



Bali Hash House Harriers 2
Hash Trash During the Time of COVID
Trash Scribe: Nightjar
THE EDGE OF A BLACKBIRD'S WING
BHHH II Saturday 17/7

Glorious picture of a blackbird received yesterday from a Frog correspondent with superimposed arrow and caption reading thus:

bord-d'aile de merle

Be it known that YWGMH is known throughout the Land of the Frog Eaters as Monsieur Bordel de Merde. And, as everyone knows, merle is Frog for blackbird. But, if unfamiliar with the Frog phraseology, ask a goddamned gendarme. Suffice to say that our rosbif puns or homonyms and spoonerisms cannot begin to compare with Frog jeux de mots or contrepeteries: not in the same league.

The night jar is a ridiculous bird
he night Crepuscular queer and quaintly absurd
Why you hear it admit It's a shambles of shit
Not merely a tit or a solitary turd
Far rather a whatever the word

Yeah I know, neither one thing nor the other, however spontaneous. And there are other birds I could have mentioned in the absence of anything better to do last week. Like the night-herons that fly over regular as clockwork in the gloaming to forage afield - a few but on a broad front - croaking like (would-you-believe) bullfrogs on heat; not to mention the scops-owl in the orchard sporadically hiccuping to a rival in the graveyard. Both Drongo and Plaintive Cuckoos chiming in irregularly, their utterances rather imperfect. Young'uns perfecting their scales perchance. Then the flocks of munias (Javan ones) - 29 in the temple yesterday, including many immature, all chittering away. Noisy little buggers. Lovely.

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