

(Carolyn) Jackson

*We went hashing in Jerra', there was a huge turn out,
We were on Carolyn Jackson, just past the roundabout
I'm going to (Carolyn) Jackson, probably get a few down-downs
Yeah, on Carolyn Jackson,
That's where the hash went down.*

Starring: Drunken Tiger; Hidden Flagon; Crying Dick; Date Diver; Babbling Brook; Furballs; Dickhead; Rambo; JR; Suellen; McTaf; Crunchy Crack; Betty Boop; Gerbils; Meat; Easy; Pop Tart; Dangles; PP; PP; Grease Nipple; CountHerFeet; Gobbles; Crash and Burn; Phallus & Vomit; Big Boy; Soft Centre; Weatherman; Hello Kitty; Anklebiter; Prem Ejac; Scarlet; InCider.

Special Guest Appearance: Queen Latrine, in her fetching skort (be still, my heart). All hail our gracious Queen!

Greatest distance to travel: Barbie Tools (of Canberra Hash), taking his life into his hands by traversing Carolyn Jackson Avenue *on foot* from across the road (yea, verily) to make his presence known in our circle.

Please take the marbles out of your mouth: He should have brought that bloke from the TV what does the 'close captioning for the hearing-impaired' because each time he spoke we could hardly understand what he was saying. Obviously his daytime job must be making flight announcements at the airport.

Featuring: Freezerballs. Was she forced to be Easy's kitchen bitch or did she take the coward's way out? In any case, a very low profile throughout the night, though her behind-the-scenes efforts were much appreciated.

Cameo appearance: Ms Cheeky, who eventually could be bothered to wander across the street from her house, *after* all the hard yards had been run. Huh!

Returnees: Horse; Rambo.

Quadrupeds: Saffy (with Big Boy and Soft Centre); Weatherdog (with Weatherman)

Hold me closer, tiny biped: after the exertions of last week, and covering for her slack parents, Kitty Litter was not able to make an appearance this night. **Overheard on the trail:** Hello Kitty telling someone how she'd bought a new stick vacuum and it was so slim and light that *even a child* could use it! Coincidence? I don't think so! Sure, mum's cavorting at hash, dad is no doubt at the casino, and the poor kid's home alone, dancing with the Dyson.

Brothers from another hash: Tug (Royal Peninsula Hash); Lost Rooster (Masterbatemans's Hash). Tug is a friend of McTaf, possibly another 'rear admiral' from navy days, and he's been on perambulation around, over, and across this great, wide brown land. Lost Rooster has come up from the coast, and while he seems like an all-around hasher, he's been spotted doing some suspicious stretching pre- and post-run. He probably has a five-thousand-dollar Italian bicycle lovingly foam-protected and mounted on hooks in his garage (oh, wait...that's Gobbles, sorry).

I promise I'll still respect you in the morning: We've all said things in the heat of the moment, just to get what we want, and who knows what Phallus & Vomit told his friend, 'just Aaron', to get him to rock up at hash on a Monday night? 'You'll have fun'. 'Hot babes' (okay, *that* would be true...shut up, haters!). 'Don't worry; I'll look after you.'

But I'm still prepared to throw him under a bus for a bit of hash cred: So after enticing his friend, Aaron, to the hash, Phallus & Vomit was not content with letting Aaron hang loose to see what the evening was all about, quietly, from the outer edges of the circle. No, he promptly dobbed him in for 'new shoes' and I'm sure you can guess what happened after that. I think even tea bagging was involved. He ain't heavy, he's my brother.

You better knock, knock on wood: There was thunder, there was lightning; sometimes it sounded quite frightening. Then the hail came. All that was missing were locusts.

All About Eve: Stand-in GM – Crying Dick; and stand-in RA: Betty Boop. Why, we hardly missed Sex Change, what with the show they put on.

And apparently not on this run, either: Some say there are no short-cuts in life, and this must have been Easy's mantra this day as our run took us around—all the way around—Mount Jerrabomberra. Shock, horror, there was no separate trail for the walkers who—admittedly—have been coddled on recent runs. Was it thunder; was it the Qantas 7pm from Sydney? No time to stop and ponder but hasten onwards to the drink stop and thence 'on home'...we made it with mere minutes to spare before the deluge.

Pun intended: Someone tried to charge Easy for not having G&Ts at the drink stop; she said, 'this is not a Meat run!' I think she was just splitting hairs.

Dickhead, that's who! Party pies and sausage rolls were proffered during the circle, a nice Australia Day touch. One was about to go for seconds, only to be pipped by a bow-tied fellow cunningly cutting one off at the tray. Who ate all the pies?

That's why they call it 'hash'...d'oh! PeePing Pervert tried to charge Easy for making us actually, um, complete the trail. You know, follow the arrows, check at the circles, figure out where the trail goes, from beginning to end. Of course it was deemed a false charge, and he slunk back, duly chagrined.

Just what was she implying? QL couldn't resist the opportunity to crow about reaching the drink stop before the walkers, owing to the lack of short cuts and possibly her own fleet feet. She commented upon how, for once, there was an abundance of chips and plenty to drink—sure, blame the walkers for any failings by the hare to provide sufficient quantities! Luckily, this night, there was plenty for all.

RANDOM CIRCLE COMMENTS:

It's the story of my life, you never know who's in whose pants: no idea, but it seemed good enough to jot down.

It should have been a gentle trip, in and out: InCider about her and QL's weekend ~~death-march~~ walk, which wound up being a tad more arduous than she had originally planned for.

Don't ask me for sex anymore! I can't remember now if this was a complaint or a boast, nor who uttered it. Ponder amongst yourselves.

I think I've worn something off the edge of it: Crash and Burn, while handing over the Little Prick award and possibly still reeling from seeing Gerbils take a public slash.

All the stars explode tonight¹: Because ever since he started coming to hash regularly, this song has been running through my mind. Top song.

I like to take it slow, so you can enjoy it now: Tug (Royal Peninsula visitor). In a perfect world, one would like to think he was commenting on his love life, but I think he was actually talking about backing up his trailer.

Get a life:

Meat – 950 runs

McTaf – 1500 runs/92 different hashes

Birthdays: Gobbles, Wet and Wild, Furballs

There were some jokes, which I have tried to put from my mind, but I noted these particular comments:

Rambo – not bad

Prem Ejac – meh

Tug – nah

Then Anklebiter, flirtin' with disaster² said, of Tug's joke, he reckoned it was a true story. Huh. (3 blondes, trying to get off the island).

At this point I have come to the end of all legible notes, and what remains makes no sense even (especially?) in the cold light of day. I think I wanted to make a comment about Meat whipping out the squeegee the minute any spillage threatened to despoil his pristine garage floor, but he only did it twice so hardly his usual compulsive behaviour.

We drank the bucket dry: Just in case you were wondering how much fun, and how long it went on.

Prizes for Australia Day clobber:

Dickhead

Rambo

Date Diver

On out 'til next week!

¹ 'Malibu', by Courtney Love et al... 'Crash and Burn/all the stars explode tonight/how'd you get so desperate/how'd you stay alive...'

² Molly Hatchet, *Flirtin' With Disaster*, one-hit wonder, classic rock song.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ci3afKw_mcY