



Run Number: 210 Februweary 2024

Hair: FishFinger

Weather: Best this summer

Afterers: See the pics

Score: Minus something. (unfair)

For some reason, possibly associated with the venue, the weather, the end of school holidays, movement of grey nomads or just because it seemed like a good idea, there were 31 people and 3 carpet crabs including 2 virgins, a few returnees, some visiting hashers and **CL** and **Sunshine** down from the barmy central coast. They brung their own van and positioned it with max benefit at the edge of the verdant verge of the beach.

So....where to start? Perhaps at somewhere near the beginning. But first, some history. About 10 years ago there was a run at Potato Point, set and hosted by **Wishing Well** from her *shedus magnificat*, at which all sorts of people who we never see now were present. And **Gobbles** provided Budweiser in the bucket. To the best of my recollection, he has never repeated that heinous crime. (But it does show you how long he has been bucketing.) Then **GeeEmm Two Fathers** was languishing on Nauru where the Hash created by **Infallible** was still running. **Mighty Aphrodite** was late. But I digress. Back to the present.

Roger the Cabin Boy (or the half of him that remains) and **Daikos S Bend** lobbed in for a guest appearance with their 3 small humans, one of whom nobly ran (see more later). **White Out** reappeared looking a bit bemused but that may have been her contemplating the unaccustomed role of DD for the **GeeEmm Haemoroyd** (however spelt) and **Too Keen**. **Just Rob** a virgin hasher just looked bemused.

Little Wee (with **Swallow**, **Velvet Underlay** and **Buenos Hairies**) turned up and so did the **PPPPs**. **Dangles** and **Pop Tart** arrived with the new and as yet not quite furbished

camper. **Meat n Easy** lurked quietly in the background. **Mighty Aphrodite** was on time.

Hair **Fishfinger** gave some chalk talk which included waxing lyric about the qualities of the run, vistas, marking, gentle undulations, drink stop and other stuff of which **GreenFinger** was appointed the sole subsequent adjudicator. And then the pack lurched out the gate and onto **McKenzies Beach** with the fleet footed **Sunshine** and **CL** setting a cracking pace and the pack strung out astern.



Somewhere near the white umbrella and full moons the pack plunged off the beach and up the track along the cliff possibly hoping it would not continue for the whole 17km of the track to Observation Point and barely pausing for the vista



before taking a bit of a turn to the north, past Pretty Bay and up onto another bit of the well chalked trail around more cliffs. Virgin and youthful person **Just Louis (8)** also streaked to the front in direct contravention of orders to keep in sight of (his father) **Roger the Cabin Boy**. By now **Meat, Haemoroyd** and **Too Keen** had more or less rounded up the FRBs **CL and Sunshine** as they plunged out onto the road and paused at least three milliseconds at a



before leaving the rest of the pack floundering along like I dunno what as they headed for the hills on the dry side of GBD and up to the fire shed before a vertiginous and knee trembling descent under the power lines while the stragglers straggled even further behind up



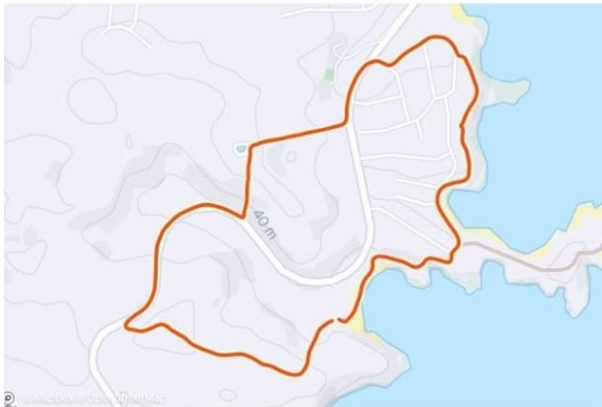
Reservoir Hill (whereupon **Cowboy, Bunz, Little Wee** and some others wisely took advantage of a motorised conveyance to the drink stop). But not **Gobbles and CHF** who DFLd nobly onwards and upwards then downwards at great peril to their joints and **CHF's** recently repaired leg. **Lost Rooster** and **Rooster Booster** were there somewhere too.

After that it was a bit of a stroll to the drink stop scenically located in the nether regions of Bracken Heights.



And contemplated the run (maps are flat - the run wasn't.)

Distance	Time	Elev Gain
4.55 km	59m 0s	155 m



Then it was all downhill to the finish and some thinking drinking on the village green as the sun set slowly in the west and we waited for the circle up command from the RA.



That happened. (The command, that is)



GreenFinger rambled on more than the run and somehow awarded the score of minus

MBH3

something. (Ed Note: A bit unfairly but no-one noticed)

Sunshine was invited to account for her several months' absence, fleet footed front running, ignoring the HH and possibly something else I forget.



Virgins **Just Rob** and **Just Louis** were invited in to take a (age appropriate) drink. The aforementioned runners who do not know what a HH is (see somewhere up ↑) got a taste for impatience. As usual the dog ate my notes so I have no idea what else happened and then Oliver Suddan it was time for a fire to be lit.

Peeping Pervert impressed **Might Aphrodite** with his hitec fire ignition gizmo.



It worked.

Going Downhill Fast



Just Jude and Doggy Bag magically arrived with pizzas and were almost knocked over in the rush.

And the fire burnt for hours.



Thass abou tit.

EXCEPT FOR
NEXT RUNs

RUN 211

WHEN: Saturday 2 March 2024 **at 4pm AEDST**
WHERE: 117 Litchfield Crescent Long Beach
HAIR: **BiggusDickus (Virgin hair)**
AFTERS: BYO Barby or veg equivalent. Salads provided. **Numbers required!!** (For the bucket as well as the salad makers)

MBH3

RUN 212

WHEN: Saturday 6 April 2024 **at 4pm AEDST (last night of daylight saving)**
WHERE: First St South Durras
HAIR: **GeeEmm (or Too Keen)**
AFTERS: Usually. More stuff later.
THEME: Star Crossed Lovers.
ZODIAC ELEMENT: Fire

RUN 213

WHEN: Saturday 4 May 2024 **at 3pm AEST**
WHERE: Possibly in the Bay
HAIR: **Likealotta**
AFTERS: Usually.

Runs 214 and 215 under discussion (I think).
But you can volunteer if you like.

Going Downhill Fast