

Siangan

BASTILLE DAY & OLYMPICS RUN

Vive la république!



"There's nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear Than to stand at the bar of a Hash with no beer!" [with apologies to Slim Dusty]



152 Hashers! And still smiling... Hash Cash Head Master was flat out like a lizard drinkin'!

In Glen Moran G's home village of Siangan there was heaps of room for parking all those cars and bikes, an expansive Circle, and "social drinking". That is, if the kegs could be made to flow... More on this subject later in the bulletin.

The hares and the sponsors did us all proud in a celebration of Bastille Day or La fête nationale française as it's known in Froggistan.

Your scribe added yet another Bastille Day shirt to his growing collection - this one designed by Allez Allez with the assistance of ChatGPT, Cunning Hashman that he is, when it came to being asked to pay for this AI service, a screen shot was all that was required to capture this "Sporting Cock".



The major contributors to the shredded paper litter in Siangan and surrounding districts were French Ticker and Allez Allez. Excellent trail marks, boys, and two... two... two scenic routes to choose from. The longer was just 1km further with the split around 5kms from the start. It was a good thing the faster runners had a chance to get out ahead of the pack - there was a slow, single file procession of hashers through the sown and along the subak walls.



Hash Flash Multigrip did his usual fantastic job of recording the day's events. He even captured the Hares telling lies about the trail in the pre-run briefing.



What they didn't lie about however were the beautiful vistas we saw along the route.



Steptoe takes up the story of the day... "Shit happens", he says, and continues thus:

It started well. Domestic chores all sorted, hash gear donned and I was on the way to the run site beneath upliftingly cerulean skies with plenty of time to spare. Sheila, the still small voice of google maps, called out in her entertainingly awful Indonesian the names of the jalans to best zig and zag around the worst of the macet.

Some 30 incident free minutes later, I arrived in the parking to encounter Allez Allez beaming with joie de vivre and chortling about the somewhat creepy hand that Chat GPT had placed on his French cock in the course of his first play with using AI. Did it have access to his internet search history? We shall never know. Doggy hand job notwithstanding, their joyful union did produce a splendid T-shirt design celebrating both Bastille Day* and the forthcoming Paris Olympics.



Talking of joyful unions, it was pointed out by Wooden Eye that Telecum's head during his pre-run inversion stretch was looking increasingly like a bollock as it filled with blood, so it only seemed appropriate to add another...

After a brief briefing in fluent Franglais from les Lièvres, the pack set off with the usual nifty trots leading the way. Trots that were soon immunized by the rear end of a constipation of early departed walkers peristaltically working its way along a narrow intestine of sinuous subak. A few of the less patient chose the laxative spatterfest of dumping themselves into subak to access passing water, whilst the rest of us, with the zen-like calm of those sitting upon the home throne waiting for a recalcitrant bowel to make its move, chose to accept that shit happens and stoically waited for things to run their natural course.

Which of course they did, and the natural course soon opened up like a relaxing sphincter to reveal glorious countryside replete with the diverse delights of terraced ricefield, rocky river gully and, my favourite terroir du hash, the sun dappled shade of a curvaceous woodland path whose gentle downhill gradient allowed a shift into top gear all the way to the abrupt stop sign of the 'look around'. Here I chose the wrong option and then struggled to find my way back toward Short Shalt's cries of On On as they faded into the distance.

It takes but a few seconds' delay to lose a pack, but once they are gone, the symbiotic drive to keep up and the enhanced trail finding of the collective disappear with them. In such circumstances only a checkbox can close the gap and, as there wasn't one before the On in, I found myself solitary, musing on the book title 'The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner'. I decided that a period of solitary trail running does not, in fact, engender loneliness but instead offers an opportunity to awaken the senses a notch, look inward and enjoy the feelings of

muscle and sinew that have finally ceased being a bit sore and to take sharper note of the passing scenery which is all too often a rowdy but blurry backdrop to the sharp focussed search for shreds of paper.

And then we were in!

At first the scale of the horror that was to descend upon us was not apparent, probably because of the allure of the fine foods generously provided by the sponsors.

