

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Get a Grip Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume: Loud and late

Run Number: 128 Dec 2016. Christmas Extravaganza
Weather: Not bad. No rain.
Hair: **Two Fathers**
Technical Adviser: **Hoof Hearted**
Run Report: You had to be there. See more below.
Score: -6.9

Somewhere in the vicinity of 39 or 40 hashers were hanging around at the Mogo Old Goldfields Village while Gobbles had a conversation with **Queen Latrine** and **Ankle Biter** about why they were on their own at **Infallible's** place. It is all abit complicated but it ight be something to do with reading the instructions for the last run. What a way to run a tight battle ready force of highly trained, well fed and expensively equipped youf. But I digress.

So the runners were given instructions about the general direction of the forest and the tress and some possible markings and off they went. **Gerbils** was the early front runner which is often an ominous sign especially as he was a long way in front of the technical adviser who might have been able to give some guidance. Meanwhile back at the start the walkers wandered off in the general direction of the back gate and the highly picturesque trail, accompanied by the trilling of the bell birds and the odd echo of rampant trail bikes. **B2** took an early lead, with **Meat To Please You**, **JR**, **Easy** and possibly even **Cowboy** in close formation on the single track. Shortly afterwards the ululating **QL** and **AB** rushed up from the rear like the good soldiers they are but were lovingly redirected to the runners' trail by **Two Fathers** (at this time completely unaware of the unfolding disaster up front). "When you come to the first X mark, just go through it and about 100 m later turn left onto the runners/ trail." ("Dorks," he muttered under his malodorous breath.)

Meanwhile the front walkers trekked onward and upward, turning left at the first **X** (as advised earlier) and up to the first **O**, at which there was a very nice and large **W**. On trail, the front walking bastards began to notice that - very helpfully - someone had checked out all the two

ways, falsies and checks and marked the right way forward. Before you could even say, "I wonder who has been so helpful?" the walkers stumbled upon the drink stop. They were there so early that even the **Champagne Set** and **Walking Wounded** who had taken their usual extremely short cut to the drink stop (at least on foot) had not quite got there. **Doggy Bag** and **Bunz** had not even set up the cocktails! Or hidden the chips.

About an hour later some in the group began wondering where the runners might be. Just as **Foreplay** came rocketing down the Dog Trap Road shortly afterwards followed by a rather discombobulated **Gerbils** and quickly thereafter by **QL**, **Infallible**, **Juicy Fruit** and **Hoof Hearted**



with **Sticky Date**, **Double Fister**, and assorted stragglers.



WonderWoman (aka Likealottapuss), Double Fister, Gobbles and a few other stragglers.



"WTF #^*#@#xxx and what sort of stupid trail was that?" declaimed Gerbils. And how the fuck did QL know how to run it the right way round?" Space does not permit further discussion of the 987 different versions of how the runners fucked it up or how Infallible figured out getting to the DS↑↑ after about 15 minutes might have meant some trail had been missed, so back tracking from the DS thingy might be in order. Smart! So they had to run down a large hill only to find an ↑ pointing up the hill! Just about the same time as QL and the well informed AB came rushing around the corner – having followed the absolutely fabulous and well marked run all the

way! Fortunately not all the beer and chips had been scooped at the DS.



Back at the ranch, our RA and Caterer Captain Pugwash unveiled the collection of tiger prawns, schoolies and fresh Clyde River oysters as a pre circle munchies. With beer and shampoo of course.

The circle was more than usually chaotic and Black Dog was not even there. Count Her Feet levied about three hundred charges, some of which proceeded to conviction. The hair (Two Fathers) was richly and deservedly rewarded for a splendiferous run (even if only two runners actually ran it). Gerbils got off light for leading the runners astray. Queen Latrine for some reason was a more or less permanent presence in the circle (setting her up for a fairly toxic hangover) and Rover materialised to charge just about everyone for not turning up for his annual Bendethera frolic.

Then the bar opened over at the Diggers Rest, food was consumed and the music started, just before the dancing. The free grog ran out just before closing (more good financial management by the orgynisers) and then some people who needed more retired to the kitchen. Sunday morning recovery run was cancelled due to lack of interest and Meat cooked the usual health breakfast with all fat and salt groups accounted for.

Due to exceptional cleaning up and probably because yet again there was no midnight skinny dipping in the pool next to the manager's office, we seem to be invited back again.

NEXT RUN:

WHEN: Saturday 7th January 2017 at 4pm

AEDT

WHERE: Long Beach (unless there is a stuff up)

HAIR: Lost Rooster