

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume: Fortississimo.

Run Number: 158, July 2019

Hair: **Two Fathers**

Weather: A miracle.

Afters: Upstairs and splendid.

Score: +2.44 for run. + 10 for Mash.

Well, it was US Underpants Day that week and heroes appeared from somewhere. Some heroic deeds, none recorded on the Twittersphere, were duly undertaken.

As usual, the run set by the GeeEmm was highly creative, pictureskew and managed to take in at least 100m of new territory and presented a contra rotating perspective. Mild undulations were present. Stand in RA, and GeeEmm Emeritus **Gobbles**, with very little to work with, crafted a day in which the weather was OK. A miracle of Scummonian proportion. After a brief welcome to country (and **Lost Rooster** and **Rooster Booster** back from their oriental peregrinations) and some chalk talk the pack, led ably by **Fishfinger**, disappeared in an initially southerly direction to take in the delights of McKenzie's Beach. The walkers, guided thoughtfully and with panache by the GeeEmm in perpetuity and Hair **Two Fathers**, strolled in an easterly direction, occasionally intersecting with trail but staying at a pace to maximise first digs at the chips and drink stop. They talked wisely and widely about international affairs, the wisdom of US foreign policy a la Trumpf and the great Wall of Chinois and pressurised sky trains. You had to be there.

The runners, meanwhile, panted astern of **FishFinger** who despite his dicky knee was gambolling along at a great clip, still believing that the run as bout 5.5km to the drink stop. **Likealottapuss** maintained sight of the FRB while **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** set a statelier pace as the trail meandered around the Pretty Point headland, down to Malua Reserve, past the surf club and took a south easterly swerve across the beach and up to the stairs to Tallawang before describing a gentle westerly arc towards the shops, past the butcher and the new **eyesore** hotel under construction and heading further west towards the wasteland of the Bowlo and Tree Removal Acres where a short sharp rise to the old track then gave way to a horizontally level perambulation to the drink stop in front of

the fire shed at which **Doggy Bag** and **Just Judi** were ministering and the wankers were scoffing already. The caterer had provided a range of comestibles in the champagne bubbles, beer, sugar beverage and potato chip food groups. (No Yellow!) And of course, a view of the azure seas and the odd late whale. It was truly syzygetic.

It was all downhill from there to the start/finish line where the concept of a seated circle was explored briefly and unseccusfully. The dog ate the record of charges, but a few returnees were welcomed; the **Roosters** provided some excellent and copious quantities of a mysterious Oriental brewed beverage in accordance with tradition and other stuff was sorted. A spirited rendition of the national song echoed across the valley as the san sank slowly in the west and the temperature assumed a similarly gravity directed plunge.

Inside, the master sashimi craftsman and mariner was preparing the opening salvo of the feast.



And he produced these.



Yum!

Then it was other stuff and moderately copious glasses of decent red. So there.

NEXT RUN

Run 159

WHEN: Saturday 3 August at **3pm**

WHERE: Seaview Parade Long Beach

HAIR: Lost Rooster

AFTERS: Probably same place. Let me know if you wanna stay for food. Let Lost Rooster know if you wanna bed/swag space.

THEN

Run 160

WHEN: Saturday 7 Sept at **3pm**

WHERE: OPEN FOR OFFERS

HAIR:

AFTERS: TBA

RUN 161

WHEN: Saturday 5 October at **3pm**

WHERE: OPEN FOR OFFERS

HAIR:

AFTERS: TBA

RUN 162

WHEN: Saturday 2 November at **4pm DST**

WHERE: The Bay

HAIR: Likealottapuss

AFTERS: TBA

RUN 163 CHRISTMAS RUN

WHEN: Saturday 7 OR 14 DECEMBER 2019

WHERE: Oaks Ranch, maybe. TBC soon I hope.

HAIR: Two Fathers

AFTERS: Probably same place.

Caravan space available.