

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume: Rowdy and constant

Run Number: 172 Oct 2020

Hair: Haemorrhoid

Weather: Lubricious

Afters: Where do I start? Or finish?

Score: -2 from the ineffable Infallible. The walk deserved more.

Well it is a bit difficult to know where to start - or whether one should comment on the finish, whenever that occurred.

You can occasionally depend on **Haemorrhoid** to either:

1. Set a reasonably creative run with a bit of shiggy or scrub
2. Lose someone
3. Be close to some conflagration
4. Host a fairly noisy and moderately lubricated afters that lingers to daylight.

On this occasion pretty much all boxes were checked. The run was scrubby; the entire runners pack got lost (on the good side of which meant the walkers got a head start on the drink stop); the shedatorium nearly did not survive its opening due to small inflammation;



ummm, reports of numerous atrocities and a couple of all nighters are filtering in and will probably not be recorded for prosperity.

As usual considerable effort was wasted on trying to corral the numbers to something resembling the Auntie Gladys' guidelines. Although **Ms Cheeky** tried to help out by falling over herself to prevent the crowd getting too big (and **Barbie** didn't appear either). Two off. **Sue Ellen** decided at the last moment to celebrate acquisition of a new motor (has she recently been hash cash somewhere?) by turning

up almost unannounced and claiming the honeymoon sweet. (Three on.) **Gobbles and CountHerFeet** appeared with the virginal (and athletic) **Just Hildy** (another one on). Other unexpected appearances from **Paparazzi, Double Fister, B2** (late again), **White Out, Freezer Balls** doing a Lazarus, **Incider** (welcome back) and **Crunchy** and **Dangles** in Slim and oliver sardine we had a quorum. Divided by two houses it was compliant(ish).

So, there was a minor and inconspicuous milling outside a neighbour's house while the hair gave some vague sort of directions about where the runners could go, mentioned something about pink ribbon at about eye height and sent the pack on its way. Your reporter uncharacteristically chose to leave the pack to it and take a leisurely stroll with the walkers, so the report is slightly less informed than usual. Sufficient to say that the runners' pack disappeared behind **Infallible, Double Fister, FishFinger** and the slightly uncertain but bravely smiling **Just Hildy**. Stragglers were already evident as they rolled around the corner towards the lake and apparent oblivion, not to be seen for about another two hours.....

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the walkers were given some slightly less vague instructions: "if you get to a stone house you have gone too far. Watch for pink ribbon. The drink stop and circle are in the same place. Turn left down there."

Even further back at the ranch, **Winnie, Energizer, B2** and a couple of others retired to the couch for another gin/beer/shampoo before motoring to the drink stop location...And **Energizer** forgot the dummy.

The walkers led out by **MeattoPleezeYa** in his Japanese safety boots and **Freezer** looking very frisky set a punishing pace while **Lost Rooster** and **Can Do** conversationally strolled along midfield, **BlackDog** and **Greenfinger** were somewhere there as well. Just before the stone house the trail took a rightangular turn, past the RFS sign prohibiting entry due to falling timber and onononinto the increasingly scraggly trail. It was a meander through melaleuca infested scrub and ever deeper into the mire until someone decided to look for pink ribbons. **Can Do** spotted something that turned out to be pink and ribbon

like. Ononithink he sorta called and some followed. Others straggled, **Meat** and **Freezer** got out in front again, **Can Do** and **Two Fathers** and **Lost Rooster** described several ever decreasing concentric circles and somehow it all worked out in the end as they plunged onto a track and eventually rolled into a sylvan glade that doubled as drink stop and circle and parking area for those who chose. **B2's** tailgate resembled a spot for the bucket. **Incider** and **Crunchy** had materialised, **Winnie** and **Energizer** looked remarkably fresh for having bush bashed heroically to the site.

The walker pack eventually made it intact and settled down to wait for the runners. **Gobbles** arrived in his charabanc with the news that possibly the entire pack was lost. Little concern was evident.

After an hour or so the runners' pack appeared led by a grimacing **FishFinger** and **Infallible** closely herded up by **Just Hildy**, still clutching her drink bottle and panting "that was so much fun" raising immediate concerns about her sanity which on reflection suggest she is a born hasher. There were some comments from I dunno who about lost trail, the beach and the bloody walkers not helping by leaving all the two ways intact. And the insubstantial pink ribbon. **Haemorrhoid** looked quietly satisfied.

The drink stop morphed into a Gladys-compliant circular formation in the gloaming with a 4 sq m per person radius. **Gobbles** introduced **Just Hildy** to the circle and the delites of hashing.



At some point the **GeeEmm** as often is the case lost his thread. Even **Infallible** and **Can Do** could not find it.



After **Infallible** awarded the run a positively deserved minus 2 or so for lost trail, pusillanimous ribbon and excessive length there were a few charges. Some of which may have been:

Black Dog for failure to protect the elderly (to whit, **Ms Cheeky**) from themselves.

Haemorrhoid was charged by **Gobbles** for misleading directions that created a mass case of topographical agnosia (and sang a specially composed bit of doggerel faintly reminiscent of something by Alan Jay Lerner - who is not known to be a hasher).

JR was charged for being inconsequential, which is a bit unfair but still stuck

Blue Hawaii was charged for not being attractively coiffed (bad hair day, I think).

Gobbles was charged, for abandoning the virgin and arriving at the circle in his charabanc.



Greenfinger shoulda been charges for aggressive stances.

And then **Infallible** pointed out that it was about time things moved on. **Haemorrhoid** was still puzzled by the negative rating.



Double Fister added some comment about the quality of the run. **B2** couldn't give a



Then it was time to head back to the ranch for whatever transpired. **Dangles** offered helpful culinary advice on how to singe a sheep.



Someone thought a warming fire was called for.



And after all the nonsense most of which deservedly has a veil drawn over it there were a few items of lost property. Claimants should contact **Haemorrhoid**.



NEXT RUN
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

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