

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated



Trash Volume:Tremolo

Run Number: 214, June 1 2024

Hair: **Mighty Aphrodite**

Weather: A miracle of the RA;s making

Afters: BBQ. Fire pit. Possibly some dancing

Score: 10/10. A new record. See more below

Well, when **Mighty Aphrodite** sets a run to start winter, it must be in Onesies. Or the pack must be so attired. Whole families turn up!



Welcome back, **Roger the Cabin Boy**, **Daikos S Bend** and their ankle biters.

The pack of 20 or so assembled in appropriate regalis in a discreet corner of the carpark adjacent to the entrance of the Marina Resort. **Captain Pugwash** and **Sticky Date** were visiting from Burnie H3, with **Puggers** looking resplendently hi vis in his coveralls and **Sticky** looked cuddly. **Gerbils** looked very much like something a bear would o in the woods and **Meat to Pleeze Ya** showed his Kiwi roots in All Black. **Easy** was one of at least three rainbow unicorns one of whom in sisterhood was **BlackDog** (uncioirns are a onesies thing apparently). **Esra** (an MBH3 virgin with, as it turns out, a connection to the Bay from another life) just looked amazed. **Cowboy**, **Lost Rooster** and **Gobbles** looked on in mufti as they had not read the instructions.

The stand in RA (and *GeeEmm*) **Two Fathers**, had done a splendid job on the weather in trying circumstances and kept the rain away. Nothing to do with the unicorn suit. But I digress.

Mighty Aphrodite the resplendent hair



gave some chalk talk. "Well marked, start out there, there is a drink stop, you all look lovely. OnOut that way." **Black Dog** was appointed run reporter. And out they went....

First task was to cross the traffic strewn Beach Road without causing or being part of a nasty traffic incident. Left along the path past the Cat Club ("oooh, look, where's the sleep over?!") and following the highly regular and very clear, likely tempest-proof arrows then up the rickety stairs they went parlee vous and on to Batemens Bay upper mid heights



(2F looking pooped already)

The pack, by now led by **Lickalottapuss** at a near gallop, straggled onwards and upwards posing occasionally for perplexed onlookers



Greenfinger engaged in a bit of subtle false advertising (to no known avail). But I digress.

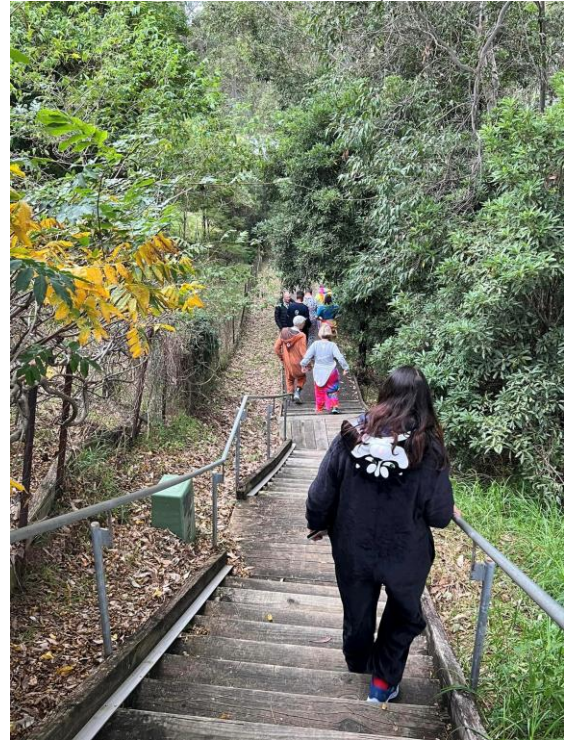
The pack strung out



MBH3

which is not necessarily a description of the collective mental state of the pack or individual members their dress or other attributes (pre drink stop, circle or afters). But it could and I may have digressed again. And it is probably not important, even as a prediction or an explanation of later behaviour.

After a bit of farting around in the Upper Bay Mid Heights the trail and therefore the pack took **Lickalottapuss's** lead (and following the exceedingly well marked trail chalk) to the left as if to pop into the salubrious and elevated residence of **Cowboy** before descending from the clouds via the secret stairway



that headed back towards sea level and along which the pack encountered the said **Cowboy** going against the tide of traffic (as he occasionally does).

The front movers took a slight break as they



Going Downhill Fast

Awaited the arrival of Godot or the rest of the pack, before heading out onto the actual girt bit where **BlackDog** broke into a frolic, as she approached a transplanted Queanbeyole beach house



Which it was.



