

Bali Hash House Harriers 2
31st october 2009, Run Number 928
Halloween Run, Puskesmas Syan, Ubud
Hares: Wankervitch assisted by Worm

A good crowd gathered at the Puskesmas in Sayan, not very far from last week's run but this was to be very different.

We set off to the east and immediately turned South along a subak. Before long we came to a branch and turned right again running over some people washing. Whitebait headed left chasing a hundred ducks across a field, he didn't catch one thank goodness - he had forgotten his sellotape. We turned South again through open rice fields. After a fair distance the short run headed off to the East while we carried on South.

Eventually the Long turned East. As we ran through the rice fields some wazok cut a corner and ran through a vegetable patch trampling vegetables. The farmer looked on in dismay, he and his wife, three children, two cows, 80 ducks and his bovine mistress daisy would not be eating tonight. He let go of daisy and called politely after the retreating curly headed smartarse "piss off, my vegetables are rooted you albino golliwog bastard".

We carried on and as we ran I pondered on the political correctness of this statement.

We headed East through mixed country, dropped into a stream wading South. Out of the stream we head East again across rice fields and into some very interesting running territory. We worked our way North following a valley through forest and bamboo. Eventually we turned West again to a road in a village. We headed North again to an "on in", a short stretch and we were back home.

It was a good long run, very well set and through some interesting new country. A relaxed and happy crowd regrouped and waited for Tartar to start the halloween "Hash Mass".

We welcomed back returners: Big Dick, Suckit, Suko, Rose Bush, Lick a Clit and Kiss My Ring.

Visitors this week were: Jennifer, Colleen, Ilona, Chris and Neil.

We had one achiever: Parson's nose with 550 runs. He is our 7th most prolific runner after Kai Dai (838 runs), Pak Chook (774 runs), Old Goat (765 runs), Uncle Leong (761 runs), Made Tartar (673 runs) and Spook (575 runs).

Our RA, Mr Eye, then took over proceedings. His first duty was to shrieve the wayward hasher who deprived the farmer and half of Sayan of their evening meal.

He was sat on ice for his deeds and then given an appropriate name. It was a toss up between Curly Cabbage and White Golliwog. In the end he was named Wallywog and his brother was named Curly Cock.

As usual for halloween out came the prosthetics devices to enhance those who felt inadequate, all sorts of rubber appendages to cover ugly faces (and other extremities) with even uglier ones. Things had really started to turn ugly and so with the beer running out we pissed off home.

On on
OG

PS an interesting link:

http://www.palmbeachpost.com/localnews/content/local_news/epaper/2009/10/29/1029cityhallscar.html

Bali Hash House Harriers 2 - Run 927
Sobek Rafting Crapark, Sayan, 24th October 2009
The Minge of Bali Run
Hares: Bemo, Oxzy and Lily

We gathered at a pubic carpark for what was to be a run through very familiar territory in the very womb of Bali. We usually bonk this run from Runkasa.

We set off as one would expect running to the West quickly dropping over the lip of the valley and down the steps towards the Sobek rafting ground. Suddenly we came across our first checkback. We headed to the south a bit and then carried on downwards through bush into the cleft. as we reached the bottom we turned to the south but were soon in the shit with another starfish checkback.

We turned northwards and dropped down to the edge of a deep dark pool just as a party of rafters came down. Taking care not to fall in we skirted the pool then up to a bridge where we crossed the divide before heading north through mixed cuntry. We ran along the Labia Minora of Bali fighting our way through the bush. It was pretty slippery underfoot.

We crossed back over a bridge to a checkback then headed once North again. We passed a weir with water pissing over it, it was dangerous place so we ran on. We crossed back to the Western side wading through deep water and carried on North up and down the labia side eventually reaching a nobble (was this the elusive clitoris of Bali?).

We crossed a dodgy bamboo bridge and turned South once again through familiar cuntry. We were up and down the labia like a pair of knickers until eventually we climbed a zillion steps over the labia minora then the labia majora and back to the pubic carpark.

The circle started giving the hares a down down. A load of returners returned (Marlene, Anika, Blind Dog, Mita and Blow Joe) a load of visitors visited (Pak Tri, Ny Tri, Laila, Bill Logan, Ida, Wilfred, Ronnie Schmidt, Chris Neal, Julien Raussin and Achie), two people left (Seaman Stains and Shaggy Dog) and some virgins were deflowered (Ken Logan, Carol Logan, Luke Vos Hannah and Sally).

Achievers today were Rock On (50 runs), Long and Strong (300 runs), Agent orange (150 runs) and Shithead (200 runs).

A genetic mutation has taken over our hash producing overly tall hashers. Poor unfortaunte people with height problems were brought in for a down down to try and stunt their growth.

Some willy woofter was caught carrying an unmentionable across the river so they were both given an icy stool (so to speak).

As darkness fell we went home.

On on
OG

Bali Hash House Harriers 2 - Run 926
Pura Desa Lambing, 17th October 2009
Hares: Seaman Stains, Monkey Balls

We gathered at a splendid site close to Mambal, a site not used before with a virgin hare and his able assistant - that world famous juggler of balls Monkey Balls. A green site close to a very nice temple.

We milled around until start time and set off to the North heading across open paddies for a long stretch until, just before the village of Semana we turned east running along next to a Subak. In the middle of nowhere I came across an old crone washing naked in the subak. She waited until I was close then she stood up to display the full grandeur of her wrinkliness to me, she gave me a smile with a single tooth and outstretched her hand. "Uang" she said.

I hoped she wouldn't ask for anything else and ran on.

We reached a road with a checkback and headed south through the rice fields again. We turned East dropping down some tree roots into a small stream valley. We followed the valley for a while and came to a familiar place "Old Crone's Bridge" where years before I had had to cross the stream at this very spot. An old crone (another one) had stood on the bridge with her hand outstretched demanding "Uang" before letting me cross. Today the crone was not there and the bridge was gone. We crossed on a palm tree, up the other side and to another familiar spot "Gordon's Folly" named after the infamous Gordon Blue where an aqueduct crosses a small valley. An inevitable checkback and we dropped into another small valley. We headed South down the valley, up to a track, down a path and we were home.

As we arrived back and waited for the circle a tragedy occurred. Dearly loved Dino, that black and white spotted four legged hasher, had picked up a poisoned bait. There was little anyone could do and Dino's suffering and loss put a very sad cloud over the day.

Returners today were Turn Your Back, Deadmeat, Dutch Dwarf, Hanky Panky, Miss Panky, Richard Top, Down There, Rock On, Rocks Off, Joost VZ, Joana Rutger.

Visiting Hasher was Psycho Bastard Biko.

Visitors were Turd Burglar, Susie Comes, Richard, Mike Shaw, Brooke Allen, Kane Allen, Bent Grant, Pim Doorman, Emil Doorman, John Larsson, Siri Larsson and Geoff Bonar.

Virgins were: Martin, Andrew, John, Rough Rider, Melissa Mata and Clinton Albuquerque.

Congratulations to the hares for a good run at a new site, the more hares we have and the stronger our club becomes.

On on

OG