BHHH2 HASH TRASH #1772 21 November 2026

Dauh Yeh Cani, Abiansemal

(Wet?) Pussy Hash

***Hares*: Camel Toe, Trycoxagain, Horny Rabbit, Pro Boner**
(+ a tribe of *Hash Horrors*)

"It's gonna be a WET Pussy Run today! Traffic's a bit slow because it's such a gloomy, rainy day. Rain or shine, we're here to get you wet and get those endorphins pumping. Better cum this afternoon 💔 😅 On On!"



Promises, promises . . .
The invitation from **Camel Toe** was too enticing to resist, and my weather app predicted *"storms around 1600"*. But things didn't even start to get moist until long after the Circle started.



The trails set by **The Pussy Hash Girls** were, like them, really beautiful. Tranquil paths led into the *sawah,* and *On On* to jungle trails from the superb site at the *Lapangan Umum* (Community Park) at Desa Yeh Cani.

Getting wet was promised. The hares spoke in the pre-run briefing of *"a river crossing"* so we all girded our loins in preparation for a crutch-deep dousing. The anticipated torrent turned out to be not much more than a piddle that only just got our shoes wet.

That is, if you weren't **Paralytic**. She managed to slip on a slimy rock and ended up *"A over T"* (do I need to spell that out?) in the ankle deep water. Aside from such ineptitudes, our **RA Wooden Eye** did a great job in ensuring the day remained fine for the duration of the run, as well as the early part of the Circle afterwards. Praise be!

Horny Rabbit and **Trycoxagain** displayed enviable reserves of energy. They had only just finished setting the *TWO TWO TWO* trails when they saddled up again, ready to join **Toilet Trasher** in registering some 112 runners who were tempted by the hares' enticing invitation.

It was with much rejoicing that the **PROST** truck eventually made it to the run site. The lads had messaged that they were delayed by traffic "down south", to the considerable consternation of our deputised **Hash Master Steptoe**. It was hot and humid, there was a big crowd of runners, and many a raging thirst would need to be quenched. Well done, boys!







Used Tampon wore her *"Been there, done that, got the T-shirt"* attire in support of the **Pussy Hash Hares**.



There were other "pretenders" too, but only one of them wore pink knickers.

At least as far as I could verify!
I don't know whether **Malin Kundang** had *anything at all* on underneath his Hash Kilt.

The real stars of the day were the true hares:



Camel Toe (who wasn't able to stay after laying the trail but was substituted by the much less attractive **Skanky Toe** who thankfully foreswore the wearing of pink knickers and a tutu), **Pro Boner**, **Trycoxagain** and **Horny Rabbit**. As the moist **Paralytic** said: *"Great hash, thanks ladies!!"*

Meanwhile, as the **Pussy Hash Hares** were out there laying paper, our reluctantly roped-in replacement **Hash Master Steptoe** was suffering from severe consternation.

He explains his anxieties thus:

The Shaved Pussy Run

It didn't start well. As I picked up my phone to check the location, I was stopped in my tracks by one of the most terrifying a messages a supply teacher **Hash Master** can see:
"Beer will be late today;, stuck in traffic."

Since being press-ganged into the role by a departing **Gritty Balls**, I'd already been struggling with the absence of our **Religious Advisor**. Take away the beer too and, as that great punchline to the Irish joke I can't remember the set up for says: *"Whale Oil Beef Hooked"*.

To make matters worse, as I drove towards the run site the sky was doing some seriously ominous stuff. Cumulonimbus clouds where piling up into what the 'Septic Tanks' like to call thunderheads and dour Brit **Foreskin** gloomily refers to as *"Looking black over Bill's mother's"*. Entertainingly, it turns out that *Cumulonimbus* translates from the Latin as "rain cloud heap" which is exactly what the sky above the run site was filled with as I arrived.

Given that the **Pussy Hare Team** had already gleefully posted pictures of a river crossing, in the rainy season, on their run, the paranoid part of my mind was looking at officiating a hash run with no beer, no Religious Advisor and a high possibility of people being swept away by a religiously unmediated deluge of Biblical proportion.

However, I steeled myself with a maxim from my home Shire of Dorset: *"Worry be like a rocking chair, inee? You put loads o' energy in, but ee don't get you nowhere, does ee?"* and tried to proceed as if I wasn't teetering on the brink of presiding over a Hashpocalypse.

My determined nonchalance paid off too. Within a few minutes of arriving I spied the beer truck pulling in, closely followed by a gap in the clouds casting a finger of God illumination onto the unmistakable waddle of a Welshman. Could it be true? Was I witnessing the return of 2026's official *Shortcutting Bastard of the Year*, our sorely missed moral mentor and meteorological mitigator, **Wooden Eye**!? As I gazed upon his miraculous meander towards me, I could almost hear the sound of a heavenly choir of satiated sheep delightedly bleating a heartfelt *"Hallefuckinlujah!"*

Within minutes of his arriving the cumulus of nimbus had aufugit the hades out of the sky and a benevolent blue beamed in its place.

Worries assuaged, it was at this point I took in the surroundings. It was a run site with some previous form. We'd been here on a somewhat more serious celebration of feminism than a **Pussy Run**, and again on a *Belgian Day* when a squad of Indonesian army chaps had taken exception to **Chocolate Finger**'s colonial instinct of hoisting the Belgian flag on one of their flagpoles.

