

# Bali Hash House Harriers 2 Hash Sheet 1048



## BALI HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2

Run: # 1048

Date: Feb 18<sup>th</sup>, 2012

Run Site: Pura Dalam Cangaan,  
Pejeng

**Valentine's Day run**  
**get your knickers on!!**

Bali Atlas P. 101 Sect. L4 (Old Map)  
P. 53 Sect L4 (New Map)

**Start Time: 4:30pm**



Run #1049 25<sup>th</sup> Feb 2012 - St. Tits  
Run #1050 3<sup>rd</sup> Mar 2012 - Woodeneye  
Run # 1051 10<sup>th</sup> Mar 2012 -

Get maps sent to your e-mail: [hareraiser@balihhh2.com](mailto:hareraiser@balihhh2.com)

## Everything Was Ok Until We Got To Sangeh

Then suddenly we were in the teeth (maybe nostrils) of the most fierce - arse tropical downpour since Noah forgot the male unicorn (sorry, it's a bet with another idiot to get the word "unicorn" in the Trash every week, so far, so good - one week). It was utterly pissing down, raining cats and unicorns - wait, did that.

So, missed the turn, couldn't see the sign because it was obscured by The Titanic and the Kursk, turned round, found the site, got out of the car and (play Moses parts the Red Sea music)...blue skies separated the clouds and the beaming face of Cecil B. De Mille appeared in the heavens directing the whole miraculous event. Jesus and Telly Tubby - type sunbeams shone down on the gravestones, pagodas and cement dragons of the Chinese cemetery.

We had a bit of a wander through the kuburan Cina, it was pretty interesting but they weren't great conversationalists; 1976 seemed to be a popular year to wafat, and they were all "beristrihat". I thought that meant having lunch or something. Bad batch of beef and black bean sauce, I guess.

The run: everybody took off early, except for us hopelessly old fashioned diehards who believe the Hash should be conducted as a communal effort, silly us, and everybody promptly got busy getting lost. There was paper all over the place from another Hash on another day, Thursday to be precise and once again we were compelled to become forensic hash paper investigators. "Our paper was more pink and purple than this." "No it wasn't, it was green and red." "Yes, but this paper's white." "Oh shit.", etc. Balderdash did the short twice. Agent Orange disappeared into the jungle long enough to re - fight the Vietnam War.

In the long run, as it were, it didn't matter. We all found our way back having seen beautiful scenery, sloshed through glorious mud, streams and mud streams etc. A bit knackered but better off than One Hung Low and Some Po Guy gone to that Great Dim Sum Sunday Lunch Restaurant In The sky adjacent the beer truck.

Circular activities were ably conducted by the Welsh Wunderkind duo of Wooden Eye and Disco Wanker. It never ceases to amaze me, Holmes, two or three Taffies in the entire Southern Hemisphere and they're all BHHH2 Hash Masters or R. A.s. Speaking of affairs Celtic and Gaelic, Barnacle Balls allowed shenanigans to get the better of him and darted like a towering leprechaun into the circle to deface Jangle Balls' gleaming white hash shoes with mud. J.B. in turn abused alcohol upon B.B.'s person. It was jutht thilly, and ended in B.B.'s icing to the squealing delight of the Romans, I mean the hashers.

There were lots of sheep jokes and an inflatable Kiwi, or was that a sheep? I was a bit pissed by then. It was all a good craique (sp?). Thanks to the aforementioned D. Wanker and Y. Eti for the run fun, Welsh mafia for riotous wool related escapades.

Our hearts go out to St. Tits' coccyx bone which got a voluble battering on a cement sobek, keep those cards and letters rolling in folks and let's hope it won't be fatal.

As ever, on on.