



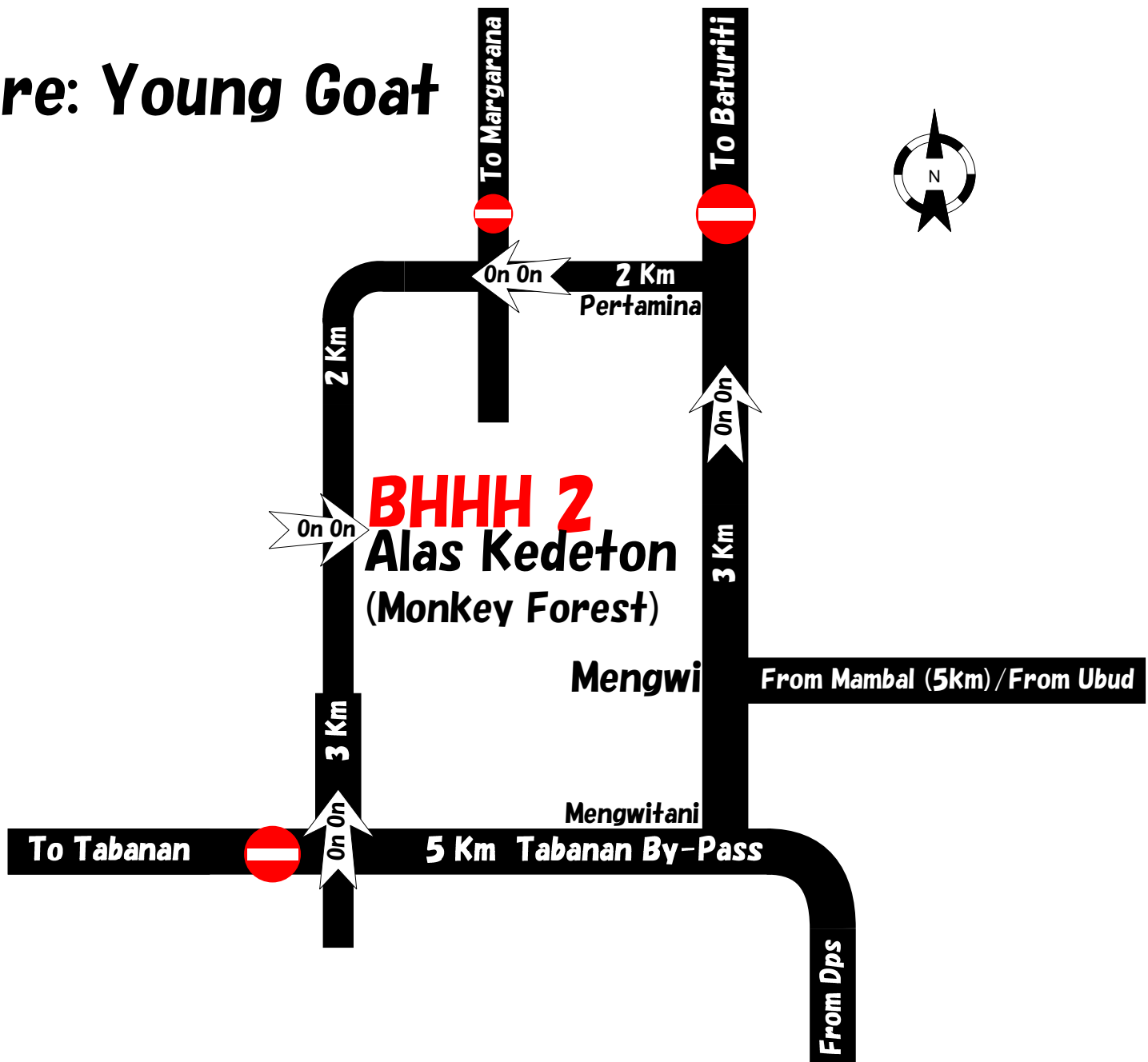
WWW.BALIH2H.COM

BALI HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2

Run: # 894
Date: March 7th, 2009
Run Site: Alas Kedeton, Tabanan
Monkey Forest
Start Time: 4:30pm

Bali Map P. 17 Sect. L2

Hare: Young Goat



Bali Hash Harriers 2
Run 893 - 28th February 2009 – St David's Day
Sembuwuk, Pejeng
Hares: Wooden Eye, Colonel Bloodknock

It absolutely pissed it down as we headed for Sembuwuk, it rained so hard that the locals were busy building arks and a little old lady floated past in water wings.

A rabble of hounds collected in the rain with plastic bags on their heads and umbrellas. After a while they could wait no longer and dribbled off up the road. Eventually at 4:30 one and a half real hashers and a lone dog with a wooden leg remained. With no hares in sight anywhere the hashmaster announced that there were runs out there somewhere, we don't know how many, how long they are or where they start so "ON ON". By then the hasher and a half had disappeared in the mud and the dog had gone to try and pee against a tree – it fell over – plop.

So the Hash Master valiantly set off on his own nearly tripping over a wet and soggy Welshman returning with a polythene bag of paper and sheep under his arm.
"Meet my new friend Gloria" he said with a smile on his face (no wonder they were out so long).

