

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume : #V#143v1

Run Number: 143 April 2018.

Weather: Organised by the GeeEmm. Flawless

Hair: **Two Fathers**

Afters: **Likealotta**

Run/Walk Report: Perfect conception and execution.

Score: Quite positive.

The concept of some new territory, an exquisitely conceived and elegantly executed run/walk and pretty good weather in spite of the absence of the normal (as in usual) Religious Adviser-in-perpetuity **Captain Pugwash**, and the rumour that there would be barbecued pulled pork at the mash, dragged them in from farnwide. **Maggot** (and the dog) rolled in from Spud Point. **Meat to Pleeze You** travelled in solo (and had already discovered the first check back out the back of his brother's shack where the boat is parked). The slightly wounded **JR** and **Blue Hawaii** (with nurse **Sue Ellen**) eschewed the bike hash and half of Belconnen turned up in style. (A loose term in this case.)



Infallible looked on in trepidation while JR considered leaving immediately.

Eventually **Gobbles** o'clock arrived (along with **CHF**) and it was safe to contemplate a start or at least figuring out a few traditional guidelines. Two Virgins, **Just Ange** and **Just Anne**, were welcomed and given some very brief outlines of expected behavioural standards. **ZsaZsa Le Whore** and **Shove It In** were also introduced while we did our futile best to ignore the presence of **Double Fister**, **Tree Rooter**, **Too Keen**, **B2** and **Barbie Toolz**. **Mighty Aphrodite** arrived quietly just in time for the off. We also welcomed **Little Mermaid** back from a long break and immediately appointed her as walk reporter.

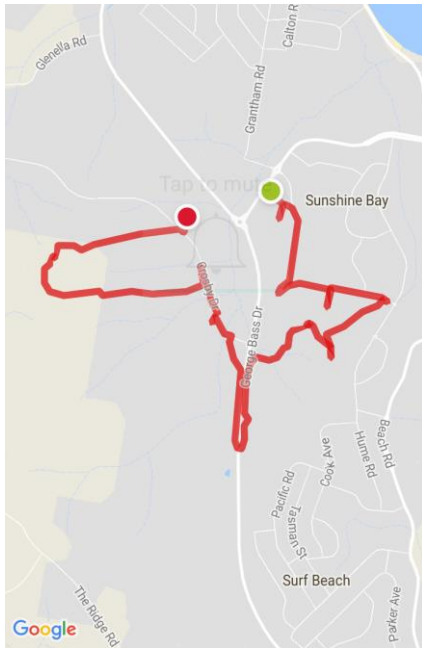
Stand in RA and GM Emeritus **Gobbles** indicated that the GeeEmm-in-perpetuity **Two Fathers** could launch the pack on the unsuspecting population of Sunshine Bay heights and whatever other sensational vistas they would discover. The walkers followed.

Infallible led the pack to the first check back, closely followed by the fit and eager **Just Ange** and **Haemorrhoid**, fresh from the park run frolic. By the next check **Infallible** had established the basic pattern of choosing the wrong way that was to be repeated at every opportunity. Somehow, **Double Fister** made a wise choice and the hounds followed while **Maggot** took on the role of lead wanker.

The trail meandered up hill and down dale and thereabouts through McMansions and scarified building sites where once were trees until it burst back onto GB Drive. After a slight attack on another false trail (yep, **Infallible** again) the runners wisely chose to follow the wankers down the hill and back in to the scrub. **Just Anne** and her guides **Shove It** and **ZsaZsa** by now suffering from smoke inhalation due to the local hazard reduction chappies, took a short cut to the drink stop while the others plunged up a near vertiginous slope which just about brought **JR** and his hip oedema undone and necessitated a strategic short cut to the drink stop where **Doggy Bag** and **Blue Hawaii** were chillin.

After a quick circumnavigation of the reservoir, **Haemorrhoid** and **Just Ange** led the hounds down the hill thundering past the strung-out walkers in the rush for the chips at the drink stop. A gathering ensued and some discussions of the run took on a genital tone. Some hint about why might appear in the photo somewhere below.

