

Hua Hin H3 Run #285 - 9<sup>th</sup> August 2014

Location: Hua Hin Soi 122, Google Map link: <https://goo.gl/maps/CsNtz>

GPS Coordinates: N 12.513546, E 99.93182 (N 12 30.183, E 99 57.829)

Hares: Pedalfile & Jock Twat

Snacks: Legs Wide Open

Hash Notes: Scotch Tape

Hash Photos: Pedalfile -

[https://www.facebook.com/Snozel.Bikes/media\\_set?set=a.10204745012530924&type=1&l=be3db2b7a5](https://www.facebook.com/Snozel.Bikes/media_set?set=a.10204745012530924&type=1&l=be3db2b7a5)

## **ON THE BUSH BABIES' BASH TO THE BANYAN TO THE TRAIL OF THE HALF SHUT KNIFE**

### **Pre-Hash**

On 9 August a horde of Hashers, 59 in all, gathered near the Banyan Village to participate in Hua Hin Hash House Harriers' Run Number 285, Hared by Jock Twat and Pedalfile and if you think there's no F in Pedalfile - think again. These insalubrious individuals exuded information on the day's forthcoming events and at no time were Jock Twat's lips seen to move. Indeed neither was Jock Twat who was inconspicuous by his absence, obviously having decided that desertion was the better part of valour and taken it on the toes to avoid the brickbats. So now this ill-advised and ill-assorted mass of humanity set foot on the uphill Trail that skirts the Army training area.

### **The Trail**

As the H2H3 Runners ignored the False Trail and powered relentlessly on uphill it was left to the intrepid Miss Snickers to lead an unwary band of pilgrims up a precipitous path to perdition before finding the feather and turning back. The Trail wound ever higher and the cognoscenti kept an anxious eye out to the left in the vain hope of seeing the Trail turn off on a downward direction. Alas it was not to be and so the struggling, straggling Hashers toiled onwards and upwards with a gaggle of giggling girls behind Scotch Tape singing "I will follow him", while all he was looking for by this time was a heart transplant and an iron lung! At last the golf course was reached and there was the evanishing Jock Twat, recumbent in the rough like an immovable hazard which might occasion a free drop. Perhaps he had already had one or was that a wee drop? Anyway this large lout contributed to the pantomime by declaiming from a famous monologue "To the woods, To the woods" and directing H2H3 onto the Trail of the Half Shut Knife. This nifty nomenclature arose from the position imposed on anyone over 4' 7" in height who had to bend over into an approximation of the Half Shut Knife format to negotiate the labyrinthine tunnels of thorny undergrowth which fortunately led downhill. Things proceeded apace during the descent until the Army Camp was reached and a seven mile long stretch of red dirt road manifested itself to spread alarm and despondency amongst the Hashers, especially the stragglers. However these seven stragglers, in the true non-competitive spirit of the Hash, indulged in an orgy of co-operation and shared out the seven mile stretch so that they did one each, proving as they did so that we are all blisters under the skin!

### **Post Trail and Circle**

Back at base and how base can you get? scraps of food and dregs of drink were gratefully guzzled by the municipal seven while lies were swopped willy nilly until the GM called the Circle. Various splinter groups had to be DownDowned into line before the agenda could be adequately addressed whereupon the Hares were DownDowned for conduct unbecoming. Down Downs abounded as Legs wide Open paid the price of overfeeding and 69 Forever and GynoMike had six DownDowns each before admitting they couldn't shay which had come from a can and which had come from a bottle. The DownDowns for Golden Delicious and Orange Pippin's 100th appearances were enjoyed, not to say savoured, by Tinks on behalf of Orange pippins. This week we had Virgins Pete, Graham and Thy and a Visitor from Al Ain Hash - Lyndel to DownDown before coming to the Returners where we had Mother Posterior, Rubber Duck, James and Lon the BrumBrums as well as a rake of reprobates who had reneged on the Downtown Hash two weeks ago. Other DownDowns were for Hugmanannygoat for some lunatic misdemeanour, Phil and Pedalfile for their performance as Easy Rider wannabees and Scotch Tape for mentioning next week's Hash and winning the Shakespeare recitation competition. For this achievement Scotch Tape was regaled with a rousing

enthusiastic chorus of "Why was he born so beautiful?" which he acknowledged graciously but was heard to mutter "They should have gone to Specsavers!" Tinks the GM then drew this tedious taradiddle to its termination by closing the Circle and releasing some of the survivors to slope off to the TK road house for a very enjoyable OnOnOn.

ON ON

Scotch Tape