

BALI HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2 – Official Hash Trash
Run #1126 – Mambal- Hari Kemerdekaan – 17th August 2013

Merdeka! Victory! Glory! Chicken Sausages!

A cast of thousands appeared at the Mambal swimming pool car park in the certain knowledge that there would be tee shirts (wacky!), tank tops, (dack!), satay (whoopdee!), peanut sauce (doo!), plus yellowish rice concoctions that looked perfectly safe as long as they didn't get anywhere near your intestinal tract. Now these are what I call attractions for the eager masses that wouldn't normally come to the hash if their lives depended on it (there are those of us whose lives do, pathetically enough). Being an upstanding tax paying member of the hash community, I don't begrudge the fact that I usually don't get as much as an xs tee shirt out of the rush, or an xxxl, or an sm (small marquis) which is what is usually left by the time I get back to the car park, OR a stick or two of gristly satay, and I'm not a particularly slow hasher. Really, I don't begrudge this from people you don't see for a decade at a time at all. I'm a much bigger orang than that. As Groucho (or was it me?) said, "I'm thinking of being dead for a year for tax reasons". I may as well be for all the good my honest, steady payments do when it comes to hash freebie time.

But seriously folks, our deep thanks go out to the organizers of the extravaganza that was the Merdeka

Day goodies give - out, including those who took it upon themselves to supply artistically shaped sausages that were far and away the gastronomic smash hit of the day and were consumed in minutes. Where was I, The run, no? It was again very pleasant pleasant and again a fairly short short, but I'm told quite a long long. I must confess to going off paper for a piddling, trivial, miniscule amount of time because some irresponsibly garrulous ne'er - do - well bearing a striking resemblance to Long and Strong just chewed my ear off. I mean really, he just went on and on, I could barely get a word in. Not much of a talker myself, but this fellow would not shut up. It started as we went off paper, caused it in fact, just past the aqua factory and didn't stop for several rice padis... whoops...um, not much time at all really.

There are some really attractively clean and scenic parts of this run, especially along the mighty brown rolling subec ("Ole Man Sungai") that I really love. Then there was the actual river crossing which was somewhat brisk around the old Mambals, if you know what I mean.(I like to refer to ladies' Lycra hash shorts as "Mumbles" because you can see their lips move but you can't hear what they're saying especially when wet.) Also the fact

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that we took off in a novel, different direction than we usually do was just as fun as all get out, yes? This was not a massively challenging run by any stretch of the Lycra gusset but it was good, clean fun.

We didn't have to wait very long for the dirty parts, which came in the ridiculously bawdy forms of Night Jar and Jangle Balls' respective vocal outings during the circle. It must be the late spring air when dirty old men's fancies turn to thoughts of (a word from the censor: this section "R" rated). As if the Dung Beatles "I Saw Her Standing Bare" and "Can Buy Me Lust" ("Say I can cum in your face for a signed post dated cheque. Tell you what I think is really ace, a pearl necklace 'round your neck") weren't bad enough, Night Jar out did himself with one of the lewdest performances since Debbie Did Dallas or Linda did Lovelace featuring an actual ejaculating Bintang bottle. You had to be there.

Yes, N.J. really did pull out a big one last week as did Australia's Prime Minister in waiting Tony Abbott when he declared that nobody can be "the suppository of all knowledge". I swear I'm not making this up. How bizarro, sometimes I think there is no reality, as Nietzsche so helpfully pointed out, it's all an illusion, in which case I definitely overpaid for my Persian carpet.

Highlights of the evening as it wore on were Disco Wanker with his celebrity look alikes: Yul Brynner (tall bald guy), Gollum (Spook), Vin Diesel (you got it), Meryl Streep (herself) and Sean Connery/Salman Rushdie (a bit too fatwah). I am still not making it up when I say that the Indonesian contingent failed miserably the Merdeka exam that Labia conducted after he had been "boning up" on line, or that somehow Wooden Eye ended up on ice (the R.A.! Is nothing sacred?) Tsk tsk, there's only one thing left to do at this point which is proclaim complete ignorance and yell "on on".

Are you?

Me neither.