



BALI HHH II RUN #1477 - 3/10/2020

I DO LIKE TO PEE BESIDE THE SEASIDE

Scribed by: Nightjar

I do like to pee beside the sea, and when the tide is in I'll be in up to my chin, and pee and sea will be on me. Cor blimey ...

But first bird observations.

At 16.45 on Tuesday 29 September in garden two flights of pigeon (circa 100) hurtled over the trees heading north in the space of a few seconds - Grey-cheeked Green Ps they were, returning from frugiferous bonanza to forest roost. Not one next day, but small flock of Glossy Starlings (also green) at same time heading in the opposite direction.

Bloody marvellous.

At the run site in Tangtun, just east of Ayung disembogement and remains of Taman Festival, between beach and beer truck, a reed bed bristling with crakes and night jars.

Everyone must have heard them. Noisy buggers. What kind of bird is that?

It's me - NIGHTJAR - doncha know? Hares - HARELIP, THRICE WEEKLY and MOOSE (GIVES) HEAD laid a corker, all flat for a change - with raft kindly provided on the river.

Nice touch.

Hares performed admirably in the circle, ensuring empty glasses instantly replenished. DEAD CRUISE joined our exclusive confederacy - something to do with plague infested cruise-ships. No relation to Ted.

More than 80 punters - My God How the Money Rolls in, Rolls in Finally some of us adjourned to newly opened Shot Gun (not Top Gun) where Borneo Bob's used to be. Nothing will ever replace Borneo Bob's of course, but this place is in a class by itself, land the long teak bar is a miracle of carpentry. And the magnificent Saman Rain-trees planted by Bob 40 years ago are still there.

On the way home, popped into the Bird Park to say Hello to Harry the Hornbill, but he, sensible fellow, was asleep. Lively reception from Willow the Dane and parting shot of Bekerovka. Now how did that get there.

No sign of the buaya-buaya though; apparently they'd all been eaten (by each other). So what became of the last one? Transformed into handsome handbags I shouldn't wonder.

On On ...



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Extraordinary waste of time, space, energy and money, this white elephant: another grim remnant the skeletal roof of former micro-brewery, Shame. 1st and last verses Rolls in - get it right: Me father makes book on the corner - Me mother makes illicit gin - Me sister seels kisses to sailors - My God how the money rolls in. I've lost all me dosh on the horses - I'm sick of that illicit gin - I'm falling in love with me sister - Oh God what a mess I am in

DOWN DOWN - Glory glory Hallelujah.