BHHH2 HASH TRASH #1771 14 November 2026

Pura Dalem Kesian, Gianyar

Hotter than Hades

***Hares*: Roll Mop & Pissed Out The Window**

Let's talk about the weather, shall we?
Here we are in mid-November, still not entreating our esteemed **Religious Advisor Wooden Eye** to intervene with the weather gods of Bali to hold off the rain on a Saturday afternoon.

Quite the opposite, in fact. Not a rain cloud in sight; just clear blue skies. Down there near Lebih Beach, the sweating hashers of **BHHH2** were seeking what little shade there was to stop themselves from turning into bubbling lumps of lard. So unlikely was any chance of precipitation that **Wooden Eye**'s absence was not a weather risk at all last week. His song and dance routines have been sorely missed in the Circle lately though. But what has become of the Wet Season?



The *Registration Team* (**TT**, **Horny Rabbit** & **Trycoxagain**) set themselves up in the shade of the biggest tree at the run site.



Who knew about this great site with its extensive, grassed parking area? Well found, the Hares!
Unfortunately 2 members of the team of Hares, namely **Horny Herring** and **Doggy Style**, couldn't join us for the actual run as they had other matters to attend to in Bangkok.



Taking the reins to lay the paper on Saturday were **Roll Mop** and **Pissed Out The Window**.
*"Is your name **Belinda** by any chance?"*, asked our stand-in **Hash Master Steptoe** at the pre-run briefing.
Well, that brought on the inevitable song . . .
"My sister Belinda, she pissed out the winda all over my brand-new sombrero!"

These two had endured a very hot afternoon as they marked the trails. *TWO* – of course: a *short* one of around 6km; a *long* of 10+km. They reassured us that the sauna-like conditions we were feeling weren't so torrid once out in the *sawah* and countryside along the trails. At least we could hope they weren't.



Meanwhile, freezing her **Krystal Tits** off on the other side of the planet in the Northern Hemisphere, our other fave songster and her *Maman* **6 of 9** were enduring the frigid onset of winter in Montreal.

They're counting down the few remaining days until they can fly south for the winter and rejoin **BHHH2** on hot, sweaty Saturday afternoons. We're eagerly anticipating their return. It won't be much longer now before the Circle will again be regaled with song, courtesy of **Wooden Eye** and **KT**.



After the pre-run briefing by **Roll Mop** the call was *On On!* Out into the blazing sunshine went the pack, under orders to maintain a single file through the initial corn-fields.

The Hares had scouted some excellent trails for us, mostly surprisingly flat despite some deep ravines in the area. That's not to say that there weren't a few challenging sections along the way where there were opportunities to wash your shoes.





Horny Herring missed the opportunity to cross a pretty dodgy bridge on his own trail.





Back in Bali after some weeks in Blighty, **Steptoe** had lately been suffering mightily from a combination of jet lag and an infectious gift from a fellow traveller. Bravely steeling himself to come to the hash, mainly to do his duty as **Deputy Hash Master** during the enforced absence of **Gritty Balls**, his intention was to take an easy stroll through some of Bali's beautiful back country. At least, that was his intention.

But, as **Steptoe** recounts here, his bubbling enthusiasm got the better of him . . .

The fellow seated behind me on a China Eastern Airline flight from Shanghai to Denpasar spent the entire flight coughing a miasmic cloud of his putrid pulmonary pestilence over my head. My immune system didn't stand a chance. Its workings had been compromised by a combination of lack of sleep, meals my dogs would have sniffed warily at before strolling off in search of some relatively healthy sun-dried roadkill, and an unaccustomed plummet in my blood alcohol level due to the miserly portions of cheap goon sullenly dished out by the haggard 'trolley dolly' who hadn't made the grade to work for a better airline on account of her pathological lack of empathy and charm.

I spent the first few days after my return to the garbage strewn verdant lushness of our *Island of the Gods* wracked with a brutal jet lag that ensured I stayed awake to fully appreciate the spectacular quantity of fluid that a feverish body can exude in bedsheet soaking night sweats.

Eventually the melatonin and sleepy pills generously dished out by professional traveller **Blow Joe** did their trick and after a few days I regained the ability to sleep at night, but still spent my days feeling as weak as Trump's sense of empathy or charm or dignity or courage - or in fact any admirable human quality at all. So when the antibiotic *Cefadroxil Monohydrate*, which I had been given to replace the ineffective *amoxicillin*, began to finally pummel some pulmonary pestilence posterior and I felt a bit better, the merest smidgin of a returning sense of vigour had me beaming like a President with a freshly filled nappy.

