

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume: Sibillant surf sounds

Run Number: 172 Nov 2020

Hair: FishFinger

Weather: Pretty Good

Afters: Pizza, minor conflagrations and the odd drop of wine.

Score: Fingerling awarded a 0.8 for the run and the walk got about .1 from Sticky. But that was before afters.

They came from everyflaminwhere including Botany Bay. Yep, when we lobbed up on the verdant grasslands of Bracken Downs near the beachside fire pit, there was a small convoy of caravans, motor homes and fifth wheelers taking in the Maccas Beach vista. **Sniffer Dog**, **Dame Nellie**, **Kizzmee**, **Stop Cock** and **Hot Poker** were there in farce. Wotta start. And we had not even left on the run/walk.



MeatnEasy popped in from the Shoalhaven and **Black Dog** arrived from Jerra with **GreenFinger** all prepared for disruption. (Gin sluts self-declared PNG.)

The crowd milled a bit while we did a COVID compliance assessment, marked out the 4m² per person (even though it was on a verdant outdoor pasture) and counted heads. Exactly half the number of legs. (not counting canines.) Sign in sheet with phone numbers? ✓ No sniffles or other afflictions declared. ✓ Numbers more or less within the most recently declared advice for households, outdoor venues, wedding funeral and religious events. ✓

It was noice to see **Betel Nut** back after a few runs. And **Crème Brulee** although she was around a coupla months ago. The hair briefed the packs:

two marked trails; which may intersect at some time watch out for contrapuntal arrows; one or maybe two slight inclines; runners that way and walkers out the gate. **Infallible**, **Fingerling** and **Betel Nut** immediately took up front running pozzies. **Just Hasan**, youthful and keen also rushed up to near the pole position. Some confused potential walkers including **Sticky Date** (and Kai the wonder dog) and **CountHerFeet** also head in the generally south west upslope direction past the house. **Gobbles** and **GreenFinger** (both nursing wounds and signs of advancing decrepitude) kinda snuck off and attempted to hide behind a traffic sign. Unsuckcessfully. But it did save them a walk further than sniffing distance from the beer stash. **Bunz** took up refuge with **Just Jude** (and the grandchildren and possibly some bubbles) in the expectation of being joined by **Doggy Bag** whose walking days seem also to be truncated.

The walkers milled a bit while we waited for **Mighty Aphrodite**, another welcome returnee, to appear over the hill, as directed by **Doggy Bag**. In a tricky manoeuvre however she appeared from the general direction of the back of the pack, a spot she happily occupied for the rest of the walk.

Which, following the guidance of some chalk and **Meat**, **Dame Nelly** (resplendent in the formal dead overalls) and possibly **Sniffer Dog** wandered up GBD and took a tilt to the left at Reservoir Road and up the hill. Minor confusion seems to have been temporary at the contrapuntal arrows - or no-one took any notice.

About the Reservoir, the trails appeared to merge and lunged into the scrub heading for the maze of tracks and single tracks until a judicious choice led across the gully and emerged triumphant at the top of **Mooring Crescent**, a hash view and several skeletal remains of houses.

About now the runners, having negotiated heartbreak hill and the several two ways and still under the command and leadership of **Fingerling** with **Betel Nut** **Infallible**, **Just Hasan**, **Black Dog** and **Likealotta** in hot pants pursuit, surged past the bemused onlookers of the neighbourhood and on down to the village, before turning southwards for the run in and by passing

more omnidirectional arrows. It was one of those days.

Back at the ranch, the fire pit was cranked up and a few pre circle drinks were cracked open.

A COVIDIAN circle formed which is to say there was a bit of social distancing and some people were spaced out. Non Hashing Onlookers from Botany Bay stood on the edge of the circle looking on in silent amazement and possibly a small amount of curious disbelief. **Captain Pugwash** called the circle toward (a futile notion as **BlackDog** was there), **Gobbles** wandered in and the **GeeEmm** in perpetuity assumed his normal level of control.

