the best!

Present also were a schooner¹ of hashers who had fronted up to Crackers' memorial this past Saturday. One hesitates to say, 'I didn't recognise you with your clothes on!' as that phrase is open to gross misinterpretation but, well—even [Rambo](#) and his pocket scarf were slammin' it (apparently to no avail—maybe next time?) [if the link doesn't work, check this out: https://youtu.be/Pn2-b_opVTo]

That's it for now, dear ones, until next time (or until McTaf wrests the proverbial pen from my ink-stained fingers. Oh wait—if the pen is proverbial, how can my fingers be ink-stained? Does the metaphor have to match in equal parts? Can I mix them? Should I stop now? Yes.)

¹ Collective noun for a group of hashers; see Hash Trash Frizzy Lizzy 2015-0408