

Telopean Lube

Canberra: three days post-Christmas; three days pre-New Year's. In an attempt to break through the holiday lassitude, a goodly number of us turned up to Telopea Park at the appointed time, including:

Sir Lance A Slut; Meat; Easy; Hello Kitty; Date Diver; Crying Dick; Grease Nipple; Sex Change; Poo Shooter; Hidden Flagon; Drunken Tiger; Crash and Burn; Haka Zulu (**returnee**); Centrefold; Big Boy; Soft Centre; Crazy German (**visitor – returnee**); Squatter; Rambo.

Visitor: Mal, a friend of Hidden Flagon's who managed to do the entire run from the backseat of HF's car.

Arriving so late he missed the entire run: Weatherman and Weatherdog.

Mistaken sense of priorities: JR and Suellen forsook the hash to spend the evening with their visitors. Really? Couldn't they just have left them alone for a couple of hours with the Netflix logon and a good bottle (or two) of red?

The run: While the runners took a turn around Parly House (where apparently the arrows had been erased—good to know our security forces are alert if not alarmed), the rest of us took off through a very deserted Kingston and Foreshore; around the new apartment buildings (with commentary by Meat, who put in many of the floors); past the PM's dwelling, and finally to the drink stop adjacent to Bowen Park.

There'll be rioting in the women's prison tonight: Centrefold is back on the market. Enough said.

The Circle: It was barely a week ago but I honestly don't remember. There were some charges, possibly some awards, and no doubt a joke or two. We were certainly objects of curiosity by a number of picnicking families who wondered why we were standing around, drinking and singing.

It was the last run of the year, and what a year it has been. On out to 2016!