Soon after, (probably after there were no more chips or mulled wine) the pack meandered in the general direction of the start/finish/discreet location for the circle where **DoggyBag** had arrived in a timely manner and very elegant contribution to sartorial standards of the day much admired by some near naked elderly onlookers.



And then the much sort after sign indicating a drink stop may well be imminent.



KanDoo was there for what may be nearly his final run (NOTE no-one though to sing Fugoffya..) but in an amazing moment, produced the long lost almost forgotten Routing and Rooting Award (last seen around Run 183) which was awarded to **Easy**, possibly for tripping over a root near the drink stop. (You had to be there).

There were some charges but my COVID clouded memory has retained no record of who or why, but we got through a few drinks and there were three birthdays and several returnees and then with **Captain Pugwash** and **Sticky Date** leading there was a solid rendition of the anthem before the circle folded and we all set off into the sunset



The circle proceeded. **BlackDog**, a tried and noted judge of these matters, former and not-far-removed-from-Queanbeyole resident, gave the run report eloquently. And awarded a **perfect 10/10!!!** for reasons that may well have something to do with the presence of a feral shopping trolley in the mangrove at the drink stop. And the marks. And the onesies. And the weather.

And a barbecue and a fire and a drink or three and everyone had a lovely time, and some went to the Cat Club for live music, dancing and free ride home.

The circle was introduced to **Esra**



That's about it.

EXCEPT FOR

SEE OVER

a recent hasher who shows some promise and may well return to grace the MBH3.

NEXT RUN

RUN 215

WHEN: Saturday 6 July 2024 **at 3pm AEST**

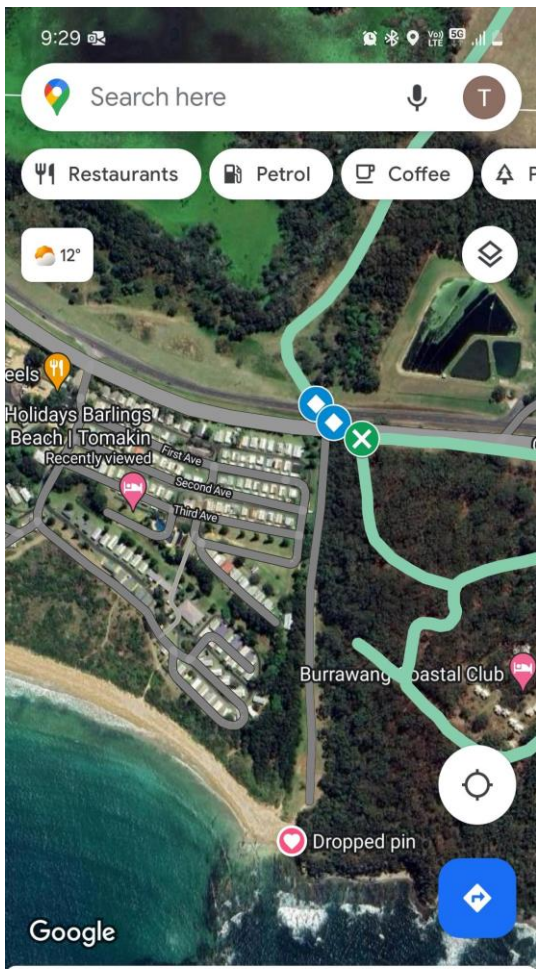
WHERE: Where it all began*

HAIR: B2

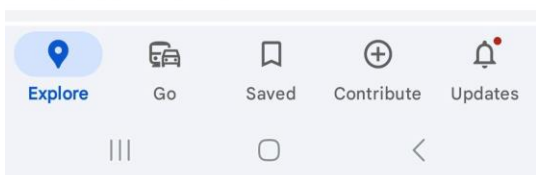
AFTERS: Smokey Dan's.

***At the end of the track on the eastern boundary of the Barling's Beach caravan park. Off George Bass Drive. (For GPS ref put in 1939 George Bass Drive Rosedale. There is an unnamed track off to the left (if coming from Batemans Bay) 100m before the van park entrance. Go to the end. Stop.**

See the pin drop



Latest in Tomakin



MBH3



I dunno what the question was but some people put up their hands.

If you wanna set a run in August or September have a chat to me or Gobbles

Photo Credits:

Esra

2F

Going Downhill Fast