

Hua Hin H3 Run #310 - 11th July 2015 15th Anniversary Run

Location: Klong Road, 1.1 km North of Soi 6

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

GPS Coordinates: N 12 37.674, E 99 56.582 (N 12.627894, E 99.943039)

Hares: Tinks & Fish Fingers

Hash Snacks: Golden Delicious

Hash Notes: Anon

Hash Photos: Hugmanannygoat

Number of Hashers: 49

NOSTALGIA AINT WHAT IT USED TO BE

Pre-Hash

On 11 July 2015, 49 of the Unwashed, Unwary and Unwanted united to participate in Hua Hin Hash House Harriers' Run Number 310, just a few days after that illustrious organisation's official 15th Birthday Bash at the Sabai Sabai Restaurant. That was a raucous and prolonged celebration with musical accompaniment provided by the notorious Susan and Larry and despite a constantly busy dance floor there were no indications of latter-day Fred Astaires or Ginger Rogers emerging. The recent memory of this momentous milestone gave rise to a rash of reminiscences amongst the more ancient of those assembled. Various feats of memory claimed to remember bygone days when the Banging of the Balls were audible to their proprietor, when Slackbladder was even tighter, when Onefer was not the opening of an Ozzie cricket score, when Deep Throat was only a shallow swallow, when Mudman's feet were only clay, when only the Legs were Hollow and not the head, when Cathusalem was the only harlot on the Hash, when 69 was waiting for something to turn up, when Old Macdonald was only a quarter-pounder, when even the Rons didn't seem so Long, when Scotch Tape was still coming to a sticky end.

Unaware of and unconcerned by this medley of memorabilia, the day's Hares Tinks and Fish Fingers were called into the Circle by the GM - multitasking Tinks, to deliver apologia for what we were about to endure. The mass of misinformation dispensed by this dyspeptic duo seemed to centre on a new sign to be encountered on the Hash Trail bearing the letters CB which no amount of persuasion could convince Hashers did not stand for Cold Beer. Mudman and Tinks embarked on a high flown discussion of Looping the Loop techniques as they apply to Hashing.