So it was with a mixture of enthusiasm and apprehension that I arrived at the run site with sufficient spring in step, lead in pencil and gusto in gazellean gait, to try the trail for the first time in oh so many hashless weeks.

My plan was to try to walk the short and see how I felt. I was reassured to read that the venerable **Horny Herring** would be our hare, so there was little chance of daunting drops, alarming architecture or other paranoia-inducing paraphernalia. As it turned out **Horny** wasn't actually present on the day - unless he'd turned sideways and I couldn't see him. But **Roll Mop** and **Pissed Out the Window**, our actual hares on the day, assured me he'd done the recce's so I was confident all would be well.

After a confident and informative briefing by **Roll Mop**, I set off at brisk pace alongside **69er**, half-expecting to be wheezing after a few minutes, but instead my muscle memory kicked in and almost without being aware of it I found myself running. And what a delight it was. Never mind the searing heat of traversing a gravel strewn building-site, I was in hashing heaven as I trotted merrily along, with newly pus-free lungs finally functioning properly.

My mood lifted even higher as a lovely *sabit*-wielding *Ibu* smiled up at me and with a friendly *"hati-hati"*, pointed at a concealed hole in the path that she was trimming around to make it more visible to the people running through her fields. It's the small gestures like this that makes me so grateful to live in a culture where helpful and friendly is the default setting. I fear that the algorithms of division are already pushing hard to change this default to the "*Geroff my laaand*" distrust of the West, but let's celebrate every magical moment in the meantime - *Om Swatiastu Ibu!*

I spent the rest of the trail running a bit, walking a lot and relishing every moment. The short would have been great trail for running hard and fast along, and I believe the long runners felt the same about the longer trail - **Telecum**, **Sour Grapes** and **Used Snowball** all came in looking soaked in sweat and generally cheerful, although **Used Snowball** appears to be becoming a bit "teenage cheerful" these days - bless his little hormones. Talking of **Sour Grapes** - word on the trail is he needs to shout *"Passing!"* a little more often when working his way to the front of pack, to avoid pissing people off. If you know him, pass it on, as he's rarely around for the Circle these days.

As the baking heat of the day settled into a gorgeously balmy evening, several glasses of beautifully refreshing **PROST** mingled with the traces of *Cefradroxil* in my bloodstream creating a rather delightful pharmacological uplift ideal for summoning the endorphinly enhanced into a Circle, then attempting to extract some choral creativity to that classic tune *"My Sister Belinda Pissed Out The Window"*.



Talking of which, I feel that *Pissed Out The Window* was a pretty lame attempt at a hash name for the lovely **Belinda** - surely "**Soggy Sombrero**" would have been much funnier? Probably should have thought of it at the time.

Having coined my own verse: *"I like the Campari, sets me up for a bush safari"*, I was rather dismayed by the Circle's collective lack of ability to rhyme a beverage with amusing smut. Could I suggest y'all put some thought into coming up with one for next time? Cocktail names are a rich source of material - *I like a Pina Colada, it makes me shag harder*; *I like a Negroni, makes me fuck till she moany...*

Anyhow, it was such a fun circle, replete with **Horny Rabbit** excelling as a temp **RA**, that I fear our exuberance rather worried the locals and we had to cut the festivities short. But thank you to the "**Herring Shoal**" for providing me with a great return to the joys of hashing and here's hoping rather more of the 'Horny' one returns soon from Bangkok.

On On! X **Steptoe**

On the *Bali Hash 2 Official* WA group there's a fantastic collection of photos and videos documenting the day's activities. Special thanks for these are due to **Multigrip**, **Twatzapp** and **Foreskin** whose drone footage captured the laboured progress of the huge turn out – **143** hashers in single file treading wearily among the cornfields and rice crops. If you haven't already seen them, check 'em out.
Great memories of another **BHHH2** run in Paradise!

The Circle

HM Gritty Balls is still patiently waiting for the day that the temperature in Cambridge, UK, actually reaches double digits. Vain hope? In his stead as **Hash Master** on this occasion was the ever-enthusiastic **Steptoe** whose own UK-ravaged body was eagerly soaking up the heat of an almost seaside run site on our tropical isle. With renewed vigour he summoned the recalcitrant crowd to *Circle Up!*





But first, don't forget to top up your glass with some good cold **PROST**.
What a great example of a hasher you are, **Ben** aka **Muddy Toe**.
Or just a devoted child looking after his dad?

