

## MasterBatemans Bay HHH

## The Get a Grip Hash

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*

Trash Volume: *Fortissimo*

Run Number: 130 February 2017.

Weather: Coastal and HOT.

Hair: **Haemorrhoid**

Run Report: Run was orright and beer was cold.

Other stuff happened later.

Score: +1.69

It is probably no surprise that a run that was the first in the new Year of the Rooster was a bit of a cock up. Nor is it unusual.

Hair **Haemorrhoid** was born a child progeny to a poor but basically decent family who gave him as much as they could. And he wasted it. He went to a school so poor that they did not have chalk so he learnt to draw using sticks in the playground dust and this has remained with him as a means of miscommunication. But to our surprise he also learnt how to shake flour out of a dribble dropper every 10 metres or so, And thus a trail was born. Or so it seemed.

As the region around South Durras is right on the edge of the Sydney fault, no blame could be assigned although there was plenty to go around. Neither one spiritual corroboree spot nor even a modern day necropolis featured in the run. Just a few gnarled trees and a bit of sand-blown, mozzie infested mangrove flats and **B2** and **Barbie Toolz** at the drink stop in a wheelbarrow.

It (the trail) did demonstrate yet again if such proof was needed, the inexplicability of the popularity of South Durras as a holiday hideaway. Apart from the drink stop and **Haemoroyd's House of Hospitality** there is barely a redeeming feature. But the run managed to get both of them in so the arvo was not completely wasted. Unlike **B2**.

FRB the fleet of foot and mouth, **Bushman and Floomoo** also managed to decipher enough of the markings to stay up near the lead, kept close in view by **Egotestiggle** and **Dangles**. The **GeeEmm** and fabulously paid international consultant and globetrotter **Two Fathers** just could not hack the pace, nothing to do with having got off the plane from Nairobberry that very mawnin. But as it turned out, once the trail veered into the dry wetlands regeneration DO NOT ENTER zone, the pack strung out a bit and TF was not as far back as he thunk.

The walkers walked and little was heard of them for most of the day - as if anyone was interested anyway. Due to a bit of a fluke in design they also managed to come in to the drink stop about the same time as the runners. The beer was cold, the chips were crunchy and the conversation mystical. You had to be there. (But if you weren't you missed out on the vision of **Barbie** in pink speedos. Lucky you.)

As it was a fairly warmish day the Hair had put out a water stop, well in to the run/walk. This was grately appreciated by those who got there before some deluded person closely resembling the **Gee Emm** who highly incorrectly presumed he was DFL, decided outta the generosity of his heart to carry the water back to the finish line. Turns out that **Gobbles**, **Hoof Hearted** and **Juicy Froot** were ackshully still out on the trail, something that might have been obvious had the FRBs held at the **HH** for more than a fleeting coupla seconds. Shame on them. And then they did not rub out any of the wrong 2way markings or give signs at the checks. Bastards.

Back at base camp the place looked a bit like a doss house with about 25 temporary residents set up on every available square inch of floor space. The circle was as usual run highly competently by the GeeEmm with interjections from **Gobbles**, **Ego**, **Ms Cheeky**, **CHF** and assorted disrupters.. **Dangles** awarded the run a positive score of about .69 for reasons that remain a mystery. **Lost Rooster** added one for the walk , probably all related to hints given by the hair.

The circle was introduced to **Bushman** and **Matilda**, formerly of Al Ain H3 and now occasionally scene at Capital H3. **B2** got a song for turning two score and ten and entering the second half of his century. **Cowboy** - a more venerable 2.8 decades his senior - made sure he did not drink alone. **Juicy Fruit** and **Hoof Hearted**, who filled in as dray drivers, barely mentioned the absence of a water stop mainly because they could not offer a civil comment and **Gobbles** just drank more beer. The GeeEmm eventually paid the price and consumed a Storm for his sins.

Then it was all over red rover and the train smash was served. Not bad either.

#### **NEXT RUN:**

**WHEN:** Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> March 2017 at 4pm AEDT

**WHERE:** 82 Illabunda Drive Malua Bay.

**HAIR:** **Two Fathers**

Let me know if you want to stay for food.

#### **RUN AFTER THAT**

**WHEN:** Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> April 2017 at 4pm AEDT\*

**WHERE:** Third Annual Potato Point Classic

**HAIRs:** **Wishing Well and Maggot**

\*Daylight saving finishes next morning