Bali Hash House Harriers 2 Hash Sheet 1052

Monkey Balls Presents

The "Oh dear I f---ked up the run number and the date" run.



Run # 1054 31st Mar 2012 - Slip it in and Slip it

out

Run # 1055 7th April 2012 - Kucit

Get maps sent to your e-mail: hareraiser@balihhh2.com

Getcha Gajah Out

The dwindling few 4.30 starters glowered at droves of early leavers as they meandered off in the general direction of paper on Saturday at the Goa Gajah car park, St. Tits, never one to keep his voluble opinion in check, bellowed insults at the stragglers while making accompanying vivid hand gestures that couldn't be mistaken for affectionate waves goodbye.

What to do about this? (Not St.Tits, the early leaving bastards). If we announced a 4 pm start, they'd leave at 3.30. If we had two different starting times, they'd still leave at their whim, all over the clock. I have a couple of ideas: laughing gas spray, they can hardly leave early if they are rolling around on the ground pissing themselves. Heavy barbiturates in the pre - run Coca Cola, Sprite and Teh Botols: they can't go if they're asleep draped over their cars and the beer truck like at The Boneless Chicken Ranch,

Listen up hares and potential hares! You have the power to stop this insidious drift out of the spirit of the hash and into this slovenly debacle; live hare starts as often as possible. It doesn't have to be half the run, just enough to bamboozle the buggers, encourage them to hash as a team, check together and CALL, for Gispert's sake.

Right then, the run, let's give Orang Lumpur and his Orang Orang Lumpur the credit they deserve, they were called in as emergency hares and did a pretty good job, considering. Having said that it was a little unnerving at the start running so close to the traffic that you could tell pretty much within a week or so the age of the anak on the Ibu's lap in the passenger seat, and when the Bapak at the wheel had his last haircut. We do the hash because it's so much better to be in the scenery rather than looking out the car window at it, I just don't know about looking IN the car window at the scenery.

Off road we found ourselves in some very pretty padi and palm grove surroundings, much as you do off any busy road north of Ubung. The valley scene from the hairpin bend road and the bridge was also stunning but all too soon we were back on asphalt and setting off chain reactions of anjing in villages. No biggie really, we're all used to it. At the last part of the run we were in beautiful valley and padi territory again coming out a hair north of the car park on - in across the road.

A shivering glissando was played on Made Tartar's whistle, which he must have enjoyed very much, and Wooden Eye conjured a circle. Pretty much on his own this week, he disposed of various returners, leavers (Arsehole for Short is leaving us and will be missed by those who enjoyed the oft displayed vistas of his pudendum) and hash hymens. There was a welter of water borne shenanigans and a female de – pantsing for a change. The Dung Beatles were called upon to deliver more of their seemingly inexhaustible supply of greatest hits: "She Rubs You" (yeah, yeah, yeah) and "From Me Up You".

In the interests of legal privacy (article 42 sesquajillion, sub section x = the radius), the identity of the hasher who was observed swigging beer from a serving jug will under no circumstances be revealed (Crazy Dave), so there.

Achiever shirts included an unbelievable 850 rums, sorry runs for Old Goat, and an impressive 450 for Long and Strong. Sex on the Desk had 50 innings and outings.

Evening lowered its charcoal hash shorts on us to reveal its dark... oh never mind. Social Drinking was called and we drank socially if not swinishly and oinked off home.

On on.

Oh crap, didn't get "unicorn" in. Yes I did.