

Welcome Hash, Cotter!

Disclaimer one: Apparently, because we decided to recognise certain recovery runs as ‘official’ runs and blah, blah blah...the counter on the website is wrong (why don’t we just fix it?) and Scarlet’s run was actually 1851. Sometimes, I like to be actually right, rather than just thinking I’m right.

Disclaimer two: Scarlet’s annual Cotter run is hands-down my favourite run of the year. Even if the trail led through, around and back to George Clooney’s bedroom,¹ that wouldn’t be my favourite run. In fact, the only way Scarlet’s run could be even better would be if George Clooney were *camping at the Cotter* and the trail led through, around and back to George Clooney’s tent. Though I reckon he’d be a bit aggro with all the foot traffic and calls of ‘on on’.

So I might find it a bit hard to be fair-minded, because I already knew, going in, that it was going to be a great night. That said, I’m still happy to provide a few comments for those unable to attend (and, indeed, for those who attended but still have no clue).

Present and accounted for: Poo Shooter; Duckhead; Drunken Tiger; Hidden Flagon; Party Pie; PeePing Pervert; Phallus and Vomit; Meat; Fish Finger; JR; Suellen; Dickhead; Furballs; Sex Change; Grease Nipple; Pop Tart; Dangles; Infallible; Crash and Burn; Scarlet; Weatherman.

We’d better call him ‘Sean’: Weatherdog had a turn with the shears, apparently in anticipation of being allowed to run free at the Cotter.

When will we see his like again? Visitor ‘Just Richard’, from Scotland via Sydney, brought by Softie and Big Boy. He seemed pleasantly bemused by the goings-on.

Returnees: Rambo; Squatter; Big Boy; Soft Centre; Horse.

And you people think I make all this stuff up: Horse also brought a visitor, and when asked his name, he said, ‘I’m Randy’. And we said, ‘no worries mate, but what’s your name?’

Do we need to buy this man a watch? General convention (remember, there are no rules) holds that Capital Hash starts at 6pm **or** when the dray shows up. So being dropped off somewhere along the start of the run (again, see run 1847) or, worse, rocking up at the drink stop (this evening) is a bit slack—are you paying attention, Prem Ejac?

Other than being the best run of the hash year: Scarlet set a suitably hilly trail for the runners that clearly ‘left nothing in the tank’ because he only had some vague suggestions for the walkers. Well, we wanted something not quite so daunting and hilly, yet a bit more arduous than merely walking to the campground and back. So, after some discussion we set off, mostly following the runner’s trail.

Some grumbles as the trail led up hill; more grumbles as we had to ford the raging Cotter River, which involved *getting our feet wet!*² Horse and Carriage ‘Just Randy’ wandered off to view the vista, while the rest of us were faced with following the runners along the ridge, or backtracking. Luckily we had a

¹ See Hash Trash 1847, *Watson Matilda*

² Thought we might have to call the waaaambulance for Soft Centre! She bloody charged me for this!

pathfinder in our midst—Squatter found a lesser trail leading steadily down hill which led us straight to the drink stop at the base of the dam.

Trust Pink. Forget Stains: We all marvelled at Party Pie's pristine white shorts –with creases! Not a speck of sweat or drop of dirt to be seen; how does she do it?

Back at the circle: Crash and Burn was the stand-in RA, and he had clearly lost the shyness he exhibited at his maiden 'stand-in' outing, because he had to be chastised several times by the Grand Muffler for aggressive behaviour.

Hare Song verses, brought to you by Weatherman:

'...she had sex with Grease Nipple/whose dick she did cripple...'

'...ran down in the Cotter/where the chicks meant to be hotter...'

'...met a man named Dangles/who coaxed out her tangles...'

'run set by Scarlet/there weren't too many harlots...'

Charges: 'Weathergranny' – this was Poo to Weatherman, who apparently drove verry slowly down Cotter Road on his way to the run. PeePing Pervert also copped a charge for the same offence.

Weatherman was charged for having his pants on inside out—who did the forensic exam to determine this?

Birthdays: JR

'Versaries: Crash and Burn – 20 runs; Duckhead – 399 runs

FRB: Phallus and Vomit (at least, that's what we were calling him on Monday night)

Little Prick: Scarlet because, and I quote, 'with balls that big, he's got to have a little prick'

I have referred to my notes but they are a mad scramble, making even less sense than we all did on the night. What else do you need to know except it was a great evening? Thanks, Scarlet!

On out 'til next time!