Both those runs had been somewhat marred by a really shite start along a seemingly endless stretch of narrow, balancey *subak*. So it was a relief to discover that the **Pussy Hare** team had neatly *shaved off* that part of the run and instead led us into an entertaining weave through neatly manicured flaps of farmland and enticingly scented *pandan* groves before delivering us onto the seemingly endless stretch of narrow, balancey *subak* from the back entrance.

Jorok summed it up with his usual poetic elegance in a *haiku*:

Hate that fuckin' shit.
It too thin to balance on
Like walking tightrope



Personally, my own low point was coming to the *split* and, despite the chalk-scrawled goading: *"Don't Be a Pussy"*, found my recuperating carcass slinking shamefully onto the *short*. The ignominy of my pussyness was somewhat attenuated when I easily caught up with and passed the completely healthy **Dandy Pants**. It was further justified by my watch informing me, shortly after, that it had clocked a new heart rate maximum of 189 beats a minute, despite me consciously taking it easy.

When I'm in my rocking chair anxiety mode, the ancient idea that you might get allocated a specific number of heartbeats at birth, initially makes running for pleasure seem a form of slow-release suicide. However, it turns out that frequent vigorous exercise reduces your resting heart rate. So, somewhat counter-intuitively, regularly maxing out your beats per minute means you end up with a lot less beats per day on average.

Far more relevant to chances of longevity though, are your levels of stress. So here's hoping that our Welsh Warlock's heavenly choir of repeatedly raddled ruminant quadrupeds will soon raise their voices in an ovine ovation to celebrate the return of our clipboard wielding warrior **Gritty Balls**, so I may once again retire to hoi amongst poloi, to guffaw with gusto at the comic genius with which **Dancing Queen** leads those astute enough to dance along with him to the eventual putrid punchline of his performance.

On On! X **Steptoe**

The Circle

As yet there have been no heavenly hymns of praise to celebrate the return of regular **Hash Master Gritty Balls**. Stress levels ignored, **Steptoe** has manfully stepped up to fill his shoes and conduct the roughly circular configuration of hashers in a weekly debrief of our trail adventures, pay our respects to the hares for their fine work, and make welcome those who have returned or have joined a run for the very first time.



So it came to pass that **Steptoe** called on the assembly to *Circle Up!*

There was universal acclamation of **Hash Pussies** (wet, shaved, or in pink knickers and tutus). Whether you took the *long trail* or you were a pussy and opted for the *short*, it was a treat to be out in some beautiful Balinese countryside under a fine sky. Thanks, and a well deserved *Down Down* for **Horny Rabbit**, **Pro Boner**, **Trycoxagain** and **Camel Toe** *in absentia*.

Bali HHH2 - Run#1772

Date: 21-Nov-26
Dauh Yeh Cani, Abiansemal ~ 11 & 6 Km.
*** CHEAT SHEET ***

TOTAL RUNNER: 112
MEMBER /VISIT 100
*** Notes: (Wet) Pussy Hash Girls

HARES(4)
CAMEL TOE; TRYCOXAGAIN; HORNY RABBIT; PRO BONER

RETURNER(18)
WOODEN EYE; DANCING QUEEN ; CONCRETE ERECTION; MOOSE GIVES HEAD; MUSTAFA SHITE; ROOT CANAL; LA BELLA; CLUSTER FUCK; TURKISH DELIGHT; PISOLA; FRENCH TICKLER; STICKY BACK; MALIN KUNDANGG; LAURENT MAXENCE; SPANISH CLAP; ROMAN; SPOILT BRAT; SHOTARO TAKIMOTO

VIRGINS(2)

LEAVERS(0)

VIH(0)

NEW-MEMBERS
LAURENT MAXENCE^6

BIRTHDAYS(3)
ALLEZ ALLEZ; GLORY HOLE; QUE?

As usual there was a fine crop of *Returners.*

Especially welcomed on his return was **RA Wooden Eye** who dusted off his *fez* in readiness to resume his role of anointer of *Virgins* and entertainer *sans pareil.*





Just take a look at that list of *Returners* – surely a noteworthy bunch of misfits there! Welcome back to **BHHH2** – have a *Down Down* on us.



Hash Virgin **Rinat** from Tatarstan, Russia, happily accepted his moist induction into Hashdom, courtesy of **RA Wooden Eye**. He had little idea of what was to come but, with an instantaneous translation provided by **Horny Rabbit**, he stoically faced the flourishes of the *Bog Brush of Office. "Welcome, welcome, welcome . . . to Bali Hash House Harriers 2-2-2. You may return!"*



There were a couple of *Birthdays* worthy of mention last week as **Que?** and **Allez Allez** made it on yet another voyage around the sun. Happy birthday to you both. *May you live 100 years . . .*

The competition to be the *Short Cutting B*stard of the Year* is hotly contested. Regular winner **Tin Tin Balls** accepted the "trophy" at the recent **Victor Awards**, but this time it was on behalf of **Wooden Eye** who was unable to be there due to a love bite from his own dog. The Award itself was also of his own making! Congrats, **RA**.





And then, as promised by my weather app albeit a little late, down came the rain. The die-hards contracted the Circle under totally inadequate umbrellas to ensure the consumption of **PROST** was up to the usual standard.

Only the gods know what went on among that cabal. Another very happy day of hashing in Paradise with **BHHH2**.

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