

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume : Distant drums

Run Number: 146 July 2018

Weather: Classic coastal winter. 18c with slight breeze from the south east. Swells slight on receding tide.

Hair: **Gobbles**

Afters: **Curry**

Score: large amount unbelievable

It was a bit tricky sitting up on top of the Big Winch at Coober Pedy trying to get a view of the run and later frolics. I had of course spent the whole day in subterranean churches looking for inspiration (and opals) both unsuccessfully and thought it time to search the ether for more earthly things. Apart from the distance, dust clouds and time difference, getting the phone to hook up to the correct geo- stationary surveillance satellite via the smart phone it was a bit Piccadilly. (Brass monkey, nearly.) Anyway, a passing 12 year old took charge of the technology and hacked into something that gave a fairly good view, although the audio was a bit patchy. Good thing I learnt to lip read for my deaf brother.

During the test phase it looked as if **Gobbles** had engaged **Lost Rooster** as assistant hair. The trail lurched from 127 Litchfield down Blair's Road and after a k or so seemed to diverge rightly into Lucas Road before taking a precipitate lefty at Benjamin and onon along the undulating fire trail to a bifurcation at Long Beach Road, where the wankers later took a trend to the right (as if) and the runners galloped off in a generally and far more acceptable leftish turn in the general direction of a bit more scrubby stuff where the surveillance lost sight of them until they magically emerged at the steps onto Long Beach North where the wankers had also appeared before a gentlepersonly stroll to the drink stop in Sandy Place.

Gobbles awaited and it looked very much like some sort of concoction based on Sangria laced with arsenic or maybe just left over cheap not even **Gobbles** and **Countherfeet** could not finish. At one stage Likealotta looked like it was allgoing to repeat.



Or it was some sort of upper body exercise. Maybe H can help decide.

The packs then meandered off through what used to be virgin bush but now looks like another attempt at a developer's field of broken dreams, a short cut up through **Rooster's** joint and into a semi circular manoeuvre back to where it all began.

From here it gets a bit streaky. In the absence of the RA and **GeeEmm** it looked like **Gobbles** was trying to do a **Duckhead** impersonation and do the lot before giving up and anointing **Dangles** as an assistant RA (or something). **Flu Mu** uttered something about the run and from the reaction she may well have awarded several hundred out of 10 (Or not - too much static). **Wishing Well** had what appeared to be kind words about the walk and **Gobbles** looked chuffed while everyone else looked amazed. Somewhere along the line there was a comment about **Just Mark** and **Just Amy**. I did not understand. Maybe later.

About now I thought the plot was getting a bit loose but **Gobbles** and the stand in RA seemed to soldier (or in **Dangles'** case, pusser) on. I looked for the new fire bucket about which there were rumours, but it did not seem to appear. Maybe someone forgot the firewood. It looked like **Fishfinger** was telling a joke but from the look on the dial of the **Duckhead** impersonator and others I am not sure anyone got it. I didn't catch the punchline. Then they all trooped inside and I lost communication due to absence of lateral vision, but the curry fumes were visible and think I saw an imprint of pork dumplings in the flickering of a TV showing the mighty Raiders coming from behind, with sound drowned out by audible bullshit and what looked like the early departure of the **Haemorrhoid** mobile with **B2**, **Too Keen** and did I see **Can Do?** Anyway, about then I completely gave up as it was below bloody

zero, I could barely see a thing and I knew all I would be missing was **Gobbles** getting into the cognac and others not noticing he made no sense at all.

And then the sun set slowly in the general direction of the hills.



HAIR: Probably **Gobbles** and **Captain Pugwash** and **Infallible** as they were all there at the start.

AFTERS: TBA



A few extra hashers turned up. So Pop Tart took a piccie.

NEXT RUN:

Run 147:

WHEN: Saturday 4 August 2018 at **3pm**

Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.

WHERE: South Durras

HAIR: Haemorrhoid

AFTERS: Gordnose. Free play. Conflagration.

AND AGAIN

Run 148:

WHEN: Saturday 1 September 2018 at **3pm**

Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.

WHERE: 82 Illabunda Drive Malua Bay or somewhere near there

HAIR: **Two Fathers**

AFTERS: The rites of Spring.

AND AGAIN

Run 149:

WHEN: Saturday 6 October 2018 at **3pm**

Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.

WHERE: TBA

HAIR: TBA

AFTERS: TBA

AND YET ABLOODYGAIN

Run 150:

WHEN: Saturday 3 November 2018 at **4pm**

Eastern Australian Daylight-Saving Time.

WHERE: Back where it all began