

**BHHH2 Run #1629 Pura Taman Pule, Mas 24 Feb 2024**  
***Purnama – A Full Moon Run***

Hares: Rock On; Frock Off; Flying Tattoo; Concrete Erection

**Krystal Tits: Observations on a magnificent run & Circle**

***Parkir Terbesar, Terbaik***

Hares: Rock On, Frock Off, Flying Tattoo... I mean! Concrete Erection?  
Isn't Concrete Erection the one who bailed on the Hooligan brothers a few weeks back?  
By this logic, Flying Tattoo is honour bound to step in when the next hare defects.

Location: The best parking lot in Bali  
This parking lot was so big... ("How big was it!?" ) you could have set the whole trail in it.  
It was so big, we needed HHH signs throughout just to find the beer truck. In fact! It was so big...  
you could have fitted a whole new banjar in it. It was SO big... Well, you get the picture. And just  
by virtue of it being the biggest parking lot this scribe has ever seen, it is the BEST parking lot.

Weather: If you can't complain about the parking lot, what else is left to the whinging hashers?  
Weather. You can always complain about the weather.  
Personally I think it was perfect. Little sprinkle here, slightly cloudy. Perfect. Compared to the last  
three weeks of torrential rain, I'd say Wooden Eye has finally managed to turn it around.  
Apparently he showed up a bit late? And now the more superstitious amongst us will demand  
that he continue on this trend until the end of the rainy season.

Friday night: - Oh, the things we do for hash. Instead of partaking in a glorious Friday night quiz  
victory with their team, the dynamic duo of Rock On and Frock Off had all too responsibly decided  
to go to bed by 9pm. Very un-hash like behaviour.

The trail: How did they do? Well, the trail was magnificent. And there was not one but 2  
(twooooooooooooo!!...) splits. The long ended on glorious notes of green sawah and palm trees.  
As correctly advertised by the hare, it was also very runnable. So runnable, our little gazelles  
(hello there Squeak and Naughty Rabbit) were bordering on Kipchoge-like pace.

Just behind them were Turd Generation, Snowballer and a very elegant silver fox hasher whose  
name escapes me. Towards the end, the young Turd decided since it was probably going to be  
his last hash in Bali, that he should push the pace. He said if he passed out or whatever, someone  
would probably drag his body back to the On In. Ahhh, to be 20 and stupid again. So anyway, see  
you on Monday's run, Turd.

Everyone managed to get back at a reasonable time, no search parties were required, and  
festivities commenced apace. Many adorable children and furbabies were spotted frolicking  
around, but sadly they were all spoken for. Total attendance, somewhere around 160.

Circle: It was run for the second-to-last time by the illustrious Serial Offender. Highlights included  
a Turd on ice for breaking 2 (twooooooooooooo!!...) bamboo bridges, a Krystal on ice for selfies in  
the Circle (now that's a bullshit accusation if I ever heard one), and a memorable moment where  
Concrete Erection treated us to not one, not two, but four simulated orgasms. I guess you had to  
be there.

Wooden Eye welcomed virgins with his usual vigor and zest, and managed to fit in a naming.  
Birthday girl Febrika, who works at BCA, is now known as Off Her Trolley. Why? Why ask why  
after 5+ barrels of beer.

Quote of the day / New BHHH2 tagline: *"There is always cake at Bali Hash 2."*  
On On to the next disaster

**69er: Notes on sacred sites and religious leaders**

As promised by the hares, a lovely trail and at last a dry run – in a sense. No rain, so instead of  
getting wet from above, it was On On across a narrow river burbling through a gorgeous little  
ravine. Same result really!

Storm clouds and rumbling thunder all around, a little short-lived sprinkling of rain . . .  
This scribe was left wondering how all 160 hashers in attendance had been so blessed on this  
evening of the full moon. What magic had been wrought by Wooden Eye, our Religious Advisor?  
Why, this week, had his intercession with the Rain Gods been successful?

I have a theory. In Bali, some places are considered to be imbued with sacred, spiritual energy.  
In such places, the priests call upon the pantheon of gods to intervene in the fates of the people.  
But at Pura Taman Pule there were no priests yesterday. There had to be another explanation.

In the nick of time the Hash Master arrived, the hare briefed the pack and it was On On!  
A super trail led us to . . . the Religious Advisor's very own driveway! Clearly this must be a place  
of great power, lying on a ley line and attracting the focus of the gods. Wooden Eye's own  
sanctum sanctorum. So this was the answer! Let no-one again doubt the authority of our  
Religious Advisor.

Thus blessed, the pack continued on its merry way under benign skies, some 7½km for the  
shorter trail, 11 for the longer. Suksema, and thank you RA.

It was appropriate then that the Circle concluded with Concrete Erection leading the  
congregation in the traditional spiritual: "Swing low, sweet chariot . . ."

As Krystal Tits wrote above, it's "On On" to the next disaster!