

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated



Run Number: 225 May 2025

Hair: Lickalottapuss

Weather: Perfect again

Afters: Snags n stuff. Erections. Brumbies. Conflagration.

Score: 8 (thanks Pop Tart)

It was a benign day in Batemans Bay as many of them are. **Relaxed** had cut his own grass and trimmed the edges in recognition of the importance of the Hashers who were visiting. He musta known **Pop Tart** and **Dangles** were going to put in an appearance (which they did after several months). The ever so discerning **Likes Green Shit** also was impressed, although it was probably nothing less than she expected. But I digress.

GeeEmm **Gobbles** duly noted the weather and RA **Infallible** modestly took the credit. The pack (and Sadie the wonder dog) circled while the Hair handed out some meaningful instructions



The Egalitarian Hash

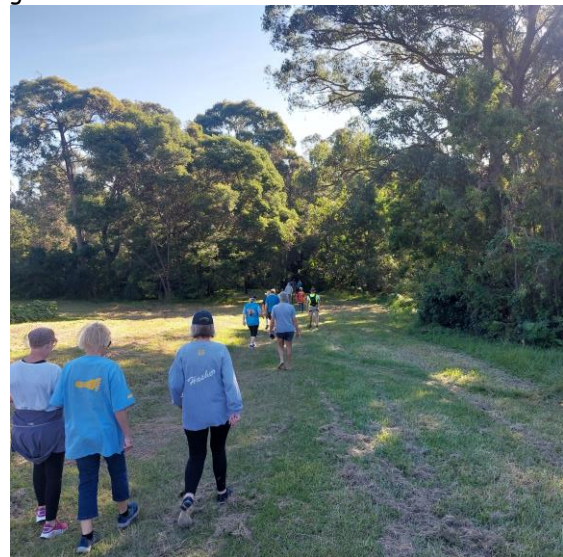
Trash Volume: About 220something

before pointing up the driveway as **Too Keen** yelled Onuckingon and surged on ahead of the new runner **Rooster Booster** and early leader **Meat To Pleeze Ya**, barely pausing to consider the implications of the first sign and thus blundering on across the road and into the paddock opposite.



It might be code but it was ignored.

The pack strung out early as it pounded precipitously through the freshly mown grass, down a vertiginous bank and headed in the general direction of the wetlands

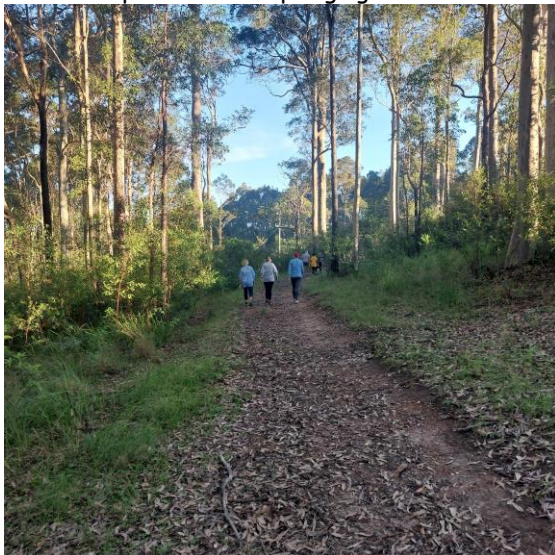


with the barefoot gone feral **Haemorrhoid**, the chatty **HeadShot** and **Dangles** all setting a crackling pace across the Buchanan Rolfe Boardwalk (that's apparently its name) and towards the museum. There was a slight pause as the pack gathered near signs of democracy - or at least some erections - to consider whether a quick raid on a few corflutes might be

appropriate before turning right onto the footbridge across the green and foetid waters of the Water Gardens and batshit pond and up to High Street (because it is) and meandering through other bits and down to the town, along the waterfront, past the boatshed, up to the bridge and onto the southbound highway past the fucky fried chook spot where by now **Easy** and **LGS** were chatting away in mid field and **Sadie Wonder Dog** was slowing down a bit. It was all a bit strung out as the pack meandered along and up past the fire shed past the hysterical cemetery (extra points for cemetery)



into the nether reaches of the tyre shops and concrete plants before plunging into some scrub



that distressingly seemed to be heading away from a potential drink stop site and towards oblivion before there was a bit of a pause under some power lines and the pack (still under the leadership of Meat but with **Dangles** and **Gobbles** there or thereabouts) then plunged down towards the not quite flowing Hanging Rock

MBH3

Creek and then taking a much more promising turn back to the north and a bit of shiggy



very delicately navigated by **HeadShot**, **Mighty Aphrodite** and **Dangles** before they found the rest of the pack clustered around the drink stop in a mozzie infested bit of track and where, miraculously **Winnie** had successfully navigated her way without the bring necessity of following a bloody trail. (She seems to have a 6th sense for that.)



Then it was only a hop, skip and a jump past the actually designated drink stop and on to the finish where **Just Mythical Murph** had rubbed some sticks together and produced flames to ward off the descending chill.

A circle was convened. Some charges were laid (including it appears for **Biggus Dickus** doing something) and one day I will take some notes. There were also some jokes.

Going Downhill Fast



And then the pack got into some snags before retiring to the firepit to solve the problems of the world



Or, in the case of **Gobbles** and **GreenFinger** working out how the fuck Carlton will ever win another game.



Then there was an erection (Dutton lost his seat and his arse) a Brumbies bonus point win and that's about em tasol.

EXCEPT FOR

NEXT RUN
RUN 226

WHEN: Sat 7 Jun 2025 **at 3pm Qld time**
WHERE: 127 Litchfield Cres Long Beach
(or thereabouts)
HAIR: Gobbles (or CountHerFeet)
AFTERS: Same Place. (*If you wanna eat let Gobbles know*)

AND AFTER THAT

July: Position Vacant I think