



Run Number: 241 September 2026

Hair: **Mighty Aphrodite**

Where: **Broulee**

Weather: Spring like (variable)

After: Cap'n Oldrey Park Veranda

Score: 7.42

When **Mighty Aphrodite** sets a run, you can be sure it is the result of long periods of perception, planning, persistence, preparation logistics and possibly a coupla gins n tonic. Or not. On this occasion there was also a nearly entire new route except where it overlapped with bits of run 170 in the COVIDAN era (Aug 2020). But it is possible that I digress.

As the crowd from the local kids' basketball tournament cleared the carpark, there was a gathering of old n bold and a few returnees to take their place. Older perhaps but no less sprightly and affletic. **RA Infallible** back from Mazzano and islands near the Arctic Circle; **Just Denice** (via her sub-tropical island paradise and Lake Tuggeranong); even **Captain Pugwash** and **Sticky Date** were back from their tour of northern kennels. **Meat n Easy**, **FishFinger n Just Jude** and **Doggy Bag n 2 Fathers** were in from their temporary digs at the van park up the roan of which possibly more later. Much later. **Pole Dancer** appeared after a few months' absence as well. Things almost got serious when **Haemorrhoid** and **Too Keen** lobbed. Then **Gobbles** and **CountHerFeet** arrived with the beer truck so almost all was ready for the off. After a bit of chalk talk.

Marked in chalk, multi coloured where it is not marked by flour, sorta out there towards the entrance and **2F** can take some chalk to be the back marker. There is a drink stop.

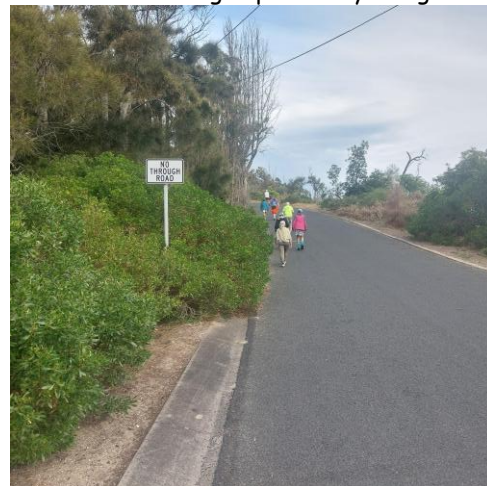
With this final critical info ringing in their ears, the pack rushed for cars to find some rain gear (where it existed) to deal with the scudding but timely dead on 3pm shower of droplets of not quite drought breaking rain and then to the entrance to the park where a prompt right left straight ahead tested the scouts of the pack until the scent was picked up by **Haemorrhoid** and the pack plunged onward along Elizabeth Street in a more or less northerly direction and the rain scattered away.

As Broulee is a notably pancake like terrestrial structure and a bit flat as well **Captain Pugwash** was trudging along notably in the rear, with a secret plan to divert directly to what might have been a likely prospect for a drink stop, sorta using a "go along what looks like the OnIn trail" strategy (of which more later possibly).

Meanwhile the pack now led at forward scout by the ever-youthful **Fishfinger** and **Meat** barged onwards in chattering groups of follow the leader.



The trail and therefore the pack meandered along round into Heath Street and past a few other bits towards the Surf Club and then in a spot of inspired ignorance ignored the traffic directions to trudge up the only thing resembling



a hill in the entire Broulee conurbation before plunging into a bit of scrub

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Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated



somewhere out near the Broulee lookout and finding a cunningly hidden promise of things to look for of a scenic nature.



But first there had to be a bit of milling around up Wirruna St, trekking along Casuarina Street, round into Albert Street looking for the frigging vista.



There it was, Maybe.

