

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Get a Grip Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume: 11, N° 1

Run Number: 120 April 2016

Weather: Balmy till the Southerly buster stuffed the circle

Hairs: **Captain Pugwash and Gobbles**

Run Report: Lyrics by **Queen Latrine**

Score: Astounding 57.2 on the Bristol Stool Scale. (Look it up on Google.)

10th Anna Versairy Run, waddle and meander.

With the benefit of a location at about 6300 feet above sea level and high tech comms and interweb thingy I got a bit of information. That is about to be turned into some trash.

Just like a dog returns to its vomit, some of the 17 original MBH2 participants returned to the original and sacred sight of Run Number 1

So, who was there to be spied on the SPECIAL 10TH ANNIVERSAROID RUN?



Well I reckon some there were about 29 desiccated hashers who might include Meat, Easy, Like-a-lotta, Gobbles, CHF, Pop Tart, Sticky, Pugwash, Infallible, CL, (Where was Sunshine??!!) Doggy Bag, B2, Haemorrhoid (travelling incognito), Polly Waffler, Dangles, Tainted Love, Just Ross (soon to become Cum Dancing), Basil Brush, Sadistic Countess, Sir Pository, Princess Pica, Jooey Froot, Hoof Hearted, Ad (soon to become Potable), still Pete, Come Anyway, Queen Latrine (all the way from WoggaWagaar) and Incider. I need a very wide angle lens to get em all in.

A threatened visit from the local press did not

occur, so the security check will be performed at a later date.

With the original hairs and their fading memories it is possible the run closely resembled the original trail, with some variations to account for the passage of thyme. So it started out with a quick circumnavigation of the van park, a longish false up what remains of Bevia Rd, up thru the bush to Tomakin, down Forrest Pde, thru the club car park, down by the river, & on to the beach at Tomakin cove & up to the two carton drink stop at Melville Pt.



Bogging in to the Aldi Special chips!

For the few who followed the trail faithfully, it was about 5 km. FRB's Queen Latrine, Pete, Infallible and 2 others actually completed the course.

The WWW trail covered totally new territory because back 10 years ago

1. Every original hasher could actually run
2. there was no convenient road through Rabbit Flat

According to one source, the circle was a magnificent affair. Gobbles controlled the unruly mob with the skill and aplomb of a benevolent dictator with only the odd execution. Others thought it was more than usually shambolic and it certainly sounded like it from this distance. It was assembled on the beach under the cliffs at the now cartographically proven eastern end of Barling's Beach, where during the serving of the aperitifs a screaming Brotherly Suster hit, sand blasting all and sundry. The circle then moved

itself back up to the car park out of the aforementioned gale.



Before the gale it was almost civilised.

Queen Latrine presented the Run report where the qualities of the Hares were recognized.

CL got charged for failing to bring Sunshine, the only reason we tolerate him. The Virgin Pete was made welcome and should have got a front runny award if we had one.

CL also got an honourable mention for driving from Melb to Merimbula to retrieve his and Sunshine's caravan only to find both sets of van keys were in Sunshine's bag.

Charges came, thick and furious, Captain Pugwash got one for untimely gales. CHF & Gobbles for 'Crimes against Nature' in that they arrived early. QL was charged for getting every check & 2 way wrong. (They obviously don't teach navigation at!RTB Kapooka.)

Ad got named "Potable" and Ross "Cum Dancing". No-one has the faintest idea why and it looked from this distance as if there was a totally inadequate event with not one egg, no flour and not even a beer shampoo offered. Shime!



Who Givesastuff?

Basil Brush received the Routing Award for trying to appear inconspicuous. At about this time communications got blurry but it looked as if people sorta sloped off in the general direction of Pugwash's shower and bath house or cabins in the park before reassembling at the Tommo club.

Wisely, one or two people (it looked like the Malua Bay contingent) ordered early and were able to escape on the early bus and did not need to witness the remaining debauchery and karaoke. (What is it about the south coast and Karabloodyoke? It ain't the Philippines for gorsake.)

Due to by then copious consumption of alcohol and delusion, it soon became obvious that any hasher could outperform the local participants. Potable was first up and set a standard that was never surpassed. Although another highlight of the night was Sticky Date, Queen Latrine and Pugwash doing Time Warp with just everyone in the club on the dance floor. I could be wrong. Sir Pository and Potable, Hoof Hearted & still just Pete also karried on, murdering Dean Martin. Some more drinks were consumed.

After everyone else went home and the club staff started sweeping up, and putting the chairs on the tables, the remaining rabble instinctively knew it was probably time to head off, which some did, wandering off like recalcitrant Romney Marshes. Some reprobates continued partying in the salubrious Pugwash caravan, apparently, which didn't worry me as by then I was off the air in Addis. It was just all too much.



RUN 121

When: Sat 7 May 2016 at 3pm Eastern Standard Non Daylight Saving time

Where: 82 Illabunda Drive, Malua Bay.

Hair: Two Fathers

Hash Mash to follow: Let me know if you will stay on.

OTHER STUFF:

Nothing I can think of.

After 10 years this is what it has cum too.



I dunno.

NEXT RUN