



Bali Hash House Harriers 2
Hash Trash During the Time of COVID
Trash Scribe: Nightjar
PENISTANDING KELOD UBUD BALI
SATURDAY 24TH JULY 2021

Special day today albeit still in lock-down, in, out or up - even may be away - and no HASH run. Word is they'll let us out tomorrow. Then what? On verra. Dunno about you lot, but I now have a plastic Sertifikat Vaksinasi COVID-19 which I must carry with me at all times, and which presumably pronounces me clean as a whistle.

Okay, so what's special about today? Well first of all it's my mother's birthday: were she still alive, she would be one hundred and seventeen today. It's also the birthday of a celebrated Frog - Alexandre (pere) Dumas - author of the greatest novel ever written - The Count of Monte-Cristo. He would be two hundred and nineteen years old today. Voila!

I see also from my special Bali Kalender that today is full moon, to wit Hari Purnama Sasih Karo. I feel quite light-headed, and shall proceed to the pub for a recuperative pils: must remember to remove my mask before taking the first sip. Easy to forget.

Already afternoon and strangely silent, excepting the occasional chatter of bulbul and tekukur of dove. Tekukur, I must explain, is the onomatopoeic name given by the locals to the widespread and very common Spotted Dove *Streptopelia chinensis*. But, hold on, what was that frightful racket emanating from the undergrowth at the back of the house just then? Sounded like scummy bathwater draining down the plughole - pretty clogged up one too I should say - or sucking up the dregs of an organic chunky fruit-juice through a narrow plastic straw. Yes, what else could it be but the ubiquitous White-breasted Waterhen that invades every paddy and kitchen, given half a chance?

Such an elegant bird.