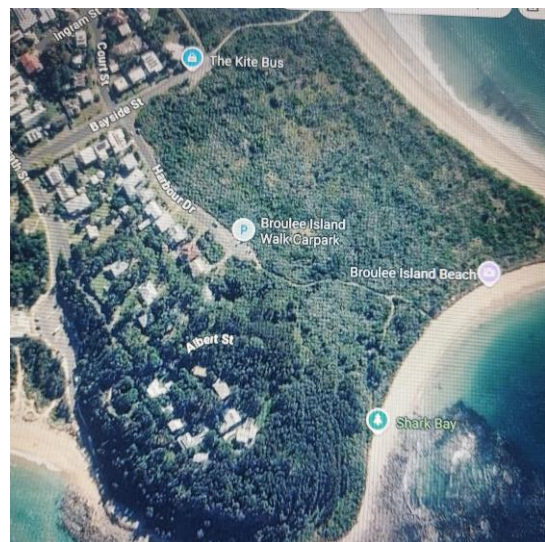
Then it was back to trail where **Haemorrhoid**, **Infallible** and **FishFinger** heroically followed a possible clue at the exceedingly well marked two way and plunged precipitously into the dark and a mysterious pathway that might have headed in the general direction of Broulee Island.

The Egalitarian Hash

Trash Volume: 240

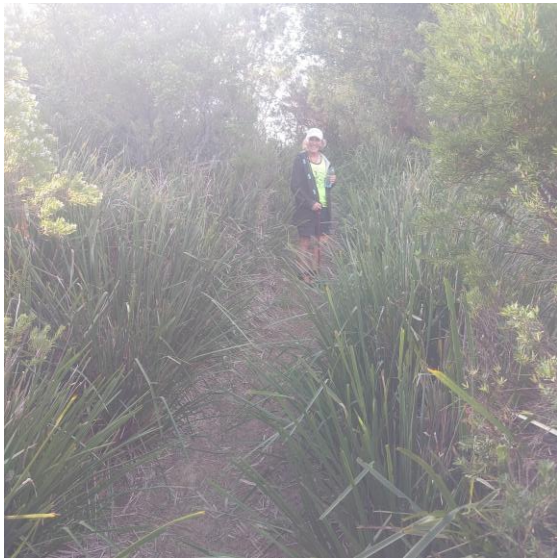


Sorta somewhere through the impenetrable bloody scrub in what turned out to be a fruitless farken search for trail in the scrub.



So the pack reassembled and using a bit of divine guidance, some outstanding navigational skills and a bitta luck took another tack back down the hill and chucked a right into Harbour Drive where lo and beflaminhold there appeared another trail mark leading to this scrubby lil track

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and eventually out into Grant Street, a quick diversion onto the beach



thence to the drink stop where **Mighty Aphrodite** and **Gobbles** (after a short diversion via the brewery) and **Captain Pugwash** (after a longish diversion on a wrong trail choice) were waiting. **Meat** ran in to show off his fitness (and to pass the short cutters). The hordes descended on the limoncello n bubbles concoction

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while others stood by patiently.



Then it was back to the start whereupon a circle was formed in an elliptical way. **Haemorrhoid** awarded the run a generous mark (see above) and charges were eventually layed.

(Refers to Notes App. Oops, apparently not saved.)

Birthdays for **Mighty Aphrodite** and **Just Denice**.

There were also a couple of Jokes of poor taste (thanks **Too Keen** and **Gobbles**). Then **Captain Pugwash** led the choral rendition of the anthem and splednid spag bol was served as the gloom gathered and the shed lights came on. Then it was all over red rover except for some who returned to the van park for a small recap of events in increasing incoherence (I blame the bloody limoncello).

Em tasol.



Except for

NEXT RUNs

RUN 242

WHEN: Sat 3 Oct 2026 **at 3pm.** (Last winter time)

WHERE: Burrill Lake

HAIR: Meat n Easy

AFTERS: TBA (*Numbers requested. Tell someone if you're coming.*)

- Bookings at local van parks might be advisable
- <https://holidayhaven.com.au/burrill-lake/>
- <https://www.discoveryholidayparks.com.au/caravan-parks/new-south-wales/south-coast/burrill-lake-ulladulla?arrive=2026-06-18&depart=2026-06-19&adults=2&kids=0&infants=0>

RUN 243

WHEN: Sat 7 Nov 2026 **at 4pm. DST**

WHERE: Merinda Street Malua Bay

HAIR: Infallible

AFTERS: Probably same place

RUN 244 Christmas Extravaganza

WHEN: Sat 5 Dec 2026 **at 4pm. DST**

WHERE: Flash new Bayview Hotel beer garden, Batemans Bay

HAIR: GeeEmm (Gobbles to some)

AFTERS: Right There. Numbers restriction might apply. First 40 get a kiss from Gobbles.

You might like to book accommodation. There're a few choices. Google them.