BHHH2 HASH TRASH #1770 7 November 2026

Ayunan, Abiansemal

Girl Power!

***Hares*: Head Master, Grey Boobs, Tight Cunt, I Am Wet**

Securing a run site that isn't double-booked is getting harder these days. The Hidden Valley site chosen for the post-Victor Awards Recovery Run was aborted at the last minute, usurped by a local community cock fight or something. Last Saturday, once again *Plan A* at the Wantilan Subak Ayunan fell by the wayside when that site was selected as the venue for a "coming of age" performance at which the young locals paraded in all their Balinese finery. Lovely to see, but presenting a bit of a challenge for the Hares.

Head Master, one of our hares last Saturday, takes up the story . . .



"With no hares listed on the *Hareline* just 2 weeks before the run, 4 harriets who barely knew each other stepped up for the challenge under the guidance of our hardworking **Hare Raiser**.

And a challenge it proved to be. BHHH set their Thursday run from the same location, moving us to *Plan B* only to find out we had lost our run site to a party .... shift to *Plan C*.

The harriets assembled at 8am to allow enough time to comfortably re-configure the trails and cross out all the extensive BHHH crayon markings. And allow **I am Wet**, **Grey Boobs** and **TC** to forage for durian and kepundung!



So excited was **Head Master** that she started off in her flip flops and had to run back for her shoes. Whilst **Grey Boobs** and **TC** did the hot work of setting the *long* loop, **I am Wet** and **Head Master** ingeniously used *subak* mud to disfigure BHHH's pavement artwork and turn it into a Picasso of **BHHH2** markings.

Celebrating as they finally hit fresh trail to lay the home stretch, expletives were suddenly heard all across Ayunan.

Fresh paper and masses of white painted arrows were encountered, courtesy of the dastardly Bolla Colla HHH who had crossed over onto *our* path. Whilst there just may have been a brief wicked thought of sabotage, the harriets shifted to *Plan D* to modify the *ON IN*, with the thought that if it all tuned to shit and confusion..... at least we had cocktails to placate the hounds!"



Drink it *Down Down,* **Steptoe**. It'll dull your pain >>>>

We would all echo **Barnacle Balls**' comment: *"Thank you Hares; a great effort in difficult circumstances"*



Happily there were no mishaps early in the run. Praise be to the hares! Soon after loping off along the trail, the hounds encountered a rocky slippery-dip down to a narrow chasm over a rivulet at the bottom of this gully.



Recognising that a lot of **BHHH2** hashers don't share their genetic make-up with mountain goats, the hares had installed a rope to provide a misplaced sense of security during the descent. There were also some reassuring helping hands on offer.







These happy faces suggest that they were untroubled by the challenge.



Some water crossings were easier than others.

Paralytic also remarked: *"Lovely run yesterday! Thank you to all the Hares."* She enjoyed her hashing adventure so much that she has offered us a blow-by-blow description of the trail.



Her partner **Cummingtonite** (or *"Just call me* $(Mg,Fe^{2+})_2(Mg,Fe^{2+})_5Si_8O_{22}(OH)_2$ *for short"*) was also there, along with their son. If it rolls more easily off the tongue, you can just call him **"Magnesium iron silicate hydroxide"**.



Lying in prospect was the possibility of another flight of fancy among the collective later during the Circle when their lad would be singled out for a ritual hash naming. What might his *Hash Handle* be? Think about that. All will be revealed later in this bulletin . . .

Meanwhile, here are **Paralytic**'s remarks about the trail:

A Slippery Start, A Sore Bottom, and a Beautiful Afternoon!

Saturday's run started with shadows overhead – not metaphorically, but literally! Dark grey skies loomed. As the circle was called for the pre-run briefing we were warned to expect not one, but *TWO* river crossings. Just what every Hasher dreams of on a Saturday afternoon!



To make things even more interesting, we were told that a rope had been installed to help us negotiate the first descent. Hmm... that sounded reassuring. Or perhaps a warning that we should start worrying!

