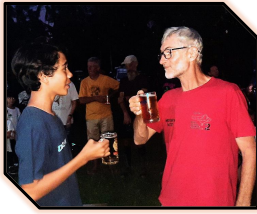


Pejeng Kawan
A Bridge Too Far?

Splendid job, chaps!
Rain, rain, rain – for days prior to the run – yet our intrepid hares **Mustapha Shite & Mustapha Pint** still managed to set a couple of decent trails in pretty spectacular terrain.



The original plan was for 3 trails until a Friday night deluge took out a bamboo bridge and necessitated a revamp of that idea. And, at last, the weather took a turn for the better giving the substantial pack of hash hounds (both kinds) a reasonably dry run underfoot.



Father and son were acknowledged for their efforts in the Circle. Despite his "manly" effort as a hare, a somewhat alcoholic Down Down by **Mustapha The Younger** saw one of our number exclaiming "Is that a beer??"

COYB was assured it was a "shandy" and was then charged for assuming an uninvited *in loco parentis* role. A Down Down for a sanctimonious wanker!

All credit for the dry conditions must be attributed to **RA Wooden Eye** who clearly intervened successfully with Bal's weather gods. On Sunday morning, even as your scribe taps out these words, it's raining yet again. But even he could do nothing to sort out the woeful traffic chaos. Three hours it took for the **PROST** truck to get to the site from Ubung in DPS!



Put off neither by the threatening rain clouds nor the jam packed roads, hashers aplenty arrived at the site for an afternoon of fun and games. What a relief it was to see the beer truck arrive as well!

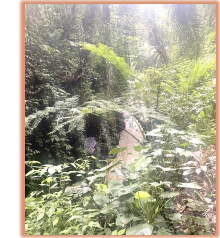


Several of the usual Hash Cash team are currently off gallivanting around the Globe. Thanks to stand in Hash Cash **CRTM** who joined **Toilet Trasher** at the registration table, ready to relieve the hashers of their rupiah! These guys didn't seem unhappy about that though . . .



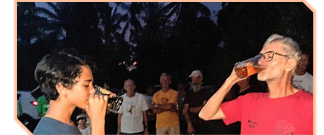
At 4pm **HM Mount'n Groan** got the show on the road, calling everyone to "Circle Up!" for the pre-run briefing by the hare. Mention of washed away bridges, muddy trails and slippery surfaces created some apprehension but the FRBs [Front Running B*stards] set off like startled gazelles along the tarmac, missed the turn-off into the ricefields to the north and didn't realise their mistake until they almost got to the **Tampak Siring Road**. *On back!*

The hares had had to contend with last minute changes to their plans but did a great job with alternative Route B, taking us through ricefields, jungle paths and scenic tracks. Hash Flash **Multigrip** didn't make it to this run so there's no collection of superb photos from him this week. To remind us of Saturday afternoon's adventure, here are a few shots courtesy of **Horny Herring** who was no doubt relieved to hear the bamboo bridge had been washed away.



Is there anywhere you'd rather be?
In the humid but thankfully overcast conditions there were cold beverages and food choices ready for the hounds as they straggled in.

Once again the **Hash Master** called "Circle Up!" The Hares were ritually acknowledged with a Down Down, then took on their traditional role as "piss pourers" to keep our drinking vessels topped up. Great job in trying circumstances, **Mustapha S & P**



The Circle welcomed back the **Returners** – **Step toe, Skywalker, Mr Bean** and his bro, **Has Bean**.



Also back in the fold is **Filthy Slut** and the diminutive **Long Schleng Gede** after a long time away.

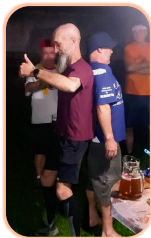


How good was it to have the **Hash Master's** far-flung family all in one place for once. **Blow Joe** took off on a flight of fancy, recollecting times when "the kids" were little striplings.



In a couple more weeks "Mum & Dad" will be taking off for an extended bike tour all the way to North Sumatra. Deputising as Hash Master will be **Step toe** who was handed his Deputy's badge before a re-enactment of the shootout at the OK Corral – no ammo at HHH, but 3 paces then a quick draw Down Down instead. Who won??

Wooden Eye did his thing with the **Bog Brush of Office** and baptised a couple of **Virgins**. **Step toe** told some jokes (4 actually) and **FA** followed up with a good one of her own.



Skanky Toe & Camel Toe didn't make it to the **Victor Awards** last year although they were nominated for an award.



Better late than never, thought the **RA**, so the 'not-so-newcomers' were called into the Circle where they were finally recognised by their peers. Well done, and see you at the **VA** next November, right?

Once again **Gritty Balls** led those that were still there and upright in a rendition of the traditional closing spiritual, and ordered "pots on the floor" while we sang *Swing low, sweet chariot* . . .

Social drinking resumed and some carried *On On* in another place



Let's do it all again next Saturday

