

Bali Hash House Harriers 2 Hash Sheet 1049



BALI HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2

Run: # 1049

Date: Feb. 25th 2012

Run Site: Batu Lumbang, Bedulu

Start Time: 4:30pm

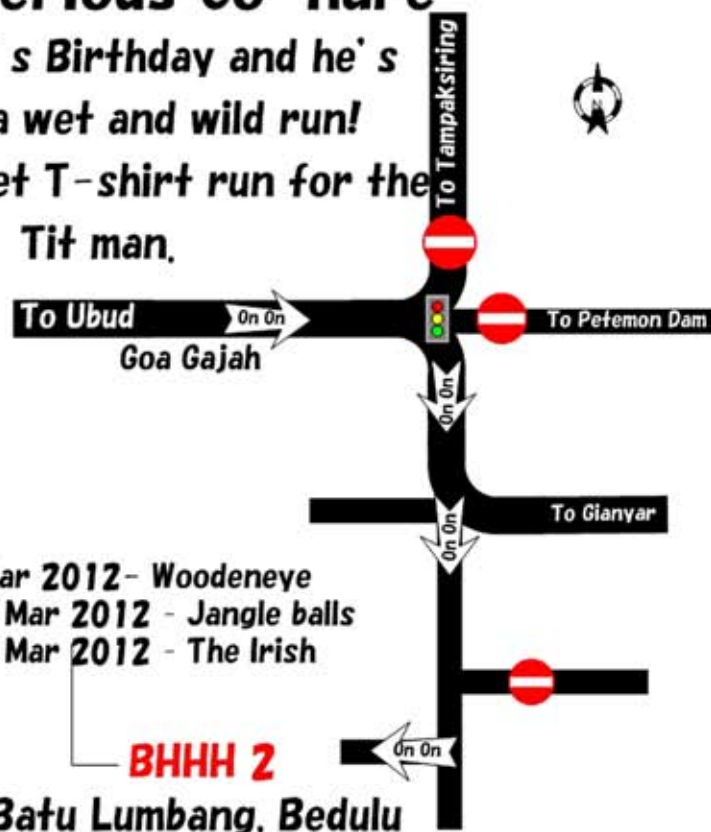
Bali Map P. 101 Sect. K8 Old Map

Bali Map P. 53 Sect. K8 New Map

Hares: St. Tits & a Mysterious co-hare

Its' St. Tit's Birthday and he's
setting a wet and wild run!

Obviously wet T-shirt run for the
Tit man.



Run #1050 3rd Mar 2012 - Woodeneye

Run # 1051 10th Mar 2012 - Jangle balls

Run # 1052 17th Mar 2012 - The Irish

BHHH 2

Batu Lumbang, Bedulu

The Day of The Hairy Legged "Others"

We gathered in comfortably familiar surroundings at Pura Cangaan but there was something in the air, something ... weird. Spooky organ music here would be appropriate. At first it was faintly noticeable but then - the first sighting, eek! (A blood curdling scream followed by breaking glass and insane laughter might do the trick here). An alien presence made itself felt; it was in the air alright, about six feet two in the air, taking the form of a svelte, wig wearing somewhat unshaven French transvestite. Nobody knew who he was or if they did, they didn't want to. Whoever he was, he was unrecognisable in his "state". Still, he lurked through the nervous crowd like a lion at a gazelle cocktail party. This was the first unnerving sign of things to come, or become.

Rather like newspaper headlines the day after a short psychic serial killer escapes from jail ("Small Medium At Large") there were three sizes on Saturday's hash: that's right folks, a short, medium and a long which was one more than usual and extra fun - making.

The hares had the very best of intentions leaving a cardboard sign with directions, but everybody left at different times in different groups in what is becoming a disturbing trend: the non - hash mish - mash. Whatever floats your goat, it's just not as much fun as a real hash where everybody takes off together, the F.R.B.s do the checks allowing the stragglers to catch up and hashers actually answer calls, one reason being is that they are there to do so. Doing every check by yourself is a tad tedious, Gispert would be doing the Lindy Hop in his grave, enough said.

The long was magnificent (apparently) taking in The Temple of Doom, some heart - in - mouth perpendicular valley wall climbs and several river crossings. Dog Alley was endured and the gauntlet was run between two volley ball courts in full volley, the participants of which found the presence of running bulehs (who actually formulated volley ball contrary to popular belief that it was originally played in sarongs and barong masks using coconuts) irresistibly hilarious. The short, I can reliably report, was scenically arresting, pleasantly mildly challenging and not as short as advertised. The medium, I dunno, ask a medium.

Meanwhile back at Pura Pat pong, cross dressers were coming out of the brickwork. It was getting ugly. At this point they were flaunting themselves and their peccadilloes all over the place. There were some uncomfortably convincing ones (we won't mention any specific nationalities), names and underwear have been changed to protect the innocent.

Virtual erection went for the Lola look, Monkey Balls more the Lolita and Wooden Eye affected your basic bearded, hairy chested and tattooed lesbian. Old Goat was... what? Whatever blonde curls, a bared plastic bum moustache and wanton saggy tits add up to, I guess. It was either a smorgasbord of intriguing psychological manifestations or a bunch of semi pissed hashers dressed as gay hookers so out of it they forgot the wax and razors. Speaking of smorgasbords, Dancing Queen stayed firmly in the closet, hmm? Overheard banter between a couple of newly sexually assigned gaily appareled individuals featured one gesticulating to the beauty parade of nostril and ear hair sprouters and remarking "see how much fun we could have if we were heterosexual". It was getting confusing, so we drank up and pissed in an off direction.

No doubt we'll be back for more next week.
On on.

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