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 va can't beat 'em, then join 'em!



more cake!

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



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

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.

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.







The Hares FMF, Serial Offender & Yeti proclaimed that it would be a "blood

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!





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



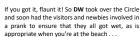
The harems of Egypt are fine to behold; The harlots the fairest of fair, But the fairest of all, Was owned by a sheik named Abdul Abulbul Amir.

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"?





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

"May you live 100 years . . ."

It was a damn good party!













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 hare 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

Maybe it doesn't refer to Hashers after all!





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.



