



Bali Hash House Harriers 2
Hash Trash During the Time of COVID
Trash Scribe: Nightjar
STILL IN LOCKDOWN BUT COULD BE WORSE
SATURDAY JULY 10 21

Ah mes grenouilles, point de gourmandiser ni de guillotiner, hélas. Who now recalls that pheelthiest of phrogges - marvellous chap - M.

Christian Laroque of Jakarta HASH? I attended at least two two two of his Bastille Day extravaganzas when he wheeled out his guillotine and proceeded to chop off innumerable heads. You put your head in the thing and then watch it tumble into the sack provided - highly realistic. Gave you quite a thirst. Anyway, VIVE LA NATION.

Another shitty day in Paradise - no sound of air movements or motor bikes - just birds and kite-bows and Komang cutting the grass - just like Nyepi in fact. My correspondent in Singapore says it's dire over there - can't move. We're so bloody lucky really. And the birds:- daily dawn chorus now enhanced by Magpie Robin, though quite possibly this is an escaped bird which its owner can no longer afford to feed. Bulbuls always predominating, and I've discovered another nesting pair in the quickse by Reception. Not so many customers to disturb them these days. Always the Iora's dog-whistle first thing, and the Crow Pheasants really sounding off - not to mention the cock Jungle Fowl, Java Kingfisher and Spiderhunter. But now half two two two two and, barring the kites, practically no sound at all. Just my infernal clacking - oh, and the Spotted Doves: they never let up. The durian is flowering profusely, but will it bear fruit? Laziest durian tree I know, no matter how many nails you bang into it. Loads of Jeruk Bali like a sort of pomelo - some really big'uns, and good for making rujak. Yesterday, you'll be pleased to know, I visited the beauty salon, LUH DE in Sayan. Happy endings notwithstanding, what an excellent establishment, and bizness thriving thank you. Then to Pepito's supermarket which well attended, deservedly so. Could be a lot worse.