

Cinzano and Chippies

Monday's run was in Jerrabomberra. I've got to stop right now and try and contain myself, because that word, 'Jerrabomberra', causes no end of both irritation and delight. It is like the pea under my mattress (yes, I am a princess); the mozzie whining around my ear on a still summer's night. Let me just vent for a sentence or two (and possibly three).

Jerrabomberra:

-when I first moved to Canberra, I saw that word written down and I thought my head would explode. I had N.F.I. what it meant, how to say it, what it was.

-then I was introduced to 'Woolloongabba' and my head did explode.

-It sounds like the place where Fred and Wilma should go on vacation.

-It sounds like a combination of 'jeraboam' and 'Canberra' – so, by that loose interpretation, they drink heaps and wish they were in the 'berra. (The real 'berra, that is...CAN-berra).

-instead of buying vowels, they bought bloody syllables.

Well there then. Other than being under the Qantas flight path ('other than that, Mrs Kennedy, how was the trip to Dallas?'), it was a lovely evening with beautiful vistas on offer from time to time from the woodland trail. If you were a trainspotter (is there an aviation equivalent—other than 'tragic git with no life'?), you 'd have been in heaven, as we saw (and surely felt) the approach of the final flights from SYD and MEL.

It was the return of Freezerballs to the Capital Hashing fold. So long had she been away, in fact, that she clearly set her run based on the 'athletic' (I use that term only in the hashian sense) endeavours of hashers in days of yore. She clearly didn't realise that a) the walkers nearly match, if not outnumber, the runners, and b) we move more slowly than before.

Yet, in the end, it all came good. Guided by a native (Easy), the walkers made use of judicious shortcuts and didn't spend overlong in the wilderness. There was a small moment of worry when Date Diver and Crying Dick headed off *a deux*, in between the runners and the walkers, but we didn't lose them. ~~Damn it!~~ Thankfully.

The drink stop was at the well-known Carolyn Jackson Avenue address, no doubt the only place in the Western Hemisphere where one could probably, safely, eat off the garage floor without fear of contamination. Meat was away yet we still confined ourselves to the outer reaches of the garage, for fear of leaving a stray chippie or two in his immaculate surrounds.

Returnees: Centrefold; Two Fathers; Suellen and JR; Horse; Crunchy Crack; McTaf; Matilda and Bushman; Infallible and Buns.

Visitor: 'Just Nick', a new Jerrabomberran who found us via QL. He will either thank her profusely or kick her door in—the jury's still out.

There were a couple of jokes—one hates to be too positive lest it seem a sign of encouragement, but one or two chuckles could be heard. Premature Ejaculation enlightened us all as to one meaning of the word 'contagious'...I'll just stop now, thank you.

Of course it was cold...d'oh, it's Canberra in winter! But we had a fire. Good food, good company; wine, women and song...only the churlish (or those lacking rhythm) would have asked for more. On out!