

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated



Trash Volume: Sibilant

Run Number: 212 April 2024

Hair: Haemoroyd

Weather: After the deluge

Afters: Yes - More or Less.

Score: 8/10 (I think. Reception issues - see later)

In spite of the RA being as far away as Adelaide and the BOM trying to rain inordinate quantities of precipitation left over from the topend season drifting down on some trough or other, the afternoon at Durras South, jewel of the Northern Eurobodalla and southern extremity of the Sydney basin Hawkesbury sandstone shelf or permo Triassic sediment was more or less (and they were both there - doing pizzas) dry. So an exclusive mustering of about 10 started coalescing at the rather splendidly named Bikini Shape lookout carpark awaiting instructions from the hair.

And having a pre ramble imbibe while checking out the surf.



Due to our recent active publicity campaign and innovative use of information media such as the Durras Community Notice Board and the Independent there were nearly as many hashers as they got at the tai chi classes.



As well as the other meteorological phenomena (or their absence) as noted above, there was also a full moon to influence the gathering.



Due to radio interference and crowd noise in the carpark at the Brumbies (or maybe it was incessant irrelevances of B2's chatter) I did not catch all of the destructions handed out by Haemoroyd (however spelt) and augmented by Too Keen co hair. But it probably made no difference to anything. What I did catch seemed to be something like "head out that way, follow the signs, there will be drink stop and Biggus Dickus can do the run report shutthefukup Barbie.

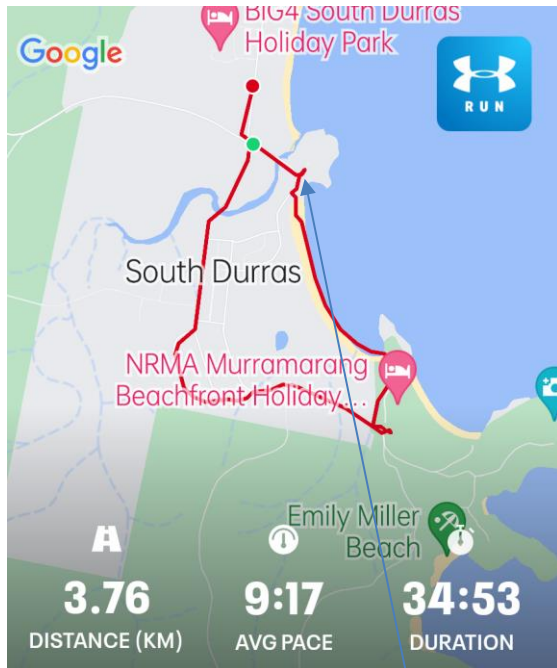
After a quick bit of limbering up from PoleDancer



the compact but perfectly formed pack sorta sauteed itself out with Double Fister unaccountably near the front and even Gobbles (possibly due to misunderstanding the chalk talk

or just because) got up near the front as well. Some things just defy more rational explanation. But I digress.

The amble started in a more or less north easterly direction towards the First Street Casa before taking a westerly loop into the scrub for a while. This picture may save a few words.



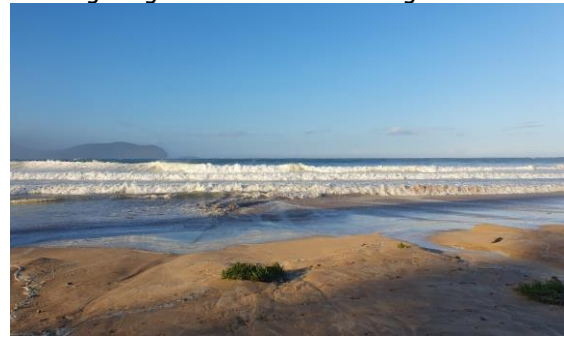
Start point is here.

Anyway, the pack then sorta rumbled away from the great eastern firebreak and did some other circumnavigating of the Durras (jewel etc etc) via a bridge to nowhere guarded by a visiting troll bearing a close resemblance to **Barbie Tools**



MBH3

And somehow back towards the girt bit, and one of the geological wonders of the region



that sorta resembles a whirlpool beside a beach if not a hazel before lurching conveniently onto a well-known resort where bugger me if there wasn't a pool with a bar which served as a drink stop



and several craft beers and a happy hour and some slightly mystified guests before heading back to the starting Bikini spot into the blinding sun.



and to the location of the circle where for some reason a toast was proposed.



Going Downhill Fast

As noted above, Biggus Dickus gave the run report.
It went like this.

Dechreuodd y rhediad wrth (with a wide gesture of the left arm) y wylfa ac aeth ymlaen o amgylch ymyl Durras nes iddo fynd i mewn i'r goedwig. (Then a sort of waving gesture o the right arm and half body rotation) Yna cawsom stop (I am ppretty sure this refers to drink stop) diod cyn parhau ar hyd llwybr a arweiniodd yn ôl at y gwylfa siâp bicini. Aeth i ddim yn agos at fy nhref enedigol, sef Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysilioogogoch. (which in case you did not know is BD's home town and has nothing to do with where the run went).

There is no extant record in w1welsh or English about the circle, charges, (it was a short run after all(Haemoroyd's new Kiwi Interhash + shirt although I think the bApril borthdays of the Hair/s might have got a mention. And I am not sure whether BD got one for his unerring request for dark beer which resulted in his getting a light. (Bleych!)



There was later comment from BD about pizzas and DF and BT getting pissed. (The latter being hardly news). At least I think that is what this means.

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Ar ôl hynny cawsom i gyd lawer o ddiodydd a sawl pizzas cyn i **Double Fister** a **Barbie** syrthio drosodd wedi meddwi.



Just Dave (aka **Flop** not his Hash name) and Just Grace from across the road appeared to assist in the consumption of the estimable pizzas produced by **One More** and **One Less** and may even turn up again .

Bacon and Egg rolls in the morning for those who stayed before an early departure for Canberra.

By the way, if you are curious about where BD actually comes from, it translates as "The Church of Mary in the Hallow of the White Hazel Near the Fierce Whirpool and the Church of Tysilio By the Red Cave." So there.

And that said Jack is that.

EXCEPT FOR
NEXT RUNs

RUN 213

WHEN: Saturday 4 May 2024 **at 3pm AEST**

WHERE: ~~Neligen~~ 15 Pacific Street Batemans Bay.

HAIR: Likealotta

AFTERS: Same place. **Let me know if you wanna eat after.**

*(Close readers of the Trash may note a **change of venue**)*

Going Downhill Fast

RUN 214

WHEN: Saturday 1 June 2024 **at 3pm AEST**

WHERE: Probably near the Batemans Bay Marina Resort.

HAIR: *Mighty Aphrodite*

AFTERS: At the park??? TBA

AND: BYO Onesie. (Can be recycled)