

H2H3 Run 333: 28<sup>th</sup> May 2016

Location: Near Floating Market

Co-ordinates: N 12.487079 E 99.927563

Hares: Hugmannannygoat & Davey Delayed

Snacks: Blow Me Dry

Tax Collector: Pythagoras

Hash Flash: Special Services

Run Details: Tinks

Hash Scribe: Jock Twat

Number of Hashers: 49



Pre Hash

Another fine day in hash territory, not too hot and the rain held off. THE 50 SHADES OF GREY (the Ozzie contingent would probably say "50 SHADES OF G'DAY"). assembled at the allotted time. One of the intrepid hares 'Davey Delayed' arrived with a nano second to spare, his excuse? He forgot that the car park location had been moved 300 metres; at his own request.

The hash was called to order by Mr. Vice himself Pussy '**Rocky Bilboa**' Peddler. The hares today were that dynamic duo : Hugmannannygoat & Davey Delayed

DD warned of the dangers that the hashers would encounter, from killer brambles, Triffids and the 'thingy' from The Rocky Horror Picture Show. None of the aforementioned materialized, which would result in DD receiving a DD later for blatant scaremongering.

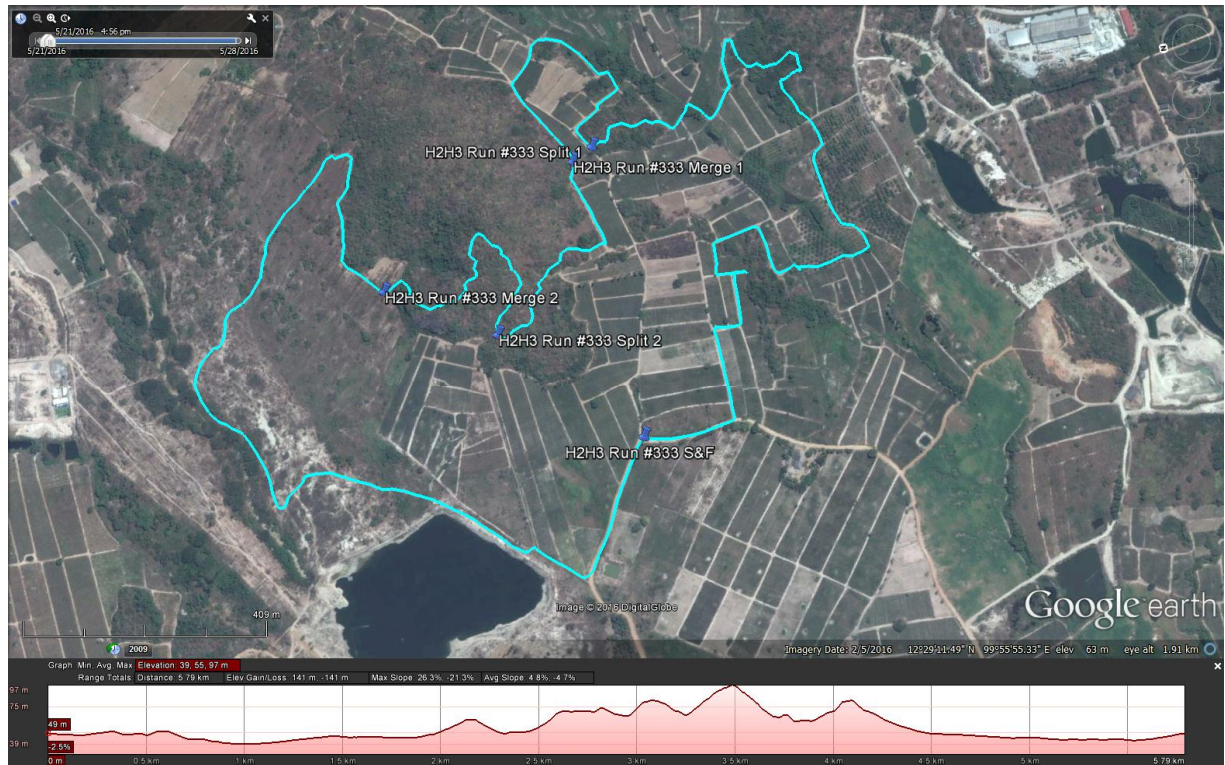
The direction of On On was established, and they were orf. The path meandered around some pineapple fields and into some bamboo forest, and once again, around some pineapple fields and into some bamboo forest, you get the picture? At one point Hugmannnygoat was spotted lurking in the undergrowth; Oh! the sights you see when ye hivnny goat a gun! There were two runner/walker splits, the first one took the runners around a pineapple field (surprise surprise!) the second split a bit more challenging, over a speed bump with thick forest which managed to slow the pack down a bit. The Banyan Golf Course was glimpsed with the 19<sup>th</sup> hole tantalizingly close. Special Services kept popping up along the trail, flashing at all and sundry

Cathusalem having just returned from the UK after having his eye-balls re-calibrated went off paper, If I was Mr C. I would ask for a refund from the hospital!

