

Run Number: 141 February 2018.

Weather: 25mm overnight rain followed by a barmy arvo.

Hair: **Fishfinger**

Run Report: Delivered at great length by Infallible. See more later.

Score: Something.

Iggle eyed observers will note that Run 141 is attached to the February run. We are now back in sequence as the error made about a year ago has now been detected. You all failed the test. But I digress.

Somewhere down on the verdant grasslands of Bracken at the southern end of that Jewel of the Eurobodalla, McKenzie's Beach, there is a convenient spot to gather for a Hash run. So a coupla dozen or more did just that in time to hear the briefing. **Just Guy** and his consort found it an hour or two later.

Details like "Where is the ackshull drink stop and can we get a taxi there?" were requested by the champagne set. And ignored. See more later.

Just Cheryl (second appearance), **Just Lola** (first appearance - from Finland, a relative of **Bunz**), **Pink Bitch** (first appearance and virgin runner if not cyclist) **JR** and **Sue Ellen**, **Sir Pository** (returnees) were welcomed along with **GreenFinger**, **Black Dog**, **Rummy**, **Ms Cheeky**, **Winnie** and **Energizer** (See also: confusion, champagne, gin, picnic, real estate.....)

Anyway, **Fishfinger** described the marking as sort of being red paint (on account of the original marks being sloshed out): landmarks including a newly constructed log bridge and a bee hive; a divergence for runners and wankers. And some other stuff. He then gestured in the general direction of the nearest bit of fence and suggested it might lead to the trail. Confusion set in immediately.

The more affletic lot, including **Just Kate**, **Betel Nut** (ex Honiara H3), **CRAFT**, **Haemorrhoid** and **Infallible** headed out. They may or may not have seen the first mark suggesting a turn to the south. Others in the two packs clearly saw nuffink of the sort and headed for the stairs and commenced a real estate investigation. For a self-selecting group, that appears to have been all as they were found later mildly relaxed on a

picnic rug surrounded by empty champagne and gin bottles, suspiciously near the start.

Others eventually heard an echoing "OnOn" from up the hill and meandered in a generally upward and north westerly direction. Some even spied the occasional miniscule dot at the bases of trees from the nail polish used by the hair to illuminate the previously washed out trail. Those at the rear did not know it, but the pack was now being "led" by **CRAFT**, who as turns out is not a reliable occupant of that role. Even highly experienced hounds like **Infallible** were led into a false sense of insecurity and a rather short run as the lead of the pack did not exactly find the runners' trail.

This is not a comment on the paucity of markings.* Some people are just not very good at finding things.

It is also not a comment on the sheep like qualities of the rest of the pack, blindly following those who went ahead.**

Anyway the early arrival at the drink stop (for those who actually bothered to go that distance and not camp on a picnic rug) meant that for a change the walkers nearly missed on the chips. It also meant that keen athletes like **Infallible**, **Just Kate**, **Betel Nut** and the unrepentant **CRAFT** lurched off boldly on a reverse run to rediscover the real runners' trail or part thereof. Most of them eventually found their way back to the finish.

Meanwhile the walkers walked. No-one fell off the log bridge **FishFinger** (claimed to have) constructed; no-one reported leech or tick infestations, and no-one got stung as they passed the beehive. So it all worked just like a Hash should.

The circle eventually circled. Sort of. Not many people would be aware of this but after the first or second run at the Mother Hash the first known trash writer described the even thus: *"apart from the excitement of chasing the hare and finding the trail, harriers reaching the end of the trail would partake of beer, ginger beer and cigarettes."* That is nearly what happened again last week.

Doggy **Bag** took over the huge responsibility of extracting money from the assembled multitude and even keeping a record of transactions. A job she could do with her eyes closed.



Some comment was made by **Infallible** on the quality of the run in a presentation that took nearly as long as the abbreviated event but was unaccountably generous in dishing out a positive score.

FishFinger was very pleased and so were **Bunz** and **Lost Rooster**.



I think there were a few charges (after all we had **CountHerFeet**, **Black Dog** and **Greenfinger** lurking with intent and lasciviousness. At some point **Ms Cheeky** felt it necessary to compare leg tan lines with **Two Fathers**. Fortunately, only to

a point just about the shorts hem line and in a rare triumph for good taste no other body part or tan lines were exposed. And the point was.....?

It was all a bit much for Energizer.



Gobbles did an outstanding job of impersonating the normal (if that is the correct adjective) **RA**. As well as arranging the weather, keeping the **GeeEmm** advised of proper protocol, having an appropriate ditty for all occasions and generally being a nuisance, he discovered there were two birthdays in the month. For some days **Doggy Bag** and **Fishfinger** are of the same age before the latter advances a decade. Songs were sung.

There was also the outstanding and astounding opportunity for the **MBH3** to name and claim for evermore a near virgin hasher. For a short while **Gobbles** channelled the incomparable and incomprehensible **B Manilow**, **McKenzies Beach** was the hottest spot south of Havana, and niece **Just Lola** will henceforth and forever in all corners of the globe be known as **Showgirl**.

After a long and mysterious absence, probably dating to about run 118 or something, the **Rooted/Routed Award** was reunited with the circle. And presented by **JR** to a barely deserving **Lost Rooster**. As it is almost **Brumby's** season this could mean another lengthy absence of this highly valued and steeped-in-tradition award. The return of thus valuable award was toasted by the venerable duo.



and the crowds shoulda gorn. \$12 per person per night at that time of year.

*Although others might take it that way.

**Ditto



Old friends pursued their normal pursuits.

After all that the circle was declared Wallaby Ted's brother and the melee straggled to a reassembly point somewhere in the vicinity of **Fishfinger's** and **Just Judy's** front veranda. **Super Just Kate**, pizza artiste supreme, took over the assembly of pizzas to order and **Just Guy** ferried them to **Fishfinger** at the jaws of the raging inferno of an oven. It sorta got a bit less tidy as the red wine and cool evening air took over and it is not at all clear that we will be invited back before about run 282. There were few reports of post frolic accidents (well serious ones anyway, and no ambulance attended the Malua Bay Inn) and our next-door neighbour advised on the exact time of arrival of certain boarders seeking entry to the stable.

NOTE to boarders: An unlocked door does not require a key to open it.

NEXT RUN:

Run 142 (as known at time of publication)

WHEN: Saturday 3 March 2018 at **4pm**

Eastern Australian Daylight Savings Time!!!

WHERE: Congo at Dangles' Auntie's place on Congo Road behind the bushes about opposite the swings. Number 682 on the gate post.

HAIR: **Dangles** (unless he gets a call to arms)

AFTERS: Black Tie. Sherry will be served before dinner. Or perhaps instead.

National Park campground more or less across the road down the well named Congo Campground