

**Hua Hin H3 Run #294 - 29<sup>th</sup> November 2014**

**(The day before Saint Andrews Day)**

**Recommended Dress Wear: Dodgy Tartan**

**Location: Half way up Chum Phol Road near to the Wildlife Husbandry Office**

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

**GPS Coordinates: N 12.663214, E 99.909236 (N 12 39.793 E 99 54.554)**

**Hares: Brambles & Scotch Tape**

**Hash Snacks: Miss Snickers**

**Hash Notes: Hugmanannygoat**

**Hash Photos: Hugmanannygoat, Ballbanger & Cathusalem**

**Number of Hashers: 69**

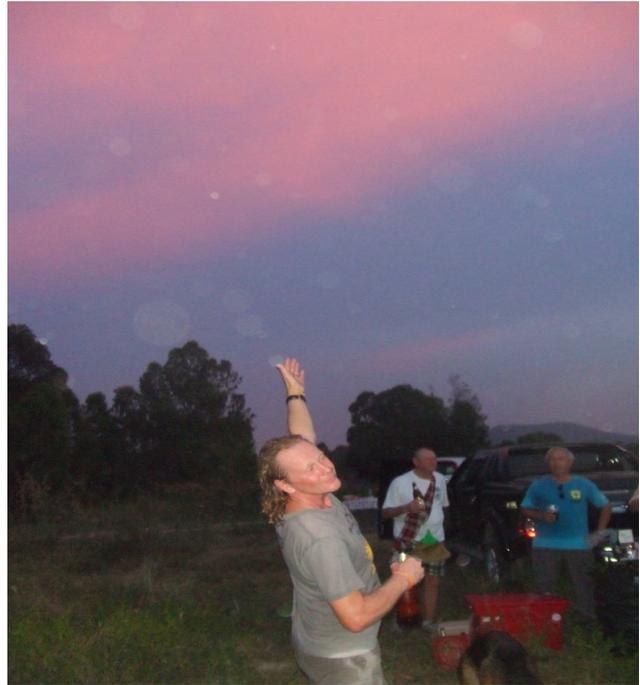
Forewarned by the veteran Hares Scotch Tape and Brambles Bill that we might need additional protection against grass burs and the like, 69 Hashers of all ages, sexes, shapes and sizes were sent on their merry way to tackle the two hundredth and ninety fourth trail of the Hua Hin Hash. Despite the slightly challenging elevations, undulations and indentations, it was a relatively short walkers trail consisting of 3.68 km of pleasant countryside adequately peppered with shredded paper and a few pretty goats. As a mere straggling walker, I can't comment on the fate of the runners, because for some probable technical reason, our GM Tinkerbell never sent out his usual email to our group with his trail map and stats.



Compounding this misdemeanor, the circle didn't really concentrate much on what happened on the trail, which is usually the first item on our G.M's agenda, instead he brought Hollow Legs into the circle who made announcements of forthcoming Christmas plans and that the Cha Am Hash will start at an earlier time of 4pm. At this point Mudman interrupted proceedings with a carefully prepared speech protesting such a proposal.



Mudman gave us various reasons as to why an earlier start to the Hash would be a bad idea, but the main thrust of his argument lay in the fact that he and others enjoyed gazing at the various spectacular dusk skies whilst pretending to be listening to, and watching the antics of “at times” tedious circle shenanigans. Mudman’s speech fairly resonated with the circle as he received an adulated chant of “MUDMAN! MUDMAN! WE LOVE MUDMAN!”.... Or was that sarcasm?



Next into the circle came Miss Snickers with a different announcement regarding the Christmas Cantata, but the attempts to explain the details became impossible due to the noisy rowdiness. Perhaps this was Mudman’s fault having whipped the hashers into an uncontrollable frenzy, but Miss Snickers must surely be partly to blame for fueling the hysterical half brained mob with her delicious but lethal Athol Brose concoction. Pussy Galore, no doubt fortified by Miss Snickers Athol Brose then came dancing into the circle uninvited looking “slightly” inebriated rendering our GM master of ceremony unusually looking bemused, confused and impotent.

Finally Tink’s got things back to reasonable order, and thumbs up was given to the hares for an excellent trail, Miss Snickers was loudly applauded for her wonderfully popular snack contribution, Nutcracker was welcomed back from whence she came, Quick Mickey Moue and Have You Had Me Yet were downed downed for telling fibs and Jock Twat was downed downed for being a twat, losing his condomed filled bum bag full of sex toys and KY jelly at last weeks on on on.

Finally all those dressed in dodgy tartan were invited into the circle and after taking the lead from our very own Paversnotty Dave Delayed, burst into a rendition of Auld Lang Syne.

The on on on at the Thai Kitchen was even rowdier than the circle with some very freaky pictures doing the rounds, particularly try to spot the difference between Donkey Cock and his twin brother wearing a “Hey You Jimmy” hat.

Next week’s entertainment brought to you courtesy of Donkey Cock and Warm Piss somewhere west of the Hup Ka Pong road.

ON ON