

## MasterBatemans Bay HHH

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*

## The Egalitarian Hash

*Trash Volume: Variable pizzicato.*

**Run Number:** 157, June 2019

**Hair:** Captain Pugwash as tactical adviser to Roger the Cabin Boy

**Weather:** FAQ

**Afters:** Tommo Club Specials or Durras Dinner according to your preference. NO karaoke.

**Score:** A couple (virgin run reporter)

With the return of **Captain Pugwash** and **Sticky Date** from FNQ, the return of the Space Cadet from his near circumnavigation of Australia (see 700 pictures somewhere else) and the emergence of the **Gee Emm** from a Caribbean hideaway or two it was nearly a normal gathering. The illusion was continued by the arrival of **Dangles and Pop Tart** (also from FNQ), **Basil Brush**, **Pole Dancer** (from gordnose where) and **Zsa Zsa La Whore**, with **Too Keen** and **B2**. Then up popped **Likealottapuss**, **Roger the Cabin Boy**, **Daikos S Bend** (+3) and **Just Iolo** (12) in his second appearance. The driveway was crowded, with people and dogs as **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** quietly perused the group and wondered if the ankle biters would leave the caravan in a fit and habitable state.

There was a sort of discussion about the markings and where the walkers would depart from the runners' trail



and then it was off in a generally southerly direction with **Likealotta** and **Just Iolo** setting the pace for the first 100 metres or so. At the first corner **Just Iolo** was inspired to go left - correctly as it turned out - although his dulcet tones of "I've found one" did not quite reach the laggards and retransmission by the **GeeEmm** was needed. Down the alley, past the club, round the new roundabout and off up the hill with **Just Iolo** and **Likealotta** slightly ahead of **Haemorrhoid**,

and the rest of the pack grimacing pantingly along in the rear, as the trail meandered markedly along the single track up a slight incline, out onto the road and along past the spiritual home of MBH3 (the caravan park to some) before taking a tilt in a seawards direction with the same order of runners at the head of the pack and the dawning realisation among others that they might just have missed the secret W turnoff and were thus consigned to the rear end of the runners' trail as it plunged onto the sand and into the teeth of a howling gale.

Somehow **Just Iolo** was keeping slightly ahead of **Likealotta** and **Haemorrhoid** who may also have both been guardians as they came across a rather prominent arrow directing the pack into the nether hills of sand and sacred sights of the field of broken dreams and new McMansions in a circuitous and entirely unnecessary diversion en route to the drink stop atop a rather precipitous but pictureskew cliff where everyone waved from the gathering gloom.



Then it was back down the hill and off in the general direction of the start which by now was the finish. In spite of the complete absence and not even a rumour of the presence of **Black Dog** (still singing Working Class Man songs), the circle was a total confusion and no semblance of control was exhibited. This had nothing to do with the late arrival of **Doggy Bag** and **Just Nia** nor the antics of the new pet Dobermann pup or the other canines. It just was.

In accordance with tradition the **GeeEmm** had organised to obtain a traditional Cuban drink for the circle but unfortunately the rum was confiscated at the border, so we had to make do

with a traditional and quite powerful Romeo y Julietta passed healthily around the circle. After it got going **Zsa Zsa** conducted a user trial.

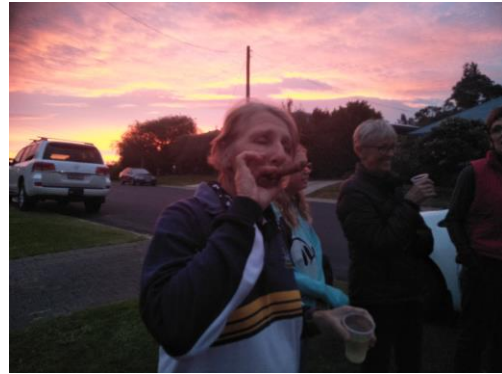


Meanwhile the run report was delegated to the FRB (**Just Iolo**) who in his enthusiasm and inexperience awarded a positive integer as the score. Several people were welcomed back after extended absences which left only **Gobbles** and **CounHerFeet** on the extremity of the circle.

**B2** sucked on the stogie while **Zsa Zsa** stood by giddily.



As the sun set slowly in the west the Romeo y Julietta was passed further and the circle continued to disintegrate.



As did **Gobbles**, who by now was slobbering over the quality Cuban leaf and **CHF** contemplated yet another charge that **Dangles** had done something (or not).



Further confusion erupted as someone foolishly tried to get a commitment to the next 10 minutes and figure out who if anyone was going to the Royal Tommo Sports and Degustation Emporium. And when. This resulted in a confusing flurry of texts to the even later **Mighty Aphrodite**, who, if she had followed instructions could well have finished up eating alone in lower Patagonia, but miraculously appeared at the club.

Early food orders were filled early. Procrastinators filled up on ruff red. Others went home. Some watched the Brumbies exerting their late season might over the hapless Waratahs and then it was all over red rover. Except for some who had been on the ruff red.



NEXT RUN

Run 158

**WHEN:** Saturday 6 July 2019 at **3pm**  
**WHERE:** 82 Illabunda Drive Malua Bay  
**HAIR:** Two Fathers  
**AFTERS:** TBA Probably same place

AUGUST might happen.