Bali HHH2 - Run#1771

Date: 14-Nov-26
Pura Dalem Desa Kesian, Gianyar ~ 10 & 6 Km.
*** CHEAT SHEET ***

TOTAL RUNNER:	MEMBER /VISITOR
143	110 /33

*** Notes:

HARES(4)
HORNY HERRING; ROLL MOP; DOGGY STYLE; PISSED OUT THE WINDOW

RETURNER(22)
JOROK; KUCIT; LOCOMOTIVE; BACK ALLEY; SAMIYOK; SHREK; DANISH MUFFIN; A CUTE ANGINA; TONY SINATRA; BRACUK BOY; STUFFIN THE MUFFIN; HUNGRY WITCH; OFF MY TROLLY; INDECENT EXPOSURE; SIR WANKALOT; PISSED OUT THE WINDOW; DINGLEBERRY; KEISUKE TSUJI; NORMAN SUKARDI; JAMES NEIDER ; UMI TSUJI; MATHIAS SUKARDI

VISITING-HASHER(4)

VIRGINS(9)

LEAVERS(0)

VIH(0)

NEW-MEMBERS
MELISSA MCCABE^6

BIRTHDAYS(1)
I AM WET

The actual Hares on the day were accorded accolades for their sterling efforts under a burning sun. Excellent hash trails, thank you **Roll Mop** and **Pissed Out The Window**.



A well deserved *Down Down* in appreciation for your work.
To **Horny Herring** and **Doggy Style**, we missed you on the run this week. Hurry back, guys!

22 notable *Returners* were welcomed back into the fold. You were all missed during your absence so please come again next week – or else!





RETURNER(22)
JOROK; KUCIT; LOCOMOTIVE; BACK ALLEY; SAMIYOK; SHREK; DANISH MUFFIN; A CUTE ANGINA; TONY SINATRA; BRACUK BOY; STUFFIN THE MUFFIN; HUNGRY WITCH; OFF MY TROLLY; INDECENT EXPOSURE; SIR WANKALOT; PISSED OUT THE WINDOW; DINGLEBERRY; KEISUKE TSUJI; NORMAN SUKARDI; JAMES NEIDER ; UMI TSUJI; MATHIAS SUKARDI

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE



While **Wooden Eye** is very hopeful of making a welcome return to **BHHH2** next Saturday, his injured hand was not yet ready for the baptismal font. His faithful attendants were there, but **The Terrible Twins** were seemingly unemployed with the master away.

Faced with a list of *Hash Virgins* but lacking a **Religious Advisor** to induct them into Hashdom, **Deputy Hash Master Steptoe** cast around for a "Sorcerer's Apprentice" to take on this function.
His eye fell upon **Horny Rabbit**.

As though born to the role, and with a little prompting by **Steptoe**, she duly anointed the *Virgins* and bade them return to their *Mother Hash.* Love your work, **Horny Rabbit**!



A charge from the floor was in order as a lesson in Hash etiquette for **Sour Grapes**. As **Steptoe** remarked earlier, "he needs to shout *"Passing!"* a little more often when working his way to the front of pack, to avoid pissing people off." The call for his presence in the Circle went unheeded, as he himself appeared to have pissed off.
What to do?



The answer was obvious really . . .
Just call on another Hungarian as a "Whipping Boy" for the real sinner, and so **Hungry Witch** took the fall for the *FRB* **Sour Grapes** – whether she wanted to or not!



There was a *Birthday* to celebrate last week.
Our favourite "hunter gatherer" **I Am Wet** was there to be serenaded by the Circle and wished a very happy birthday.

This *"His 'n Hers"* pair were welcomed as *Visiting Hashers* (but certainly not for the first time). Welcome to **BHHH2**. He says the matching outfits are her idea!



At 7pm, at the request of the local *banjar*, the beer taps were turned off and the jollity of the Circle was fairly abruptly curtailed. It had been a good day, great trails and a very lively Circle.

Next week we will be treated to another great ***Pussy Hash Run***, arranged by **Trycoxagain, Horny Rabbit, Pro Boner** and **Camel Toe**. Be there!

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