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BALI HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2

Run: # 862

Date: July 26th 2008

Run Site: Penginyahan, Payangan

Start Time: 4:30pm

Bali Map P. 41 Sect. H6

BHHH 2
Penginyahan



Pasar
Ponggang

Pasar
Payangan

To Kerta



On On

2 Km



10 Km

To Denpasar / Sayan

Hare : Closet Queen
Co Hare: Little Fart

**Closet Queen's
Birthday Run !**

To Ubud

Fly
Cafe

Nuri's

Wr. Sanje

Receding Hare Line:

#863 Aug 02 Mud Flaps (Gispert's B-Day Run)

#864 Aug 09 Uncle Leong (Uncle's 88th B-Day 08-08-08)

#865 Aug 16 Tatar (Indonesian Independence Day Run)

Special Upcoming Event

Inul's Jungle Run in Bedugul on Aug 30th. More details to come.

Bali Hash House Harriers 2
Run 861 July 19, 2008 - Bastille Day Run - Semana
Hare: FFD assisted by Socrate, Regis and Anika.

Semana to the north of Mambal is a very nice running area with a number of interesting trails in beautiful countryside. We have not visited the northern part of this area for quite a while. The site itself was a new site but parking was a bit awkward. It is very difficult to find sites that can accommodate the number of cars we have on a Saturday hash. By tolerating a little bit of inconvenience perhaps we may be able to use new sites in new locations.

The hares lead by FFD (all froggy bastards of course) had obviously taken the time to properly recce the run and while the area has been well used over the years they found a new run with a very interesting "complication".

The hounds gathered, there were a million grockles this week, where the hell do they all come from? Many of them ambled off before the start time. At 4:30 the real hashers were off down the path and heading north with paper everywhere. The French always like to get their paperwork done properly and today was no exception, in places it was difficult to find the way because there was so much paper. For some the paper was so confused they ended up back at the barrel very quickly and very pissed off.

A few good check-backs then we headed west, down into the valley to the edge of the Ayung River. We waded in, it was not deep, you know that particular depth where you just can't quite keep your nuts dry. A few bloody pussies lifted the legs of their shorts so they wouldn't get wet. Across the river and up the other side towards Bongkasa.

Then came the test that separated the real hashers from the lazy bastards who let everyone else find the paper for them. It is not easy to miss ten tons of shredded French government confidential memos but it was rather confusing to say the least, perhaps the hares had had a senile moment. On open paddies the paper ran out. Most of the confused hounds headed south cutting off the best part of the run. Many hardy souls stayed on paper heading west baying in delight across the paddies. We dropped into a small valley and turned south along an irrigation canal.

Suddenly we came across a froggy bastard (you could tell he was a frog – he had a snail up his nostril) with a big silly grin on his face. He was sitting like a cheshire cat above a dark tunnel. He pointed into the tunnel "eet ees zat vay" he said in his best European Union accent.

We obeyed with reluctance. We stepped into the stream and headed up the tunnel. It was half a metre wide and two metres high with a stream flowing through it. After a few bends we were in complete darkness, a line of 9 hashers clinging on to each other's shirts (thank goodness there weren't any of those poofier bastards around.) It was a long tunnel probably 300 metres. We stumbled out into the sunlight and then we were heading south. Down into the village, back across the Ayung river and up to the site with lots of fine quality susu along the way.

The froggies finished off with very comfortable 100% cotton tee shirts (with a frog on the front) and a sandwich each. Thank you sponsors.

Back to the circle and the hounds milled around like a load of lost sheep waiting for the long runners to get back.

There were a lot of returners today, it is good to see our hard core hashers coming back to the kennel. There were also many visitors and virgins but most had pissed off early so didn't emerge when called. Blow Joe lead into a compulsory rendition of "Ou et le papier?" followed by Woodeneye with "Alouette" and Hot Lips as usual providing the sensual inspiration. Uncle gave us a scare falling down a hole in the darkness but luckily was alright and so was his new trumpet! Many of the grockles pissed off leaving the hashers to party on into the night. They didn't want to go home.

So thanks to the hares for taking the time and trouble to find us a good run in good territory and for giving us a novelty that will be remembered for a long time to come.

For those who found the paper it was a very good day. Well done you froggy bastards..

On on