



Run Number: 211 March 2024

Hair: BiggusDickus (virgin hair)*

Weather: FAQ

Afters: Yes - with music. Sweet Caroline {tunefully}.

Score: 6/10

Long Bay Beach is sorta hilly and kangaroo infested but still people assembled for a run, possibly outta curiosity about what **BiggusDickus** was going to do.

Indeed, your scribe was so keen to find out he turned up an hour early and immediately got a job to go and get some ice, before taking up an offer to visit the Taj and sample the BD/GF/En hospitality. (He was suitably punished later.) But I digress.

The 14 ~~enthusiastic~~ curious affletes assembled on BD's rear dick, wedged on the precipitous slope partially occupied by his house. **Just Rob** a virgin at last run, brung his inamorata, **Just Jane** for her virgin appearance at the Hash. (See more later.) The **RA**, **Infallible** was not present but had sent weather. **GeeEmm Haemoroyd** sort some order and got a bit of chalk talk (which turned out to be near useless and somewhat at variance with the facts) from **BD**. In a major departure from tradition, it appeared that **Energizer** (fresh from one or two pre game cacktails) intended to complete the entire trail so she was shamed into being the run reporter. Another risky move.

And they were off! Scuttling up the near vertiginous slope of the back yard and onto the barely visible track along the line where fences might one day appear, to the first check point. It looked a bit unusual, probably because BD had taken advice from a piece of paper circulated by **Gobbles** (absent). That is it in the next column.



So...**Haemoroyd** and **Likealotta** lurched up another vertiginous and rubble strewn trail and disappeared around a corner. The pack (most of it) followed until enough of them got there to not result in a charge later. (For some reason this did not result in a charge later. Or maybe it did and I forget.) So...back downhill, where **Too Keen** had actually found trail and where **Two Fathers** slipped arse over head landing on his (tight) buns (Harriette approved) and three other points. Some amusement ensued. Not much blood.

Meanwhile back at the hash, the pack plunged after **Too Keen** until there was another milling point.



It was sort of meandering through the scrub towards and along the crick with **Too Keen** and **Energizer** seeking a balanced lifestyle beside the bucolic Cullendulla foreshore. Or something.



And **Likealotta** was there to show us the way



As the pack bunched up looking for trail one of the local guardians stood resolutely in a fukoff posture.



Before the pack plunged into an almost trackless waste heading for the crick while **Energizer** took careful notes.

So, discretion and the trail sent the pack off up another bloody hill and onwards towards perilous cliffs.





The **GeeEmm** took responsibility under OH&S rules to point out the perils while almost everyone else ignored him and plunged onward into the dark and forbidding Square Head track. Except for the eagle eyed and limping **Two Fathers** and **Too Keen** (not limping) who espied a discreet mark directing them a little to the north, around the Michener Court fence line and down a precipitous stump infested track towards a view of the girt bits and Tollgates where **Mighty Aphrodite** posed as Miss Girt bits 2024.



From there it was back to the drink stop with **Rooster Booster** unerringly in the lead as if she had inside knowledge. Either way it was welcome.

About 4 million roos looked on. The sorta milled a bit as the pack resumed the trail for home, across the near trackless waste of lower Long Beach, up through Lost Rooster's precipice and round past the reservoir to the start/finish/circle/deck. A circle ensued.

Energiser, who marked the occasion of her first known fully completed trail, was the rapporteur and awarded the run an almost unprecedented and possibly unique positive integer score. The hair and his tech adviser were deloited.



Other stuff happened. The barby was lit. **Biggus Dickus** excelled in the culinary arts, wielding a large and sharp looking cleaver with alarming dexterity. No missing appendages. Then it was music and dancing and we all went home. (Oh, and **Just Jane** was welcomed in the circle and turned out to be a pretty good dancer – after a red or three.)

Em tasol.

EXCEPT FOR
NEXT RUNs

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: Nelligen.

HAIR: Likealotta

AFTERS: Steampacket Pub..

RUN 214

WHEN: Saturday 1 June 2024 **at 3pm AEST**

WHERE: Probably near the Batemans Bay Marina Resort.

HAIR: Mighty Aphrodite

AFTERS: At the park??? TBA

AND: BYO Onesie. (Can be recycled)