

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume: Too loud for the rugby.

Run Number: 174 Dec 2020

Hair: **Gobbles** (but...see below)

Weather: Late gale force winds

Afters: Lots

Score: At least 1. (Pre afters)

Christmas is the season to be jolly but for **Gobbles** it is the season of Christmas eye. Every other year. So, if you see no further mention of his name that reflects his involvement. I was advised 0830 on Saturday that **CountHerFeet** was in control of everything and immediately resumed my previous position of not worrying about anything that could possibly go wrong. But I digress.

After exhaustive consultations with Aunty Gladys, we managed to get approval for 31 attendees at the Taj Long Beach provided we did not count anyone who was in residence. Or something. By quincidence, **Babbling** had moved in about a day or so before, **Pop Tart** signalled an intention to be in residence and **Cowboy** decided to crash there too. So, it was all set and a couple of the late comers got a guernsey. Others conveniently dropped out. **Sunbean** arrived eventually, having finally followed the detailed destructions for how to get there. I love it when a plan comes together.

As **Gobbles** was incapacitated, incommunicado and ingratopain, **Lost Rooster** set the run and walk. **Dangles** volunteered (nobly and altruistically) to keep an eye on the drink stop supplies. **Winnie**, **Energiser** and **Freezer** made that as difficult as possible. **Rooster Booster** and **Lickalotta** took on full catering responsibilities. **Bunz** assisted.

Others mingled on the dick outside



while instructions were served and promises of a drink stop were given. Then it was off at a slow gallop with a runners pack of about 1 and the walkers in close strung out hirsute. A few volunteered to remain with the grog bucket and **Captain Pugwash**.

It was a downhill start, as is often the case, with **Haemorrhoid** leading the pace and **Too Keen** jiggling along in ambling mode with **Two Fathers** and **Black Dog** chattering along in front of **GeenFinger**, a rejuvenated and fully healed **Ms Cheeky** setting a brisk pace for a walker. **Infallible**, succumbing to the age related damage to a knee was reduced to a walking pace to accompany **Cowboy** while **Barbie** occupied his own space. **Easy, JR, Sue Ellen** and **Blue Hawaii** were intermingled - if that is a suitable verb for their heterophilic presence at the hash. (They were there anyway, and the hash may have been better for it.) **Sticky Date** was in charge of the canine contingent.



Meandering in the general gravity assisted direction of the crick, the pack looked around for a runners and walkers trail and sorta took the easy option. **Haemorrhoid** espied the runners trail and mostly ignored it except for a triumphant dash the last 50 metres to the junction with the walkers' trail thus avoiding the nuisance of the headland track. Along the crick, then up the hill and round the back of some houses, through the kangaroo ground, where **Too Keen** a temporary FWB paused to retie her shoelaces or do an ostrich to frighten off the roos. Or something.



Then it was down to the beach and then miraculously and eventually back to the drink stop and seafood extravaganza. This is a graphic representation. I dunno why I bother writin stuff. It seemed longer than that.



Somehow **Meat** and **Cowboy** had sussed out a short cut and the **Gin Slutz** had also found an easy way to trundle the shortest distance between start and bubbles to the surprise of no-one. But **Captain Pugwash** had nobly thrown his shattered body on the line and the seafood was still there when the pack assembled on **Lost Rooster's** duck. But you had to be quick.



The beer ran out and the **GeeEmm** had to resort to wine before sounding the alarm on a contraption thoughtfully provided by **Barbie** from his stock of unauctionable bits and pieces. Several of the pack were prised away with the promise of more booze and did a **Brown's cows** impersonation on the return to the **Taj**. **Gobbles** arose fleetingly but very slowly from his sickbed before returning to it, never to be scene again.

There was a semi-circle with the elderly participants seated and a few others gossiping along the outer extremity of the duck.



I have little recollection of what happened (possibly an alcohol induced state of recall) but there must have been some charges. **Infalible** may have been awarded the Routing Shield (although I have no idea why), **CountHerFeet** got the dummy (as she would) and **Captain Pugwash** and **Sticky Date** were serenaded with the balcony song from *Romeo and Juliet* in e flat. Or was it the Fluck off song? We were on the balcony at the time. Those in attendance (and who had paid in time) received elegant new tshirts some of which even fitted parts of the new owners. The bucket held up, there was even enough bubbles and then it was an all out attack on the feast lovingly presented by **Likalotta**,

Rooster Booster and assorted kitchen staff.
Ackshully it all went rather well.

NEXT RUN...

RUN 175

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

WHERE: 82 Illabunda Drive Malua Bay.

HAIR: **Two Fathers**

AFTERS: Probably but it would be good to know
for how many.

Special Note: **Pugwash and Sticky last run**
(unless they visit some time.)

RUN 176

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

WHERE: Nelligen Pub carpark

HAIR: **Pearl**

AFTERS: In the pub

RUN 177

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

WHERE: TBA maybe near Mossy Point

HAIR: **GreenFinger (the march hair)**

AFTERS: TBA