

MasterBatemans Bay HHH

The Egalitarian Hash

Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated



Trash Volume: Sotto Voce

Run Number: 229 Sept 2025

Hair: Two Fathers

Consultant: Mighty Apordite

Weather: Spring sprang from the antarctic.

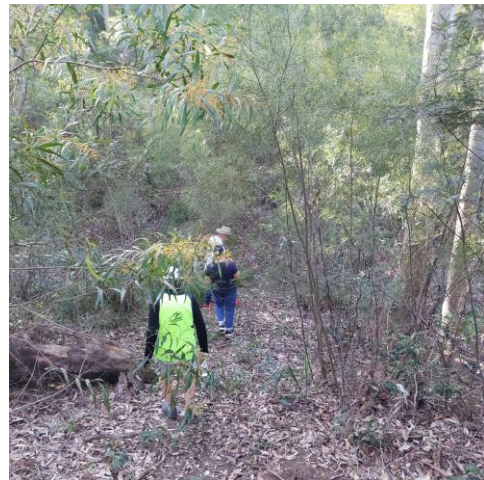
Afters: Gourmet (with red wine)

Score: -6.9 (weather related)

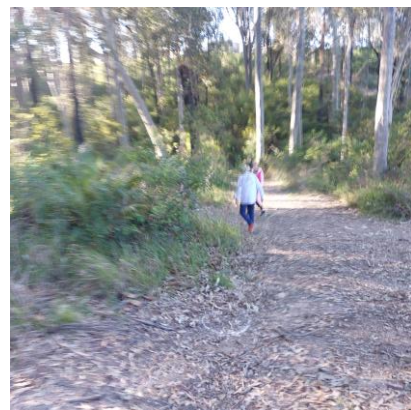
A dozen or so intrepid hounds gathered in sparkling sunshine but sub-Antarctic winds, although it was quickly evident that most people had not read the fine print about Onesies being de rigeur for the day. For a while the pack hung around awaiting breathlessly for the arrival of **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** from Lisbon and hash like venues in the region. But then said fukem let's run anyway. **Pop Tart** was voluntold she was the walk reporter (in the abject and misplaced hope she would be a soft marker).

Captain Pugwash and **Sticky Date** were there to mark the momentous moment of their move back to the girt bits and their spiritual home. **Pugwash** immediately claimed responsibility for ensuring the drink stop had drinks. And a good thing too.

After an economical chalk talk the pack trundled down the driveway, across the road and down towards **Infallible's** place and along the newly paved street towards Pretty Bay before turning North and vertical past the new book swapping structure and undulatingly to Pyang and a westward right angular turn by which time the ever youthful **FishFinger** and recently returned Simpson Desert explorer (thus knowing more about trackless wastes) **Haemorrhoid** were vying for the FRB role and **Too Keen** was picking the right trail OnuckingOn. The pack caught them as they were pondering how to escape from the cul de sac down onto GBD and across to Reservoir Road (aka "shit not up to the bloody water tower and down the fukem hill again") when **Pop Tart** caught sight of a trail mark pointing north and down to the nearly impenetrable track



Before the pack struck a bit of a circular argument (possibly where the hair got lost for a while).



But all was not lost even if the pack was and the hairs had been., as **Little Wee** and **Likes GreenShit** (who had declined the circular root) espied a possible way out . Soon enough the pack headed uphill past the thoughtfully placed chair



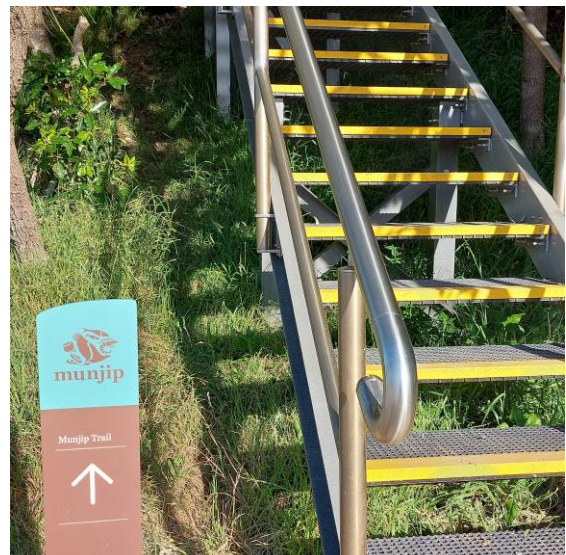
And onwards to the top where there was a welcome downhill tendency and a hash vista



