

## H2H3 RUN #369 – 30<sup>th</sup> September 2017

LOCATION: North Side of Pala-U Road (Route 3218) on Route 1049 near bridge

GOOGLE MAP LINK: <https://goo.gl/maps/Wc2sE4pcqiS2>

GPS COORDINATES: N 12 34.872, E 99 52.308

HARES: Swindler's Pissed & Rubber Duck

HASH SNACKS: Hungover

TAX COLLECTOR: Tinks

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 30

WRITE-UP: Jock Twat.

### PRE CIRCLE

Well here we were, gathered once again for an afternoon of fun & frolics. The parking was a bit 'tight' It was a good job no one had brought a cat as there wasn't enough room to swing one. The hares had a ready excuse prepared, it appears that the Thai army arrived on Saturday morning and 'dug up' the original car park. "Yeah right!" The hashers had to abandon their vehicles by the side of the road where they could easily have been mistaken for wrecks (The cars!!).

The hares of the of the day " Swindler's Pissed & Rubber Duck" entered the arena both wearing rather fetching Alice bands with droopy velvet thingies attached (Nope! me neither).

The hares god bless their cotton socks usually only get a cursory mention, so let me put the matter straight and tell you a little about their background.

Swindler's Pissed: Used to be a professional window licker in Swindon, specialising in basement flats and Wendy houses. Had to give it up when he grew too tall and

the hours too short. He now runs a successful business in Hua Hin, floggin' out of date, 7-ELEVEN ready meals to Cheap Charlie Chinese Tourists.

Rubber Duck: Used to be a ladyboy down Portsmouth docks and could be heard plying his wares "Hello sailor, want summit you've never 'ad before?" The usual retort from the matelots was "Wat you got then.....leprosy?" He left after having his fill of seamen. He is currently in a dispute with the ladyboys of Nana Plaza as they claim a full beard is not de rigueur and should have 5'o clock shadow like the rest of the girls.

### **The Trail**

Shortly after the pack set orf we encountered the first of many checks. Rubber Duck was lurking nearby looking rather smug as the pack took the false trail (Never, ever trust a smug looking hare!) The true trail was discovered and On On commenced again. We followed the klong for a while, past a banana plantation and pineapple fields. It really was quite a delightful piece of country-side. And then.....We came to a weir on the canal and lo and behold, there were the hares sitting at a table quaffing beer and sarnies. It was like a bizarre teddy bears picnic, but the good news was, that it was also a beer stop for the thirsty throng. The only way across the water was to get your feet wet. Mud Lady in her trade-mark wellies was chuckling at the soggy hashers trainers when the water glug-glug-glugged over the top the galoshes, filling them to the gunnels (no one dared larf) After that, she continued the trail walking like a deep sea diver.



### **The hares planning the route**

The paper then took us through dense jungle, elephant grass and marshy bog (simultaneously) This continued for nearly 30 minutes. It was discovered that we

had been wandering round in circles through the ankle deep sludge. The paper had long since disappeared. By this time the stragglers had caught up and the runners combined with the walkers. So everyone was subjected to 'a bad day on the Somme' with the bonus of jungle. I'm sure that this was a cunning plan thought up by the hares to ensure that runners/walkers/stragglers stayed together.



**Water, water everywhere.....but no paper in sight.**

On and on (as opposed to On On) we trudged through the boggy elephant grass (When Swindler's Pissed recced. the trail, the thought of snakes must have made him ~~shi~~ very wary as he is terrified of hissssing Syds.)

Eventually a way out of the jungle was found and all the hashers returned to the car park, none the worse for wear apart from advanced trench-foot.

This really was a quite excellent trail, challenging and fantastic scenery. A lot of time and considerable effort had obviously been applied, job well done lads.

### **The Circle**

Our GM, Cathusalem called the pack to heel, and got straight into an important announcement, and it went summit' like "The hash that was formally known as Hua Hin Hash will now be known as.....Hua Hin Hash." Confused? You will be.

The GM now unleashed that "Master of Mayhem" Tinks to MC the rowdy mob.

Lost Cause entered the circle, pot on 'ead and said "She had a grievance with the hares, because the hares had made her wet" Ooooh! er missus.....titter ye not, this is a family hash!

### **Down Downs**

Hares: Swindler's Pissed & Rubber Duck - For an excellent trail

Snacks: Hungover and her delicious tid-bits

Lost Cause: For getting wet

Mudman: For his jungle exploits

Onefer: For looking nonchalant

Loose Srew: Touting for business (family fruit stall)

Yankee Crank & Swindler's Pissed: For having an alternate circle

Swindler's Pissed & Rubber Duck: For their beer stop

Returners: Peter & Kittaya/Floppy Dik/Hard Drive/Steptoe/Odds On/Korn

Onefer: Next CAH3 run 7<sup>th</sup> October - 1 km from our current location.

GM Cathusalem took over from Tinks to close the circle, consensus of the great unwashed opinion "Bloody good day"

Always remember, never let the truth get in the way of a good story.

That's all folks



Jock Twat