

Hua Hin H3 Run #292 - 1st November 2014

Location: Off the Black Mountain Road (Route 1049)

Google Map link: <https://goo.gl/maps/i99g8>

GPS Coordinates: N 12.606945, E 99.869424 (N12 36.417, E99 52.165)

Hares: Screwdriver & Tinks

Hash Snacks: Pussy Galore

Hash Notes: Scotchtape

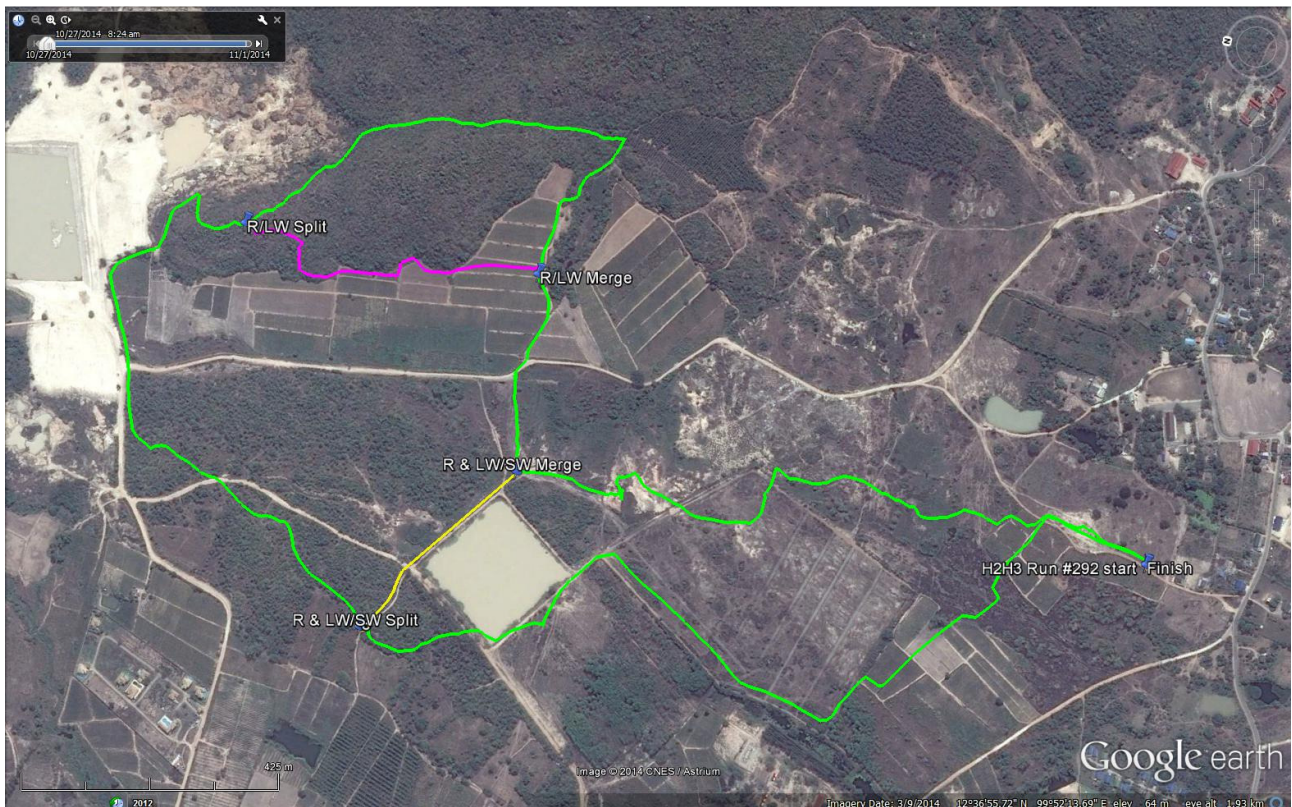
Hash Photos: Ballbanger & Dragontail (<http://www.h2h3-cah3.com/hash-trash1>)

Number of Hashers: 60

BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES

(With apologies and acknowledgements to San Bernadino di Siena)

All Saints Day 2014 saw an unholy assemblage of sinners at a venue next door to the Black Mountain Manor House to participate in Hua Hin Hash House Harriers' Run Number 292. Hares for the day were the Lord of the Manor himself, Screwdriver, ably assisted by H2H3's multi-tasking G M Tinkerbell. Climactic conditions were reaching fever pitch before the ever-sartorial Screwdriver told the hushed Hashers apocryphal tales of the impending Trail before unleashing some sixty sufferers on to this picturesque location. Underfoot conditions were superb to start with but as time and distance elapsed the warning words of Screwdriver came back to haunt us as pits of bubbling morass began to manifest themselves when H2H3 found itself in a swampy wetland that made Okefenokee seem like a National Park. Terrified but undaunted these heroic Hashers pussyfooted their way past the perils and pitfalls of the primrose path.



Green – Runners Trail, Magenta – Long Walk Short Cut, Yellow – Short Walk Short Cut

The Runners and Long Walkers were the first to lose their nerve and seek the solace of the higher ground before some Pleistocene monster could emerge from the murky depths of the mudflats and devour them. Only the stalwart Short Walkers kept their courage and their coolant stumbled on through seeping sinkholes towards the ultimate Golden Fleece - LEO. On the rare occasions that terra firma firmed up enough to dispel their terror the Hashers were able to enjoy a spectacular panorama of surrounding hills and mountains which were much easier on the jaundiced eye than

they would be on ones leaden limbs. The Runners did not stop climbing for some time in their anxiety to avoid the squelching stretches of the nether regions, and encountered various diversions of their own on the hill. What transpired up there only the guilty participants know and these events remain shrouded in mystery, alluded to only fleetingly and then in the vaguest of terms. Eventually Ground Zero was regained and relieved survivors zeroed in on the drinks and delicacies while recounting horror stories of traversing marshy fenland more terrifying than Hackney Marshes and Bully Fen combined.

As usual just when everyone was "gettin' fou' but unco happy" the G M interrupted proceedings to call the Circle and commence a cycle of DownDowns which included himself and Screwdriver as Hares and Pussy Galore for Hash Snacks. We had a myriad of Returners - Tom Jones, Bee Millar, Shutterlut, Donkey Cock, Have You Had Me Yet, Latecomer Old MacDonald and Lily the Pink - a slightly lesser number of Virgins - John, Jenny, Ann, Jamie, Jesse, and Mary. Other Down Downs were for Space Cowboy for misreading his information from NASA, Bent Banana and Pedalfile for bottle throwing while not at Old Trafford, Quick Mickey Mou and Donkey Cock for dropping Hashers and other litter on Hash Trails. 69Forever and Ballbanger were DownDowned for terminal tautology for the use of the epithets "losers" and "wimps" in the stultifying email exchanges about the previous week's Hash. It is a truth self-evident that only wimps and losers would sacrifice Saturday afternoons to go on the Hash!! Cathusalem and Davey Delayed provided a spirited musical (?) accompaniment to this Down Down by singing Wimps and Losers to the tune of Nymphs and Shepherds. The Final Down Down went to Pedalfile for being unwary enough to offer to Hare next week's Hash. The G M closed the Circle and H2H3 gratefully and gracefully retired to the blazing bonfire to watch the Mudman Firework Spectacular and over indulge in food, drink, and raucous behaviour. Jock Twat and Legs Wide Open provided yeoman service in maintaining Grog supplies well beyond the sensibilities of their customers. By this stage all pretensions had been cast aside on the bonfire along with anything else of a semi-portable nature. The moon was not full but the sub-species it looked down on most certainly were.

OnOn

Scotch Tape