

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume: Subdued but late.

Run Number: 176 Feb 2021

Hair: Pearl

Weather: Brilliant start for new RA 10/10

Afters: About 6 times longer than the run

Score: Excessive. Probly because it got to drink stop in record time. Even the **Gin Slutz** coulda walked it. (But they and **RHM** didn't, of course)

Well, there were only a couple of dogs (who can't read)



and lots of people. **Toesucker** and **Footrot** dropped in on the way to Widgiemooltha (popn 16, scene of runs with H4 but not much else).

Several undesirables from the outer western reaches of Belconnen including **Menstrual**, **Gonzo** and I dunno who else turned up for reasons which remain unclear. Maybe they heard it was a **Pearl** run (which is different from Pearler and apparently very short) or maybe they heard about the unlimited piss, dancing and frolic. I dunno that either.

After a wet week and all sorts of dire forecasts from the BOM, the RA **Infallible** produced coast-near-perfect weather. Pity that some people stayed in Canberra haphuckenha.

After a bit of toing and froing and stuffing about, 30 or so people and **B2** (late, taxi) milled around the entrance to the Nelligen van park to get instructions from tha hair. "Apart from crossing just here, there is no need to run on the highway. In anticipation of crook weather (ED Note: Oh, ye of little faith) the markings are

pink tape on trees and stuff. Walkers stay back for destructions."

The affletes took off: **Fingerling**, **Betel Nut**, **Catatonic** and **FishFinger** formed the lead posse closely followed by **Toesucker** and **Black Dog**. (I think.) **Methuselah** (an ancient Fleet Runner new to MBH3) was looking spritely - and confused - as he set off on their heels. **Gobbles** may or may not have set off in hirsute. The walkers awaited destruction: "Cross the road here, go along to the first right hand turn, then the first left and you should find the drink stop". (Local knowledge suggested this would take about 10 minutes.) **GreenFinger** led off with **Mighty Aphrodite** and **CountHerFeet** there or thereabouts with the **Roosters**, **Crunchy**, **Kandoo** and assorted other reprobates. **Dangles** carefully carried his pre "run" beer. Can't risk dehydration y'know.

At the first left, **Two Fathers**, **Infallible** and **Lost Rooster** took a straight and followed the runners' trail up a hill then down a hill and past the boat ramp, which was all there was tuit. Lemonade (and some chemical things of indeterminate composition and texture) was served by the river. And then it was back to the ranch (well, the caravan park) and a quiet corner where the circle would not disturb anyone else with its curious behaviour.

The **RA Infallible** was very quick out of the blocks with a charge for **Gobbles** for his reckless and wanton disregard for and endangerment of **Captain Pugwash** who was forced into the water to drag him (**Gobbles**) back from his attempt to float off to New Zealand after a coupla pints. **Double Fister** was a nuisance and later presented a hoody to **B2** for something or other. It got doused of course. The hair (**Pearl**) declined the offer of a perfectly acceptable warmish beer in the mistaken belief that it was some sort of reward (well, the run was awarded and amazing 10 by **Black Dog**). **Methuselah**, an ancient formerly a runner in FleetH3 and now lurking in Long Beach, was welcomed to the hash. He still looked a bit puzzled. **Gonzo** and **Menstrual** made more noise than **Winnie**, **Energiser** and **RHM** together, which took some doing. **Fishfinger**, **Fingerling**, **Betel Nut** and **Catatonic** demonstrated that the family that hashes together stays together (or

something, but they had a drink together). **Just Phuang** remained on the outer limits, quietly. **Doggy Bag** was birthdayed along with **Double Fister** and someone else whose name escapes me (it was a longish liquified event).

Presentations were made. **Winnie** was presented with the **Sticky Date** memorial Bubbles-ordering bell (a permanent if not perpetual award). **Gobbles** was awarded the Rooted and Routed Award for forcing a Hash Life Saver out of retirement and into near death. **Dangles** told a joke which required **Crunchy** and **DF** as props. **Captain Pugwash** beamed in from Taswegia to check up and was circulated electronically and unintelligibly by WhatsApp.

Then it was time to disband and take up a position in the barbecue shed for food, drink and dancing and all that. Until late. For some.



Dangles before he found the port.



GreenFinger in his element

Sunday

Breakfast was served. Late. For some. So was lasagne and apple pie for dinner. For some. Occasional drinks were taken.

No reports from the gin tasting nor the apparently aborted Smokey Dan's recovery, a B2 non extravaganza.

Em tasol.

NEXT RUN

RUN 177

WHEN: Saturday 6 March 2021 at **4pm AEDST**

WHERE: 199 Annetts Parade Mossy Point

HAIR: **GreenFinger (the march hair)**

AFTERS: Probably. Numbers required.

SPECIAL NOTE: Bring a piece of headgear. The stupider the better. Prizes will be awarded.

RUN 178

WHEN: Saturday 3 April 2021 at **4pm AEDST**

WHERE: First Street South Durras

HAIR: **Haemorrhoid (Or maybe Too Keen)**

AFTERS: Almost certainly.

NOTE: It is easter. Hot X buns de rigneur.