

## MasterBatemans Bay HHH

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*

## The Egalitarian Hash

*Trash Volume: Rowdy.*

**Run Number:** 169 July 2020

**Hair:** Lost Rooster

**Weather:** Perfect early winter.

**Afters:** On the balcone - with al fresco

**Score:** 6 awarded by **Infallible**, a great authority, and 6.9 from Pop Tart for the wank.



A view of the Tollgates in the gloaming we were roaming in sorta says something about the July run. But I am not sure what. But it's a nice picture anyway.

On the barmy afternoon of Bruce Springsteen Day, there was a smattering of keen hashers at the bottom of the driveway. **Meat** (with appropriately Trumpian attire from the grate state of TX) and **Easy** rolled in (again) from the northern lakes district; **Infallible** and the **GeeEmm I (in perpetuity)** idled in from Malua and the Bay area was represented by **Likalotta** looking resplendent in the all black colours of the club (or something). Tomakin was represented by **Captain Pugwash**, **Sticky Date** and the well known if peripatetic **Pole Dancer**. Kai the wonder hound lolled and **Lock Up Your Daughters** lurked quietly aside while we awaited the stately if fashionably late arrival of **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** from their remotely located stately ome 150m over the ridge. Obviously their customary punctilios punctuality was prevented by the tardy appearance of **Pop Tart** and **Dangles**. Two neighbours looked on.

Chalk talk was limited. But **Lost Rooster** was suitably attired for the date. Run /walk reporters were identified. The packs lurched out at 180° to each other and it was on. The runners were in the minority but formed a high quality pack with a combined 9 million runs

and a century or so of hashing to their collective credit.

The runners leapt to the lower level and immediately had to choose between two direction indicators. **Gobbles** (in the first of several confident and accurate choices) soon ululated onon and the remainder of the pack shuffled forth. (or second and third). A further uphill leftward lurch took the pack up vertiginous slopes before a downward leftish plunge reminiscent of the Eden Monaro poll past the GobbleFeetatorium had the experienced pack now bunched tightly downhill towards the crick. About now **Gobbles** made another confident pick possibly informed by local knowledge and some eavesdropping on the hare, and took up the unaccustomed position of FRB as the trim taught and terrific pack bayed on through the verdant surrounds of Cullendulla Crick before catching up with the now milling and mumbling wanker pack.



They may have been confused by this guidance.



So, they stood around waiting for advice from the more experienced runners. It apparently did not mean that the runners climb up the tree. Two of them suggested a path to the east.



And then set off in the straight ahead position, by terrestrial tracks towards the river mouth while the wankers did whatever they do in the circumferences.

There was a quick lurch around the upper reaches of Happy Rock (so named, possibly, as it is an ending) and then to a hash vista. It was fairly pictureskew. But we did not try to run across it in spite of seraphic qualities.



From there the trail meandered more or less westerly to a point occupied by the drink stop and the wankers (who had not eaten all the chips) and a glass or two of very fine mulled wine. Then on on to the circle, en route to which **Kai the wonder dog** met some distant cousins. He was visibly excited and impressed.



The pack circled up in a distant socialised way on the lower deck (not to be confused with Dangles' career choices). **Infallible and Pop Tart** awarded positive integers to the run/wank and joined the hair in a drink. **Pop Tart** remained in the circle to be joined by **Lock Up Your Daughters, Dangles** and **Likalotta** to explain their long absences. **Meat** and **Lost Rooster** and **Rooster Booster** were awarded for their patriotism and sartorial commitment to the land of the free. Birthdays for **Pole Dancer** and **Two Fathers**. **Lock Up Your Daughters** stood by silently so was awarded a drink. The very latecummers **Just Nat** and **Just Dane** looking sparkling fresh from the shower and no run were just in time to get a drink as well. It was noted (by **CountHerFeet**, an accountant in real life) after a quick check of the cash tin that **Lost Rooster** and **Rooster Booster's** new car apparently had nothing to do with their short term custody of the Hash Cash.

Then the circle folded, hot dogs and burgers were produced, red wine was consumed, the Brumbies won and Eden Monaro was indecisive....

I think that's about it.

NEXT RUN  
RUN 170

**WHEN:** Saturday 1 August at **3pm AEST**

**WHERE:** Moruya Racecourse

**HAIR:** Just Kidding

**AFTERS:** TBA