

**BHHH2 Hash Trash Run #1636 13 April 2024**

**The French Connection - Vive la République!**

**Pura Prajapati Apit Toya, Batanyuh, Belayu**

**69er's preamble:**

"Où est le papier?" said no one there for the beautiful and perfectly marked trails set by **The French Mafia: Allez Allez, Water Rat** and, at least in the initial promo material for this run, **OnOni** . . . !!

This should have been **Onani** ("The Wanker"! ) of course but upon reflection it's a pretty appropriate Hash Handle nonetheless, right? Amendments were made, apologies extended and "The Three Amigos" did a remarkable job of setting 2 . . . 2 . . . 2 trails in spite of three, yes 3!, bridges having been washed away in recent deluges.

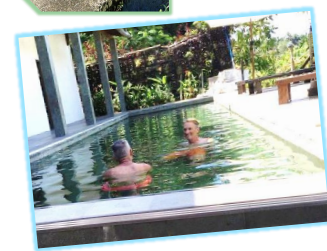


This run site boasts enough parking space to solve Ubud's traffic congestion problems, and not just one brand new *wantilan* but 2 of them. Had it rained, and there was no threat of this at all, it would have been easy to accommodate the 145 or so hashers who managed to locate the unsigned run site. Three cheers for Google Maps!

*Les lièvres* (the French Hares) had reconnoitered gorgeous trails in spite of the missing bridges, taking us over the river on this new structure. Not even **Horny Herring** would hesitate here!



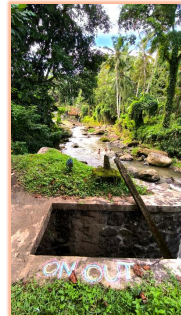
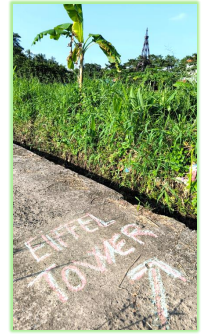
The Hares even managed a cool down swim after doing their duty on a hot and sunny day.



**Steptoe takes up the commentary:**

It was always going to be good. The combined vintages of classic *lièvres Français Allez Allez* and **Water Rat** combined with the *pétillant* fizz of relative *leveret Onani*. [Ed. Is a glossary required? A *leveret* is a young hare of course . . . ]

I didn't think for a moment though that *les beaux voyous* [the handsome hoons] of the French Mafia would go to the trouble of building a scale model of the Eiffel Tower for the fleeting delectation of the hashers passing by. Berets off to this remarkable level of commitment. *Bien joué mes braves!*



The run started most entertainingly with a couple of FRB's – **Squeak** and the only just named **Sour Grapes\*** [see the comments below regarding this possible misnomer] – hurtling off confidently in completely the wrong direction and taking a posse of the excessively exuberant with them. Meanwhile **Water Rat**, as promised to those who were listening, trotted up to show the rest of us the actual **On Out**.

This did mean that there was a period where frustrated FRB's had to weave their way past the less hasty in order to reassert their pole positions.

There was noted a lack of "passing" called in this process, for which **Sour Grapes\*** later spent some time on ice, as he was ill-informed enough not only to have rapidly blundered past the folks in front without deploying the accepted verbal etiquette of a jovial cry, but worse still, one of the folks he blundered past was the **Hash Master** himself! Now that's just asking for trouble.



The trail was beautifully marked with paper laid perfectly at every junction (nudge, reassure, confirm) and frequent colourful chalking conveying not only clear direction but also an uplifting *joie de vivre*.



It was a great trail for the runners – lots of flat and fast stretches and a fair bit of twisty but runnable downhill through shady glades; hashing heaven for me. Great scenery and gorgeous blue skies delivering a run on the bearable side of scorching.



Certainly one hell of a pace was set and maintained by the FRB's who I believe completed the 9.5km in 63 minutes; even young **Used Snowball** was travelling at such a clip that he was moving too fast to be caught on camera.



A joyous circle followed although somewhat marred by the background hub bub of the chatters and barkers occasionally making it difficult to hear the goings on. The lack of our usual **Religious Advisor** also curtailed the shenanigans and lessened the mirth level, but a posse of virgins were de-flowered and sung aboard, a sinner was iced and then named, perhaps somewhat prematurely, by **Steptoe** wielding the *Bog Brush of Religious Office* for the first time.

\* Seconds after he was christened somewhat lamely as **Sour Grapes**, the far more hashy moniker of **Serial Grapeist** floated up from the midst of the mob. What to do? I feel sure that if **Wooden Eye** had been presiding, his patience would have caught that opportunity - perhaps some re-writing of history should take place? I know not.

**ON ON! Steptoe**

**69er's epilogue**

"*Allons enfants de la Patrie – marchons, marchons!*" is the clarion call of *La Marseillaise*, the French National Anthem. The best translation to my mind would be . . . "On On!"

As mentioned already, the trail markings were exemplary but this scribe was bemused by the choice of chalk colours made by these "children of the homeland". The French national flag, *le drapeau tricolore*, is famously red, white and blue, laden with symbolism. And the many beautifully artistic chalk marks on the trail were . . . red, white and . . . yellow! Does this imply a dilution of the patriotic fervour of our expatriate French comrades? One wonders – white chalk is almost ubiquitous!



Initially it seemed that the hash hounds, those of the canine variety, were conducting the Circle. That was until **Mount'n Groan**, our Hash Master, threatened to hire a dog kicker. Kudos to the **Hash Master** and stand-in Religious Adviser **Steptoe** for regaining control of the rabble and ensuring convivial circular activities.

Next week it's all about the Brits. It's the St George's Day run. See you all there. **ON ON!**