

# MasterBatemans Bay HHH

# The Egalitarian Hash

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*



*Trash Volume: Loud, long and off pitch.*

Run Number: 234 Feb 2026

Hair: Lost Rooster

Weather: Not bad considering.

Afters: Upper Dick Seaview Overlook

Score: 0.69 (As judged by Mighty Aphrodite)

But first.....a bit of history and a reminder that the 20<sup>th</sup> Birthday is being shared with **Haemorrhoid** and **Too Keen** in April. It is faintly possible this is the sole remaining pictorial evidence in captivity of first run. It seems to be of some young people.



## Age Shall Not Weary Them

Now back to the present, or very recent past last weekend.

In a significant almost unprecedented and seldom-if-ever prior occurrence, **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** arrived and were set up unloaded the bucket and prepared to take money and almost 9 minutes before the sorta kinda advertised nominal possible start time. (No extra points awarded by judges.) It was thus left to **Mighty Aphrodite** to complete the set on a just in time basis. For which she was awarded the task of run reporter. (See above and maybe below).

Chalk talk from the Hair **Lost Rooster** was short and avoided the point although there was some mention of an architecturally significant public convenience and the possibility there would be a drink stop. On out was down the stairs. Markings

were purported to be chalk and multiple hues of chalk. Well, 2.

The fleet footed **FishFinger** bolted from the gate with **Rooster Booster** showing the benefits of what is obviously some serious training in maintaining the pace as the pack headed out to wherever they headed out. **Mythical Murph** (a returnee from a long and unexplained absence about which no-one was curious) slotted into the middle of the pack at a comfortable meander keeping pace with **Just Denice** who may have once run in the Belgrade H3 in various European fleshpots sometime in the late 80s and is now a resident on an island paradise in Moreton Bay. And **Mighty Aphrodite**' who noted in the run report (for which she had forgotten to pay attention) the Murph was grizzling about the nature of the terrain.

Meanwhile, back at the start, the crocks' division of **Captain Pugwash** and **Two Fathers** got off their arses and motored around to a cunningly hidden drink stop deep in the Cullendulla Marine Park scrub somewhere in the vicinity of the Square Head Track where they resumed the seated position and waited for the pack. And waited. And waited.

Back at the trail, the leaders took a chance at different paths of the bottom of Blairs Road' one of which was correct, as the now strung out pack closed the gap as they headed out towards the beach. Or at least **FishFinger** did, while others, possibly guided by **Lost Rooster** at sweeper or maybe by experience such as that possessed by 45-year hashing veteran **Infallible** seeing the real trail, headed slightly parallel along a increasingly inhospitable track before hitting the bottom of a terrible ascent infested by intrusive tree roots and other minor obstacles before emerging into Kangaroo alley and pointing more or less in the direction of Square Head.

By now, **Gobbles** and **Pole Dancer** had surged up the field to be slightly behind the FRBs (FRWs) who could just be spied through the scrubbery if you sorta squinted a bit

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They were just in front of the hi vis **Sticky Date**, comfortably mid field. **Lost Rooster** had abandoned his attempts to be behind **Mighty** and **CountHerFeet** who were companionably conversing as they strolled in the general direction of the well-guarded drink stop. Somehow, **Infallible** had moved into a position just astern of the leaders as he surged into he drink stop



Followed by a valiant and barely puffing **Gobbles**

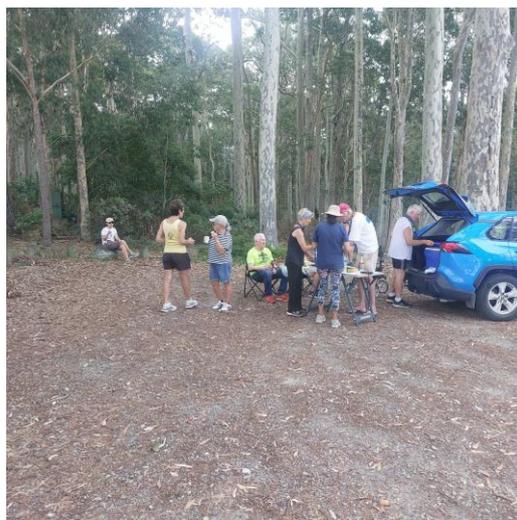
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Where he joined the assembled multitude for a refreshing beverage and some chips.



But not for long, as the pack was soon called to head back on the arduous trouble to the start finish point, where an ellipsis was formed on the lower dick.

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Wallaby Ted's brother. Dinner was served, wine was consumed and then they all went home.

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**Mighty Aphrodite** produced a mildly rambling run report that may have borne some resemblance to what happened and even less to the foregoing verbiage. But she handed out a positive score. See above near the top. **Sticky Date** (newly appointed assistant drinks wench) was awarded the Rooted and Routed Award

Except for

**NEXT RUNs**



**RUN 234**

**WHEN:** Sat 7 Mar 2026 at **4pm DST time.**

**WHERE:** Long Beach. Litchfield

**HAIR:** Gobbles

**AFTERS:** Same place.

**RUN 235 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary**

**WHEN:** Sat 4 April 2026 at **4pm DST time.**

**WHERE:** First St South Durras

**HAIR:** Haemorrhoid assisted by Too Keen

**AFTERS:** There

Maybe more later on this one. Wottaway to spend Easter.

possibly because she was and possibly because there is a risk she will bring it back. **Mythical Murph** (returnee) and **Just Denise** (a reconstituted virgin) were treated to a Tun. I forget the other charges, but they were probably valid. There were a coupla jokes, one of which was about deciding to buy a kitchen. (You had to be there or maybe not). **Captain Pugwash** (freshly voluntold as Haberdasher) provided a tuning note for the anthem and then it was

MBH3

NDIS Registration Pending

Going Downhill Fast