

## MasterBatemans Bay HHH

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*

## The Egalitarian Hash

*Trash Volume: Fortississimo.*

**Run Number:** 159, August 2019

**Hair:** **Lost Rooster**

**Weather:** Sunny, slight breeze, balmy until sunset.

**After:** Setting new standard. See more later.

**Score:** 6.9 for run (Pole Dancer). 9.6 for walk (B2). 10+ for mash.

Despite the mildly confusing instructions, over a dozen people and a couple of dogs made it to the start. Even **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** arrived on time in spite of the great distance they had to travel. Must have been the urging of their chauffeuse **Pop Tart** wot done it. **Just John** (and his dog Sandy - which may be of later significance) was back and **Pole Dancer** also made it after a bit of an absinthe. Even **Cowboy** was back. Hair **Lost Rooster** gave some chalk talk - green for the runners, purple for the wankers and some flour - and gestured up the hill as an indicator of possible trail.

Within about 100 metres, in a demonstration of athleticism and the ability to stumble onto the correct path while others floundered around looking in the wrong places, **B2** was the FR(W)B and bellowing **OnfarkenON!**



(Note the affletic stance and apparent running motion!)

Incredibly, this world shattering event did not last long as he then went straight ahead when more sensible people veered to the left. (Something with which **B2**, as a campaign

director to **Polly**, is not very familiar.) World order and stability was restored as **Haemorrhoid** plunged downhill (another metaphor) and on trail to boot. It was all too much for **Too Keen** (struggling to control a mastiff) who registered a rather elegant A over T, for which there was at least a very minute modicum of mirth as the pack surged past on the precipitous and gravel strewn descent. Then, in another misalignment of the planets, **Gobbles** took the lead while **Haemorrhoid** was following a trail of his own imagination and leading others astray. **Gobbles'** local knowledge paid off for about 100 metres until some natural order was resumed and the **GeeEmm** took over the FRB role for at least the next three minutes as the pack - now including **Pole Dancer** and **CHF** and the swiftly returning **Haemorrhoid** plunged into the mangrove, leech and tick infested trail along the foetid **Cullendulla Crick**. The wankers were not far behind - for a while - but then contact was lost again as the pack picked up pace peripatetically. Then came a check which caused a milling and other signs of khunfusion in the pack as they ran around in ever decreasing concentric circles looking for fresh trail.



Where da fukawi?

Eventually there was no choice but to scale the shaly and vertiginous cliff face along narrow and root strewn animal pads in search of trail. **Pole Dancer** and **Haemorrhoid** led the way, eventually located sign and bayed off into the distance, working the contours and dodging the tallawangs before taking a vertiginous rightward turn. Others panted in their wake until at the peak elevation further khunfusion set in as the pack encountered duelling chalk colours and it became clear that early instructions about which was to

guide whom had not been fully absorbed. Discussion ensued. The **RA** and other spiritual beings were invoked. Guidance was forthcoming. The pack lurched onon and downdown and magically arrived at the drink stop, lovingly tended by **Rooster Booster** and where already **Doggy Bag** and **Just John** (and his dog Sandy) were in attendance having found a shorter way and followed the purple chalk. But where were the rest of the wankers? Did it matter? Who cared if all the chips were gone? Not me. But they eventually turned up and the bucket was depleted entirely.

As the sun sank slowly in the west and the temperature plunged south, the pack sorta split into those who followed trail and those who bush bashed in the general direction of up and thus to the start and a circle on the lower deck. **Cowboy** was welcomed back, along with **Just John**, **Pop Tart** and **Pole Dancer**. PD gave a ringing endorsement as a run report and awarded and thoroughly undeserved 6.9 while **B2** in his usual lyrical way came up with a reason to award the walk 9.6 or something. Beats me, too.

**Haemorrhoid** was awarded a drink for fresh shoes, over competitive behaviour and something else. **Cowboy** and **Doggy Bag** chattered on in private parties and the **GeeEmm** was ignored. Same old same old. In a major revelation it was revealed (and photographic evidence was produced to confirm) that **Pop Tart** and **Haemorrhoid** had attended the same school in the late (19)70s. Drinks were taken, and we all said "Aaaaw ain't that sweet." Before retching.



I got chills, they're multiplying.

But then it was time for a naming or two. **Stand in RA** and **GeeEmm Emeritus Gobbles** reached back in history to the golden age of 1978 for reference and somehow produced **Travolta** as the new and permanent name for the person formerly known as Just John (and his dog Sandy - get it?). After a short dousing **Travolta** arose on creaking knees and looked satisfied.



"Arise, Travolta!" "I'm not finished yet."

Then **Too Keen** introduced to the circle the growing mastiff that had dragged her around the trail and declared him to be a Major Pain in the Arse (possibly a Haemorrhoidal reference). And so it shall be - **Major** for short.



Then it was upstairs where **Rooster Booster** was slaving over a hot stove to produce a wide range of fresh dumplings which were fallen on voraciously by the slavering pack as if there was no second course and no tomorrow. Both did occur in time. And the emergence of BH3 as a haven of culinary excellence continued. Well into the night as about three quarters of the pack was either dosing down at LRs or lived 100 m away. Here endeth the epistle.



The neighbours watched on curiously. WTF?

#### NEXT RUN

##### Run 160

**WHEN:** Saturday 7 Sept at **3pm**  
**WHERE:** Bracken, Mackenzie's Beach, Malua Bay  
**HAIR:** **FishFinger**  
**AFTERS:** Pizza (catering numbers required - tell me)

##### RUN 161

**WHEN:** Saturday 5 October at **3pm**  
**WHERE:** Merinda St Malua Bay  
**HAIR:** **Infallible**  
**AFTERS:** Same place. (Let me know if you will be dining.)

##### RUN 162

**WHEN:** Saturday 2 November at **4pm DST**  
**WHERE:** **The Bay**  
**HAIR:** Likealottapuss  
**AFTERS:** TBA

#### RUN 163. CHRISTMAS RUN

**WHEN:** Saturday 7 DECEMBER 2019 at **4pm DST** but you can get there earlier and have a swim or whatever.  
**WHERE:** Oaks Ranch, Old Mossy Point Road, Jeremadra.  
**HAIR:** **Two Fathers**  
**AFTERS:** Same place.

**BOOKINGS NOW OPEN.** Write to Paddy O'Brien at [info@oaksranch.com.au](mailto:info@oaksranch.com.au) or [Paddy@oaksranch.com.au](mailto:Paddy@oaksranch.com.au) and mention you are from Hash. Double rooms: rooms for three: rooms for four.

#### **Caravan space available**

The venue has been refurbished and will have new pool deck, outside area, pergola etc for relaxation. Golf is available.

Circle will be accompanied by usual marine animalia and bubbles other than Yellow. (If recent tax reductions do not impact too much on revenue and Aldi continues to stock froggy varietals.) Finer details later. At the moment reservations on booking.com etc are closed off.

##### RUN 164

**WHEN:** Saturday 4 January 2020 at **4pm DST**  
**WHERE:** **TBA Open for bids**  
**HAIR:** TBA  
**AFTERS:** TBA

##### RUN 165

**WHEN:** Saturday 1 February at **4pm DST**  
**WHERE:** **Congo** (Spiritual home of Dangles and Basil Brush)  
**HAIR:** Pop Tart (and/or Dangles)  
**AFTERS:** TBA