

## MasterBatemans Bay HHH

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*

## The Egalitarian Hash

*Trash Volume: Diminuendo*

**Run Number:** 171 Sept 2020

**Hair:** Likealotta (and Relaxed)

**Weather:** Early spring sprung

**Afters:** Mexican, a (delayed) birthday and a fire out the back.

**Score:** Run: .69 from **Haemorrhoid** (See more later). Walk 6.9 from **I forget**

Well it was a new territory day up on the Ridge Road/Dog Trap region and the web of single tracks with names like Dead Dog, Black Death Baby Bear, Bump and Grind and Deep Creek Dropin. I did not make all of those up.

A couple dozen hashers and a coupla dogs turned up out of curiosity. **Ms Cheeky** was very curious (as is often the case) and **B2** was even curiouser (ditto) as we milled in the bull dust awaiting instructions (and **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet**). **Fishfinger** and **Fingerling** were champing at the bit for the off.



The local fire truck turned up, again out of curiosity, but appeared to be doing a tour with newbies so no drama there.

Evenshully the hare gestured down the road and pack sauntered off with the **GeeEmm** in the lead for oh at least 50 metres until the natural order of things resumed with **Just Dane** and **Just Nat** setting a cracking pace ahead of **FishFinger**, **Fingerling** and **Infallible** doing their usual impersonation of superb affletes. A quick left onto the first of the single tracks meant the pack was strung out in shingle file down through the burnt remains, around a superbly sculptured banked chicane and then upwards ever bloody upwards. Somewhere about here **Gobbles** took a plunge into the dust. But nothing appeared

broken and he hobbled on bravely if dustily. (see more later.)

Somehow the pack emerged onto Dog Trap Road at about the point the walkers, possibly led by **Lost Rooster** and **Too Keen** or possibly just rabbling of their own accord and (had they but known it at this stage) almost in sight of the drink stop. **B2**, however, had had enough.



After a bit of milling, the packs plunged into the vertiginous Death Drop single track (I made that one up I think) where the wild hop scrub grew thick and wombat holes abound where any slip was death and the fire blackened stringy barks and saplings got in the flamin way until at last the pack pulled up sore and sorry at the bottom of that terrible descent and before they fell into the lake and drowned.



About this time **Haemorrhoid** and **Two Fathers** took a bit of a punt on directions (never to be seen again) while the rest of the pack looked for trail in the right place. Lead by the two **Justs**, this got them back to the drink stop which was the general idea, where **Doggy Bag**, **Bunz** and the barely walking wounded **B2** were guarding the supplies. Especially the chips which is advisable when **Crunchy Crack** is lurking.



After a short interlude it was back up the track to the chosen COVID discreet open air and secluded venue for the circle. Where, as usual the Gee Emm was seldom in control.



Doggy Bag was. (In control, that is.)



**Can Do** hooked into it as if he had run with the runners and not walked with the walkers.



**Haemorrhoid** gave a run report for that half that he completed before going bush and dead reckoning back to the carpark. **Likealotta** drank and appeared very happy with a positive score.

There were a couple of charges. **B2** was justifiably charged for trying to wreck **Haemorrhoid's** almost completed hashatorium and thinking he could defy the laws of physics and gravity. (No sympathy offsets for wounded heel.)

There were quite a few returners including **Ms Cheeky**, **Fingerling**, **Can Do**, **Just Dane** and **Just Nat** (who tried to wriggle out on the grounds they had been seen near Long Beach after a run).

In other excursions from the facts, it seems **Gobbles** was charged by **Likealotta** with being an attention seeker and shameless self-promoter when he went arse over tit a nanosecond into the run. Although I do not recall it, **CountHerFeet** may have been charged by **Gobbles** for being a dopey moll (standing charge although I am not sure I would award a beer for that.) In a slightly incestuous exchange **CHF** charged **Gobbles** for discovering that he is distantly related to Malcolm Wigglesworth Mann aka **Pugwash**. **Gobbles** charged **Haemorrhoid** for his insistence on taking off on a blatant false trail after the Hash Halt and not re-appearing for quite a long time. He was also awarded the Rooting and Routing award for this feet of geographical bravado. **Barbie Tools** (a well-known arbiter of good taste and palate sensitivity) very correctly charged **Gobbles** for the most shit beer (ie non-alcoholic) ever in a Hash bucket.

**Gobbles**, charged **Lickalotta** (closely resembling the ackshul trail setting hair **Relaxed**), for setting the run on his stump-jump electric bicycle.

In a convoluted, if not circular and poorly recalled charge, it is possible that **Pugwash** got another for having a naked **Gobbles** on his new, collectable, exclusive, single run, Masterbatemans t shirt from the fertile pen of Leunig. (You had to be there. Or maybe it was better if you weren't.)

About then it became obvious that the circle was wallaby ted's brother and **B2** guaranteed that with a joke of questionable taste. (So, you expect something else?) So off we flocked to the Pacific Street foodatorium for lots more red wine, a jolly decent nosh up of Mexican flavour and a bit of a seat around the fire. Poker stoking was permitted but no goon bag wheel of fortune was conducted.



Oh, and we had a cake for a delayed or isolated birthday.



I think that's, pretty much it.

NEXT RUN

RUN 172

**WHEN:** Saturday 3 October at **3pm AEST**  
**(last time before DST)**

**WHERE:** First Street, South Durras

**HAIR:** Haemorrhoid

**AFTERS:** Yes

RUN 173

**WHEN:** Saturday 7 November at **4pm AEDST**

**WHERE:** Bracken, near McKenzie's Beach.

**HAIR:** Fishfinger

**AFTERS:** Yes

RUN 174

**WHEN:** Saturday 5 December probably **4pm AEDST**

**WHERE:** TBA but subject to developments if any in COVID restrictions.

**HAIR:** Dunno

**AFTERS:** Maybe

RUN 175

**WHEN:** Saturday 2 January 2021 probably **4pm AEDST**

**WHERE:** TBA.

**HAIR:** Maybe the GeeEmm

**AFTERS:** Probably

RUN 176

**WHEN:** Saturday 6 February 2021 at **4pm AEDST**

**WHERE:** Nelligen Pub carpark

**HAIR:** Pearl

**AFTERS:** In the pub

(Picture acknowledgements: Lickalotta and Haemorrhoid.)