

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume: Gentle Hum

Run Number: 153, February 2019

Hair: Pearl

Weather: Not bad.

Afters: Adelaide Hotel

Score: Positive

Somewhere about Run 4, **Pearl** set a run in Ulladulla which has been mercifully consigned to the dustbin of history. Now, a mere 149 runs later, **Pearl** strikes again in the heart of the Shire beside the river, near the bandstand but with everyone and their dog or Cadillac waiting in the carpark for something to occur. **Basil Brush**, **Sir Pository** (brandishing a walking stick), and **Princess Pica** turned up after numerous months of unexplained and possibly inexcusable absence. It was not even foreoclock when **Gobbles** (looking fresh and apparently unaffected by recently turning soixante neuf) stood around idly waiting to walk the run. **Zsa Zsa** and **Pole Dancer** each set a new PB for successive appearances.

It was pretty easy, really. A quick gallop around the bucolic village and Shire seat of Mooya with the odd short, sharp false thrown in. Like this:

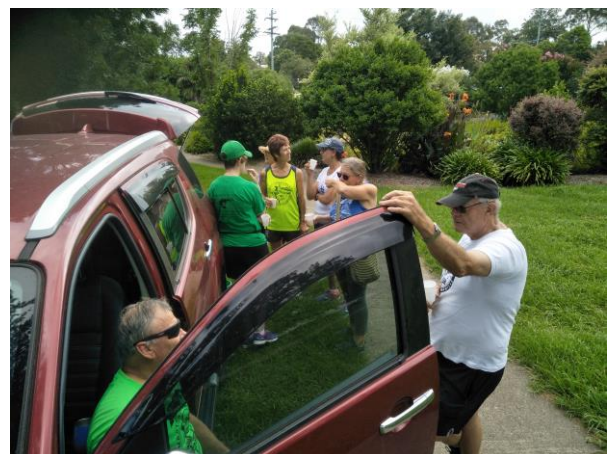


After a very short instruction from **Pearl** and within about 3nanoseconds of the appointed hour the pack perambulated peripatetically past the natatorium with **Too Keen** taking pole position. The indefatigable **Infallible** took the first wrong

turn while **TK** and **Haemorrhoid** divined correctly the directions past the Blue Heron and the bike shop up past IGA and in the general direction of the golf course. It looked suspiciously as if the pack might be directed out along south head road but sanity prevailed and the highway towards Eden beckoned seductively before a rightwards lurch in the manner of **SloMo**. This was followed by a short diversion leftwards to view the local human detritus before resuming a steady, even stately uphill circumnavigation of the village.



There was minor confusion near the fuel depot as someone closely resembling the **Gee Emm** overlooked one side of the road upon which as it turned out there were some fairly clear markings pointing towards the river and relaxing drink stop.





Then it was on to the bandstand and a short, elegant circle.



Unfortunately, this was not close enough to the crick to enable the proper disposal of **B2's** offensive headwear, about which there will be no further discussion.

As usual there was a bit of discussion about the quality of the run/walk; a couple of well-deserved but entirely forgotten charges (even **CHF** got one up) and some later commentary about runs in Belconnen, caravan hash in June (thanks **Babbling** but I forget the rest) and some mention of the next run. Then it was off to the pub for dinner.

NEXT RUN:

Run 154

WHEN: Saturday 2 March 2019 at **4pm Eastern Australian Daylight Saving Time.**

WHERE: 6 First St South Durras.

HAIR: Haemorrhoid

AFTERS: Next door at **One More's** place. Extravaganza delicioso with user trials diligently conducted by Haemorrhoid at great personal and

gastronomic risk. He even ate a vegetarian (but possibly not vegan as it had cheese) pizza. Possible subsequent debauchery. Brumbies away game the night before.

AND AFTER THAT RUN 155

WHEN: Saturday 6 April 2019 at **4pm Eastern Australian Daylight Saving Time.**

WHERE: Spud Point. Third biennial or periodic Classic. Some fine details to be ironed out.

HAIR: **Wishing Well** and **Maggott**

AFTERS: Still shrouded in mystery.

AND THEN

NASH HASH

Or Closer to Home:

RUN 156

WHEN: Saturday 4 May 2019 at **4pm Eastern Australian Daylight Saving Time.**

WHERE: **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet's** place

HAIR: Them.

AFTERS: Hmm. Curry?