



HASH TRASH AND NATURE NOTES

Run #1474

FROM BALI – SEPTEMBER 13TH 2020

By: Nightjar

The run was yesterday in the hills north of Gianyar, a virgin site discovered by BOUNCING CZECH, HANDJOB & MRS PALMER. Breathtakingly brilliant, and it was BOUNCING CZECH's birthday. How lucky we are.

Excellent turnout circa 80 hounds of which half beer drinkers with three kegs drained plus bottles: getting better all the time.

And WOODEN EYE performed wonders in the circle to the extent of naming some Taffy's missus - HOW DEEP IS YOUR VALLEY - very tasty I thought like BOUNCING CZECH's cake. May he live 100 years, drink 1,000,000 beers etc.

Beer Master AMAZON (to give him his proper name) further explained how King Hayam Wuruk of Majapahit fame (see last week's A/C) sent Kublai Khan's Mongols packing: the maja fruit did not agree.

Whether YWGMH was misinformed or merely inattentive, instead of proceeding at a leisurely pace, pot in hand, to the lip of the Pakrisan Valley to welcome home both short and long distance runners, our errant miscreant proceeded to amble the length of the village, enquiring of all and sundry the way down to the Pakrisan River.

Very friendly the natives in these parts, probably because they are quite unaccustomed to marauding bulais - just 100 metres more sir for the first mile or so, would you like a banana, please have a sip of this (from some young layabouts swigging arak) and so on.

Finally found a track heading west past the village school and magnificent lychee tree into the fields and to the very edge of the river valley. So spectacular the views south to the sea, and of the gorge itself, here at its deepest and thickly forested.



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Chaps clambering down the 300 foot slope for evening ablution, but I did not join them. Indolent prat, but the hernia is playing up and my pot is empty.

Yet how many times have I descended and traversed this valley. The river is entirely spring fed from the Tirta empul at Tampaksiring. You can drink it, and the walk downstream to Goa Garba Pejeng and beyond is the most rewarding I know - everywhere ancient coves and rock-carved candi, remnants of the Gelgel Dynasty - read all about it in BALI BIRDWALKS (APA Publications) and examine the portrait of Bali Hashers at p 88.

What beauty - the scenery I mean. Anew butterfly. My attention drawn yesterday and today (18th) to the fantastically swift and nervous flight of a Jay (*Graphium* spp) buzzing round the curry Leaf and manifestly laying.

The Pale Green Triangle, I said in my Butterfly book that I had never seen it here before, blimey.