After an interminably long discussion of the merits of technology and the true intention of the hair and whether the run could be described as a prick of a trail, someone worked out, perhaps prophetically, it was all downhill from there. (To the start/finish: it was still several hours before the circle and other drinks and a move of several people in the direction of Durras.) But I digress. The run looked like this on the map.



A circle eventually formed on **Likealotta's** back lawn where even the absence of **Black Dog** did not noticeably detract from the chaos.

Little Mermaid in a fabulous demonstration of her thespian talent gave a three word action improv as a walk report. It alone was worth the price of admission. And the score was positive of course. The run report was less brief but still reasonably honest.

The virgins were introduced again. Just Ange is possibly a spy. She claims to be posted here by the RAF to find out how well we are going with the introduction of a new generation aircraft. They coulda saved their money and bought a copy of the paper but she seemed to be enjoying the junket and the discovery of hashdom even if she had fallen into the company of the Belconnen lot. Just Anne was sporting an ancient Narooma t short but claimed virginity and some connection with **ZsaZsa Le Whore**. That was good enough for us.

When someone remembers to bring a pencil and piece of paper I might remember what the charges were. But **Mighty** was welcomed back, along with **Little Mermaid**, **Tree Rooter**, **Maggot**, **Barbie**, **B2**, and **Meat**. They all drank gracefully.

I think **Gobbles** must have got one.



In his enthusiasm to carry out all RA functions with a plum, **Gobbles** invited Just Ange and Just Anne back to the circle for a naming. Just Anne will always remember the smoke hazard and its effect on her asthma. So will hashdom as she is now known as **Shagged Out**, which she was. As the observing circle was contemplating what fate awaited Just Ange it emerged from forensic examination that she was sporting tartan trews. Both **Barbie Toolz** and **Gobbles** being of like if not sound mind observed that this could give rise a name. And so it did. She left us to spread the good news of hashdom worldwide as **Tart In Knickers**. This is they.



After a relatively short 50 minutes or so the chaos subsided and shifted to the front of **Likealotta's** for the famous and attractive pulled pork. It sorta blurs a bit from there but I do remember the Caddy departing with all five sets of headlights on as it stole quietly and unobtrusively through the Bay for points north, followed by a couple of other vehicles. Reports of later action have been censored and photographic evidence has been stripped out of this message by your provider.

NEXT RUN:

Run 144:

WHEN: Saturday 5 May 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE: 11 Forest Pde Tomakin

HAIR: Captain Pugwash

AFTERS: BYO casserole or similar to above address. Also bring a chair for sitting outside and toasting marshmallow. Ukulele optional.

AND THEN?

Run 145:

WHEN: Saturday 2 June 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE: Moruya (New Venue!)

HAIR: Sadistic Countess and Basil Brush

AFTERS: TBA.

AND AFTER THAT AGAIN

Run 146:

WHEN: Saturday 7 July 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE: Long Beach

HAIR: Gobbles and CountHerFeer

AFTERS: Curry at above address.

AND AGAIN

Run 147:

WHEN: Saturday 4 August 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE: South Durras

HAIR: Haemorrhoid

AFTERS: Gordnose. Free play.

AND AGAIN

Run 148:

WHEN: Saturday 1 September 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE:

HAIR:

AFTERS:

AND AGAIN

Run 149:

WHEN: Saturday 6 October 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE:

HAIR:

AFTERS:

AND AGAIN

Run 150:

WHEN: Saturday 3 November 2018 at **4pm Eastern Australian Daylight-Saving Time.**

WHERE: Back where it all began

HAIR:

AFTERS:

OTHER STUFF.

The Finance sub committee stared into the entrails of the cash tin and decided the grog price would go up to \$3 a pop. HARDLY ANYONE COMPLAINED.

Capital Hash 2000th Run

WHEN: A weekend in November 2018.

WHERE: Possibly somewhere in the immediate region of Eurobodalla Shire or Shoalhaven City.

HAIR: Lotsa them but maybe Sex Change

AFTERS: Where ever they can get a booking.