

BHHH2 HASH TRASH #1651 27 July 2024
"THERE WILL BE BLOOD!"

FMF's BIRTHDAY AT HEAD MASTER'S OFFICE

Having her "moment in the sun", debutante **Hash Master** for the day **Head Master** presided over the assembly at **White Sands Restaurant @ Jimbaran Bay**.

It wasn't easy to disentangle the 119 Hashers from the throng of tourists so she reckoned that 'if ya can't beat 'em, then join 'em!'



Harelip & TT were happy to take anyone's money at the registration table on the occasion of **Full Metal F*ckwit's** birthday run.

In exchange **Barnacle Box** handed out hash shirts . . .



. . . and of course there was plenty of cold **PROST** beer, sponsored nosh and birthday cake.

Peace and love, **Full Metal F*ckwit** – here's wishing you many happy returns of the day and more cake!

4pm and time to tear ourselves away from the beach – "**Circle up!**" for the run briefing and a warning to make sure you're well hydrated for a hot and dry trail down on the **Bukit**.



The Hares **FMF, Serial Offender & Yeti** proclaimed that it would be a "**blood run!**" **SO** showed off his scarred legs to illustrate the point, but we weren't warned that we'd probably also need **Sherpa's** help with the rock climbing out of the quarry!



The trails were a tour of the ups and downs of **Jimbaran**. **On In** was along a short stretch of the beach at **Jimbaran Bay** and there was an incentive to finish the run with a flourish.



But before getting back to the barrel(s) there were obstacles to overcome . . .

*The harems of Egypt are fine to behold;
 The harlots the fairest of fair,
 But the fairest of all,
 Was owned by a sheik named
Abdul Abulbul Amir.*

But wait! 'Tis not Abdul but in fact our own **RA WoodenEye**, caught in the act of deflowering these very willing **Virgins**.



Now, what the hell is this? We're told (on good authority) that the one and only **Disco Wanker** lost a bet to an Italian mate! Is this what it means to be "hung like a stallion"?



If you got it, flaunt it! So **DW** took over the **Circle** and soon had the visitors and newbies involved in a prank to ensure that they all got wet, as is appropriate when you're at the beach . . .



The birthday celebrations continued as **Closet Queen** and **FMF** helped us finish up 4 barrels of beer.

"May you live 100 years . . ."



The blood-stained rock climb out of the quarry was the highlight of this hash trail, thanks to the intrepid hares.



Visiting Hasher & Front Running Bastard Jock didn't take long to strip down to his jocks and hit the water, but not before he'd downed a well-earned coldie.

"Circle up!"

Against all the odds, deputised Hash Master

Head Master managed to get most of the mob to form a rudimentary **Circle** – both she and her sound system had a bit of a battle against the ambient noise and those in the queue getting fresh beers!



Sergeant-at-Arms & birthday boy **Full Metal F*ckwit** used all his lung power to pull the chattering classes* into order.

* this term usually refers to the well educated middle class who like to discuss political, cultural & social matters and who have opinions on a broad range of subjects.

Maybe it doesn't refer to Hashers after all!



As if they weren't already pissed as farts the Hares were given a **Down Down** for their efforts. Thanks to **Yeti** for the great venue @ **White Sands** on the beach and for a different sort of trail, abetted by **FMF & Serial Offender**.



There were more **Returners** than you could poke a stick at – welcome back to **BHHH2**.



Visiting Hashers are always a welcome addition to the pack. **Jock** from Melbourne had just arrived after running with many HHH kennels in Asia & Europe, a couple of Surabaya boys and another from Bandung.

A word of thanks (and yet another **Down Down**) to the **Sponsors** of the goodies – brought to you by **Yeti & Sherpa** (**White Sands Resto**), **While UR Down There** and **Irma & FMF**. Thanks all for another great **BHHH2 Run in Paradise**.



As night approached some **Sinners** were charged, iced and duly shriven . . . [Your **Hash Scribe** has no idea what their misdemeanour was, but who the hell cares . . . ?] It had been a great day and it was time for social drinking!



Next Saturday's run will surely be something quite different. You can look forward to a "green" trail, courtesy of the **Labias**.

