



Bali Hash House Harriers II

Hash Trash During the Time of COVID

Trash Scribe: Nightjar

SED FUGIT INTERES, FUGIT INREPARABILE TEMPUS - KEEP ON TRUCKING

Virgil got it right, tempus fug it. What day is it today pray tell? Doctor Suntri assures me that it is Sunday 9 January 2022 and I have no reason to disbelieve her. I seem to have missed a day or two somewhere along the line. On Thursday I thought it was Wednesday. On Friday Thursday. And it wasn't till lunchtime yesterday that I realized it was Saturday - HASH DAY. Lord where is it? Doctor Suntri said she thought it was in Bangli: I seemed to recall otherwise. Lovely ladies in Reception couldn't find map. No wheels handy. Like Virgil, I said fug it.

Poor show. They should put me on ice. I'll show them how to do it. With pleasure. Meanwhile what else is there to report? I had a huge tailless pale pink female form of memnon - like Chinese agenor - and it seems that the Great Mormon may have as many as 5 wives here - laying willy-nally not only on citrus, but on ficus, anone and pineapple, and even on dead Thunbergis vine and concrete - really desperate. What will be the result. Problem is that all larvae and pupae in the garden are so heavily parasitized by ants and wasps, not to say scoffed by Bulbuls in all stages, that we may never know the outcome. But there may be more surprises in store: memnon has 7 or 8 wives scattered throughout SE Asia - even had Sumatran anceus here tother day (or I thought I had) - so keep your eyes open chaps. Anything is possible on this fabled island we inhabit.

A band of macaques terrorized everyone in kitchen and office last Tuesday. There were a dozen at least including infants in arms. They polished off a bunch of bananas and stripped a papaya quite bare - leaves, not fruit - then finding no eggs in the temple or other sustenance, simply disappeared. Poor buggers - no more tourists to depend on for hand-outs - which may be as well.

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