Visitors (see above) were toasted.

Returnees (ditto) were welcomed.

Fingerling reported and gave a slightly positive score. **Sticky Date** was less generous and somewhere along the line **Infallible** drew attention to misrepresentation of the number (and incline) of hills. **FishFinger** looked unrepentant. All the **Dogs** (**Sniffer**, **Black and Bag**) were let out for a drink in accordance with long standing tradition. Just Hugo (4) and his sister Lucy who had been curious onlookers were invited into the circle for a down down (H₂O) as a form of initiation. One of the other (4 legged) dogs must have eaten my notes as I can't remember much more about charges and stuff.

But, in a highlight, **BlackDog** took over the circle (again) to describe in great detail how she had raided a Queanbeyan sweat shop and acquired a mysterious and mildly misprinted coat of many colours for presentation to Captain Pugwash to pledge her undying admiration or something. It was (and remains) magnificent.



Then all that remained, I think, was for **Just Hasan** (I came here from the USofA for lurv) to be considered for a naming that reflected something of the historical day and anything faintly known about him from the short while we have known him. There was a brief consideration of a name like Emu in honour of his socks and FRB prowess. But, as it happens, **Gobbles** has been closely observing him for a while including on a recent occasion prurient occasion on which the **GeeEmmEmeritus** (that's **Gobbles**: stumbled through a formerly closed door at Likealotta's (is there a pattern here?) and espied said **Hasan** - ever so briefly before retiring and shutting the door - in a state of almost flagrant deliciousity, the details of which are inappropriate for

further description in a family journal. The details may emerge in oral history but as:

1. He declared this discovery of almost coitis interruptus would merely delay the inevitable and
2. It was a day of great moment in his homeland

He shall henceforth be known as **Biden His Time**.

And then it was time for stoking the fire pit, taking up a drink and retiring to the pizza oven for afters. And that's all there is. (Or at least that is all that will be divulged.)

NEXT RUN

RUN 174

WHEN: Saturday 5 December **4pm AEDST**
WHERE: Long Beach. Start at Gobbles and CoutHerFeet's. Finish there. Drink stop at Lost Rooseter/Rooster Booster's.
HAIRS: Gobbles and Lost Rooster

Special Note: Due to COVIDIAN uncertainty, problems getting a venue to commit to hosting us and a few other things, it was reluctantly and eventually decided that the Christmas run would probably be restricted. And so it has come to pass, after consideration by the Mismanagement Committee.

There will be a run. It will be much lower key than Christmases past. Drink stop and afters will be in homes.

Please note that under current NSW Covid-19 restrictions, numbers for this event are strictly limited to 30. So, if you would like to join us, *even if you've already committed*, please confirm your attendance or intention to attend asap by either return email, or by phone to me on 0419 991052, or Gobbles on 0417 884515.

In particular we need to know if you will /wish to stay after the circle as the limit will be strictly (and reluctantly) enforced.

First in best dressed. (There are already several in but we want confirmation.)

Some other stuff:

For those who have been to more than 3 runs this year, the cost will be \$25. For irregulars (fewer than 3 runs) it will be \$30.

This will cover the bucket 'til it runs out, T-shirt, seafood entree and main meal (subsidised as usual by the Hash Cash).

AND THEN...

RUN 175

WHEN: Saturday 2 January 2021 probably **4pm AEDST**
WHERE: TBA.
HAIR: Maybe the GeeEmm
AFTERS: Probably

RUN 176

WHEN: Saturday 6 February 2021 at **4pm AEDST**
WHERE: Nelligen Pub carpark
HAIR: Pearl
AFTERS: In the pub

RUN 177

WHEN: Saturday 6 March 2021 at **4pm AEDST**
WHERE: TBA maybe near Mossy Point
HAIR: GreenFinger (the march hair)
AFTERS: TBA