

MasterBatemans Bay HHH



Run Number: 193 Sep 2022

Hair: Infallible

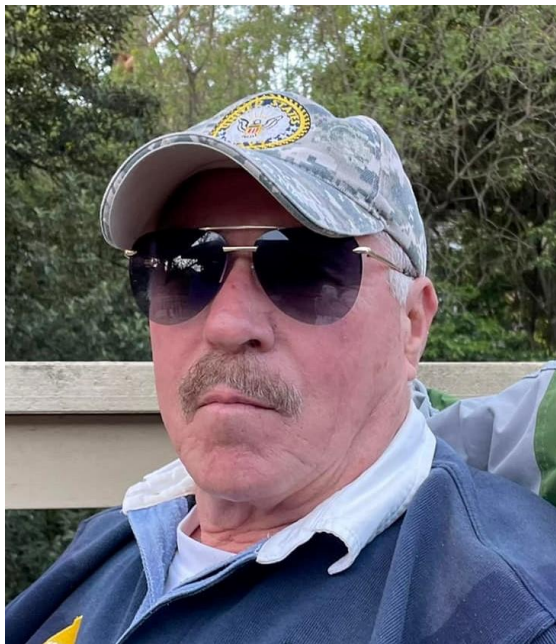
Weather: Appropriate for winter

Afters: En francais

Score: 6.9

Due to the absence of the GeeEmm in the Muckadilla region on a regional pub crawl and the absinthe of the scribe learning to be a superhero, any resemblance to factual reporting is entirely coincidental and coloured green. Or by telegraphic interference.

Anyway, down there in the hollow of south Malua Vallley, a dessicated group of hashers still assembled. **Gobbles** looked serious. No reason has been advanced. But he was there.



So were Lickalotta, Kandoo, Pole Dancer, **Fishfinger** and **CountHerFeet**. **Doggy Bag** and **Just Jude** arrived in time for the circle and Bunz was technical adviser and hair whisperer. As is often the case.

Some wise words of wisdom and guidance to say nothing of the weather were uttered sotto voce by the hair and RA, **Infallible**, promising delights beyond even the febrile imaginarium of the (absent) scribe, and then the pack lurched carefully in the direction of some chalk. AS it happened and on the available satellite

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated

Trash Volume: Sotto voce

transmission the chalk led the pack out and up Hillabunda Drive with **Fishfinger**, **Likealotta** and possibly even **KanDoo** describing a running motion as they topped out on Pyang and ventured towards the first check at the bottom of GBD, whereupon the intrepid trio (followed interestedly by the walkers) crossed GBD, skirted the Croatian club and plunged into the multi-tracked jungle of post-fire tallawangs and black wattle heading resolutely onward and upward to the now overgrown stockyard fire trail



As befits a front runner, **Fishfinger** gave directions. Over there somewhere! he said before plunging downhill in the general direction of the quarry.



Some merely waved goodbye.



And then eventually the pack emerged bedraggled, scratched and thirsty onto the sibilant sands of Maccas Beach where, stunningly, there was a drink stop. Phew.



Then it was back to base where **Doggy Bag** and **Just Jude** awaited, and a seated circle was formed on the dick. I have no idea what went on then as transmission failed. Even **Fishfinger's** makeshift antenna could not penetrate my alfoil hat.



Em tasol.

Except for.....

NEXT RUN

RUN 194

WHEN: Saturday 1 Oct 2022 **at 3pm AEST (the last before daylight saving)**

WHERE 12 Sandpiper Pl Catalina

HAIR: KanDoo

AFTERS: Yes, possibly including a small conflagration

RUN 195 – remember, remember the 5th of November

WHEN: **Saturday 5 Nov 2022 at 4pm AEDST (did you notice the change?)**

WHERE: 6 Ireland Street Burrill Lake

HAIR: Meat n Easy

AFTERS: Could be fireworks.

Make your bookings at adjacent caravan parks and other accommodation options NOW!

RUN 195 – Christmas

WHEN: **Saturday 3 Dec 2022 at 4pm AEDST**

WHERE: Historic Bayview Hotel, Batemans Bay (unless otherwise advised)

HAIR: Haemorrhoid

DRINK STOP: prawns and oysters

AFTERS: In the beer garden.

BOOKINGS: There are still some vacancies at Zorba's and maybe the Mariners.

RUN 200

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

WHERE: Somewhere over the rainbow

HAIR: Founders

AFTERS: Surely somewhere salubrious