

Limerick Day Run



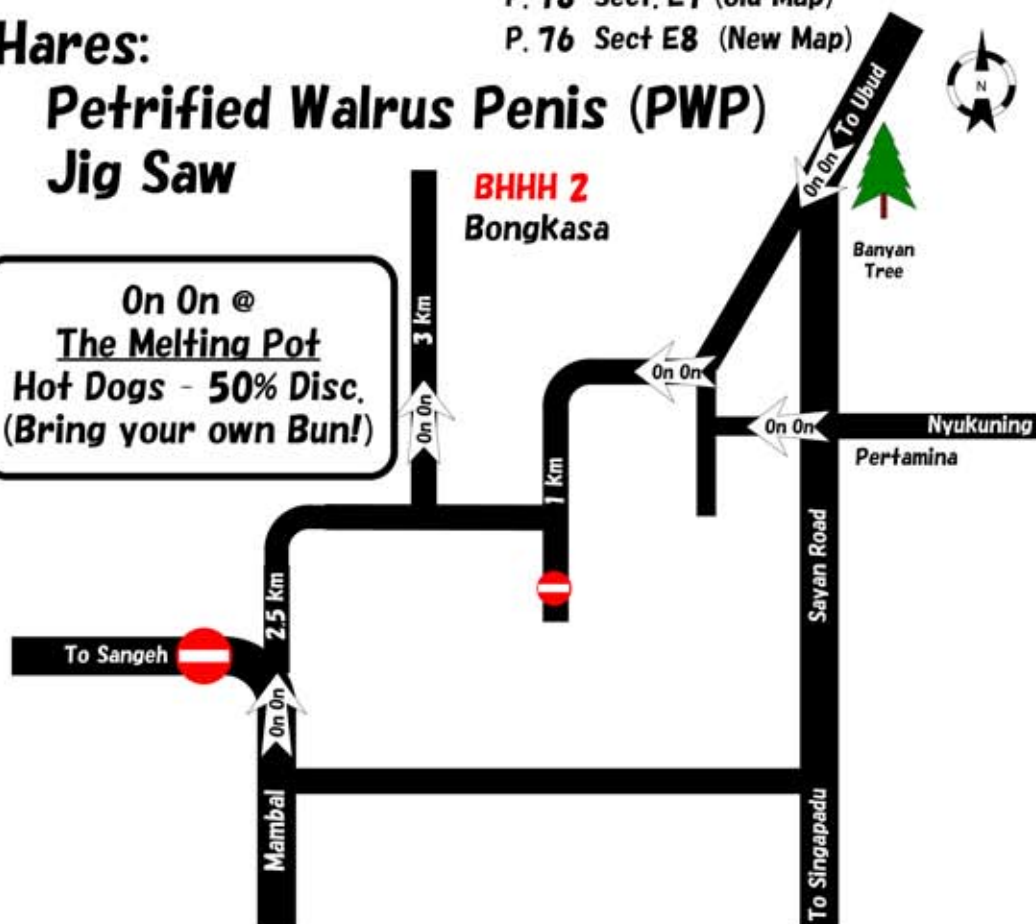
Run: # 1060
Date: May 12th, 2012
Run Site: Bongkasa
Start Time: 4:30pm

P. 18 Sect. E1 (old Map)

P. 76 Sect E8 (New Map)

Hares:

Petrified Walrus Penis (PWP) Jig Saw

Run #1061 May 19th, 2011 -Run #1062 May 26th, 2011 - Dancing Queen

Get maps in your email... send request to hareraiser@balihhh2.com

We arrived at the No Name Restaurant in The Middle of Nowhere, officially, Sangeh, where the A.G.M. was in full swing and the re-appointment of Wooden Eye as Hash Master had just been announced. Apparently it's a lifetime position as in Robert Mugabe or our own beloved Pak Harto. But there's only one Wooden Eye and he's irreplaceable.

While we're on the subject, allow me to recall a couple of legendary Wooden Eye moments. Outside the pura on one of the Temple of doom runs an extremely large seppo from the Seoul Hash was busy exposing himself for the 20th time when W.E. struck him dumb with a peremptory "You can stop that caper now pal, you're outside a bloody Balinese temple, you dumb fuck". One of our local hashers misinterpreted the comment and beseeched the Eye "Mr. Andrew, please don't call it a bloody temple. "Okay then" responds H.M.W.E., "It's a b*****d temple".

For you local readers don't get him wrong, our new and old Hash Master has nothing but the deepest reverence for the Balinese religion but was upset by the exposure, not the temple. Just thought I'd clear that up.

On another run, a kampong anjing barked incessantly at His Woodenness who got down on all fours and let forth with a maniacal episode of howling, frothing and snapping that set the dog and several villagers racing off in abject fear.

We won't find a Hash Master like that every day of the week, so it's just as well that we hung onto the b*****d.

Anyway, we were just late enough showing up so as not to be shanghaied into some vile office such as Hash Trash. Actually this is done behind the scenes and involves the riding of goats, naked witches, bubbling cauldrons, incantations, the ghost of Richard Nixon, etc.

So, as His Excremency would say, where were we? Lest we forget, it seems we've forgotten. Oh yes, ANZAC day and the run. Seaman Staines announced a live hare start and ambled off at a pace that Steven Hawking could have kept up with sans wheelchair. At least it stopped the farting in church of the early starters, I'll give him as much. Now, far be it from me to say the run was too short. So let the record show that I didn't say it was absurdly short, nor did I say that some of us were accused of shortcutting by a hare who later recanted and admitted an, um, error in calculating its duration.

I also didn't mention that some of the front runners were back in 20 minutes on the long and decided to do the run again. I said nothing of the sort, nor would I presume to. Haring is a voluntary position and we have nothing but thanks from the hearts of our bottoms for their untiring efforts. What there was of the run was really very good and we certainly hadn't done it before. I think. It was over too quickly to tell.

Meanwhile, back at the grandeur of the restaurant, we were being served chicken parts the size of emus and fish the size of small killer whales. Where does a rumah makan half way to bugger all get...? I could live in Bali for another 500 years and still never be able to... you know the rest.

Something mildly circular was kind of formed and the fun began. It was brought to our attention that Dancing Queen was leaving us. Where was he going, Singapore for his visa, The Jurong Bird Park? It was never revealed. Returners returned, visitors visited, virgins virgined. Hash names were given. To the unfortunate Sarth African with the military background whose pudendum was mercilessly exposed by our in house de-pantser went "Private Parts". To Pommy Mike with the semi-plummy accent "Screaming Lord Clitoris" and his luckless missus, "Lady Clitoris". What will the ladies' auxiliary church group in Chichester make of that then? My only advice is: don't sue for another name, it'll only get worse.

So, where were we? The Wooden One declared social drinking and we drank socially until it was no longer possible. What a shame we can't have Saturday night circles every night. It would probably kill us but it would be more fun than a barrel of drunkards.

On on.