

BHHH2 Hash Trash Run #1645 15 June 2024

Abiansemal

WHO SHOT THE SHERIFF?

The message was enigmatic: "Sorry. I can't make it to the hash today. **Steptoe**, are you OK to step in for me?"

OMG! Was our esteemed **Hash Master** in some sort of trouble? His prescience in deputising **Steptoe** last week was a stroke of genius, and the "Vice Captain" took up the reins with great aplomb. Turns out that **Mount'n Groan** is not grievously injured nor any more mentally incapacitated than usual, but was simply unavailable. Phew!

And so it was that **Steptoe** gathered the throng into something resembling a circle for the pre-run briefing by **Barnacle Box** who was at pains to explain that we all should refrain from expelling any bodily fluids other than hard-earned sweat anywhere in the sacred grounds where we had gathered. There were indeed alternatives available for this purpose, so use 'em!



And no one shot the deputy . . .



Still smiling broadly after their trail setting exploits were the Hares **Deep Throat & Barnacle Box**, though one could wonder why. What was in store for us?

At the appropriate hour **Deputy HM Steptoe** called "Circle Up!" In a break with tradition and whatever protocol exists in Hashdom, he immediately called into the Circle the first **FRB** to get back *On In*, namely **Squeak**. His "reward" for being so fleet of foot was to be "crucified" by holding out a full jug in each hand and being the initial *piss pourer* while the Hares were being acknowledged for their sterling efforts. The *Returners* enjoyed their "welcome drinks" and **Leaver Concrete Erection** was serenaded with the usual sentimental song of farewell until we see you again. (Lyrics are available upon request)



The stresses of conducting a BHHH2 Circle are best relieved by calling on the services of our **RA Wooden Eye** who, with the aid of his "magic wand" is an acknowledged prestidigitator when it comes to the business of deflowering *Virgins*.



These come in all shapes and sizes, and from all 4 corners of the Globe (in this case South Africa also featured). Welcome, welcome, welcome . . . to Bali HHH Two!



Another related duty of the **RA** is to bestow a Hash Handle on newer members. The procedure can be a mirthful and long-winded affair, the outcome sometimes wondrous – Nick Longfellow will now wander this Earth known as . . . **Land Raper**.

As promised, here is the **Deputy HM's** account of his moment in the limelight:



Among the 111 hashers present at this *virgin run site* were some pretty happy looking *Returners* . . . including **Love Bite**, on remand from The Big Durian, his mates from UK Justin "Wide Load" and Julie "Twisted Knickers" . . .



. . . and some of **Mr Bean's** extended family who, fortunately for them, look not a bit like their uncle! Welcome back **Sophie & Sam**.

With everyone rarin' to go, and Hash Hound **Short & Curly** going absolutely ape shit when *On On* was called, we were off (or should that be "On!?!")



Want to know more about the trail we enjoyed? Check out **Multigrip's** fantastic photos on the WA BHHH2 Official group. Saturday morning was a traffic nightmare in North Denpasar and on the By-Pass north of Sanur with nothing moving for hours. Last week he didn't make it to the run site due to traffic and feared the worst this time as well. Fortunately both for him and the rest of us as well, **Multigrip** did manage to get himself and his fellow travellers to Abiansemal in plenty of time to record the day's events.

A little later on there's also an account of **Deputy Steptoe's** eventful day, and his impressions on trail and afterwards. His unbounded appreciation of the plates of edible goodies and cold beers was all due to the generosity of the Hares **Barnacle Box & Deep Throat** and to these two "newbies" who worked hard at the **PROST** bar to slake our collective thirst. Drink it down down, boys!



Steptoe's Big Day Out

Well that was a glorious day for a hash. Once again **Wooden Eye** used the powers vested in him to bring us the idyllic blue skies and little fluffy clouds that make for the finest days of hashing.

From the off, the *Front Running Bastards* flew along the flat and fast path as it snaked its way toward the sawah, at such a clip that it soon became difficult to keep them in our sights. This as it turned out was a rather good thing as, without the heels of the *FRB* pack to chase after, the trailing arse end of the pack (with your scribe included) ended up following paper instead and in doing so made up the lost ground. A scenario which would repeat itself throughout the run as their excess of haste and our lesser speed pushed and pulled in opposition to maintain the moving equilibrium that is a good hash.

After about an hour of sweating, swerving and swearing we were back to the bar where a remarkable feast of delights had been laid on by our Hare for the day, **Barnacle Box**. Such was the quantity, I feel she could have taught Jesus a thing or two about feeding large crowds with apparent ease. Indeed, she also taught the heathens amongst us about the etiquette of not watering sacred burial grounds with bodily wastes.

After first thirsts were satiated, first and second plates emptied, tertiary snacks consumed and the contented catching up chattering began to subside, it was your scribe's turn to step up for the first time into the role of **Deputy Hash Master** and attempt to both entertain and cajole some order into the chaos of the rabble.

I'm rather pleased with my first act in this capacity. The beer jug crucifixion of **Squeak** for his excess of vigour which resulted in his being the first *FRB* back to the bar. It has the feel good mix of a recognition of effort, a jovial disdain for it, and a nice dollop of the socio-sadism that underlies so much of Hash tradition. I hope I then managed to work through the roster of duties ascribed to the **Hash Master** without too many errors of protocol before cocking the whole thing up with a rather embarrassing premature capitulation by declaring social drinking before we had even got started with the main act of **Wooden Eye's** gloriously shambolic shenanigans.



Fortunately, the seasoned old hand simply ignored my erroneous nonsense and I was able to step back into the comfortable zone of enjoying **Wooden Eye** summoning mirth, merriment and bestowing icy misery on the most meagre of pretences, to the general delight of the increasingly raucous rabble.

BHHH2 is, as our esteemed Religious Advisor mused on his way home, *Unfuckinbeerlieverabble!*



Steptoe