

# MasterBatemans Bay HHH

# The Egalitarian Hash

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*

*Trash Volume: Mezzo Forte.*

Run Number: 149 October 2018

Hair: **Likealottapuss**

Weather: Freakishly good on return of RA.

Afters: Barbie splendissimo.

Score: 6.9 +0.5 for proximate polyandrium.

Apologies were received from **Haemorrhoid** (pissed in Cambodge and/or Vietnam), **Barbie** and **Cheeky** (pissed on the roof of some establishment in Hanoi or thereabouts) and **CL**, **Sunshine**, **Dangles**, **JR** and **SueEllen**, (school hashing in Cambodge post lube from KL 80<sup>th</sup>).

So, who the bloody hell was there, Lara? Well, **Easy** and **Meat** were visiting from the Shoalhaven area with news of the feathered offspring; **Captain Pugwash** and **Sticky Date** brought good weather from the UK; **Likealotta's** mate **Just Jacquie** (soon to be renamed) and her two gels, **Brontë** and **Gabriella** from Picton; and others who may get a mention later.

Following the (over)due and stately arrival of **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** in the **Pop Tart** limo co-piloted by **Fluid Movement** the timekeeper adjusted chronometers. The masses massed at the end of the driveway and adjusted clothing as the local wallopers did a couple of drive bys. **Likealotta** gave some minor directions: Down the hill, walkers follow the runners for a while, look for flour, mauve (or was it violet) chalk; there is a drink stop. **Pugwash**, **Doggy Bag** and **Just Amy** formed a social walking group to circumnavigate the drink dray. The others took off down the hill, a good way to start. **FluMoo** took up her accustomed place near the front, followed by the gambolling **Just Brontë** (for who there were some later heights) and her sprinting sibling **Just Gaby** and the evergreen everfronting **Infallible**.

Past the hospital, chuck a quick left, mill about while looking for trail, find **Fluid**, down a little trackie thing, past Centrelink, round the old carwash (wrong trail. go back), follow the canny and experienced **Infallible** and **Fluid** past the museum do not go across the bridge but rip up the hill meander a bit towards the old Bunnings, chuck a right then up the hill to the boneyard. All looking easy but the pack stringing out and **Meat** and **Pole Dancer** (back from who knows where) starting to look for a short cut down the hill as the **GeeEmm** maintained vision of the usual front runners as they headed up towards the look out.

But just when you thought you knew where it was going, there was a precipitate, downhill, lurch to the left sort of like the Liberal Party under the now vanquished Turnbull. (But I digress.)

By now **Infallible** was firmly in the lead following yet another wrong choice by **FluMoo** and he plunged downwardly on the rock-strewn terrain to the bottom of the terrible descent at which time even **Two Fathers** took a pull. A bit of scratching around disclosed trail lurching again to the communist side and into the scrub where somehow **Pole Dancer** reappeared in the lead. A pause was struck while **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** re-joined the pack, before it plunged deep into the almost trackless scrub, past the last resting place of some feckless shopping trolleys, an outdoor office furniture dump, stopping only to ogle a small spiky reptilian bird-billed mammal burrowing into the underbrush in a futile attempt to escape the eagle eye and tender ministrations of **FluMoo** (ouch it has spikes!). Then eventually back to what passes for civilisation in the Bay where the drink stop was not at the Scout Hall. Curses foiled again. The wearying pack looked up the hill towards Bavarde and found some more, pale, distantly spaced arrows indicating trail and followed them with **Pole Dancer** and **Fluid Movement** still vying for the lead in the dash downhill to the water and miraculously the drink stop, where **Lost Rooster**, **Meat**, **Easy** and the rest of the walker pack were looking entirely too relaxed. Drinks were taken and an ornithological discussion on the parental skills of *Vanellis Miles* ensued. (I am not making this up.)



A short but vigorous perambulation back to the start preceded a brilliantly managed circle where **Infallible** gave a comprehensive and informative assessment of the run, cluttered by one or two facts and awarded a score of 6.9. This was augmented by the **GeeEmm in Perpetuity** who declared any run that passes through or adjacent to a necropolis deserved an extra half a point.

It came to our attention that **Just Jacquie** a friend of **Likealotta** and possible co-hair, had maybe, possibly, participated in at least half a previous hash run so technically might only be half a virgin. Walla! She thus just about created her own name and by using the powers invested in him the **Religious Adviser** wasted no further time in performing a sensitive and tasteful naming. So joineth **Half a Virgin** to the great familyhood of hashers. And she drank to that after a short shampoo.

It starts to cloud over about here as usual the dog ate my homework and the scribe lost the lead out of his pencil. But I do recall that we welcomed back about a dozen hashers, **CHF** charged someone, and it stuck; **Just Amy** was awarded one for riotous behaviour; **Doggy Bag** had a drink for being named **Doggy Bag** and the **GeeEmm** told a joke no-one had heard before which last happened in about run 23. **Relaxed** fired up the barbie, got out some red and that was more or less that.

#### **SPECIAL STUFF:**

[The Religious Adviser in perpetuity and his efficient partner Sticky Date the Hash Cash Haberdasher announced that a special t shirt design was being created for Run 150. It will be subsidised due to hyper efficient accounting. And he took orders from those present.](#)

[If you want one \(a t-shirt that is\) let Captain Pugwash know the size of the shirt/tent and he or I will arrange to purchase a high quality, all cotton \(with some polyester\), white t-shirt from the nearest Kmart and deliver it to the printer. You can then have your very own memento of the 150<sup>th</sup> run and yet another much needed hash haberdash item for the price of the t-shirt.](#)

[THIS OFFER CONCLUDES ON THURSDAY 18 OCTOBER.](#)

#### **NEXT RUN:**

##### **Run 150:**

**WHEN:** Saturday 3 November 2018 at **4pm Eastern Australian Daylight Saving Time.**  
**WHERE:** Down the little track immediately to the East of Barling's Beach Caravan Park off George Bass Drive. It is sealed for the first few metres.

**HAIR:** **Captain Pugwash** (with some technical advice)

**AFTERS:** TBA but most likely a bit of a frolic at the Tommo Club after a moderately lubricious and lubricated circle. Courtesy buses are available to deliver people home to Barling's Beach or relatively close locations.

AND YET ABLOODYGAIN

##### **Run 151**

**WHEN:** Saturday 1 December at **4pm Eastern Australian Daylight Saving Time.**

**WHERE:** Maybe somewhere in or around the Bay.

**HAIR:** TBA (complicated by the possible absence of the **GeeEmm** in perpetuity except he could be in some other place).

**AFTERS:** I dunno. But it could be Indian. Or Thai. Or fully dressed. With a water view.

Well get back to you that as well.