

A Hole in One

Last Saturday we gathered to give the Last Rites to a venerable old Sanur institution, The Bali Beach golf course. Yes folks, it's true, to those who did not attend this sad and funereal event, I'm horrified to report that its long slow burial has already begun after the poor bloody thing was sentenced to death at the stroke of a pen by gigantic multinational corporations and with the blessing of government members on extreme high.

On the other hand we had a great run, a huge piss up and basically a party with a picnic atmosphere on green and pleasant grounds surrounded by beautiful and no doubt respectably elderly trees. I dearly hope that at least some of them survive the onslaught of progress. There's few enough left in Sanur these days as it is.

We owe the run and day to the ingenuity and thoughtfulness of Disco Wanker who conceived the whole shebang and worked like a Trojan to see it through – bloody good idea! Here's to him and his fellow Hares, at least one of whom was Hair Lip. It had to have been the most shortcutted run in the history of HHH2. After all we were on a golf course and if you couldn't see the pack on the other side of the fairway or green, Blind Freddy, Stevie Wonder and Ray

Charles would be merely myopic compared to you, and the Three Stooges merely dimwitted.

Things were more than slightly overgrown at this point but the care and nurture it takes to keep a course in good nick still lingered in things like the really cool wooden bridge that spanned a pond in the middle of one fairway, and some of the still untouched greens made one shake ones head at the sheer tragedy of what is about to engulf them. While admiring all this, you had to be on your toes to avoid earthmoving vehicles with swinging scoops. This was just the short, the long extended all the way to the old Taman Festival where some hardy souls did brave the putative crocodiles, wild boars, monitor lizards, velociraptors, pterodactyls etc.

The circle was an hilarious affair by the time the barrel of Prost Red was eagerly sampled and the regular Blue was generously wrapped around more-than-willing tonsils. All stripe of individuals were enlisted to conduct the merriment. Ex Hash Master Labia Majora (More tea vicar? More labia Major?) took the reins to introduce singers Spook and Organ Grinder). Disco Wanker had his way with virgins, returners and a poor little German fella who had about as much idea of what was going on around him as Dory the fish in "Finding Nemo". Jangle Balls gave us a deadly medley of Dung Beatles songs ("I Saw Her Standing Bare", "Get Pissed and Shout" etc.)

The unchallenged star of the day though had to be Wooden Eye's breathtakingly unique head gear. I cannot remember for the life of me what was written on it, but I do recall it was glaringly crimson in colour and about the size of a hub cap for a 1960 Buick Electra including sidewalls. It spread joy wherever it went. Well, that's all folks, at least some of you obeyed my "Bring a nine iron" edict even if they were seven irons, putters and chippers.

See you Saturday!

Guest ghost J.B.