

MasterBatemans Bay HHH



Run Number: 182 August 2021

Hair: **Double Fister**

Weather: Compliments to the RA

Afters: A fire bucket in a vacant block no wear and tear on the fangs. Other stuff in other places. Till late.

Score: 11/10 (pre food shortage)

You gotta give it to **Double Fister**. When she sets a run, she goes to double the effort. Not satisfied with a measly one drink stop she went above and beyond: not one, not two, but THREE drinkstops. It is possible that is entirely unconnected to the more than usually disorderly circle (of which more later). But it did mean the **Gin Slutz** only got to one drink stop. (Which they achieved by not even leaving home.)

And she acquired a COVID code and did a few other things that are part of the new world. We are officially COVID safe.

This permitted 30 or so of Australia's top performing track and field athletes, as assessed by the Belorussian Olympic Committee at the Malua Bay trials, in the new field of broken dreams opposite Pretty Point. They included new arrivals **Velvet Underlay** and **Buenos Hairies** and the returning **Methuselah**, an ancient mariner, all of whom looked on in mild curiosity as the mob mingled and **Infallible** took credit for the weather which was of course magnificent.

GeeEmm Haemorrhoid, after a longer than necessary detour in the new bus, attempted fruitlessly to impose his authority and give the hair **Double Fister** some chance of a bit of chorque torque and send the pack upon its mary way. **Fishfinger**, **Methuselah** and **Velvet Underlay** led off with **BlackDog** in hot purrsuit and **Mighty Aphrodite** arrived as the rear of the pack drizzled off up the hill in the direction of the run/walk.

Past the Belco/Moonies abode, across GBD and onto the fire shed hill, **Gobbles** brung up the rear.

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume: *not as loud as the neighbours*



round the track, where **Meat to Pleeze Ya** looked for the first short cutting opportunity



and the rest of the pack including **Freezer Balls** who had ackshully left the drink stop custodianship to others until they found the way to a hash vista somewhere amidst the ruins and restoration of Moorong and a few people disported their newly distributed weskits produced from the sweat shops of Jerrabomberra by **BlackDog** and some seamstresses.



About now the pack fractured into at least half a dozen loosely comprised groups as the runners ploughed on doggedly following trail and the rest chattered along in various occasionally parallel

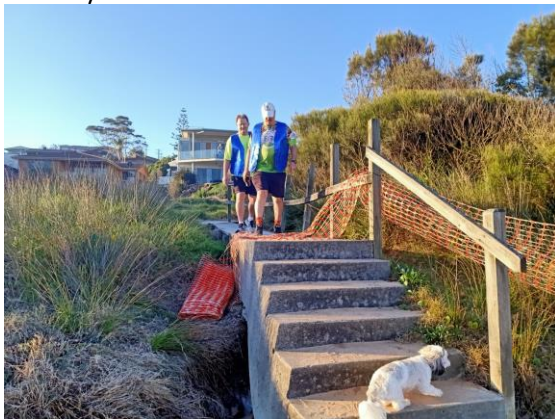
universae until the first of the (commercial) drink stops hove into view. More confusion and wallet swapping and illegal consumption.



while others sorta looked for trail up around Tallawang



and then back to the beach down the condemned stairway.

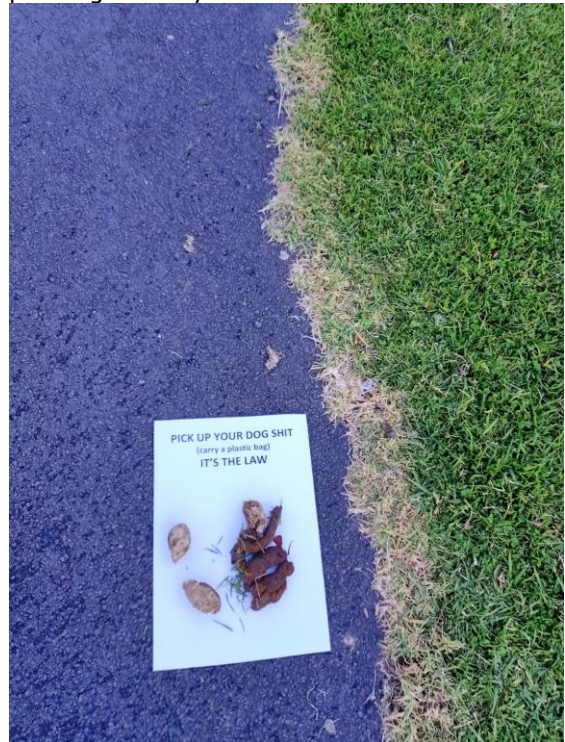


MBH3

And across the perilous stretch of sewerage runoff onto the beach



for what could be the start of the final lap, past dogshit alley



to the drink stop high above the cliffs on Illabunda



Going Downhill Fast



Buenos Hairies and Velvet Underlay, a second generation hasher from the wilds of Belconnen as it turns out, sorta stood there soaking it in.



After several drinks of mysterious origin curated lovingly by **Winnie** and **Energizer** (who had of course conducted QA and user trials) it was a shortish stumble down the incline to the paddock where neighbours looked on curiously as the rituals commenced among the gathering gloom illuminated only by the good sense of the GeeEmm and a fire bucket or 3.



I can't remember much of what happened, but the GeeEmm, another GeeEmm and the RA received the now traditional beer from places far away (in this case Betoota), if there was any food I missed it, several charges were layed and a jolly good time was had by all. Then it all broke up into fractions or factions of five (ish) per household, and traditional activities including Chinese takeaway, late night red wine, deshabelle frolics and pool invasion undertaken.

Em tasol.

NEXT RUN

Ummm, I may have to get back to you on that, but subject to innumerable caveats and the daily incoherence of the administration it is sorta kinda possible that the following may occur. (He said hopefully.) If you believe that lockdowns will be over on 28 August. 😊

RUN 183

WHEN: Saturday 4 **September** 2021 at **3PM**

WHERE: Pacific Street, Batemans Bay

HAIR: Likealotta

AFTERS: Usually. Maybe.

BUT WAIT, THERE'S MORE if we ever get outta lockdown

RUN 184**WHEN:** Saturday 29 **October** 2021 at **4PM**
(note the subtle changes)

WHERE: Potato Point

HAIR: Maggott

AFTERS: Mostly.

4th Potato Point Classic. [Details to be worked out.](#)
Accommodation, camping/van sites are currently available at the Eco Park

RUN 185

Position vacant

RUN 186

WHEN: Saturday 4 **December** 2021 at **4PM DST**

WHERE: Mariners Pub, Batemans Bay

HAIR: Tradition has it that the GeeEmm does that

AFTERS: The deck is booked.
Room bookings required now. Or at Zorba next door or
where ever.....

AND EVEN MORE

RUN 188

WHEN: Saturday 5 Feb 2022 **at 1400 or 2pm**

AEDST

WHERE: Narooma : **Joint run with Sapphire Coast
hash**

HAIR: PNS

AFTERS: Narooma Golf Club

More details later. Probably meet n greet/pre lube Friday
night and recovery run Sunday.

AND **COP THIS!!!**

RUN 190

WHEN: Saturday 2 April 2022 **at 4pm AEDST (last
day of daylight saving)**

WHERE: Somewhere TBA

HAIR: Winnie (tech assistance on distance from
GreenFinger)

AFTERS: Another gin slutz production.

[Photo Credits: Haemorrhoid, Double Fister, Blackdog,
2F]