(of which there were several) and back onto GBD for a quick inspection of the new roundabout (currently under construction and who can figure out why it is costing \$3.3m FFS?) and onto the beach reserve, past the kiddies playground (no photos please) and out onto real beach where the hash flash was casting a long shadow as it was late in the day and the sun was setting slowly in the west and this bit of space needed filling in with words as the pitch is too big to fit.



At the end of which is a flash now stairway to heaven (or at least the new Munjip Trail (thanks, **Relaxed**))



And before long there was yet another



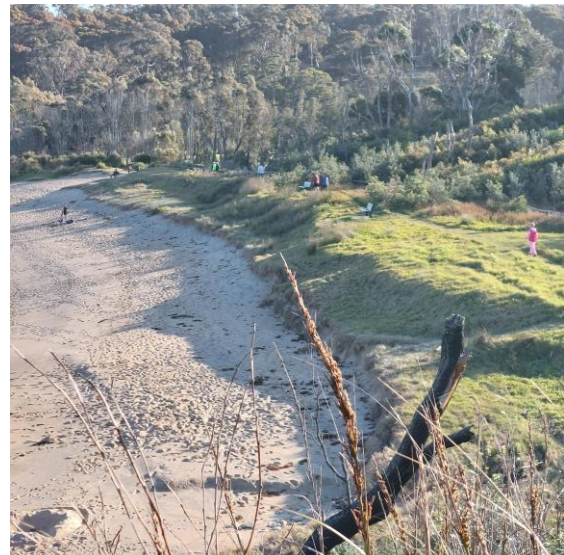
At which **LGS** stared longingly and thoughtfully or staringly.



From there was a frolicsome gambol around the new trail path and another vista overlooking Jimmy's Island



And by turning right it was possible to see McKenzies Beach where the **Drink Stop**



Where Captain Pugwash was waiting. Along with the late but still alive and recovering **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet**, back from etc see above somewhere.

From there it was a mere shuffle to the finish which coincided with the start and after a bit of a fuckenaround a circle formed in the lee of the house and some charges were formulated. Notes indicate the following:

Run Report (Pop Tart): Whinge moan nice sun freezing wind nice views crook marking no fire shed (a positive) -6.9

Charges:

- **LGS from CHF:** Something about champagne for the harriettes who knows. New song from Eurohash
- **Mighty Aphrodite and Two Fathers:** Outstanding sartorial standards onesies.
- **Haemorrhoid** for going to school with **Pop Tart** and **Little Wee** and **Too Keen** (and not remembering any of them in that form)

In accordance with long standing but seldom observed tradition the **GeeEmm** received a beer from somewhere over there, courtesy of **CHF** who remembered.



There were several jokes which do not bear repeating even if I could remember them and then the recently returned **Captain Pugwash** (did I mention he and **Sticky Date** now live here again?) led the choir in a rousing rendition of the MBH3 anthem. Then we adjourned upstairs and

EM TASOL

Except for
NEXT RUNs

RUN 230

WHEN: Sat 4 October 2025 **at 3pm Qld time**
WHERE: Pugwash and Sticky's new place for the Commencing Catalina Canter.
 54 Riverview Cres Catalina.
HAIR: One of them
AFTERS: BYO road kill.

RUN 231

WHEN: Sat 1 Nov **at 4pm DST time**
WHERE: Spud Point more details to follow)
HAIR: Maggot (or Wishing Well)
AFTERS: Probably same spot

RUN 232 Xmas cums but once a year.

WHEN: Sat 6 Dec 2025 **at 4pm Qld time**
WHERE: Nelligen
HAIR: Gobbles (aka GeeEmm)
AFTERS: Steampacket Hotel (subject to **maximum number**) Currently fully subscribed. Late cummers and other slow responders need to chat to Gobbles.