

## MasterBatemans Bay HHH

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*

## The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume: *Stentato con Fuoco*

**Run Number:** 154, March 2019

**Hair:** Haemorrhoid

**Weather:** Splendid to late afternoon sea breeze.

**Afters:** **One More's** Party Patio

**Score:** 7.69 (before the food) 10.69 thereafter

Well, when the chalk talk was being held it was not exactly clear that (a) the run would be about 10km with the last 2 into a force four breeze or (b) the return of **Fluid Movement** and **Pink Bitch** would herald a nautical event. In phact, other things were not clear but who cares? Not me.

The throng milled for a while on the front lawn, even though 1600 arrived at almost exactly the same time (spell check: consider using more concise language. Pfft!) as **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** (in the **Likealottapuss** charabanc). **Haemorrhoid** appeared in no particular hurry to complete the briefing, which was cryptic to the point of corn fusion, and the **GeeEmm** was no help at all. BUT, the runners eventually lurched off in a generally easterly gallop with **FloomMoo** and **Infallible** taking up the pole pozzies and **Pink Bitch**, **Likealotta**, **Gobbles** (true!) and one or two others forming the beginnings of a trailing peloton. **Infallible** set his Dick Tracey watch to zero.

In the meantime, **Haemorrhoid** gave some more cryptic destructions to the increasingly corn fused walking pack and grinningly led them on the beginnings of a short but magical mystery tour in the general direction of the almost-completed-construction-zone-boat-launching ramp where - it transpired - The throng milled for a while on the front lawn, even though 1600 arrived at almost exactly the same time (spell check: consider using more concise language. Pfft!) as **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** (in the **Likealottapuss** charabanc). Any concerns were magnified when it appeared **Barbie Toolz** was there is a helping incapacity and the trail was just about to become maritime. Hints were given that the runners would (as they later did) experience the same indicators....but I digress. Sorta.

Some intrepid walkers gingerly boarded the tin vessel.



Others chose a more luxurious option.



Even more others, like the nautically experienced Captain Pugwash and his seafaring mastiff (now known as **Wet Spot**) and **Zsa Zsa** chose to remain landlubbers.

Meanwhile the runners were slogging it out somewhere on the Eastern shore of the Stygian waterway (sublimely ignorant of what was to come) as the intrepid walkers, having dipped their heels into the miracle waters and obtained great strength, sought guidance on the distant shores a marshy region never before ventured into in the annals of hashdom and onon into the netherworld of North Durras, casting hither and yon (and on the other side of the track) for the windblown product of the hair's dribble dropper. It was hell in there. Evenchully the trail took a turn into the mystical budawang infested

rainforest where by now even **Sticky Date** and **Too Keen** had lurched into a position of leadership and front walking.



It was very picture skew. If undulating to bloody vertiginous.

Eventually - and just after the runners perambulated into our hemisphere - the trail did a sorta (but well marked) split towards a Hash Vista on the perilous edge of the girt part of the continent where vista viewing was done.



And some thoughtfully concealed but slightly brackish water was hided in the scrub.

After pausing to consider the view (and noting the distant horizon to which we were apparently expected to stagger)



and considering the warnings about loose stones, vertical topography, high risk travel and the fact that Sue Ellen was waiting back at the sign that said go no further, the pack meandered back along the trail a bit and then descended perpendicularly to the sandy wastes of North Durras beach and a windblown trek to the south. Ploddingly, leaving a few more footsteps in the sands of time.

Meanwhile **Barbie Toolz** had pushed his barrow to the drink stop where Nurse (and lumbar challenged) **Mighty** took up tending the walking wounded **B2** and the recovering **Barbie** and the slightly discombobulated **Captain Pugwash**. And consuming the contents of the wheelbarrow.



The intrepid but strung out pack(s) eventually staggered, shagged out and parched into the sylvan glade in which the halt and lame were increasingly limbered and set about lightening the load for **Barbie** before returning to base.

Back at the hacienda (or next door at **One More's** and **One Less's** party central) the pizza oven was conflagrating (with only one designated poker stoker)



and **One Less** was thrashing the Cuisinart to produce the early runs of the pizza extravaganza.



But first the pack had to endure the circle.

Hair **Haemorrhoid** and his trusty assistant Ferryman Jack (now to be known throughout hashdom as **Charon**)\* took a drink after being awarded a niggardly 6 for the run and even more

niggardly 0.69 for the walk. But it was before the food (and wine).

**White Out** was welcomed back after an absence of aeons. The maritime **Fluid Movement** and **Pink Bitch** got theirs for their inaugural post matrimonial canter and seafaring guidance and ignoring the obvious safety hazards and absence of PFDs. In accordance with long established tradition, **Barbie** handed over a long neck following his expedition to the geographical centre of his universe (Dubbo) for the delectation of the **GeeEmm** who kindly offered up one of his Fathers in a confusing exchange. (You had to be there.)

There were several birthdays celebrated: **Gobbles** (exiting his 7<sup>th</sup> decade): **Pop Tart** (lookalike **Mighty**): **Blue Hawaii** (Lookalike **Sue Ellen**): **Incider** (lookalike **Likealotta**) Doggy Bag (new decade, lookalike **CountHerFeet**). For some reason or other B2 and Sticky Date were charged, possibly for something irrelevant or a private party and Barbie (fresh from his caddying duties for Ms Cheeky at the Royal Canberra LPGA National) produced the ultimate but ultimately ineffective device for getting a bit of STFU.



It did not work too well but that is possibly because it was not used to bash the offenders over the scone. Maybe next time.

Then I think it was time to get stuck into the pizzas. Which went well with red wine.



And it's Goodnight from them and Goodnight from me.

NEXT RUN

**RUN 155 Third biennial or periodic Spud Point Classic**

**WHEN:** Saturday 6 April 2019 at **4pm Eastern Australian excl Queensland Daylight Saving Time. (See later note)**

**WHERE:** 13 Trunkatabella St Spud Point. (Drive Southwardly to Bodalla, turn left into Potato Point road at the Blue Earth and drive a few km until you find the correct street. It is not very complicated.)

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

**AFTERs:** Circle at said address to be followed by a bbq and conflagration buckets. (Poker/stokers welcome)

**SPECIAL NOTE:** Some indication of numbers will greatly assist catering. Those who can might bring a salad. (Ring WW - see below) Bread and meats will be covered. (Possibly to prevent contamination from local, if possibly declining, insect population or expanding hordes of medically challenged international criminals and boat people).

**NEXT MOURNING:** Sun 7 April at/from **0830 New Non Daylight Saving Eastern Australian incl Queensland Standard Time** (Permits either an extra hour of sleep or drinking according to your risk profile.)

**WHERE:** Maggot's joint 36 Long Point St Spud Point.

**WHAT?:** Sunday breakfast and recovery coffee will be served.

**OTHER STUFF/FINE PRINT:** One queen sized bed and space in the shed available at WW's ([0423 313 570](tel:0423313570)) and also beds at Maggot's ([0423 63 44 05](tel:0423634405)) place. Please contact them separately to book a bed or floor space for a swag. Camping, cabins and powered sites available at Beachcomber Holiday Park: ph [02 44 73 5312](tel:0244735312)."

AND AFTER THAT  
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?

\*Look it up. It's classical stuff.