It didn't take long to discover why the rope was there. Being somewhere towards the rear of the pack (the last in fact!!) thanks to **Cummingtonite**'s shady knee, and the few sensible souls behind us who had apparently decided that river crossings were not really their idea of a fun afternoon, we arrived at the famous descent to find a bit of a queue.

And slippery? Oh yes, *VERY* slippery!

Fortunately, a couple of kind gentlemen took turns holding the rope steady whilst we made our way down. Some managed to descend with considerable grace and dignity. Others, myself included, decided that dignity was highly overrated and adopted the good old-fashioned bottom-first technique. Down we went, sliding on our backsides, hanging on to that rope for dear life! Not exactly Olympic-standard mountaineering, but certainly effective. And at least nobody had to call the emergency services to retrieve us from the riverbed!

Once safely at the bottom, and thankfully having negotiated the climb back up the other side, we continued along a truly beautiful trail. Lovely stretches of farmland, with fields of white rice and sticky rice plantations, interspersed with splashes of red, yellow, white, pink and purple flowers. Absolutely gorgeous!

The skies had threatened to open up earlier, but clearly **RA** was keeping a close eye on proceedings and decided we had suffered enough excitement for one afternoon. The sun eventually came out, sending beautiful rays across the fields and giving us a picture-perfect Hash afternoon.
Then came river crossing number *TWO*. Thankfully, this one was considerably more civilised and much less dramatic. No ropes, no queues, no emergency bottom-sliding manoeuvres. We had already used up our entire afternoon's allowance of bum-powered transportation!

From there, the trail continued along a road through more beautiful rice fields before eventually bringing us out and *On In!*

All in all, what a lovely afternoon! A wonderful mixture of farmland, back roads, jogging paths, little pockets of jungle, a few descents and inclines – although, much to my personal satisfaction, thankfully not too many of those uphill things!

Beautiful scenery, good company, a little adventure, plenty of laughs and just enough physical challenge to remind us that we are not getting any younger!

And the final result? A beautiful afternoon, happy Hashers, and perhaps one or two slightly bruised bottoms – but absolutely no damage to our enthusiasm for the next one!

A BIG thank you to our Hares for a wonderful trail. Great job, guys!

ON ON! 💪🏃💪 Paralytic

The Circle

HM Gritty Balls has reluctantly taken leave, not of his senses but of Bali's fair shores, for a few weeks to look after some personal affairs in the UK. What was said and done in the Circle was therefore not as extensively noted as usual, but with stand-in **HM Steptoe** running the show, it *was* the usual convivial assembly of hashers who were well satisfied with their trail adventures on the day.

The first item on the agenda was to pay our respects to the hares who had experienced more than their fair share of challenges even before they set off to lay the paper. Even more issues arose as they were doing so, as **Head Master** explained above. These women coped brilliantly, of course, and were appropriately lauded for their efforts. Thank you to **Grey Boobs**, **I Am Wet**, **TC** and finally **Head Master** for her account of the trials and tribulations faced and overcome by the team. Bravo!



[That's a truly misogynistic array of Hash names!]

Thanks to the *Registration Team* (**T Trasher, Used T** and **Trycoxagain**) who checked in 115 hashers; the *Cheat Sheet* handed to **Steptoe** for the Circle indicated some 19 *Returners* and 6 *Hash Virgins*.

Bali HHH2 - Run#1770

Date: 7-Nov-26
Pura Desa Ayunan, Abiansemal ~ 0.1 & 0.1 Km.
*** CHEAT SHEET ***

TOTAL RUNNER: 115
MEMBER /VISITOR 87 /28
*** Notes:

