



Bali Hash House Harriers 2

Hash Trash During the Time of COVID

Trash Scribe: Nightjar

BALI HHHII HASH TRASH
A HISTORY LESSON AT DARMASARBA
SATURDAY 4TH DEC 2021

It was pissing down at Krobokan on the coast and up in the hills, but WOODEN EYE's elemental mastery ensured a dry spell hereabouts. And there was the entire population clad in white and parading the barong and song and heading to the same destination. So it wasn't before the village elders were knocking it back with the rest of us. The Brahman headman, whose father was a pedanda, entertained us with an account of the temple's 1,200 years old history - most illuminant - then downed a draught like a drayman. Most cordial and splendid show. He had been well briefed by our principal hare, none other than TOILET TRASHER whose debut lay it was, ably assisted by HARELIP and AMAZON ARSE, the latter first back on his tod, tothers allegedly being resuscitated in the local massage parlour. Bully for them.

As to the conduct of the trail, nothing epochal, but one methodical front runner counted over 100 paces between paper positings that may or may not have been intended as a forward check according to Jungle Rules. A useful exercise anyway for aspiring native arithmeticians. No serious complaints, though a little extra paper would not come amiss, no matter what BLOW JOE might say. Where he by the way?

Usual blethering mob in the wantilan did not improve the acoustical quality of the occasion and SERIAL OFFENDER (in lieu of WORM still swanning about in Sumba) was obliged to bellow, as was WOODEN EYE when deflourating virgins, nubile and blinking. Naughty EAT HER, disrespectful as ever, iced and shriven by YWGMH and Mr Bengelstein comprehensively. I believe she actually enjoys it. And following the request of that tall foreign fellow with the smelly motor-car who forces us to drink more PROST than is probably good for us - YWGMH delivered No Balls At All with rousing choral



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accompaniment. It was of course Tilem Kenam Night of the Black Moon, exceedingly auspicious and cause for enhanced celebration with four kegs and circa 100 in attendance. But I never did get as far as any massage parlour. How was it?
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