

## Hua Hin H3 Run #317 - 17th October 2015

Location: Chomphol Road - Same Dam Place.

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/Rxihhbkxi8U2>

GPS Coordinates: N 12.676234, E 99.909024 (N 12 40.579 E 99 54.541)

Hares: Hugmanannygoat & Blow Me Dry

Hash Snacks: Doggie Style

Hash Notes: Jock Twat

Hash Photos: Hugmanannygoat

Number of Hashers: 49

### Pre-Hash

The pack assembled where the reservoir was supposed to be, where was the H2O stuff? Maybe the tide was out, but I've seen more water in a Scotsman's malt whiskey! For once the Hash weather gods were kind to us, providing a nice sunny day with a 99% chance of the amber nectar.



Stand-in Hash Cash, Butt Out did a 'sterling' job (terrible pun, I know) once he had changed the batteries in his abacus

The hash was called to order. No Tinks this week, so, up-stepped that Young Pretender Scotch Tape to the oche (or should that och aye the noo ?) with a minimum of bleather he handed over to the hare, that master of the GPS, Hugmanannygoat, who will hence forth be referred to as HMNG (amongst other things). After explaining the usual stuff about following shredded paper on the RHS, special emphasis was made to stay on paper, hmmm! More of that later.....

### The Trail



Trails as set by Hugs

The On On was pointed out by the hares and the throng went off in search of the elusive white stuff. A very pleasant trail unfolded, meandering through sun dappled forest and past small lakes. It really



was a delightful setting. All went well with the walkers until.....The paper trail ceased to exist! Was this some kind of stealth check? The walkers split in all directions, looking for paper, a sign or anything really. Thru the dingy dell wood, wandering hither and thither, just like the 'Wherethefekarwee Tribe' the bewildered hashers were shouting "Where the f### are we? Where the f### are we? (Bet this doesn't get past the censors). As it transpired this was, a false trail, the sign being

removed by some miscreant runner, whose name will remain anonymous, but it was MUDMAN! On the premise from HMNG a bottle of Chang would be rewarded for causing such chaos (how low can you get? no datchhound jokes please!).

After backtracking somewhat, the paper trail was found again and the trail continued with no more untoward fast balls from HMNG. First past the post was that Ozzie racing snake Onefer with a thirst that would kill a normal hasher.

Today's accolade goes not to the speedy FRB's or even the needy FWB's but goes to that band of 'tail-end Charlies, the rear-echelon stragglers, take a bow Pussy Galore, Peaches, Loose Screw, Mingster & Blow Me Dry for completing a cross-country-chat. You know the girlie talk, shopping, food, babies, more shopping and does my bum look big in this jungle? Well done ladies.

### Post Trail and Circle



The circle was called to order by the stand in GM (Stand in? He had trouble standing up!) and Down Downs were bestowed upon:

The hares: General opinion of the run/walk, very good trail.

Hash snacks: Doggy Style

Returns: Bushwhacker, Melon Masher, Lily the Pink, Cuckoo Clock, Lee, Spooks, JJ, Quick Micky Mou, Slow Minnie Mou

Virgin: Terry from Australia

Visitor: Joctopussy

Birthday Boy: Long Ron for being 81 on the day. There was going to be a birthday cake, but we were a bit worried about forest fires.



Bedroom Olympics: Davey Delay made a welcome return with his arm in a sling. Apparently this unfortunate accident occurred after DD said to Doggie Style "Hold my drink and watch this!" The rest is, ahem.....medical history.

Next Week's Hash: Pythagoras informed the Hash that next week's run would be at a venue in the same area but several kilometres nearer to Phetkasem Road

The On After was at the Ban Issan and featured live entertainment (other than H2H3 I presume)

On On

Jock Twat