HARES(4)
HEAD MASTER; I AM WET; GREY BOOBS ; TIGHT CUNT
RETURNER(21)
RUNNING STOOL; ALLEZ ALLEZ; MINI POM; TWAT SUCKER; STEPTOE; CINDERELLA; GLORY HOLE; FLYING PENIS; FLASH DICK; BENCONG; LITTLE PAIN; TELECUM; FUCK OFF YOU CUNT; CORK SCREW; GOING DOWN; GREY BOOBS ; RHYS DJAMHOER (CHILD); LADYCAM; TOM ORNER; EUGENIA TITIKALO; BEN TASSONE
VISITING-HASHER(3)
VIRGINS(6)
LEAVERS(0)
VIH(0)
NEW-MEMBERS
BEN TASSONE^6
BIRTHDAYS(0)
ACHIEVERS(1)
BENCONG(50)



Steptoe himself called upon the *Returners* (if they could hear him!) to present themselves for a "welcome back" *Down Down*, and enquired as to their reasons for missing recent runs. Pathetic excuses, most of them!

But as for the *Virgins*, and in the continued absence of our esteemed **Religious Advisor Wooden Eye**, who could be entrusted to induct them into their *Mother Hash*?



Only 2 *Virgins* emerged front and centre to be ceremoniously baptised; **Steptoe** thought them worthy of having an **RA** each so he co-opted a couple of old hands to do the job: **Monkey Balls** and **Head Master** would take turn and turn about to flourish the *Bog Brush of Office* and welcome them to Hashdom.

After a good soaking in holy hash water, these two won't forget that their Mother Hash is **BHHH2**.



The substitute **RA**s did a great job, but **Wooden Eye** is literally a hard act to follow. Get well soon, **RA**, and back in the Circle. We miss you.



Protective father that he is, **Barnacle Balls** charged **COYB** for child abuse. Rather than get his shoes wet, **COYB** had "coerced" **Limpet** to piggy-back him across the water. In his own defence, **Come On Yer Back** claimed it was only fair as he himself had over the years looked after **Limpet** out on the trails. That didn't "hold up in court" though, so it was a punitive *Down Down* for him.

Some parents aren't quite so protective of their offspring. **Cummingtonite** and **Paralytic** failed to shelter their own from the predations of **Steptoe** and the Circle. **Rhys** was pressed to submit before the stand-in **Hash Master** to be ritually named. Claiming to have already clocked up 29 runs (is that right?), the junior hasher had as yet no hash identity of his own.



"Tell us about yourself", demanded **Steptoe**.
He then jokingly asked: *"What's your job?"*
When the young man replied that he didn't have one yet, the Circle labelled him "a parasite". Inevitably, with his Mum being **Paralytic**, he will forever wander in Hashdom known as . . . **Parasitic**. Congratulations.
[This does make one wonder though whether the Circle missed an opportunity to call his geologist father *"Metamorphic"*]



Steptoe was suffering quite badly from a combination of jet lag and a chest infection but soldiered *On On* until he could do no more.

Blow Joe stepped in to serenade a visiting Frenchman and led us in a rendition of *Où est le papier . . . ?*



Then it was time to spin *The Wheel of Fortune"* resulting in old hand **STFU** (aka **Shut The Fuck Up**) warming the ice.



A warm welcome back after many years away from **BHHH2**.

It wasn't a long Circle, but it was a well lubricated one and a lot of fun.

Thanks to **Multigrip** and the other photographers for providing so many great memories of another day of hashing in Paradise. Happy hashers all 'round . . .





WHO GIVES A SHIT?

On a less happy note, a couple of weeks ago after the **BHHH2** run north of Tegallalang at Timbul, something of a rancid mess was discovered by members of the local *banjar* when they were cleaning up bottles etc left behind around the temple there. As if that weren't bad enough, somebody had left an even worse deposit beside the outer wall of the *pura.*

This has cost your club a considerable penalty, paid in compensation for a *Cleansing Ceremony*, as well as imposing on one of your Committee members who went back there personally to tender our apologies and take responsibility for this action.

Such behaviour is of course totally unacceptable, and will probably result in permission to use this beautiful run site being denied in the future. Shame on whoever was responsible and may this never happen again. Temple sites must never be disrespected like this – the repercussions are severe.

On On!! See you next Saturday at **BHHH2**