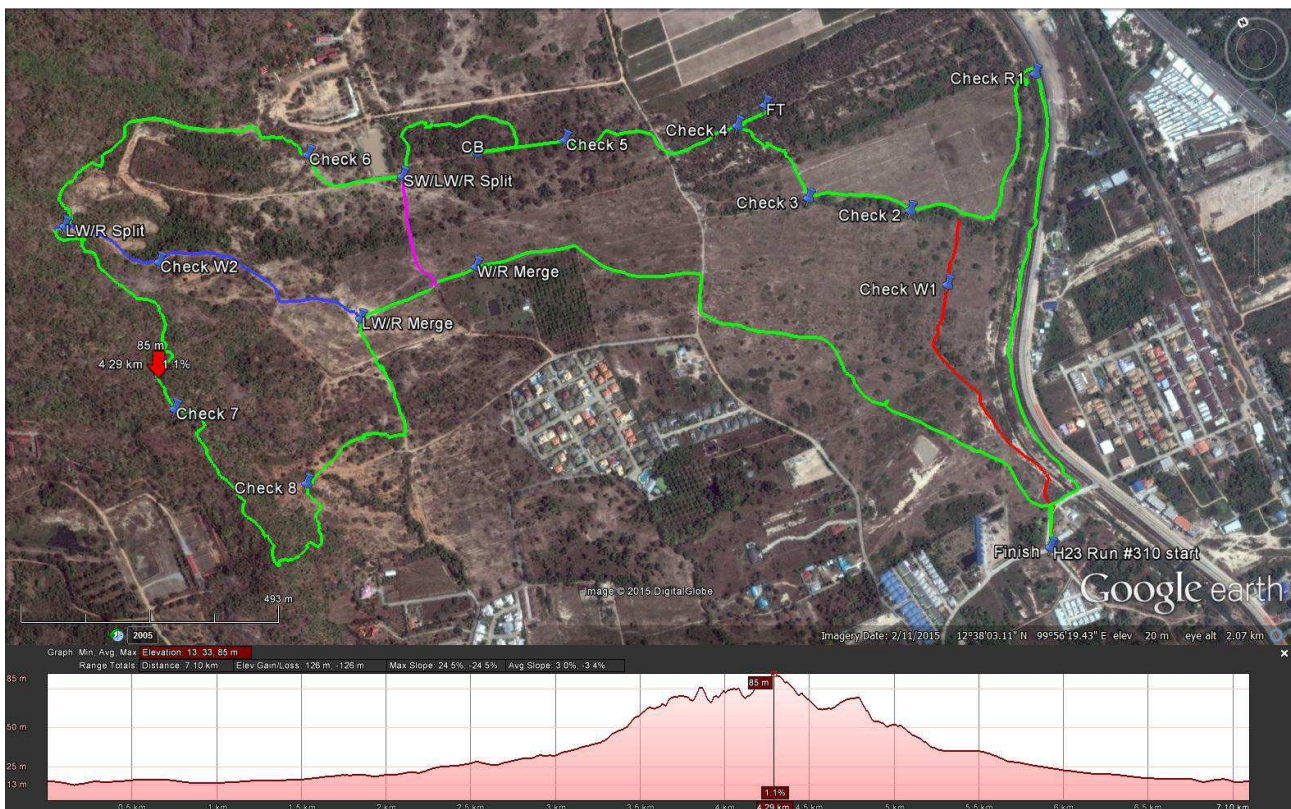
The Trail

All too soon and not a moment before, the milling mob were sent forth hither and yonder into the wilderness much to the consternation of Tinks whose definitive instructions were being definitely ignored. Eventually disorder prevailed and Walkers, Runners, and interested bystanders were set upon their predestined paths to perdition, which unfortunately entailed a lengthy passage along the Trans Thailand Trash Trail. However, once this insalubrious installment had been left behind, gentle sylvan

pathways led the panting throug past more attractive surroundings including lotus-laden lakes and spectacular spirit houses.



Now it was time for the parting of the ways and it was time to separate the men from the eejits as a veritable menu of Trails was put on offer, a Short Walk for the men, a Long walk for mixed men and eejits, and a Runners Trail for eejits only. Choices were made, regretted, altered, adhered to until all of H2H3 was spread across the countryside like a nasty, ugly rash. Apart from a few long term losers like Jock Twat, Stumbles, etc. who went on a misguided tour of the fleshpots of Soi 6, most of the Hashers funneled together for the final stages. It is believed that Indian fakirs sleep on beds of nails and this may or may not be true but what is certainly true is that most of the silly fakirs of H2H3 finished the Trail by walking over beds of thorns of a length and sharpness that would not have been out of place in a Bengal Lancers movie.



The Trail according to the Hares:

- Runners/Rambos (Green) 7.3 km
- Elevation - Min 33 m Max 85 m, Gain/Loss 126 m.
- Max slope - Ascent 24.5%, Descent 24.5%.
- Long Walk (Red/Green/Blue/Green) 5.45 km
- Short Walk (Red/Green/Magenta/Green) 4.05 km

Post Trail and Circle



So as the number of survivors increased and the level of Leo decreased in inverse proportion the war stories were bandied about between mouthfuls of the delicious snacks, until the GM called the Circle. Down Downs abounded as Hares Tinks and Fish Fingers celebrated the multiplicity of trails and Golden Delicious was accoladed for the scrumptious snacks. Returners Martin and Grace, Pinkie, Ballbanger, Dragontail, Slime, Lucky Me and Stumbles were DownDowned for being unwise enough to return, and Slime and Lucky Me did an encore for loitering with intent, or was it without tent.



Fish Fingers was DownDowned for failing to find his own paper while laying the Trail and pleaded that he was looking for his check. Mudman was DownDowned for attending over 200 H2H3 runs but was not given a commemorative mug because it is not to hand yet - perhaps it is in the post with Fish Fingers' check. Swindlers Pist, Bushwhacker, Mudman, and Brambles Bill were DownDowned for colluding in a Short Cutting Exercise while Chang chuggers, Pussy Galore, Mudman and Cathusalem demonstrated their addiction by failing to agree on the strength of the product and were joined by Tinks in a Down Down of a debatable vintage.



Scotch Tape, guilty as charged, and Space Cowboy, mistaken identity, were DownDowned for T-Potting as was Have You Had Me Yet for snitching on them. Son of Pussy had to undergo another baptismal as

his Hash Name was changed to MasterBaiter (GM Ed or MasturBaker) amid popular acclaim. Final DownDowns went to Latecomer and Have you Had Me Yet for disclosing the whereabouts of next week's Hash.



Post Circle

Sometime in the middle of the night the GM declared the Circle closed and there was a unanimous and unseemly scramble as Hashers fled to the Anki Restaurant to stop them closing the doors and forcing them to re-open the Kitchen so that a very well attended OnOnOn could take place.

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