

Bali Hash House Harriers 2 Hash Sheet 1056

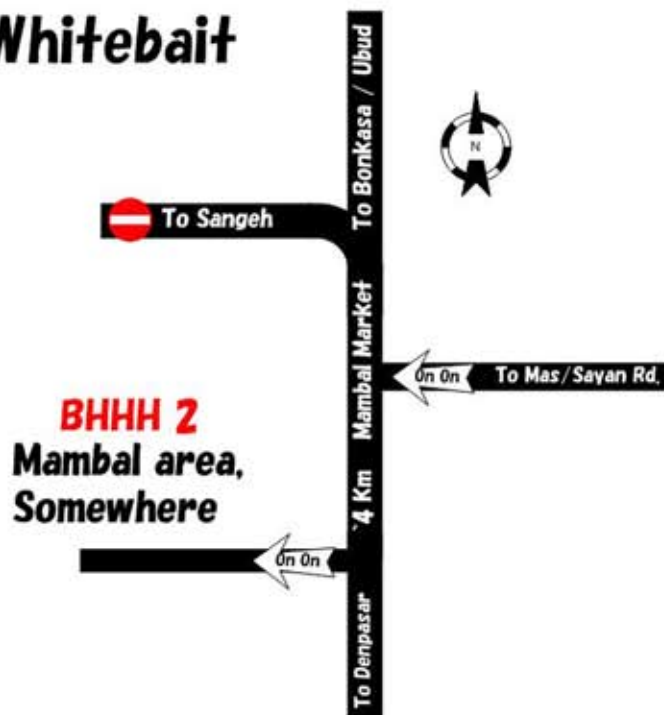


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BALI HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 2

Run: # 1056
Date: April 14th, 2012
Run Site: Mambal somewhere,
Start Time: 4:30pm
Bali Atlas P. 18 Sect. D4 (Old Map)
P. 68 Sect D4 (New Map)

Hare: Whitebait



Run #1057 21 Apr 2012 - Monty and crew

Run #1058 28 April 2012 - Agent orange and the southern jessys
This is ANZAC and also the AGM run

Run #1059 5th May 2012 - Lost and Found

Run #1060 12th May 2012 - Chicken Shift

Monsieur Le Inspector, Here Are Your Winnings

What a colourful experience the run at Bongkasa was on Saturday, from the lime green high vis polisi flat out busy turning a blind eye to a totally illegal cock fight next door to the pura, to the luridly blue circle jokes and songs performed by Taffyteers, Dung Beatles and a Concorde. What a lengthy arsed sentence that was and what a corker of a run.

This is one of the best on the Hash map and took us through some of the most remarkable territory on the island: the mini banyan forest which I'm told is actually one tree (huh?). Then down a 3,000,000 - odd cement step descent into the valley of the shadow of death, no hang on that's the Bible. Across an Indiana Jones suspension bridge with some pretty dubious looking slats (yes, I said slats) and onto some of the best river panoramas anywhere in the galaxy including the one near Alpha Centauri, which Crazy Dave had recently returned from.

What can one say? It was just beautiful except for the brilliant white house on the Sayan Ridge allegedly owned by a Swiss banker which featured all the aesthetic subtlety of, say, a Swiss banker. Or was that a pissed wanker? It stood out like a shithouse in the desert and gave me a headache just looking at it. I can hear all you Swiss saying "You don't have to look at it you know" to which I reply "Thank Christ for that".

Anyway down, down the dreaded stairs of the jelly legged ones, along the bonny, bonny banks of the Ayung and into that quite sprightly body of water, this time up to the back wheels for those of us who may be, ah, vertically challenged shortarses to put it delicately. It was none too warm either; I can reliably attest (icle). I forgot to mention the padi sections of the run (no I didn't) which at this time almost ready to harvest, have a hue of intense green flecked with gold that's only to be found elsewhere in dreamscapes featuring unicorns (ha!) or interludes of a pharmaceutical nature, not mind you that yours truly has any experience in that area, at all, really, I insist.

Meanwhile back at the circle / cockfight / gamelan orchestra recital, the polisi had collected their winnings and become much less vis, vis a vis the high vis. Achievers achieved all over the place: a sesquadillion runs for Spook, Mount 'n groan and Long and strong, a paltry 150 for Jangle Balls who nevertheless was treated with the same awed respect by the Hashmaster and crowd, nooooooooooooooot! None of them were, their baju was abused terribly as were they, and as befitted their exalted status.

It all descended into pissy silliness, as it does, with jokes on subjects ranging from fair haired females to psychiatrists to persons originating from the Irish nation - very impolitic, very incorrect and very friggin' funny. Concorde was the last one standing who could string a sentence together, and he kept right on stringing until the piss ran out and we urinated in an elsewhere direction (pissed off home).

On on