

Hua Hin H3 Run #314 - 5th September 2015

Location: East off of Route 2004

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/5CM0t>

GPS Coordinates: N 12.532500 E 99.916941 (N 12 31.950, E 99 55.017)

Hares: Tinks & Golden Delicious

Hash Snacks: Golden Delicious

Hash Notes: Scotch Tape & Mudman

Hash Photos: Hugmanannygoat, Ballbanger & Bushwhacker

Number of Hashers: 43

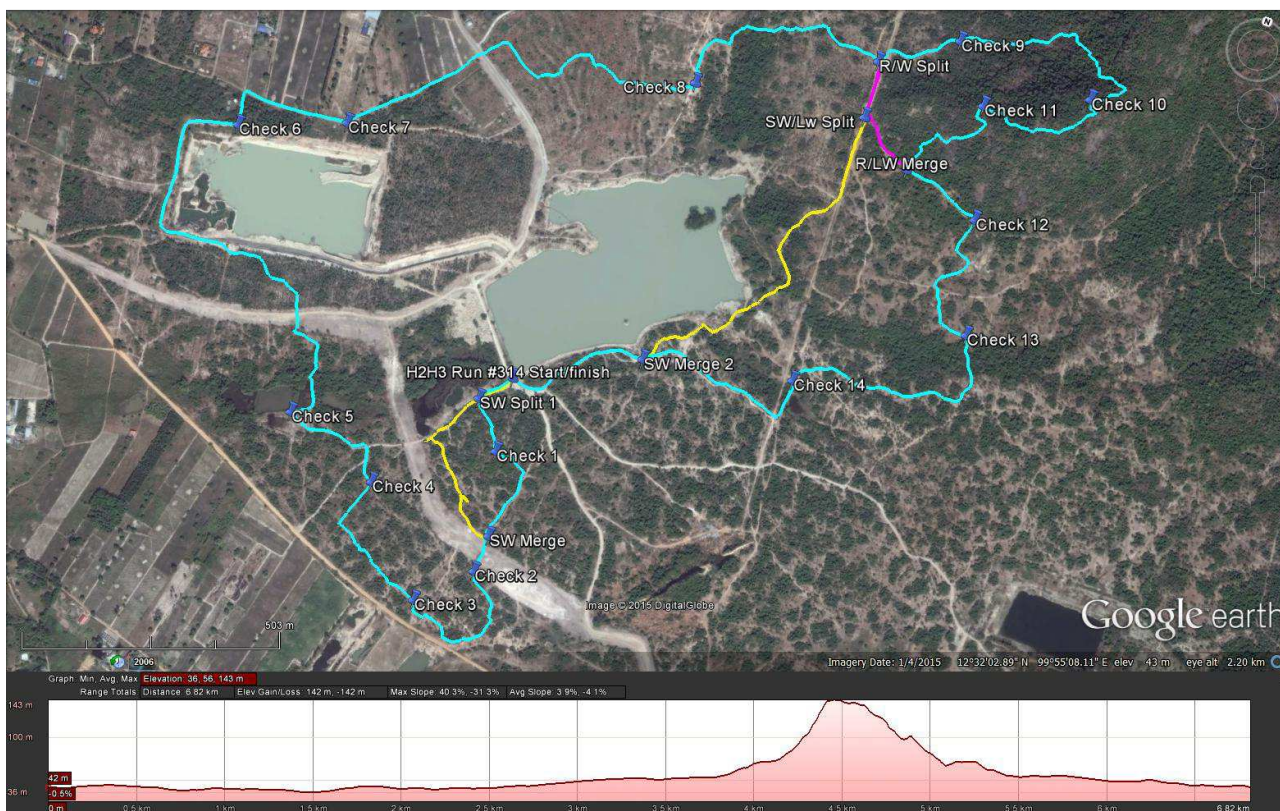
DON'T RAIN ON MY PARADE

Pre-Hash

On 5th September 2015 a splashdown of some 43 semi-submersibles surfaced by the side of Pedro's Primary Puddle to participate in the swimming of Hua Hin Hash House Harriers Run Number 314. The GM himself was the central figure of this Wet Hare Day and an earlier start of 4.30p m had been decreed much to the chagrin of Jupiter Pluvius who shed copious tears at the temerity of this importunate Hash which had changed its start time without prior permission or consultation.



The Trails



The trails as set by Tinks:

Run/Rambo's (Cyan) 6.9 km, Long Walk (Magenta) 5.7 km, Short Walk (Yellow) 5.2 km

The Walkers Trails

When it came time for the off many of the semi-submersibles opted to remain at periscope depth but numerous other silly Baptists went for total immersion and set off in search of paper and shallow puddles.

The Trail soon encountered the magnificent new and pristine Highway which the Hash had financed by fiscal contributions in the form of the extortionate taxation of beer (and Chang). Once this wonderfully stable surface had been reluctantly abandoned in favour of the slithery Trail around Pedro's Penultimate Puddle and past the environs of White Stone Villas the major arterial Track was reached.

