

# Bali Hash House Harriers 2 Hash Sheet 1047



## BALI HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2

Run: # 1047

Date: Feb 11<sup>th</sup>, 2012

Run Site: Carang Sari Cemetary

Bali Map P. 18 Sect. D5 (Old Map)

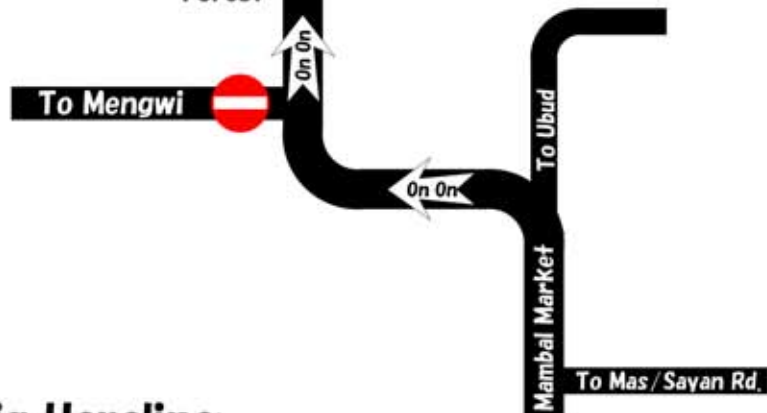
P. 68 Sect. D5 (New Map)

Start Time: 4:30pm

**BHHH 2**  
Carang  
Sari  
Cemetary



Hares:  
**Disco Wanker  
Yeti**



## Receedig Hareline:

#1048 Marco Polo & Serabi - Valentines Day

#1049 Mr. Tits -

#1019 Wooden Eye - St. David's Day

Get maps in your email...  
send request to [hareraiser@balihhh2.com](mailto:hareraiser@balihhh2.com)

Wet, wet, Wet

And now the weather: there's rain in Hayne, precipitation at Prinsep Station and in Lissing-downe... And the same thing in Tangga bloody yuda as usual. It actually kind of sounds like an outback Aussie town. "See ya at the front bar of the Tangga bloody yuda Hotel, mate". "No mate, gone. Flash bloody flood mate". I wouldn't be surprised.

It was the 20th anniversary of our beloved Bali HHH2 last Saturday and there were plenty of us to collect our sausages and tee shirts. Most of south Bali and all of China showed up despite the steady drumbeat of rain. The tee shirts were spicy and delicious and the sausages were an attractive shade and made of a miracle fiber that was water resistant.

And now the run, but before that an important Hash Community Announcement: Look here, harrumph, ahem, it has come to our attention that many of you are actually taking off before the prescribed time of 4.30 pm. Not only is this in direct contravention of Hash Edict verse 11 Chapter 2 (two!) Acts of God (tap dancing, rubber chicken juggling on unicycle), but we feel it is not in the spirit of the Hash which is meant to be a club and a group effort, people. It's supposed to be an interactive, cooperative venture, not a free-for-all, every-man-for-himself mess like the traffic in, oh I don't know, say Bali. So run along now, together, at the same time, no, come back, not now, on the Hash, Saturday okay?

Good, I'm glad we had that little chat. Err, Tanggayuda, yes, it's a remarkably beautiful area though it's mostly obscured by rain, fog and mud most of the time. There were some jaw dropping moments on the run especially the part where we crested a rise and were confronted with a mist shrouded valley panorama that had to be seen to be believed, shame we mostly couldn't see it.

I myself personally, that would be me, especially enjoyed darting through the tall grass. There's something kind of prehistoric about it. Deeply embedded in our subconscious there's an ancestral memory of chasing a bloody great mammoth through the grassy savannah with a spear, grunting and signing hunt strategy to the other proto-humans (hashers). Oh shit, there's a sabre toothed tiger behind me. Wait up Mr. Mammoth! Meanwhile back at the sausage marquis, Dancing Queen wreathed in smoke valiantly kept the teeming hordes of hungry hashers at bay with his tongs and buttered rolls, and even as we straggled in Wooden Eye demanded a circle of us. It has to be said he did his level best but it was a bit of a futile task what with the sheer volume of both hashers and their constant thunderous chatter. It must have been like trying to conduct the London Philharmonic while the members were all half pissed.

He soldiered on with a bellowed version of "The Cow Kicked Nelly in the Belly Last night" kicking mud frantically at the crowd and their cars, but called social drinking as the rain drizzled on and we huddled under various wantilans, lean-tos and sausage preparation areas chomping, gargling and swilling away like the mud spattered swine we were.

Verdict: good run, good food, good tee shirt, good piss up and a valiantly attempted circle. Thanks to all involved for 20 years of this incredible bloody nonsense. On on!