

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated



Run Number: 226 June 2025

Hair: Gobbles (see also below)

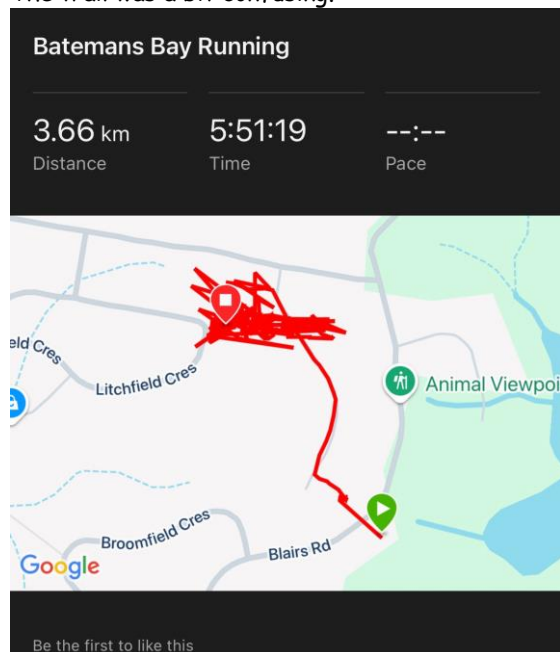
Weather: Fair to reasonable

After: Curry

Score: A Mighty Score of 6.9

It was a calm and coolish day and the birds were singing and the roos were rooing (no awards for that) and the people came from near and far and **Babbling** came from Newcastle. **Infallible** did weather from Montepulciano in between exploration of vinous microclimates and just about goddit right.

The trail was a bit confusing.



I am not sure what happened there. It looks to me more like the hair and his assistant lost - and spent some time looking for - each other because only one of them had the flour. Or they were trying to circumnavigate in ever decreasing concentric circles prior to disappearing up their own fundamental orifices.

How they got down to Blairs Road in the process has me swoggled, specially as some of the run reporters claim to have been somewhere else. Perhaps admiring a late afternoon river reflection or actually finding a trail.

Trash Volume: low



And Mighty is cheering about something, presumably finding a bit of trail.

But it is possible that I digress.

As far as I can work out there were about a dozen hardly soles who turned up. Including at least one virgin who was connected to **Biggus Dickus**. We can call him **Just Dave**, cause that was his name (and possibly still is). All appear to have arrived on time. Others were absent due to important football matches or anniversarial revels of note. Others just did not turn up. Nothing new there. So what happened?

Well, that depends on who is reporting, so I have engaged the services of a couple of guest photographers and a guest reporter to help out, but it might have gone something like this.

Gobbles gave some chalk talk - not to be confused with truthful rendition of the facts. Co-hair **GreenFinger** was no help 'cause he lost the flour and would not go near the edge of the cliff and anyway as noted above they lost each other and so the pack had to make it up. Just like this report. Virgin **Just Maria** from Argentina and a friend of **CountHerFeet's** was bemused but went along with the joke.

Meat was quick to take the lead (or is that leading astray?) with **Lickalotta** (camera at the ready) taking the rest of the ~~rabble~~ pack up and down the meandering tracks towards the top of the squiggly bit with **Easy** and **Mighty Aphrodite** showing the way to



GreenFinger and **Blackdog** across the macropod infested patch of heath known as animal viewing platform



en route to another picture skew spot looking out towards the Bay bathed in late afternoon sun



before wandering along some track at great risk of being assaulted by wild fauna



And having survived that, along a slightly bucolic track with **Babbling** in the lead navigating and traffic control position



MBH3



which may or may not have led to the drink stop. That appears to have been in the otherwise absent Lost Rooster's courtyard and was given a quality boost by the cameo appearance of a slightly puzzled **Rooster Booster** who apparently declared it too cold to go and watch the Brumbies. Then on to the start/finish, detectable by the smoke haze billowing forth.



Going Downhill Fast

And, therefore, a very happy **Mighty Aphrodite**



pondering what further damage could be done with a poker stoker. There was a circle at which **Just Dave** was welcomed, the run was awarded, fabulously deserved 6.9 points by **Mighty**. Due to the smoke and alcohol induced haze that descended with the early dew, recollection of charges is a bit patchy although it is highly likely the **Biggus Dickus** got the Rooted and Routed Award for carting personal supplies of beer and notfuckensharing! **Easy** might have been the only person escaping a charge. **Meat** took a monumental short cut, nearly missed the drink stop (and see above re lost harrietes). A charge was laid but he was not blown up. **Just Maria** went to church. (No known sins on the run.)

Then there was curry.

And wine.

And more fire.

Enap em tasol.

EXCEPT FOR

NEXT RUN
RUN 227

WHEN: Sat 5 July 2025 at **3pm Qld time**

WHERE: NRMA Batemans Bay Holiday Resort, 51 - 59 Beach Road, Batehaven

HAIR: **DUI**

CONSULTANT: **Sniffer Dog**

GEODESIC ADVISER: **Kan Doo**

AFTERS: TBA

AND AFTER THAT

228 August: Haemorrhoid's

229 Sept: TBA

.