

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume : #V#145v1

Run Number: 145 June 2018.

Weather: Bit fresh but passable in the circumstances.

Hair: **Basil Brush**

Afters: **Pretty good**

Score: 7 (even before the mash)

The Hovel Run.

Word had got around that the hovel down Yarragee Road overlooking Mighty Meandering Mehrroya* Rivulet represented new turf. **Gobbles** arrived after doing his damndest to fix the weather in the absinthe of the normal (a debatable adjective) RA who was languishing in Singapore en route to blighty. **CountHerFeet** arrived at the same time. Late.

Several of the pack were recent returnees from the Fiji Frolic and all had some sort of lurgy. Except for **Pop Tart**. **Dangles** sniffled his way onto the birwagon. The rest of the small but salubrious pack - including those few who had no real connection with Dili H3 - awaited destructions from the Hair. These were succinct. "Runners go right at the gate. Walkers to the left. There is a drink stop." It sorta worked.

As the threatening precipitation almost precipitated **Fishfinger** led the runners out (and did so for the entire trail). Out along the tarmacadam surface and onto the almost rhyming Ted Hunt Terrace the small but perfectly formed pack trundled in FF's wake until he started coming at them after one of hashdom's longest false trails.

The pack was a bit like a one winged bee at great risk of disappearing up its own fundamental orifice but what has changed? **Pop Tart** and **Frogglesnot** were very close to being the next cohort and **Two Fathers** (fresh from a reeming out of the arterial pipes) and **Squatter** trundled blissfully along comparing notes on the most exotic or obscure beer. It was sorta like that. The remnant running pack (at a pedestrian pace) discovered the same signal of reversal found by **Fishfinger** and did a similar volte face, retraced their steps and went whence they had qum. All simultaneously and at the same time and more or less together. They also almost gathered in the FRB who was doing the wingless bee bit looking for something resembling trail.

Trail was found (albeit a toe short)



and it looked as if it was going back to the start toute suite before the intelligent FRB ran straight (and correctly) past the gate and onwards along the tarmacadam to further circumlocutions. It got a bit woolly there for a while but onon we went.



And we discourage sheep.

The trail diverged into various culs de sac so **Basil Brush** could commune with neighbours and otherwise confuse the pack. Until eventually the trail petered out on the bucolic banks of the aforementioned Meandering Mighty Mehrroya Rivulet whereupon the local elders



set about describing some of the dreamtime songlines of the local Yuin Tribe and explaining the mysterious trail of Ruac (a mythical beast whose trail



remains permanently etched in the tidal sandbar upon which we stood) and his/her waterborne partner.

If you believe that.... some may not have.



Then it was back whence we came, avoiding sheep until the welcome



appeared.

As it was a bit cool we lit a small conflagration around which to circle.



Ackshully that bit is not quite true. I just had a picture of a small fire from a coupla weeks ago.

The circle was circular, due to a clever ruse by **Sadistic Countess** who bunged out a circular rug as geometric guidance for the pack. Clever eh? The hair was awarded a highly generous 7 (outta 10 I believe) by the runner **Fishfinger** whose judgement has not previously been called into question. **Sadistic Countess** had not been to Fiji and could not therefore show off the latest in hasherdashery but she was still wearing her coronet from recent anglophone monarchical nuptials as well as a tattered animal fur badly damaged at the after party and thus deservedly got a drink. The Fiji lot **Gobbles**, **CountHerFeet**, **Pop Tart** and **Dangles** got one for just being exhibitionists (and trying to infect those who had not been). They also ran the gauntlet for apparently forgetting the ancient and honourable tradition of bringing back a beverage for the **GeeEmm**. Although this apparent oversight was rectumfied the charge was not withdrawn as it was light beer.

The **GeeEmm**, having been unreliably informed by one his more alert and perspicacious Religious Advisers, drew attention to the fact that this run was occurring the day after St Onan's Day. A ritual spilling of seed occurred.



After which a rendition of The Hash Hymn and Wottawank drew a merciful end to the proceedings.

The assembled vultures then attacked the mash and plonk. Breakfast may also have been served.

NEXT RUN:

Run 146:

WHEN: Saturday 7 July 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE: Long Beach

HAIR: **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet**

AFTERS: Pot luck Curry at above address. Talk to CHF about your likely contribution so it is not all packet green chicken.

AND AGAIN

Run 147:

WHEN: Saturday 4 August 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE: South Durras

HAIR: Haemorrhoid

AFTERS: Gordnose. Free play. Conflagration.

AND AGAIN

Run 148:

WHEN: Saturday 1 September 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE: 82 Illabunda Drive Malua Bay or somewhere near there

HAIR: **Two Fathers**

AFTERS: The rites of Spring.

AND AGAIN

Run 149:

WHEN: Saturday 6 October 2018 at **3pm Eastern Australian Ordinary Time.**

WHERE: TBA

HAIR: TBA

AFTERS: TBA

AND YET ABLOODYGAIN

Run 150:

WHEN: Saturday 3 November 2018 at **4pm Eastern Australian Daylight-Saving Time.**

WHERE: Back where it all began

HAIR: Probably **Gobbles** and **Captain Pugwash**

and **Infallible** as they were all there at the start.

AFTERS: TBA

*It is faintly possibly that this is a more correct phonetic spelling of the local dialect names. Better than the original Gundry name given by a whitefella.