

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume: Barely audible.

Run Number: 148 September 2018

Hair: **Two Fathers**

Weather: Some. Windy at the drink stop.

Afters: **Curry and stuff.**

Score: 10/10.

Back to Malua Bay for a frolic in a mixture of old and new territory in a compact but picturesque coverage of one of the gems of the Eurobodalla coast. **Cowboy** was the first arrival (well, after the original inhabitants, but you know what I mean) after his transition from the bucolic beauty of the Runnyford Estate on which we never ran. **Fishfinger** limped in from the McKenzies direction and joined the elders in a small conclave while we waited for **Gobbles** o'clock to chime. Then in a rush there was **CountHerFeet**, along with **Lost Rooster and Just Amy**, back from their Chinese peregrinations. And a mildly seedy **Gobbles**.

Doggy Bag was appointed drink stop and waved the pack off with the promise of good things to come. **Amy** stayed to help.

For a bit of a change the pack meandered in the general direction of the reservoir before lurching onto the trackless waste to the north. Guide and mentor **Two Fathers** decided not to waste the entirety of a splendidly set out trail in new territory and pointed to the well-marked and picturesque single-track offshoot. It was so well marked that **Gobbles** took up point and occasionally screeched ONON as he led the pack unerringly down around along back and up. Small birds fluttered, serpents remained dormant and little creatures rustled as the ageing octogenarian and septuagenarian pack followed the sexagenarian leader. It was truly one of nature's gems and a bloody good trail and tribute to the extraordinary exploratory skills of the hair. And the engineering skills of a few kids who like mountain biking.

Suddenly the trail popped outta the scrub and took a vertiginous turn to the north east and vestigial signs of civilisation as well as a couple of houses. A quick lurch through a fence and a bit of private property brung them to the bituminous attractions of Malua Bay Heights before a Duttonesque lurch to the right and an Abbottesque downhill meander through contested territory and out again onto the

Sylvan reaches of nether Malua. Still on trail but by now intrepidly, splendidly and modestly led by the **GeeEmm** in Perpetuity in the general direction of yet another apparent dead end (known as the Morrison manoeuvre) before cunningly finding a small but perfectly formed and well marked wombat path through leech infested lantana and over Fitz's log to the more salubrious reaches of lower Tallawang.

Sign pointed in the direction of the beach. Quel surpris! But as the still animated and sprightly pack emerged onto the pristine, if windblown, crystal silica there was a small crowd gathered around what appeared to be a gibbet planted therein, and singing happy clappy sounds. Our hopes of witnessing a ritual hanging of invading persons or finding our new PM were quickly dashed as it become apparent that a quasi religious sacramental event involving two people being legally joined in matrimonial bliss was underway. We passed silently and almost unobserved towards the fish shop (closed for annual holidays) opposite which the drink stop was parked and where we were reunited with **Doggy Bag**, **Just Amy**, **Just Jude** and visitors **Deb** (apparently known in another life as **Dead End Deb** even tho she is not a harriette) and **Just Robyn**.

Drinks were taken. Or at least consumed, in the shadow of the alcohol-free zone sign. Chips were chomped and tasteful dips were digested. Then the pack wandered in the general direction of the start/finish.

The circle was briefish, and no-one missed out on a tippie being awarded. **Cowboy** and **Just Jude** were welcomed back. **Dead End Deb** (apparently a reference to her funereal calling) and **Robyn** were deflowered. **Lost Rooster and Just Amy** were welcomed back from the Chinese odyssey (and punished for the failure to provide a national tippie for the GeeEmm. Shyme upon them.) **Haemorrhoid** (hashtag #pissedinbrisbane) mailed in and **Captain Pugwash** and **Sticky Date** what'sapped in from LHR (as they do). **Doggy Bag** got one for organising. **Gobbles** and **CHF** were punished for untimeliness or something. Following new guvmint regulations, prayers were held and everyone joined hands and sang lullabies and love songs for all Austrayans. Flags were distributed. A rousing

rendition of the National MBH3 anthem was led with gutso by GeeEmm Emeritus and stand in Pastor Gobbles. Then it was upstairs for curry and red wine. Another one done.

NEXT RUN:

Run 149:

WHEN: Saturday 6 October 2018 at **3pm**
Eastern Australian ExtraOrdinary Time.
(daylight saving starts next day)
WHERE: 15 Pacific Street Batemans Bay NSW
HAIR: Likealottapuss
AFTERS: TBA

AND YET ABLOODYGAIN

Run 150:

To Be Advised but possibly concurrently with CH3 2000 Mogo. It's a bit confusing. We'll get back to you on that.

Run 151

That'd be around Christmas.
Well get back to you that as well.