



## Bali Hash House Harriers 2

### Hash Trash During the Time of COVID

Trash Scribe: Nightjar

ST ANDREW'S DAY RUN at JUNGJUNGAN  
SATURDAY 27 NOV

One wondered why MOUNT N' GROAN and COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN were not sopping. It had been pissing down from lunchtime to our arrival at the run site at four about - (thank you AMAZON ARSE & HARELIP for getting me there) - but the clever devils had finished laying by midday and spent the interval preparing the pipes and haggis and single malt. Amazingly, despite WOODEN EYE's absence (again), it had ceased even to mizzle by 16.30. The omniscience and omnipresence of our RA passeth understanding. Two two two sensible sorties mostly level pegging with several check-backs and one look-around saw everyone back by six, but it was slithery - of course it bleedin' well was - especially that early descent to Buffalo Creek. Mud mud glorious mud.

What with the Blue Tooth Bagpipers, Scotch Broth and incomparable selection of single malts, including privileged sips from the flask of phenol with hints of dead fish, tarpaulins and puffin shit, you'd think we'd be awash with Highlanders - wasn't THE PENGUIN slated to appear? - but 'twere all bloody Sassenachs and Foreigners. Yet Scots and Scotch Eggs notwithstanding omni vivum ex ovo. And we all are aware that St Andrew's Day is actually on Nov 30 aren't we? This was as near as we could get. All HASH hagiographers kindly note once and for all- Taffy Mar 1, Paddy Mar 17, George Apr 23, Andrew you know already. Cor blimey.

In the absence of so many HASH dignitaries, DISCOWANKER and LABIA did the honours including defloration of virgins most assuredly. YWGMH was called upon to do some shriving and even recite all 37 verses of the Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens and some FROG Joke in which the principal ingredients were a peasant, a widow, a goose, two chickens, a bucket and a tine of paint. Merci beaucoup. Welcome WANKING TEACHER ex Macassar HHH and farewell to CHLAMYDIA. Whose

