

H2H3 Run 306: 16th May 2015

Location: Wat Samo Phrong

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/HTxyr>

GPS Coordinates: N 12 36.155, E 99 55.755 (N 12.602580, E 99.929250)

Hares: Cathusalem & Rubber Duck

Snacks: Comes with Cathusalem

Hash Scribe: Jock Twat

Hash Flash: Hugmanannygoat

Number of Hashers: 44

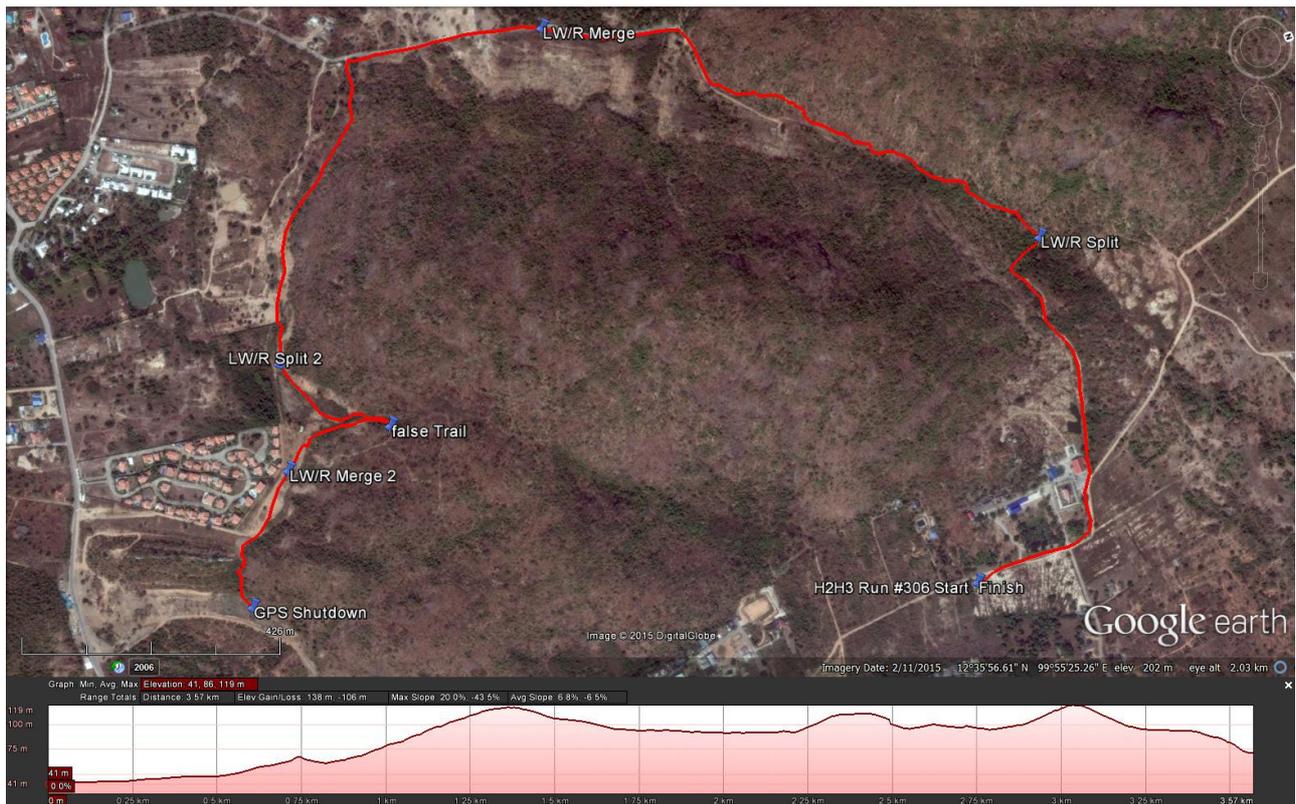
Pre-Hash

The pack gathered in the car park under a leaden sky at the allotted time, some hashers were so keen; they turned up half hour early for the run forgetting it was a 17:00 kick off and not 16:30, tch! Some people will do anything to get their monies worth.

