

*On the first part of the journey  
I was looking at all the life  
There were plants and birds and rocks and things  
There was sand and hills and rings...*

That's the beauty of our suburban hash, traipsing around through house-cluttered streets only to suddenly emerge into bush; clambering up a hillside track that gives way to magnificent views of our city: a collection of suburbs nestled among the hills and bisected by great slashes of well-travelled roads. But I digress.

After a somewhat blustery, coolish day, the sun shed its warmish rays upon the little pocket park opposite Horse's abode, the wind pleasantly absent, the temperature quite comfortable, the evening still and quiet.

One experienced a sense of déjà vu, passing as we did the residence of All Day Sucker—the same street, even! Was it a cunning plot, a master collaboration by the two? No. ADS didn't even make a cameo appearance (maybe Weatherman sent the Weatherdog to mark his territory. Maybe they both did. Talk about always taking the weather with you...)

It was a Mexican theme, which meant a bunch of ponchos, serapes and hand-drawn 'staches (thanks Centrefold). Nobody dressed like a Melburnian—that would have been my pathetic excuse had I been challenged on my lack of costume.

It was a strangely sedate crowd, even given the returned travellers from our westernmost parts, and walkers, runners, and walk-the-runners set off most obediently. Can't speak for the others, but we WTRs had an enjoyable and invigorating walk through Lyons and environs, with the use of judicious short-cutting keeping us mostly within cooee of the runners.

We might have been within 'hornee' of the runners, except the Hash Horn didn't arrive until *after* the run was over. Fat lot of good he was!

In the absence of both the Grand Mutton and the RA, and even SLAS, the circle was subbed out to Hidden Flagon and Poo Shooter (much like the trail-setting had been subbed out to Gerbils), and they managed quite adequately: the usual shenanigans, shambles, so-called jokes, a few good songs.

DunnyGone was our substitute Cracker of the Week and he harkened back to some of Crackers' previous questionable choices by offering us some sort of anchovial tidbit that smelled like a dead hasher's shoe. Big shout out to Crackers—we look forward to seeing you back with us when you can. But only if you bring good crackers.

Horse prepared a lovely feast of chile con carne con complementary accompaniments: cheese, shredded lettuce, salsa, corn chips...and there was enough to satisfy even the chow hounds.

*I've been on a hash set by a Horse with no mane  
It was good that there was no rain  
On the hash you can't remember your name  
Cause you've drunk so much that you're feeling no pain  
La la...*

Hasta mañana, mi amigos.