100 yards down the road and a first check back. Down into a muddy valley and up the other side along a ridge, through a small temple (tch tch) and onto a subak. Some wankers called down from somewhere above, lost in the jungle. North along the subak the paper crossed a bridge and up the other side, shit another checkback. On along the subak and again across a little bridge and up the other side - double shit another checkback. On along the Subak and eventually across (again) up onto the rice fields and onto a road.

Hounds were straggling up the road like a load of old ladies off to the annual general meeting of the Pejeng knitter's club. Eventually they all straggled past a large white cross on the grass verge, they all missed it they must have been too excited about their knitting. They were called back and a couple of real hashers scampered off to the East across the rice fields while the knitter's club dribbled on trying not to get their shoes muddy. Eventuall the long went off on a large loop around the fields, back up the road and a last minute, typical Welsh surprise loop around a slippery valley and back to the mud pile.

The hounds were all in good form with nice new Tee shirts with a winged sheep (with a shaved bum and buttock showing thong) on the front. The circle gathered with the wimpish bastards not forming a circle because they didn't want to get their shoes dirty. The hash master called in the hares for a down down, returners including Leeky Dick, Locomotive, Manchew Fucker, Mount Her, Scrotum Sucker, Suko, Christian Gunawan, Mat Phillips and Joris Kolijn. Visiting hasher was Ellie Dick (Makassar). Visitors were Becky Philips, Patty Bollin, Penny and Kurt Heck. We had lots of virgins with Lavrysen, Gloria Bottse, Rudi Vos, Mandy Sambeek and Anders losing their cherries in the mud.

The Welsh bastards were brought into the circle to celebrate their loss to the French in last night's Rugby match. Woodeneye had been up all night chewing leeks and crying in his milk.

It was Slip It In's 40th birthday and Peterfile's 65th birthday. Jorok produced an amazing birthday cake with a picture of the silly old bugger (Peterfile) on it. The proceedings started to decline with the revellers scrambling for cake and slapping muddy hand marks on nice white tee shirts.

The RA stepped in to take charge of the gathered throng. It was not easy. Some noisy new comer Dutch wankers, who couldn't hold their beer and obviously not used to having a good time were behaving like kids who had got their first bonk, were dominating the proceedings.

The RA soldiered on until darkness fell and we all pissed off home.

On on

Bali Hash House Harriers 2
Run 892 - 21st February 2009 - Mambal Pool
Hares: Adeje, Running Stool, Multigrip and Turtle

The wet season this year has been wetter than a whale's willy but is now finally starting to ease off and after a sunny morning the clouds gathered but the rain kept away as a very healthy throng of hounds gathered in the carpark at Mambal pool.

As usual many dribbled off early but the "real" hashers waited until start time. 4:30 and we were off scampering North from the site and then across to the East, through the village and across the main road and into territory we very rarely visit. Across the rice fields and we hit a concrete path and a checkback which temporarily had the hounds milling. Then we head North, then East and North again. We cross the Mambal Ubud road and are heading into the southern Semana area.

The short cuts off to the West while the long heads North East. We reach a subak and skirt around a villa complex in the rice fields then North and finally turn back West at an infamous place "Gordon's Folly" where an aqueduct crosses a small valley. We continue West and across the "Old Crone's Bridge" where a little old lady, uglier than Rabid Mangy Dog on a bad day, used to hold out a bony hand and ask for "Uang" as you crossed. The Old Crone is long gone, she probably died of ugliness years ago. We pass on.

Then it is South West across open rice fields eventually passing the John Hardy jewellery factory where they are busy making copyrights, and on past the Aqua factory to the Mambal Sangah road, down to the bridge and finally back to the site along the large subak.

Back at the site there is milling going on, lots of milling. The Hash Master is still out and one or two of the hounds whose lives are ruled by the order of the clock are getting restless. The fear of the total chaos that will inevitably result if we do not run to an established time schedule consumes them. "It is after 6, we must start the circle" they say, but looking around everyone is chatting to their friends and happy.

The Hash Master returns and the circle is brought to order. The clock watchers relax a bit. It is a big circle, our numbers are increasing every week now.

The hares are down downed and it's time for returners and there are lots. Suckit, Supersize Me, Jack Shit, Hotlips, Snake Hips, Deadmeat, Monk, Safe Sex, Jack Off, Little Cat, Squeak, Hans, Sean Turner, Daniel Rawson, even Disco Wanker made one of his all too rare visits today.

Johnny Chambers visited from Africa and other visitors include Ayu, Ada Zwinkels, Eugene, Nanier, Jaya and Menno. Vrgins include Chris Allison, Jos Scholten, Chris Telle Davis, Glen Loyd, Raymond Zuiderwijk, Manfred, Angela, Sam Wilson, Pip and Murray Grayburn and Putu Indra.

Achievers this week are German Shepherd and Spank My Monkey who both made up 150 runs.

The Dutch farternity are here in strength and having a wild party on the sidelines as the dogs (Rabid Mangy Dog, Shaggy Dog, Blind Dog and German Shepherd) are brought in for a drink..

The RA takes over and after telling us about his AAA sized swollen wand the English bastards are brought into the circle to celebrate being thrashed at rugby by the Welsh.

He calls in the people wearing silly pants, one poor virgin wearing golf shorts doesn't know who the RA is and is iced to blue ball status to the great enthusiasm and sadistic pleasure of the assembled throng.

Four barrels are finished, we start on the crates and in darkness we slowly drift off into the night.

On on