The hash was called to order, Cathusalem gave the pre-run brief, which was fine and dandy, shredded paper on the right usual stuff blah,blah, blah, the hash virgins listened on intently, but I think he lost them (and the rest of the hash) when he picked up two sticks and gave a bizarre rendition of the Maori haka, no wonder Rubber Duck was keeping a low profile. I think that our lead hare omitted some things from his brief, like, why no warnings about barb wire, building sites, crossing roads and kamikaze hornets (more of them later)?

The Trail

The On On was pointed out by the hares, the trail took us past the magnificent Wat Samo Phrong temple, there seemed to be an inordinate amount of spirit houses in the grounds, haven't seen that many spirit houses since last time I visited Sauchiehall Street. The route meandered in an anti-clockwise direction, skirting around a rather large ominous looking hill. At roughly around 1km the trail split, long walk left/runners & short walk right. After the long walk/runner merge the runners were led up the ~~garden path~~ path, sorry, false trail, up a hill, for about 500 meters, oh! How they cussed. Shortly afterwards there was a lot more cussing to be heard as the hashers disturbed some hornets minding their own business. It's strange how the sight of these beasties turns most people into martial arts kung-fu experts (try it out at home). A few hashers were singled out and stung by the kamikaze swarm, they took a special interest in new hasher David Range's bald pate, and so what does he do? Swats them with a large rock! Boy, these yanks are tough. Next on the trail we were greeted by the sight of Black Mountain road with the sea twinkling in the background. We then stumbled into a 'working' building site, where a check was cunningly concealed, nice one hares! After much confusion the trail was eventually found and the pack continued next to a.....residential area. By this time Jock Twat was a bit dazed and confused and took a wrong turn, now normally this would not have been so bad but for the fact that there was a mom & pop shop on the corner, full of Saturday afternoon revelers. After 200 metres and lack of paper, it dawned on him that he would have to retrace his steps back past the bar, much to the amusement of the locals who were now epileptic with mirth, shouting and pointing at the crimson faced hasher "It's that way you jock twat" Oh! How we laughed. Next up was the very welcome sight of the On In where the 'very' short walkers were thoroughly imbibed by the beer truck. First past the post for the long walkers was jointly "The Booze Brothers" aka Butt Out and Screw Driver.



Tinks GPS showing only the first 3.6 km of a 5.2 km trail

Post trail & circle.

The circle was loosely formed and the hares suitably chastised, general opinion of the run/walk, good trail.

Down-downs

Pussy Galore & Screw Driver for ignoring the GM's call to order, indulged in a bit of 'dirty drinking'

Hares: Short walk too short & no paper on check on the road, triple DD's

Hash snacks: Comes with Cathusalem (some projectile Chang vomiting afterwards was involved)



Virgin Hashers: Alan & Sue (Yorkshire) & Helen (Age 85 - Jolly Shagman's Mum)

Late Comers: Davey Delayed and Doggy Style for erm.....being delayed

Returnees: Jolly Shagman, Sodomy, Brambles, Bent Banana, David Range, Shubh

Alcohol Abuse: Space Cowboy (wine spillage)

GM's thanks to Beirmiester, Iceman & Down Down Amah's, Legs Wide Open & Peaches

New Shoes: Cathusalem & Swindlers Pissed

Leavers: Scaly Back, Pussy Galore, Son of Pussy and Jolly Shagman



Inappropriate Drinking Vessel: Brambles Bill (purple plastic toothbrush mug)
Escaping Returner: James Hughes (double DD)



Recycling Hare: Swindlers Pissed (collected the hash trail paper on the Sunday after the previous H2H3 Hash)

Hash Christening

Hash Christening: David Range, after banging his head repeatedly with a rock to thwart the dastardly hornets what else could he be called but "Horny Head Banger"

Next weeks hash

Mis-directions from Screw Driver: Location Black Mountain area!

On After

The hoard of hungry hashers descended on Wan's restaurant, why is it called Wan's? Because they only cook wan meal at a time, boom-boom. To say the service was a bit slow is like saying North Korea's Kim Jong-Un is a bit mad. Our very own Mingster, bless her cotton socks, tried to alleviate the problem, taking orders whilst juggling bowls of rice. I'm sure some customers were ordering breakfast before each hasher was served dinner. See you next Halley's Comet Wan.

On On

Jock Twat

