



BALI HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2

Run: # 930

Date: November 14th, 2009

Run Site: Sangeh Monkey Forest

WWW.BALIH2H.COM

Bali Atlas P. 26 Sect. D6 (Old Map)

P. 76 Sect D6 (New Map)

BHHH 2

Sangeh Monkey

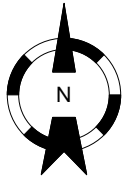


Start Time: 4:30pm

To Sangeh Monkey Forest

On On

Forest



To Mengwi



6 Km Blankiuh

On On

On On

Hare: Suckit

To Ubud

Mambal Market

To Mas/Sayan Rd.

Victor Awards 2009
Friday, November 13th
Hong Kong Garden

Tickets Available

Pre Purchase Rp 100,000 (Members & Non Members)

At the Door Rp 150,000 (Members & Non Members)

Buffet-Live Bands-Jegog-Cabaret-Door Prizes & of course The Victor Awards

*****Pre Purchase Price ends at the Hash Run on Nov 7th*****

Bali Hash House Harriers Hash Trash
Run 929 The Elephant Turd Run 7th November 2009
Site: Canang Sari Cemetary
Hares: Kolor Hijau, Made Tartar and Gizzard

This was a beautiful site at the dead centre of Canang Sari. Grass, trees and rotting bodies, what more could you ask for.

Half the wankers set off early - the wrong way. 4:30 arrived and we were off down the road and onto paper. We weaved in and out of trees and headed north. Across a small dry river valley, up the other side and into rice fields to another valley and we skirted the upper edge of the valley still heading north. Up and down like a prostitutes under garments we skirted the nether world between wooded valley and rice fields until we emerged onto a road. Eventually turning East. We hit the main Kintimani road and turned south down the road for a while. We turned east again across rice fields then hit another road and once again turned south. After a while the short carried on while the long cut off to the east and then we hit the big stuff.

Wolliwog was running in front of me and remembering his running through some poor farmer's vegetable patch last week I noticed he was not wearing shoes. Perhaps he thinks that by not wearing shoes the farmers won't mind him trampling their crops. He disappeared around a corner. I turned the corner to find the biggest turd I had ever seen sitting there steaming in the middle of the road. "Dirty bastard" I thought "no wonder he isn't wearing shoes".

We ran on following a well worn path winding it's way through the countryside. After several kilometres winding our way southwards we came to a farm with Curly Cock standing with a group of elephants. He was obviously deeply involved so I ran on.

We turned Westwards and up to a road where the short came in from the north.

We turned South down the road then off to the West and did a circuit around house surrounded by barbed wire, obviously a German holiday resort. We ran on.

Soon we turned back up to the road to resume our bitumen lovers hash and eventually took us back home.

Returners today were Colonel Bloodnock, Manchew Fucker, Harianto, Libby, Anders and Puspa.

Visitors were: Fred, Lobke, Jimmy and Stuart. Stuart gave a familiar greeting to the hash master and got a "blue ring" seat for his trouble.

Woodeneye welcomed a load of swede virgins: John, Lars, Maritha, Sven, Ola and Anita

We worshipped on into the night. In the pitch dark the beer ran out. It was enough to make a chinaman turn in his grave so we all went home.

On on

OG