

## MasterBatemans Bay HHH

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*

*Trash Volume: low hum.*

**Run Number:** 151 December 2018

**Hair:** **Two Fathers.** (who else; Santa Claus?)

**Weather:** Coastal perfection.

**Afters:** Kohli's Dick (and then Pacific Street).

**Score:** Before food, 0.000369. (A bit ungenerous.)

So, it came to pass that on the first day of the summer in the Antipathies, there was little room at the Inn or the attached dog kennel. But this did not deter a couple dozen ascetic hashers nor any of the wise men and wiser women. Or **Cowboy**. Or **Pole Dancer**. It is after all a run of grate significance and one in which festive gestures abound.



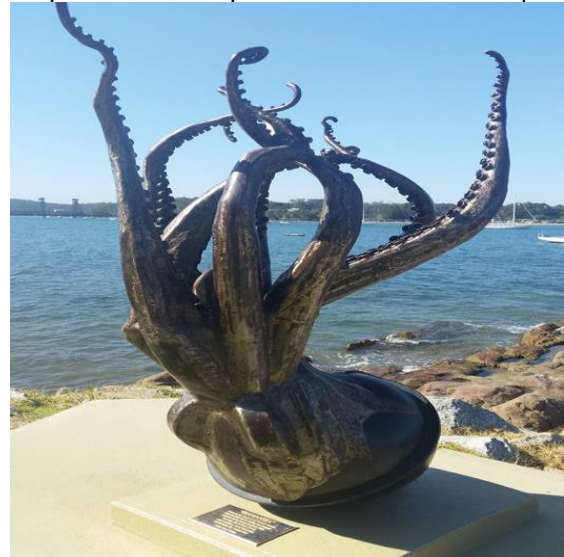
But I digress.

After a short chalk talk at the top of the driveway and a helpful gesture from the **GeeEmm** and hair on which direction would be a good one for the runners to set out on their short, flat, scenic and idyllic run, the runners dispersed in at

## The Egalitarian Hash

least three directions. One or two walkers and a dog followed similar inclinations while the rest wisely followed the hair downhill. (Something of an early metaphor although neither **B2** nor the late arriving and later arising **Double Fister** have given full details on the subsequent depths of their depravity and at time of writing the omerta code has been frustratingly effective. Safe to say their swags appear to have been underutilised.) Another digression.

While the runners went off eventually in a sort of southerly direction in the direction of the arrows and oblivion, the walkers, led early by the **GeeEmm**, **Lost Rooster** and **Just Amy** wandered aimlessly but animatedly down the hill past the hospital and out onto the bike path, whereupon they chucked a lefty and headed for the octopus.



By now the leadership of the pack had changed.



Handily, they could also locate the hospital if needed.

This experienced trio obviously took no notice of the directions from **JR** who appears to have suggested they could walk on water and anyone with any nous knows (a) that is probably true but

(b) chalk arrows and water do not mix. So, they and the extensive walking pack followed the exquisitely marked trail in the general direction of west (for a while). Something the runners pack would do if they ever got their act together which since it included **Haemorrhoid**, **Infallible** and **Double Fluster** (lost in action for most of the time) was a debatable matter. Down past the restaurant row on the waterfront (and to the curiosity of some lokel yokel observers or terrorists) the festively clad frolickers meandered in and out around coffee tables, discarded fish and chip wrappers and around the cenotaph towards the aging bridge and a check.



**Gobbles** thought twas truly a beatific stroll as befitting the season to be jolly. HO flamin HO. While **LR** and **JA** headed under the bridge, a couple of wise heads turned in the direction gestured by the fast approaching **GeeEmm** and the arrow he artfully placed on the southern extremity of the  $\bigcirc$ . Thusly  $\leftarrow \bigcirc$

Handily, this was the correct and left way to go. So, they did, as if guided by an evening star of great brightness and illumination in the hope it would lead to a comfortable and well liquefied stable. But first they had to take a quick detour through the carpark, a couple of bits of roadwork and an enigmatic indicator of further misdirection until at last and after a massive 3.93 km (5.06 for the runners) they emerged to a position adjacent to the Alcohol Free Zone sign where **Captain Pugwash** and his trusty steed had the musical bucket. And some chips.



There was barely a shampoo cork popped when the first of the runners emerged having not been fooled at all by any of the attempts to send them off on a frolic of their own. Except of course for **Double Fluster** still missing inaction for another interminable delay. Even **Doggy Bag** arrived from her shopping expedition before that.

After a suitable interval of non-observance of council by laws and the sign the jolly crew headed across the trackless wastes in the hope of getting to an on in.



Which they did. And they scoffed the prawns and some of Bernie's best before an orotund shape was formed as a facsimile for a circle and the **GeeEmm** immediately took charge. Not.

Points were awarded for the brilliance of the run. (see the top left hand side on page 1). None were awarded to **Haemorrhoid** for good taste, but he still got a beer. **CountHerFeet** made a charge stick but I forget what it was for or who got it. (It might not have been important.) Birthday drinks were awarded to **Captain Pugwash** and **Sticky** (as is customary at this time of year) and to **ToeSucker** (represented ably by **Mighty Aphrodite**). **Easy** was a bit fidgety as she needed to get home, have a shower, pick up **Just Benny** and get back to the dinner by 7pm as directed by **Gobbles**. I think she enjoyed her half an hour or so of sipping a drink until **Gobbles** and **CHF** made their entrance at GobbleFeet o'clock. The setting was quite sub tropical.



And the banquet was good (although at one end there were doggy bags and the other end some people licking bowls and looking for more).

It was a bit sideways for some;



Late night sightings of hashers in Maccas acquiring armfuls of the 3am specials have been reported. Otherwise what goes on stayson.

**NEXT RUN:**

**Run 152**

**WHEN:** Saturday Saturday 5 January 2019 (a whole nuther year) at **4pm Eastern Australian Daylight Saving Time.**

**WHERE:** 35 Forest Parade Tomakin NSW 2536.

**HAIR:** Sir Pository

**AFTERS:** Probably at the same place. Ill get back to you on that.

**AND THE ONE AFTER THAT:**

**Run 153**

**WHEN:** Saturday 2 February 2019 at **4pm Eastern Australian Daylight Saving Time.**

**WHERE:** Secret Location in Moruya.

**HAIR:** Pearl

**AFTERS:** Whonose

**AND AFTER THAT**

**Run 154**

**WHEN:** Saturday 2 March 2019 at **4pm Eastern Australian Daylight Saving Time.**

**WHERE:** 6 First St South Durras.

**HAIR:** Haemorrhoid

**AFTERS:** Same place. Extravaganza delicioso.

**AND THEN**

**WHEN:** Saturday 6 April 2019 at **4pm Eastern Australian Daylight Saving Time.**

**WHERE:** TBA.

**HAIR:** Volunteers accepted.

**AFTERS:** Shrouded in mystery.

And then

**NASH HASH**



Glorious and dearest leader leading.