

*‘Oh Jerrabombera,
I’m becoming quite fond of ya,
If I were a wanderer,
In a Ford or a Honda or
a car I’d not squandered for,
I’d be a veritable ponderer
On the wonders of Jerrabombera¹*

So now I’ve been to Jerra’ twice this year (Freezerballs’ run a few weeks ago was time one). Well, that’s the bucket list done and dusted, then.

Present: Meat; Easy, Freezerballs, Gerbils, Crying Dick, Date Diver, Dickhead Too, Duckhead, Horse, McTaf, Betty Boop, Crunchy Crack, Infallible, Buns, Just Surat, ‘Asshopper, Turkey Slap, Just Matt, Just Graeme (Graham?), QL, Gnash, Sex Change, Poo Shooter, Hidden Flagon, Drunken Tiger, Grease Nipple, Sir Lance a Slut (SLAS), Greenfinger, Centrefold, Babbling, Mixo, Weatherman, Weatherdog. Apologies if I missed you: either you were not memorable or ...whatever. I’m not a frickin’ court reporter.

However: last week I failed to mention that FagEnd was actually (finally?) departing our fair turf for the Gold Coast, threatening never to return (but haven’t we heard that story before, hey, Mixo?) Anyhoo, fare-thee-well, FagEnd, and see you anon.

It’s been ages since I’ve been to one of Meat’s runs—if I’d known he did G&T drink stops, I would have come more often! **Note to Bike Hash peeps: he had three---three---three frickin’ bottles of gin. Okay?**

The run was (so I am advised) typical Meat – meandering up and around Mt Jerrabomberra, but the walkers were spared excessive uphill, for which many of our knees thank the hare. It was a beautiful evening and sadly not much to take either the hare or the RA to task for, damn them. If anything, in fact, the run was shorter than usual due to the complete FAILURE of Greenfinger to front up and assist (he had one job, one job...) 10 months in Jakarta as an Accompanying Spouse and he has become (or realised his true calling?) completely useless! Nonetheless, it’s amazing how a few G&Ts on a balmy spring evening can soothe away all minor complaints. I must make particular mention of the ‘special edition meat pie and sauce’ chips. Not half bad, all in all.

Back at the ranch: rumblings of not one, but two! Namings; no truth to the rumour that Meat wanted all to de-shoe before treading upon his deck (which could qualify for its own postcode), which explains why he was fairly relaxed about spillage in the garage.

We’ve had a few recent ‘Justs’, encouraged by Queen Latrine, for which we commend her but possibly they may curse her after the fact? Maybe they just don’t know...

For instance, last week, Just Surat—gamely smiling and going along, even when he was awarded the Little Prick. No doubt most of us thought we’d never see that award again but what do you know—he came back! And, for his trouble, was duly named: **Microchap**.

Some other bloke, in a Roosters jersey—Just Graeme (Graham?) was, after some robust discussion, named **Anklebiter**. There was a small window (oh please, please!) where it looked like he might protest but, alas, it was not to be and he took it like the man he purported to be.

¹ By all means, feel free to quote liberally—just use proper attribution.

There were some awards and jokes but, with the excitement of being in Jerra’ and all, the details escape me.

Damn, a good evening and very little to complain about, try as one might. Oh well.

Announcements:

Thredbo weekend – if you want to go, you need to sign up now! All details on the website.

Pussy Run: 9th November! Location is the ‘Cambodian restaurant in Belconnen’ – phew, that narrows it down. But, specs to be provided asap, the most important thing is: this is your opportunity to wear your underwear on the outside! (for some of you, anyway). It will be one of our last opportunities to enjoy the presence of Regina Latrina (“I did but see her passing by...”) before she leaves us for Wagga Wagga (really?).

On out until next time.