Trash Volume: approaching crescendo

Run Number: 231 Nov 2025
Hair: Wishing Well
Consultant (Run food and wine): Maggot
Weather: Perfecto (but whoever doubted it)
Afters: On the beck dick and round the barby
Score: +6.9 (Oor possibly more)

It is a bit of a while since the last ***Annual Imperial Potato Point Classic*** was held. Possibly longer than a year, if that matters. **Wishing Well** dropped in from recent sojourn to several of the Stans (Kazakh, Tajiki, Turkmeni, Kyrgz, Uzbeki, wisely avoiding Afghani and Paki) but mercifully did not seek to emulate the undulating nature of those exotica. She also drug along a few of her recently erstwhile travelling companions for an add-on cultural experience of uncommon off the beaten track experience in the enigmatic Spud Point hinterland. Of which more later, if I ever stop digressing.

Maggot, recently returned from Evatt via the local brewery (I may return to that as well) had orgynised copious amounts of food, wine and alcohol, mowed the lawn (but left the roo poo) and otherwise was ready for all cummers.

And they came. About I dunno 20 or so, with several virgins looking a bit bemused (and that was before anyone had met other hashers). There were also some returnees: **Pollywaffler**, in the company of **B2** (or the half of him that remains) choosing to distance himself as far as possible from the imploding ACT Liberal Party and in favour of some sane conversation and sober company. **Basil Brush** turned up as well after about 5 years of incommunicado, without even making a prior appointment to meet his cousin* **Dangles**.

Infallible was deservedly looking quite satisfied with the weather (as if there was ever a doubt) and accepting all compliments while the growing crowd awaited the stately arrival of the bucket (and **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet**). Then the event could start. Bout time.

There were some brief introductions of the perplexed looking bunch of virgins. I think there was a **Just Tony, Just Judy, Just Geri, Just Joan (with Just Ian), Just Rodney** and **Ms Rodney** (neither of whom appeared to be rude) and **Just Simon**. Amazingly, there was another **B2**! Formerly of Phomh Penh H3. Who woulda thunk!? She was once known as Belinda.

The chalk talk advised there were not one, not two, but three (count em) trails! One for the runners (6.5km), one for healthy walkers (5km) and one for the aged and infirm (3km). And a drink stop. And sun. The pack sauntered off, rejoicing.

A couple hundred metres down the hill **Just Rodney** and **Just Simon** peeled off to follow the R→ sign. They headed boldly for the beach with no protection from experienced hashers.

The remainder resolutely ranged rearwards

as they followed a confident **Wishing Well** down Riverview Street, past the dunny and out onto the Spud Point- Bodalla road. The runners re-emerged and plodded past in a westerly direction.

The walking wounded weaklings found a WW← sign and, like the chicken, crossed the road onto a bucolic track

(* that bit is true)

observed cautiously by one of the locals,

as well it might with **Dangles** (crook lower limb) **Pop Tart** (sympathetic) and **Two Fathers** (bung knee, TMB) now "leading" a small group along the eastern extremity of the near famous Jemison's Point Trail while the remainder of the pack soldiered on in **Wishing Well's** wake in a more or less westerly direction and **Just Simon** and **Just Rodney** disappeared in the distance. The WW portion of the pack joined the JP Trail and turned East. The runners had to wait until the Brou Lake track before taking another bearing.

By some minor miracle of navigation the pack/s emerged to a spot on Jemmo's Point where the drink stop, already staffed by **B2** (the old one) and **Maggot,** was scenically located.

In another change from previous Spud Point navigation exercises, not one runner/walker/wounded got lost. Some people thought it was a whale watching spot.

But the whales did not cooperate. Affletes posed.

Drinks were consumed. Then the pack resumed a stately progress back towards the start finish line and the circle.

The **RA Infalllible** took due credit and a drink for the weather.

For which the resplendently attired **GeeEmmm** blessed him.

The hair/s were similarly blessed following an outstanding report by **PollyWaffler** and award of about 69 points.

(He clearly had not run the full trail and musta thought he was buying political fovour. Or he knew about the Bodalla Brewery keg. See the intro for slight adjustment rendered.)

Dangles gave serious thought to a charge.

but history does not record what it was. Something about the **GeeEmm** (for whom **CHF** was the substitute) and the recent Mekong Frolic. Anyway, it was a fair charge.

Several of the newbies looked on in puzzlement with full hands which is a clear sign of adaptability and possible future engagement

but I have no idea what they were observing other than **Gobbles** frolicking in the circle.

I do remember that **Basil Brush**, **B2** (the original or about half of him), **PollyWaffler**, **Maggot** and **Wishing Well** got an appropriate ditty wondering where the faark they'd been all this time. No suitable excuses have been recorded. **Dangles** presented the **Gin Sluts'** champagne bell to someone. The Rooted and Routed Award remains incommunicado in Long Beach with **Biggus**. Then it was all over except for food drink and fire. It got dark.

EM TASOL

Except for
NEXT RUNs

RUN 232 Xmas cums but once a year.

WHEN: Sat 6 Dec 2025 **at 4pm DST time.**
WHERE: Nelligen in the carpark at the SteamPacket Hotel.
HAIR: Gobbles (aka GeeEmm)
AFTERs: Steampacket Hotel (Talk directly to Gobbles if you have not already let us know you will be there.)
Other details in the email.

RUN 232

WHEN: Sat 3 Jan **2026 at 4pm DST time.**
WHERE: 690 Congo Road, Congo. Dangles' shack of great hysterical signifcants.
HAIR: Dangles
AFTERs: Dangles' shack. BYO road kill.or alternative. And veggies (Pop Tart told me to put that bit in – they will do salad)

Other stuff:
Camping is available at the shack. Tents or vans. And at the little National Parks ground across the road. (Could be crowded: online bookings required.)
Due to "issues" between the council and a landholder, Congo is now 17km from Moruya via the highway and Bingie Road. Do not let your GPS send you via South Head Road and Congo Road.