A few of the fastest FRBs in a huddle around the bar was nothing unusual. But wait! What strange portent is this? The huddle was flagonless. Unsatiated. Their prayer for the dehydrated was conspicuously unconsumed. There was no PISS! Our tried and tested technicians, the beloved beer boys with their cheerful dispositions and faultless reliability, were nowhere to be seen and in their place an affable but increasingly anxious set of new faces were clearly struggling with getting the unfamiliar tech of the bar to work. As the delay extended and tensions rose, a spontaneous chorus of "Why are waiting" did little to dissipate their anxiety, although as a pressure valve it may well have helped the mob from turning to a spontaneous re-enactment of Bastille.



As the queue lengthened Land Raper mentioned that Two Dogs Fucking was an experienced keg man and he was hurried to the fore. His ministrations worked wonders; after an alarmingly long delay, the lifeblood of our Hash began to flow again, albeit not with the fluidity to which we have been accustomed but at least it was possible to get a drink.

The most major of tragedies averted, the Circle limped into being. Notable moments were the installation of Head Master as acting Deputy by the acting Sheriff, the naming of a Bill Clinton look alike "Cum Stain" and the return of Tin Tin Balls to the ice for the titillating tension that is Tin Tin Balls On Ice, alert for the potential appearance of a bucket of water at any second...



However, the need to queue for beer took precedence, divided the audience and hampered the jollity - although credit is due to the visitors from Darwin's Top End Hash whose joviality and songs lifted things somewhat.

An upward trajectory that was continued into a vibrant ON ON at the Kedai D'Sawah where the beer flowed freely and the normal functioning of a cheerfully intoxicated collective was restored.

Here's hoping the new beer boys will receiving intensive training in the noble arts of barstewardry before next week - lest heads may once again begin to roll. Vive la France! Vive la république! Vive la bière



* In researching Bastille Day I was surprised to discover that at the time of the storming of Bastille Prison on 14th July 1789, it only held 7 prisoners, none of any political significance. Civil insurrection mostly for the hell of it is a fine tradition that is regularly practiced by the French to this day.

ON ON! Steptoe

Shit Happens: A Comparative Guide to Religions

Taoism	Shit happens
Confucianism	Confucius say, "Shit happens"
Buddhism	If shit happens, it isn't really shit
Zen Buddhism	What is the sound of shit happening?
Hinduism	This shit happened before
Mormonism	This shit is going to happen again
Islam	If shit happens, it is the Will of Allah
Stoicism	This shit is its own reward
Protestantism	Let this shit happen to someone else
Calvinism	Shit happens because you don't work hard enough
Pentecostalism	In Jesus' name, heal this shit!
Catholicism	Shit happens because you deserve it
Judaism	Why does this shit always happen to us?
Atheism	No shit
7th Day Adventist	No shit on Saturdays
Existentialism	Absurd shit

- Agnosticism Who is this shit?
- Nihilism Who gives a shit?
- Deconstruction Shit happens in hegemonic meta-narratives
- Christian Science Shit is in your mind
- Moonies Only happy shit really happens
- Jehovah's Witness Knock! Knock! Shit happens
- Scientology Shit happens on page 152 of Dianetics by L Ron Hubbard
- Hedonism There's nothing like a good shit happening
- Rastafarianism Let's smoke this shit.

Alright - let's get back to the Circle...

Steptoe presided over the well-earned Down Down for the Hares - thanks to them for a great run site and well marked trails.

Returns and Visiting Hashers were feted...



... and anyone who looked even remotely French (or NOT!) was toasted on this Bastille Day celebration with the beer that eventually began to flow.



What would a French celebration be without our RA Wooden Eye doing a rendition of one of his favourite songs - Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette je te plumerai.



Wet Spot (visiting from Darwin's Top End HHH) was a willing participant for this performance, happily accepting that she had crinkly hair, furrowed brow, googly eyes, broken nose, blow job lips BUT strongly objecting to any suggestion that she had saggy tits!!

A very entertaining Circle and a great day all 'round. Thanks are due in no small measure to the sponsors of the plentiful and delicious hash nosh that was available and ultimately washed down with Prost. An emergency averted. Cheers!



See you all next Saturday when it's the turn of the Belgians, and maybe anyone who looks remotely Belgian, to celebrate their national day, On On!!

