

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

The Get a Grip Hash

Trash Volume: Loud until curfew.

Run Number: 132 April 2017.

Weather: Perfect

Hairs: **Wishing Well** and **Maggot**

Run Report: Lengthy, courtesy of Sunshine but highly awarded. Walk report from **Mighty Aphrodite**.

Score: 9.69/69 combined.

In the absence of Jeremy, our scribe from the Potato Point Bugle (again, the little sod may have run off to join News Ltd [gag reflex]) this report once again relies on imperfect memory.

Some people had a slight warm up practice on the dick at **Squatter** and **Frogglesnot's** cabin the evening before. Barbecue, salad stuff and enough red wine to prime the palate for the following evening's pizza and rather larger quantities of red.

The rest started filtering in to the Beachcomber Eco Resort (Eco means low environmental impact and Resort means elevated prices) in the early afternoon. **Gobbles** and **Countnerfeet** (with **Fluid Movement** in tow) actually arrived at the car park a massive 20 minutes before the advertised start, thus nearly upsetting the applecart. They also brang news of a sighting of **Mighty** in Braidwood.

While we killed time waiting, there was the ostentatious appearance of the 19 meter behemoth chick magnet driven by **Haemorrhoid** and crewed by the inimitable **B2**. Don't believe me? Check this out.



Hugo and Grandmother **Just Judy** were lurking in the nearby regions as at 16 months Hugo is still a bit short of full walking condition. But he brung **Just Kate**, **Betel Nut** and **Fishfinger** anyway.

Directions of a sort were given by **Maggot** who referred among other things to three dimensional markers thus setting the whole pack into confusion. (It turned out it was not an April Fool's joke in spite of the attendance.) And then they were off, heading first to the white bitumen, as instructed.



Looking for marks on a beach is a bit fraught but a hint to run past the first rocks helped and **Infalible** infallibly found the first flour than the first three dimensional driftwood indicator and plunged into the scrub behind the dunes with **Fluid Movement**, **Betel Nut** and **Sunshine** in hot psrute. The trail meandered around to the southernmost extremities of Lake Tuross as **Dangles**, **Haemorrhoid** and **Fishfinger** joined the pack leaders, baying off onto a trail that started to leave the lake and gain elevation through the National Park in totally new territory for MBH3.

Finally the runners pack burst out onto a track only to find the walkers ambling, including **Pugwash** and **Sticky**, having started on the runners trail and miraculously finding the walkers trail without any apparent effort.

Then all we had to do was hang around while the stragglers wandered in.

Waiting, waiting.....drinking, drinking.....



Fortunately for Gobbles there was still one stubby left. (That's him in the distance.)

Eventually, the GeeEmm called on back and the party shifted back to the campground. It was downhill all the way. And even more so later.

The RA gave a stentorian call and the circle formed a rhomboid around a convenient picnic table in amongst the wildlife.



As usual the circle never quite reached any dizzy heights of control.



The ostentatious and late arrivers (see up there ↑ somewhere) were duly punished. **Dangles** had new shoes.



There were too many returners to charge so the 8 from last month got a drink.

After a couple more melodious (or malodorous) interludes, the circle fractured as everyone rushed to get their pizza ingredients and red wine and muster at the homestead or pizza oven, whichever seemed appropriate. (Management had thoughtfully lit the furnace earlier and we only had to clear about four people out of the way.)

Then it turned into a hive of industry with flour and pizza bases going everywhere.



Some Harriettes attempted to corner the wine market. But there was another stash so we survived the drought.

B2 was in about 10 photos so they cannot be shown. In any case they might get blocked.

It all gets a bit blurry from there on in. Reports from various sites in Potato Point suggest the Cadillac was a scene of frivolity; there was a bit of a kick-on at Maggot's, another at Wishing

Well's and some of the more creative residents of the Beachcomber swiped the pizza wood and transported it to a fire bucket on the beach. Red wine and cleansing ale featured at all three events and no further reportable information has come to hand. You had to be there.

NEXT RUN:

WHEN: Saturday 6 May 2017 at **3pm real time**

WHERE: Batemans Bay somewhere TBA

HAIRs: **Likalotta** and **CountHerFeet**

AFTERS: Probably near 15 Pacific Street but we'll get back to you on that, too.

ABSENT: *GeeEmm* and RA.

RUN AFTER THAT:

WHEN: Saturday 3 June 2017 at **3pm**

WHERE: TBA

HAIR: **Position Vacant**

AFTERS: ??

AND AFTER THAT:

WHEN: Saturday 3 June 2017 at **3pm**

WHERE: Congo region

HAIR: **Dangles** (Well he was OK with it late last Saturday)

AFTERS: ??

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