

*My Bonython over the ocean,
My Bonython over the sea...¹*

Regular readers (and I am assured there is at least one, not counting myself) will be aware that I have been known to crap on about how I hate driving down to Tuggers for Hash (visas, shots, 'in-case-I-don't return' instructions for next of kin, gratuitous southside digs, etc.), yet every time I gird the loins (so to speak) and venture southward, I always have a really good time. Damn. If I have to stop bagging Tuggers, I'm going to lose half my material.

Present: Bushman and Matilda, Dangles and Pop Tart (**returnees!**), Bandicoot, Crying Dick, ArtWhoDeeTwo, Sir Lance A Slut, PP and PP, Drunken Tiger and Hidden Flagon, Mixo, Infallible, Scarlet, Meat, Easy, Furballs, Dickhead, JR, Suellen, Gerbils, Poo Shooter, Sex Change, Grease Nipple, Gnash.

Top Five Reasons this was a good hash:

1. **The trail was well-marked**, not overly long, featured scenic views, and salt and vinegar chippies at the drink stop. There was a scary moment at the start when I thought it might all go pear-shaped. When asked about the markings, PE said 'standard Capital markings' then started blathering about '3 and you're on after a check' and '2 after 2-ways and 3-ways...' WTF? It all came good in the end. Special mention to the walkers' map—it was large enough to read without glasses and the drink stop was marked with a large red 'DS' and an 'X' (for the benefit of any Queenslanders present). Okay in some cases the line denoting the walkers' trail actually obscured the street name, but somehow we muddled through.
2. The weather. **Yet another perfect spring Monday evening**. Warm but not overly so; windy at the start but absolute stillness come circle-time. An almost-full moon illuminated the oval where we gathered. For half a minute I expected to see young lambs gamboling on the lawn—yep, bucolic.
3. **It was a Goldilocks circle**. Not too long, not too short—just right. We were just getting into verse 25 of the Hare Song when Easy (stand-in Drinks Biatch) put the kibosh on it; maybe it was the consecutive 'vagina' verses, who knows? There were a couple of awards—Big Pr1ck and Little Pr1ck—but I don't remember who they went to. I don't think we've seen the FRB for a while, anybody? There were a couple of jokes, but the usual offenders joke-tellers were mercifully absent, so they shall pass unremarked-upon. Mixo is still here.
4. **Crying Dick suffers from hash-barrassment**. Pre-encirclement, I overheard him on the phone, telling someone 'I can't talk now, I'm at an athletic event.' Where TF was he? I should have charged him, but this way it will be enshrined in hash history forever. Or until the internet breaks.
5. **Good hash mash**. Hot dogs. With cheese. And mustard. And tomato sauce. Plenty of seconds. No onion or sliced tomatoes, but really, why quibble over details?

And so, sufficiently fed and watered, one drove the approximate 26 klicks home to ~~civilisation~~ Gungahlin (I couldn't resist). On out 'til next time!

¹ Nah, doesn't really work, does it? Because it's Bon-AYE-thon, not Bonny-thon, but how would you know? And just when you'd mastered Mahhhhh-nuka, too...