

Bali Hash House Harriers 2 Hash Sheet 1050

Run 1049 - The Road to Hash is paved with Good Intentions

Bali Hash House Harriers 2

ST. DAVID'S DAY RUN

HARES: THE BALI TAFFIA
THE THREE TAFFYTEERS
COLONEL BLOODNOK, DICO WANKER, WOODEN EYE

Dragons, comme des grenouilles

Run: # 1050
Date: Mar 3rd 2012
Run Site: Br. SUMBUWUK
Start Time: 4:30pm

HHH2
Br. SUMBUWUK

To Ubud
Goa Gajah

To Tampaksiring

To Petemon Dam

Run # 1051 10th Mar 2012 - Jangle balls
Run # 1052 17th Mar 2012 - The Irish

Get maps sent to your e-mail: hareraiser@balihhh2.com

Wooden Eye called for a minute's silence to observe the passing of Captain Mabuk who had gone to that Great Beer Truck in the Sky earlier on Saturday morning; after which St. Tits announced a live hare start, but also beseeched the throng to give him 10 minutes while he laid the start paper. It must be said that his heart was in the right place, and it was a valiant reversal of this "everybody - leave - whenever - the - whim - takes - you" caper that has been gaining currency with certain, ahem, elements lately. However, these were hashers he was addressing. He might as well have told the Egyptian army to look after the keys to his rifle cabinet, his wife's chastity belt and the country while he went to take a piss.

Of course the hashers, not the Egyptian army, just followed him down the road. By the time I caught up with him he wasn't smiling, but again, like the saint he is he also wasn't addressing hashers in the tones of Yosemite Sam on the subject of rabbits. He just shook his head sadly at the opportunism and disregard of your standard hasher, whom you could tell by the look on his face that you can trust about as far as you could toss Richard Shithouse Nixon (Millhouse, was it?) in his day.

One way or the other we were off to the races - and it was quite the journey. Lush padis and lush river valleys featured along with river crossings and what appeared to be rather large scale excavations to remove stone from the sides of valleys by hand, to the point where some of it resembled the enclosures and remnants of the huge standing Buddhas blown to smithereens in Afghanistan by everybody's favourite heartwarming comedy team, the Taliban. This was an arresting sight standing as it did by the side of a river.

There was more to come - an incredibly steep and narrow stone cliff face stairway where a somewhat gruesome event transpired. Yes, that's right folks, in an attempt to help a little hash doggie up the steps, I actually ended up sticking my thumb up its arse. No accident you might say, to which I would reply: har, har. You didn't see what it had deposited by the riverside not 5 minutes before. Oh dude, as Blow Joe may have put it, what a tard I am.

Back at Circle Central, it was after all St. Tits' 96th birthday or is he a 69er? Who can tell? The crowd elected to give him hell for his birthday. They heckled him, iced him and doused him in a golden shower of Bintang. Wasn't that just so sweet of them? It brought a tear to my eye to see that much heartfelt giving, not to mention such a shocking waste of beer. It was enough to make a grown man cry, and no way to treat a senior citizen.

Another individual, a rather attractive young visiting Harriet, was also singled out for special circular attention and given several down downs and a wet tee shirt on the flimsiest of pretences. You could see she was getting agitated because she performed that international, across borders and ethnicities female gesture of an agitato state i.e. the - fan - the - face - with - the - hand move. What good that does I have never been able to deduce, but it sure is popular as all get out among those of the female persuasion.

So we drank piss, then some more piss and just for sparkling novelty's sake, we drank some piss and went home. Just as well 'cause the piss had run out.

On on, happy next birthday St Tits, it can't get any worse.