

Clotet Queen surrounded himself with a bevy of beauties to mark the trails from an amazing run site, new to many Sanur locals, in Padang Galak: Chikaplak, Eat Her, VD & Coming Round the Mountain.

A swathe of tree-shaded lawn, adjacent to a swimming pool, with heaps of room to park and to conduct (is that the appropriate word?) a Circle with 132 hashers on site.



Old Timers turned up in numbers, as did some Visitors and Virgins who knew not what they were doing!



So many happy smiling faces on a beautiful day – and this was before the bar had opened!



Notable for their absence were some of the usual FRBs who eschewed the busy, hot and flat terrain of the Deep South for activities elsewhere. Deputy Steptoe (with apologies to Wm Shakespeare) has tendered an explanation for his absence – you can check out his attempt at vindication later in this edition.



But it was "On Back" for the Hash Master and Sheriff Mount'n Groan after his absence last week – he was at pains to demonstrate that his mental capacity remains unaltered despite aspersions cast by your scribe concerning his unexplained non-appearance. Are you convinced? Good job, HM.



The Hash Cash team was kept very busy registering the throng before the pre-run briefing and the call of "On On!"

What a great job the Hares had done to find so much "green space" and undeveloped land for the first part of the trail – cornfields, flower plantations, peanut plots and open country.

That was until the arrows and paper took the pack down towards the beach at Matahari Terbit where there was a horde of tourists and drivers who had gathered at the Pelabuhan, almost everyone of them glued to a handphone! From there it was On On further south for the long trail, and back along the beach walk for the short where the sea breeze did its restorative job on hot 'n sweaty hashers.



Bravo to the hard core hashers who, despite injuries and other woes, turned up to enjoy the run – Not Enough had been collected by a car while she was riding her motorbike but had recovered sufficiently to go On Out; Has Bean managed a good walk in the company of Ringtail, and Bulldozer (pictured above) was striding out well although heavily bandaged. Should we offer our sympathy to Snowballer who had blisters on his palms? There is some speculation as to how he came by these!

Ringtail had a story to tell from the trail: "It was rather scary seeing a horse with saddle and no rider not casually cantering but frantically galloping along the beachwalk towards Has Bean's back. I quickly pulled him aside before he added goodness knows how many more dressings to the 5 he already had on his legs. Then another riderless horse that seemed to be sporting an injury luckily headed back to the road, nowhere near Mr Bean's bro. Quite a memorable end to our trail shortcut!"



The PROST BoyZ were hard at it, filling glasses for the convivial crowd picnicking on the grass. Was it any wonder really that this run was one of those rare occasions when the beer actually ran out later on while the Circle was still in full swing?

"Circle Up!" This was a very lively affair, full of good cheer, mirth and merriment.



The Hares of the day were toasted – thanks for arranging such a good run site, unexpectedly green trails and spare horses if required!

Visiting Hashers hailed from London, Bogota and Kuala Lumpur . . .



. . . while sadly we must bid farewell to Flaming Arseholes who will shortly head home to the Netherlands. Hurry back! Has Bean and "the kids", Sophie & Sam are also heading off, back to Blighty, heaven help 'em!



ADJ and Monkey Wench were awarded Achievers status – well done to you both, stalwarts of BHHH2.

Birthday boys Worm and Hoki Poki enjoyed a Down Down to mark their special day.



Then it was time for our ordained Religious Advisor Wooden Eye to make his grand entrance and carry out his spiritual duties by baptising the latest batch of Virgins. This he did with grand flourishes of The Bog Brush of Office, much to the amusement of the novitiates.

Welcome, all, to BHHH2 and we hope to see you again.

The RA's duties were not yet done, however. Hash Hound Short & Curly has a "stabilemate" that is fast becoming a BHHH2 regular, heretofore called for this ferret lookalike. The usual circular deliberations ensued with all sorts of suggestions being proffered until an "appropriate" appellation was settled on . . .

"Alby". But what sort of Hash Handle is that, one might ask? A naming was absolutely in order for this ferret lookalike. The usual circular deliberations ensued with all sorts of suggestions being proffered until an "appropriate" appellation was settled on . . .



Armageddon!

It's the end of the World as we know it!



With a couple of sinners sitting on ice, namely the ever-deserving VD and Coconut, the call went out for any jokes. Flaming Arseholes obliged, and a very, very long winded one it was too. As ever, VD didn't seem to mind!



It was so long that the beer actually ran out.

Thanks to everyone who contributed to making this another great run in Paradise. Be sure to check out Multigrip's photos & vids on the WA Group: Bali Hash 2 Official

See you all next week at Bali Bird Park. On On!!



PS: The following is Steptoe's contrite apologia for his non-attendance at Saturday's festivities. Enjoy the scribblings of our resident bard.



Steptoe's Soliloquy

To hash, or not to hash, that is the question. Whether 'tis wiser in the end to suffer The delays and frustrations of outrageous traffic Or to take time against a sea of chores And, by getting on with them. To finish, to have a place to sleep, And snore; and by a sleep to say we end The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks That building in Bali is heir to: 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To finish, to sleep; To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub: For in that sleep of completed house what dreams may come?

When we shuffled not the short or long But taken pause – where's the respect That makes a calamity of one not done long? For who would bear the streets and sands of Sanur Th'oppressive heat, the loud man's comedy, The pangs of smog above, who knows the way Midst insouciance of progress. Then short turns That impatient men and unworthy cuts When they themselves might their quickness make To a bar's firkin? Who would burdens bear To grunt and sweat under a weary trail But that the dread of something worse than death The dismal country of Padang Galak No traveller returns, his will intact And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others that we know not of?

Sanur's concrete does make cowards of us all, And thus my native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, And to enterprises of great piss and merriment With this regard my currents turn awry And lose the name of hashdom. Soft you now, the fair Lieve, Nymph, in thy assistance, be my hash sin forgiven.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

