

Hash Trash Run #1631 09 March 2024

Saturday March 9th – **Hari Raya Kuningan** in Bali . . . and **BHHH2 Day**

"Bonjour, **Krystal Tits!** 69er here . . . Would you & **6 of 9** still like a lift to the run later today?"

"Oh – that would be lovely. Thanks."

"OK. **Ringtail** and I will pick you two up as usual on the Sayan Rd at 2.30, alright?"

"Merci! See you there"

"Great! Should be a nice day down at the beach at Keramas. It'll make a change after all the rainy runs lately. **Pearl Necklace** has done a great job finding a run site and setting the trail. **Snowballer** and the family have gone there early for a day at the beach . . . and a beer of course. See you guys later"

Later . . .

"Well, crap! The rain's a bit early and a trifle heavy. **Barnacle Balls** describes it as 'Biblical'. There are warnings out from **Konkorde** and **Used Tampon** about road closures and heavy traffic today. That's not unusual for Kuningan morning - don't know about l'après-midi though. We'll keep in touch re pick up time & place - see how things pan out"

"It should quiet down a bit as the ceremonies wrap up? I'm told they're usually done by 2pm"

"Yes, that's our take as well. What if we leave at 2.15 and head downhill out of this deluge? Our cat reckons he's home & dry though. He's going nowhere!"

"Sensible cat! OK – we'll see you soon"



Later . . . en route

"The road's not too bad. I thought it'd be running like a river down here. At least I can see where the edges are"

"Yes – **6 of 9** probably won't need her umbrella"

A little later . . . approaching the run site @ Keramas

"Ah sh*t! It's getting heavy again here. Should clear up soon though, I reckon.

It's funny that our friend thinks BHHH2 should run more often down this way. She can't remember when it last rained in Sanur"

"Maybe we need to arrange a ceremony!"

At the parking . . .

"Oh – it's a bloody lake! I'll get the umbrellas . . ."

Krystal's bits . . .

And so, everyone got out their umbrellas. Well, everyone except the children, the dogs, and people like Gudang who just thought the rain was refreshing. Sure, as refreshing and new and fun as day-offal left in the sun. This scribe is over it.

Still, the combination of rain and our *wantlan*-less situation did allow for a comprehensive review of umbrella fashion.

Umbrellas

Things started off with a bang when **Penis Collector** showed up with this lovely peacock number. But an umbrella is not just a pretty object. It has a role to play, a bit like a Religious Advisor. It has to function and keep water off you (clearly, this should apply to both the RA and the umbrella, but sadly, one of those was deficient yesterday. But I digress.) Anyway, Part II of the downpour saw **Penis Collector** with a new number, equally colourful. Mantap!



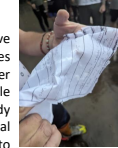
Many umbrellas were pretty, fun... cheery even. Something about bright colours on an otherwise dreary day making the world a better place. Like lipstick on a bloated pig carcass or something. At least you tried.

But then there are the pragmatists. Those who just want the biggest damn umbrella possible, at the lowest price (hello branded marketing material umbrellas). They know they're going to forget it somewhere sooner or later. Why go through all the trouble of picking a nice one out. You can't really see it from under there anyway. Who cares what the others have to look at during circle as long as rainwater doesn't get in your beer.

Winners in this category include our HM and RA, as well as the guy with the ACE umbrella (sorry, no photo) and a few others.



That said, the HM's umbrella must not have been doing a good job, since his hash notes looked like so much shredded trail paper after a deluge. Maybe it was just the angle at which he held his umbrella. Somebody get him some umbrella-holding remedial sessions stat. We still might have a ways to go with this rainy season.



You may have guessed that beyond the "pretty" umbrellas and the "practical" umbrellas, there had to be more. Yes, more umbrellas.....



Jorok impressed me with his transparent, perfectly shaped, water-repelling dome. The essence of "umbrella". Umbrella, in its purest form. The only way to top that would be! Of course, the hash umbrella. The type we should all be carrying next time. Don't forget to pick one up from haberdashery if you don't already own one.



The only time most of us were not busy figuring out how to hold our beer, our umbrella and our phone at the same time was while on trail.

Trail

This week's hare was Pearl Necklace, who was kind enough to step in for Telecum. Telecum was supposed to be away, but lo and behold, there he was in the front pack as usual. The others included Just Pêter, Slow Coach, Snowballer, Drongo Wanker and Yours Truly. This breakaway FRB pack managed cooperatively to find mushy bits of paper to stay on trail the whole way. Only at the last straightaway did Just Pêter leave the others in his dust, casting us away with alacrity like one discards items that "no longer spark joy".

Circle

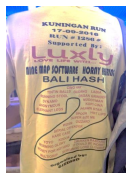
The HM did a fine job with the usual stuff, and the RA was doing fine as well until he decided to sing a song about Nelly and a cow, or something like that. Most people couldn't hear it very well as they were ducking for cover. Secretly the RA wanted to do what the children had been doing before the run, but just disguised it as religion. Cunning.

Whatever the motivation, karma is a bitch, as they say, and Drongo Wanker quickly splashed him back. He just as quickly ended up on ice and many long painful jokes ensued. If you didn't hear it this time, go ask Steptoe about the two aerials.



A word about T-shirts and special days

It seems people are still a bit confused. Konkord the *kontrarian* was wearing a St. David's Day shirt, Wooden Eye was still wearing a St. David's Day shirt (maybe that's all he owns?), and some people were wearing St. Patrick's Day shirts. Let's get this straight people! Last week was St. David's Day, next week is St. Patrick's Day. And this week was Kuningan. Most appropriate shirt goes to my co-scribe, all-round nice guy, and owner of a vast collection of hash shirts, 69er.



The last word goes to the warung at Keramas beach which, for those of you who went there to on on on will know, is absolutely jam-packed with f****ing annoying inspirational and motivational quotes the likes of which are spotted every day in depressing office lounges all around the world.

And the last image goes to Nala, who like many of us, is over it. Just over it.

On On to the next disaster!

