

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Get a Grip Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume: 11, N° 3

Run Number: 122 June 2016

Weather: East coast low. Damp.

Hair: **Lost Rooster**

Run Report: Not much to report on.

Score: Not awarded.

As **Lost Rooster** is a former officer and gentleman of her majesty's Australian Defence Forces you can trust him to always tell the truth. So when he says he ackshully set a trail but it all got worshed away you can believe him.

It might help that there was about 400mm of rain in the immediate 24 hours prior.

The intrepid but small band of hashers gathered at Long Beach was collectively contemplating the options and sorting itself into runner and walker groups when the skies opened again and sent everyone scattering for cover. Après le deluge, **Two Fathers** and **Likealottapuss** ventured fourth, yelling OnOn! And not being followed. **Captain Pugwash** (perhaps sensing the circle would punish him severally for inclement weather) lurched gingerly into the gathering glow accompanied by his carer, **Sticky Date**, on what turned out to be a brief walk.

Lost Rooster, **Haemorrhoid** and **Cowboy** (perhaps wisely) considered the ailing **Gobbles** should not be left in charge of the sports on TV without assistance. **Doggy Bag** and **Countherfeet** were just not going out in the gale and tempest so there.

The run was short and self defined and hardly an indicator of future performance in the City to Surf although there was a long hill. Close inspection of the Taj Gobherfeet did not disclose any landslips and the local macropods took no evasive action. It stopped pissing down and settled into a steady drizzle about 5 minutes after the start (and 10 minute before the finish.

The circle was eventually located in the LR garage and most offences were manufactured and disposed of in moderate time so **Haemorrhoid** (having manufactured an exotic

salad for the afters) could leap aboard his borrowed velocipede and trundle back up the hill to the warm hearth in Canberra where **Foreplay** was laying on a banquet. (Or was it lying on a blanket? My hearing aids were a bit humidified.)

GWS were leading for most of the game but eventually the **Cats** got up. Just amark arrived so we could start the nosh.

Cowboy was staying over so was hooking into the red as the first coarse chicken curry thingy from **Likealotta's** kitchen was produced. **Gobbles** was sniffing in the corner and self medicating on histamines from the Barossa. **LR** and the **GeeEmm** (as senior adviser on charcoal treatment of meat) adjourned to the garage to murder the next coarse to augment the aforementioned exotic salad. More red wine.

After that it all gets a bit hazy and there were too many bottles to count so some of us ventured into the precipitation and that was that.

NEXT RUN

RUN 123

When: Sat 2 July 2016 at 3pm Eastern Standard Non Daylight Saving time

Where: 15 Pacific Street, Batemans Bay (or Likealotta's place which is the same place). And afterwards at the Cat club.

Hair: Likealotta possibly advised by Just Mark.

OTHER STUFF:

Christmas run and seafood eggstravaganza at the Mogo Goldrush Colony. **Saturday 3 December** with rooms available on Friday 2 December if required.

Bookings are being accepted now. (Or for the next few months)

Ring **Janeena**

The Original Gold Rush Colony - Mogo

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There will be a sumshus banquet (with some booze included) in the Diggers Rest Tavern; seafood banquet circle; booze; tshirt and maybe even a couple of runs and breakfast. What more could you ask? Cost? TBA.