Runners trail was 5.8 km & walkers 4.9 km

All and all, the hares did an excellent job, plenty of shredded paper, interesting trail, well done guys.

MAP & DISTANCES COURTESY OF TINKS



First past the post for the runners was that connoisseur of fine beer & Chang, Mudman. He was heard to remark, that he only finished first because there was no decent competition. OUCH! First back for the walkers were the Booze Brothers; Butt Out & Screwdriver, claiming that they had a thirst that would kill an Irish navy.



Post trail & circle

The circle was called to an orderly rabble, with a backdrop of a beautiful sunset.

Screwdriver was sporting the Leicester City Football Club shirt, he venomously denied that he had taken part in the King Power rent a mob in Bangkok when the team toured. I know this is true because, anyone who was a supporter of Leicester City before Christmas 2015 was not invited.

The Christening

One Brick Short or **EASY RIDER** in his chariot of fire, transported the R.A. **BORN TO BE MILD** into the circle to perform the ceremony. Irma was duly named 'Pearl's A Swinger' summit to do with her prowess with a rope.

The Down Downs

**Hares:** Hugmannannygoat & Davey Delayed, for a good trail.

**Snacks:** Blow Me Dry for excellent snacks.

**Wrong car park:** Davey Delayed.

**Blue Movie Star:** Pussy Peddler: For being a big HIT on youtube and for his bit of blue.

**Returners:** Pussy Peddler, Have You Had Me Yet, Latecomer, Bent Banana, Brambles Bill, Loose Screw, Screwdriver, Cathusalem, Deep Throat & Noname Paul.

**Paper gatherers:** Have You Had Me Yet, guy with greentop, Tinks & Mudman.

**Leaver:** Legs Wide Open; going to Londonshire, don't forget your burqa!

**Doomsday flora:** Davey Delayed:.

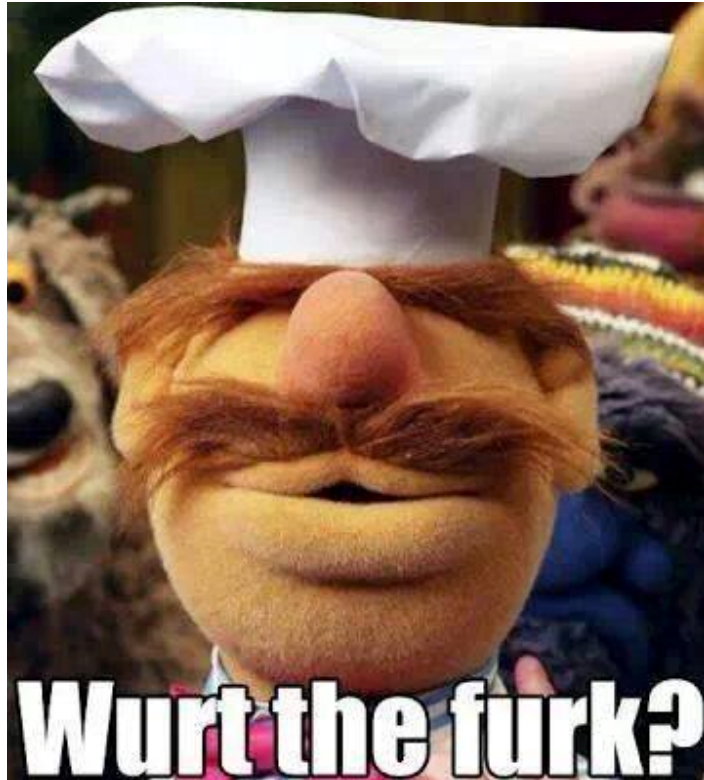
**Next Weeks Hares:** Butt Out & Rubber Duck

**Scribes:** This week Jock Twat next H2H3 Cathusalem.

The circle was adjourned shortly afterwards with most of the throng heading for a feed & libation at Sabai Sabai.

Sabai Sabai

There was a slight problem when everyone reached the restaurant. It appears that our GM had forgotten to tell the owner that 30 ravenous hashers would be descending on his humble eatery all at once. The lone chef threw a bit of a wobbly at not being informed about this overload to his culinary duties.



All was not lost; they had copious amounts of cold beer to keep us happy.

That's All Folks.



Jock Twat