At this point splits started to occur. First of all the SUN split the Sky scorching the sopping earth into aridity and soliciting swearwords from sodden Hashers who realised that the real start time had just been reached and that their sub-aquatic antics had been entirely vainglorious. More mundane splits also occurred as the Short Walkers carried on down the Pilgrims' Trail to the scene of Scotch Tape's spectacularly unremarked dry dive, while the lunatic fringe went off on uncharted territory before splitting into Runners and Walkers.

The Walkers enjoyed a picturesque excursion through the steaming paths of this Hashers' Valhalla while the Runners ascended Heavenwards to swoon over the splendid scenarios presented by the halcyon higher reaches of Pedro's Patch with its veritable vista of the Roman Ruins, a landmark that Ballbanger is still bitching about not being taken to on this Hash. Eventually the Runners rejoined the Walkers, or they would have done if the Walkers had been considerate enough to spend another 20 minutes participating in Hugmanannygoat and Harem's lengthy love-in. But instead the Walkers did what it said on the tin and walked home leaving the poor, misguided, disorientated Runners to find their own way back in due course and unduly late. (ED – Hugs and the three ladies completed their own trail by going anti-clockwise rather than clockwise.



The Runners/Rambo's Trail



The front runners, having heard rumours that the "Rambo Loop" was to be "challenging" kept successfully breaking checks by veering towards the nearest hills, as they suspected a climb was inevitable at some stage. The "helmeted blue caped apparition on wheels" made one final mocking appearance, firstly complimenting the runners for reaching the base of the hills in the wet and slippery conditions, and then leeringly (i.e. with sly or malicious intent) informed them that the real "fun" starts now!!

The trail initially followed the fairly shallow path of a stream bed, but before long the gradients increased dramatically. Bushwacker took over from Mudman as FRB, although at this stage NOBODY was RUNNING!! As the trail snaked inexorably skyward, the bleatings from No Name Peter and Brambles Bill



regarding where the top was, were reminiscent of The Donkey in "Shrek", on the long journey to The Kingdom of Far Far Away" as he repeated "Are we nearly there yet?"... Are we nearly there yet?"...."Are we nearly there yet"? After one final effort, the summit was attained. Now, Bushwacker suggested we should use his phone to record the achievement, and the marvelous view over our shoulders northwards and also because he needed to sit down as he was totally knackered!! The "Magnificent Seven" (minus 3) then followed the trail along the top of the hill and around to the south side, and enjoyed truly glorious views both to the south, (where "Asia's Largest Crystal

Lagoon" on Soi 112 shimmered a resplendent turquoise, most likely due to the colour of the paint on the liner), and westwards towards Burma.



A devilish check now confronted the team, and Bushwacker desperately calculating that any route downwards and westwards would eventually pay off, became somewhat separated from the others.

No Name Peter found paper after some time and headed in the general direction of Bushwacker. This pair met up somewhere near the base of the hills and hot footed it back to the car park, with Brambles Bill and Mudman arriving a few moments later,

In summary an excellent work out, with great views as the well earned reward, together with of course the World's best tasting beer, Chang Classic waiting at the car park.

Post Trail and Circle

All safely back at base and glissading gently though the mud between the beer and the butties H2H3 relaxed and swung the lamp vociferously until Tinks, the G M called the Circle.

A motley collection of DownDowns followed for many and varied misdemeanours or achievements, including the return of Ahmed Ashed for the first time since his horrendous accident in Cha Am two and a half years ago. The other victim of that accident, 69Forever's motorbike was also Down Downed in absentia. The choir displayed an impressive degree of intellectual turpitude by not knowing 'Don't Rain on my Parade' or being able to improvise with 'The Day That The Rains Came Down' 'Singin' in the Rain' 'Raining in my Heart' ' Walking in the Rain' ' Have You Ever Seen The Rain'



Three recently joined Hashers were paraded for inspection with a view to Christening in two weeks' time Pom, a Thai lady hotelier (am I my brothel's keeper as long as she is Abel to Cain) Kittiya, a A New Zealand lady (now is the houri)

Peter, a New Zealand man (ovine ready an erudite rendition of sheepshagger)



(ED-Other DD's)

Birthday Boys: Hugmanannygoat & Pythagoras

Virgin Hashers: Jutta (Swiss) & Paew (Thai)

Hares for Good trails: Tinks & Golden Delicious

Returners: Comes with Cathusalem, Kevin & Jane

Runners: Mudman, Brambles, Bush Whacker & No Name Peter

Religious Advisor: Scotch Tape forecasting that an earlier start would be sabotaged.

As darkness, but thankfully no more rain, descended the GM closed the Circle and H2H3 hightailed it to Smorjan for the On On On

On On,
Scotch Tape & Mudman

