

BHHH2 HASH TRASH #1653 10 August 2024
Keramas Beach – “The IKEA Run”

[“All the pieces were there; you just had to put them together!” – **Steptoe**]

A glorious sunny day at the beach this time around. Also looking sunny, remarkably tidy and to some eyes equally hot was the Hare of the day **Telecum**.



At the run registration table and really working up a sweat were the Hash Cash team of **Head Master & Toilet Trasher**. Well over 100 Hashers wanted to join the picnic atmosphere at Keramas Beach.



At 4 o'clock Deputy Hash Master **Steptoe** called on the mob to “*Circle up*” and listen to the Hare's run briefing – not that that did anyone any good really. This is **Steptoe's** account of his experience on the hash trail:

A glorious ride in with the majestic peak of Agung making a rare guest appearance in the azure skies brought me to the solar oven that is the parking lot at Keramas Beach. Much more clement than our last visit though, when it rained throughout and the Circle was held in a puddle.

Whilst waiting for the *On Out* I had the pleasure of strolling around the various huddles hanging out in the available shade, dishing out samples of the first ever batch of chocolate made from the cacao trees on our own land to appreciative hashers; and then it was time for the pre-run briefing.

Telecum gathered us in front of a batch of alchemical squiggles and proceeded to attempt to convey their various meanings to the mob. It's never a good idea to stray from the tried and tested formula and, inevitably, within a few minutes of the *On Out* there was chaos and consternation.

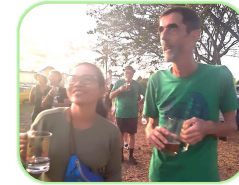
First, the young FRBs ran off down the beach without bothering to check for the continuance of paper or arrows which had stopped and turned to the right some 100 metres before anyone realised that the leaders weren't leading. Back we all came and straight into the hideous crime scene of arrows leading to a checkback! After much outrage and decrying, the trail was found again and we were off to meet our next transgression of trail traditions. A look around next to a four lane carriageway? A folly verging on attempted manslaughter! Luckily **Allez Allez** took upon himself the role of Lollipop Lady and pointed the way to safety: a path that led under, rather than across, the carriageways of certain calamity.

A brief scurry through some sawah and then we ran out of paper in the midst of a Buddhist school. A team of 10 or so spent a good ten minutes searching for enlightenment, their numbers and frustration increasing as time went by until someone eventually randomly came across paper which they claimed was the one true path, so we all followed our new messiah and it worked out fine.

Indeed, things settled down in the latter half and there was even a section of beautifully runnable downhill meander. I did lose paper again but it was my own fault this time for following **Tin Tin Balls** whose penchant for perpetual short-cutting means he is rarely actually on the trail itself.

After another subterranean scuttle to bypass the Bypass, the briny blue of the coast hove into view and we headed straight to it! Unfortunately though, the paper didn't and we found ourselves ankle deep in paddy mud and scrambling through a bush barrier before we made it safely to the sand of the beach. I attempted a strong finish but that sand is wearying to run on and I ended with the 'run a bit, walk a bit' that I feel is more in the true tradition of hashing than the excessive exertion required to run a kilometre or so on black sand.

Our return was made delightful by the provision of gorgeous food donated by Yuyu and Huub in celebration of their 25th run with BHHH2, and prepared by **No Deposit**. A fun Circle ensued with the highlight for me being the naming of **Bwuhuhurhaahhh**.
 ... **Steptoe**



To call this a picnic would be to understate things – an array of delicious Indonesian dishes à la **No Deposit**, served with a smile, to be washed down with plenty of cold Prost. Everything was much appreciated by the hungry horde – thanks to all involved in spoiling us.



As evening fell, a gorgeous sunset turned to starry skies. It was time for **Steptoe** to call on the picnickers to *Circle up!*



To acknowledge the homicidal trail laid by the Hare **Telecum**, he was given the traditional *Down Down* before he then conscientiously took on the role of *Piss Pourer*. It seemed he and the Prost jug came around every 2 minutes!

Thanks for an interesting trail – no one died!

There were *Returners* including **Worm Hole** and **Budgie Smuggler** ...

... and a couple of regular *Visiting Hashers* from Noosa HHH (Queensland) – **Reverse Thrust** and **Bedspringer**. Great to see you guys back in Bali again.



This week there were a couple of *Leavers* (but not for too long!) – *selamat jalan* to **Head Master** who will be exploring something in the Philippines, and **Telecum** who'll be making trouble in Hong Kong.



The Very Reverend Religious Advisor WoodenEye in full regalia, brandishing his *Bog Brush of Office*, deflowered these startled looking *Virgins* from Perth (are there really such people?) ...



... as well as these innocents.

“*This is the most important day of your lives ... You may return!*”

Snowballer had the temerity to attempt a charge against the **Religious Advisor** and paid a heavy price. Apparently the **RA** had no hash trail shoes with him (true!) but the charge was reversed – it's the **RA's** wife who is responsible for dressing him (or something along those lines?). “*On ice!*”

With **Snowballer** cooling his heels (?), this Canadian harriet, who has already done 25 runs but remained unnamed, was invited to run the gauntlet of the Circle's suggestions for a Hash Name. There were many. Who was responsible for proposing ...
 ... **Bwuhuhurhaahhh**???



On On to next week's run by **Short Shaft** at the beautiful Bali Cultural Village.

