

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated



Trash Volume: Loud

Run Number: 199 Mar 2023

Hair: Haemoroyd

Weather: Miraculous

Afters: Long and liquid.

Score: 11/10.

Well I dunno quite how it happened, maybe Infallible's impeccable weather organisation, or the prospect of large scale conflagration, or multiple sports on TV or the scenic beauty of and major attractions of a **Haemoroyd** run...but there were 31 names on the drinks list. And it was not even Christmas.

Two of the runners (and they were genuine runners) lobbed in from Berlin H3. Welcome **Vagina Destroyer** and **Deep n Dirty**, who also brought **Just Karl** a youthful person and **FRB** from Canberra.

That's him there. ↓↓↓



And the other two are here. ↓



But I digress. Sorta.

After a bit of milling around and waiting until the one or two stragglers (who shall remain unanimous) to materialise the packs listened up to chalk talk from the hair host **Haemoroyd**. "Usual marks, plus some pink tape, not too long, walkers about 100m behind the runners (how many?), drink stop included and then out the back lane past **White Out's** camping spot into the lane with the Berlin/Canberra trio in hot leadership.* Until the first check where bloody confusion reigned supreme. **Peeping Pervert** went south; **Two Fathers** went north; the **FRBs** went East. **Meat to Please You** went somewhere else. None of the above.

*see what I did there? 😊

Then a further gallop south (on the western side of the road) disclosed a trail. **ONuckingON!** About now, it gets a bit confusing. The trail took a westerly turn through the scrub but about two thirds of the pack had gone north. By now (but not for long) **Two Fathers** was in the lead and baying on trail (discovery of which was assisted

by a coupla locals who had stumbled over the morks) and a fraction of the pack was astern as the trail meandered through the village and in the direction of the lake shore and boat ramp where **Too Keen** materialised outta nowhere (and mighta been going nowhere) as the front bit of the pack plunged into the trackless, leech- and shiggy-infested long growth taller than some runners



Others just ambled, sometimes in reverse



Probably with **Little Wee** holding forth on the repairs to her car (see earlier runs for details 😊) and **Party Pie** not sure which way to go.

Anyway.....

Somehow, **TF** was back in the FRB position but not for long as the Berlin/Canberra push rushed past and along the track on the lake edge of the van park disrupting a the peace and quiet of residents of barbecue row and onto the check

MBH3

(which turned out later to be very adjacent to the drink stop.)

On further, through almost trackless dunes towards the lake mouth the now very depleted pack plunged heroically with the FRBs so far in front they were inaudible.

Then out onto the pristine sands of Kangaroo Beach



Where the trail took a stiff 180° southward turn along the tide mark with (by now, as it turns out) only **TF**, **Lost Rooster** and someone else (not their real name) were lumbering in the wake of the now outta sight FRBs, before they disappeared up a near invisible track to the drink stop where the rest of the pack (the bastards) had just about emptied the wheelbarrow of anything remotely resembling full strength beer.



I would not necessarily include **Sniffer Dog**, **Meat**, **Toez**, **Footy**, **Pole Dancer**, **Mighty**, **Barbie** (hmmm), **Double Fister** (hmmm again) **Black Dog** or the **Gin Sluts** (they don't drink beer) **GreenFinger** (hmmmm) or any others in the pics or who I have not mentioned, of ratting the supplies. But I will be watching next time! I may even have to turn up at the drink stop early to check it out.

Going Downhill Fast

Too Keen looked very sad for the late running cummers.



Meat looked Pleezed... PP looked on.



Then it was back to the start and the circle and some deck loading tests were conducted.



before the dead hand of I dunno what began to feature



Others have been censored.

There was a circle. Then there was a barbecue. Then there was more stuff. Including a fire.



Which does not leave much except to remind you that when you take a drink from the bucket you should put in some cash. Cleverly, there is a price guide on the lid of the usual bucket. Chucking in \$3 for a beer, \$10 for a bottle of wine, \$12 for bubbles (find a mate if you need to share) is a good idea. You get the benefit at Christmas time. Due to circumstances beyond my control, I did not close off the bucket until daylight. That was an error of judgement. It was not an invitation to drink it (almost) dry.

Em tasol.

Except for.....

NEXT RUN

RUN 200

WHEN: Saturday 1 April 2023 (I kid you not)

WHERE: Where it all began.... At the track adjacent to Barling's Beach Caravan Park

HAIR: Founders

AFTERS: Yes. Around the fire pit at Mackenzie's Beach (FishFinger's place) Pizza will be obtained.

OTHER: Haberdasher investigating options

There will be tshirts. I have some orders.

We need to know numbers for catering. **Some time in advance of Wednesday 29 March.** I will remind you. If you have special dietary needs (or you do not eat some things that usually go on pizzas) please specify them.

AFTER THAT

RUN 201

May

Two Fathers' and Doggy Bag's Malua Bay

RUN 202

June

Likalotta Batemans Bay