

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume: rowdy.

Run Number: 152, January 2019

Hair: Infallible

Weather: Rain; precision timing.

Afters: Malua Bowlo

Score: 8/10 (awarded by Hair)

Right on time at 1552 the rain started. Just a gentle drizzle, not enough to keep the slavering pack from waiting yet again for **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** (and **Babbling**, their chauffeuse) and the off.



There were a couple of ankle biters, their maternal parent (**Just Shilo**). **Zsa Zsa La Whore**, (last cited in April 2018), and **Just Kate** there limbering up or just waiting and **FishFinger** was on a return bout as well. **RA Captain Pugwash** was standing around hoping for a break in the weather.

After a detailed briefing of about four words the pack of runners, led ably and for most of the time by **Just Kate**, lurched into the gathering precipitation past the **BabblingGobbleFeet** car in a sort of seaward direction. Walkers wounded and **B2** remained for a specialist briefing from the hair and **Doggy Bag** gathered herself and one ankle biter together to take the bucket to the drink stop.

Soon it became likely that ankle biter **Just Iolo** (age 12) was relatively fleet of foot as he fell in just astern of **Just Kate** as the pack inveigled its way out along the headland wondering how long the trail would last in the pluvian conditions. Not long. Fortunately the perspicacious and experienced hair hove into the rear of the pack with some subtle guidance and the pack strung

out along Pyang and then took a northward downhill lurch down King Street before following new guidance out onto George Bass near the tennis courts. The pack gambolled up through some scrub with **Just Kate** and **Just Iolo** setting the pace and **Too Keen** (fresh from the morning park run which is probably an offence) making a valiant effort to stay within cooee along the single track as it meandered vertiginously towards the little quarry before emerging for a quick traverse of the top track and then redescending on new fire trails past the stock yard and towards the big quarry and the short cut past the bee hives in the general direction of **FishFinger's** gate and the drink stop where **Meat**, **Zsa Zsa**, **B2**, **Pole Dancer**, the **RA**, **Just Shilo** and others were scoffing the chips. **Two Fathers** limped in slightly astern of a recovering **FishFinger** and the hair and his dribble dropper.

Mighty Aphrodite had been snoozing in Broulee or somewhere but eventually conquered her topographical agnosia to arrive at the drink stop in a dry condition. Due to some fabulous self-control this state was more or less maintained until even after afters at the Bowlo.

The circle circled in the garage. (sans ankle biters who had already been exposed to **Haemorrhoid's** typically tasteful tshirt - Mum there's a man with the f word on his shirt. Yes dear, I'm glad you can read so well. It is Haemorrhoid who runs at park run. Yes dear...)

The hair awarded his run of many parts and some conjoined new and old sections a generous but undisputed 8. The **RA** got a double dose of Storm for his uncanny timing of the precipitation. **Pole Dancer** was wearing virginal white shoes from one of which she supped a Storm. Various charges were accepted and a couple of jokes (including the first original one since Hash # 27 or so) and a few bloody ridiculous announcements were made including about the Capital Caravan Hash in June for gorsake; something in Belconnen or Narooma and then the important bit about the next run. (See below.)

Then it was a quick shower (for some) a strategic glass of wine and on to the curtesy bus where a splendid rendition of "The Wheels on the Bus go

Round and Round" amused everyone except the driver (who fortunately still took us home at the end of the night.

Reports of whisky consumption in one location and a momentarily restrained single glass of post prandial wine in another have been received. But not necessarily believed. And that said Jack is that.

NEXT RUN:

Run 153

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

WHERE: Next to the bandstand. Turn left immediately after bridge and park near the swimming pool.

HAIR: Pearl

AFTERS: At the Adelaide Hotel (which, possibly confusingly, is straight across the road, not 1311 km west). Numbers required! (B2, Haemo, TK, DF to note)

AND THE ONE 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 AFTER THAT

RUN 155

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

Or

RUN 156

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

WHERE: Gobbles and CountHerFeet's place

HAIR: Them.

AFTERS: Hmm. Curry?