

Bali Hash House Harriers 2 Hash Sheet 1053

Themselves



BALI HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2

Run: # 1053

Date: March 24th 2012

Run Site: Pura Hyang Api, Kelusa

Bali Map P. 27 Sect. G3 Old Map

Bali Map P. 77 Sect. G4 New Map

Start Time: 4:30pm

BHHH 2

Pura Hyang Api,
Desa Kelusa

Hares: The Flying
Tattoo & PWP



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

The O' Balls brothers, Monkey and Barnacle gave us a beautiful, inventive and challenging run for Paddy's Day on Saturday from Pura Lungsukian, a shillelagh north of Ubud. Not only that, they also gave us Irish beer condoms (did ya ever hear of sooch a ting now?) and sausages that looked uncannily like turds but tasted a lot better, cooked on original Irish Donegal peat that looked a lot like charcoal but was imported for the occasion. At least that was what an Irish feller told me and I have no reason to disbelieve him.

This was no amble in the gently undulating hills and dales of Cork make no mistake (no, of Cork it wasn't). Many of us (me) hadn't been quite as glad to see that dearly beloved battered red truck for some time as we (I) staggered gasping to that lovely, voluptuous chrome spigot. You could have put a naked Halle Berry in front of the glasses crate and some of us (I) would have politely excused ourselves (being a Hasher) as we (I) snatched a glass from its resting place and thrust it at the beer guy. But we (I) haven't seen Halle on the Hash for a while.

We started out down a steep drop to the river below, and what a sweeping view it was. The odd "wow" or "jeez" were heard to escape some of the lips of the descending crowd. But no time for reverie here, especially with the dulcet tones of the increasingly accident prone St. Tits echoing through the valley as he pounded his head against an unsuspecting rock. "God Damn... son of a... f#ck me..."

Down at the water, it was an object lesson to observe that a high center of gravity is not necessarily an advantage when crossing a fast moving body of water as Horny Herring floundered around like a flamingo with broken legs while the squat figure of a much (much) shorter Jangle Balls scuttled across the submerged rocks as if divinely guided on the Sea of Gallilee.

What goes down must come up, in an actress and bishop kind of way, so we scaled the opposite valley wall, which was just as scenic but really friggin' hard, in the same kind of way. We finally broke through the foliage and into dazzling emerald padi territory, through the grounds of an attractively olde worlde foothills resort down to the winding asphalt below, and off road again. All very interesting and well papered. At one point there was the Barnacle Balls signature 1.5 kg drift of paper that Stevie Wonder and Ray Charles could have seen or indeed deposited as hares, but I don't believe they're Irish.

A bit more valley wall scaling, jungle bashing and we were on in. It was a great run, among the best so far this year.

Back at the circle there seemed to be Irishmen everywhere filling beer glasses, and I must confess, proceedings got a wee bit hazy. H.M. Wooden eye was meting out down downs on the flimsiest of grounds and imagined transgressions, creative bunny fugger that he is. A self appointed Irishman with an American accent who looked more like the Emir of Qatar than Seamus O' Flaherty was frantically dishing out the amber holy water and at this point, my back teeth were under it.

A lone dung Beetle reprised "I Wanna Hold your Glands" and "Stuff, stuff Me Dead". Social drinking was called and yours t recalls very little after that. There may have been a severe weather event later featuring much H2O, but who knows? On the way home I could have sworn I saw a unicorn on the side of the road, but it could have been a cow or an elephant.

On on.