

H2H3 RUN #393 1st September 2018

LOCATION: Close to Sam Phan Nam Floating Market

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

GPS COORDINATES: N 12 29.525, E 99 55.671

HARES: Hugmanannygoat & ET

HASH SNACKS: Lost Cause

TAX COLLECTOR: Tinks

ICE MAN: Mudman

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 33

HASH SCRIBE: Jock Twat

Pre-Hash

Another beautiful hash day on the bonnie-bonnie banks of the "Sam-Phan-Nam-Wham-Bam-Thank-You-Mam-Dam" The sun was shining, Our RA had done a wonderful job to appease the Leo/Chang/Singha gods (apparently he does a lot of appeasing the Leo deity). The beer truck was duly unloaded and cool boxes were filled with the amber nectar + tons of ice. Then! The Beermeister was attacked by a swarm of angry wasps.

Hare Hugmannygoat was heard to say "Ah dinnae understand it, they wisnae here yesterday" (neither were 20+ cars or a gaggle of raucous hashers to p*** off a nest of flying a**holes).



Ah dinnae understand it

The beer truck and cool boxes were duly moved to a safer location, not before Jock Twat was stung several times, but the good news was the wasps were unharmed, only suffering severe hangovers the following morning.

Hares front & centre

Our two ~~villains~~ heroes of the day Hugmannyannygoat & ET stepped forward to enthrall us with what lay ahead. No barbed wire, no hills, no cows, no dogs, no water obstacles, no tigers or unicorns. Just a walk in the park. Hmmmmm! after a dull brief like that I think we should turn our attention to their outlandish hash attire. Hugs was elegantly garbed as usual, looking like he had dressed in the dark from Forest Gump's wardrobe. Meanwhile ET had gone for the more casual approach, his ensemble looking like he had just raided a Somalian refugee's laundry basket. Cool dudes indeed.



The Hares: A picture of sartorial elegance

The On On was pointed out, a direction that few had guessed. We veered away from the water (and surrounding hills) going through a small path in the forest. After emerging from the trees there was the sight of a small field of pineapples. Nothing unusual about that, but it was protected on all sides by a eight foot high barbed wire fence. WTF? (Donald Trump would have approved of this enclosure).

Onward we plodded, passing by numerous pineapple plantations minus the guard towers. The trail meandered in and out of patches of forest, providing much needed shade. The sight of the surrounding hills was very pleasant, with a different view each time we were clear of the forest. Most of the time we were on track that weaved between fields of sugar cane and more bloody pineapples!

After the runners loop, Mudman was first to lap the walkers, cussin' about a stealth run/walk split sign that he missed (should have gone to Spec Savers FRB). MM was closely followed by "Phillipe the Flying Froggie" at a great rate of hops. The welcoming sight of the reservoir soon came into view, with the sight of the beer truck beckoning, although the sadistic hares had opted to take us around the long way. Some SCB's were spotted taking the easier option (more of that later).

Job well done by the hares, another thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.

The Circle

The great unwashed were called to a semblance of disorder by the Grand Mattress

STD was up for a re-christening, after a great deal of kerfuffle, the name of "Porn Star" was chosen and the RA duly carried out the ceremony. The application of the holy water was a bit over zealous as PS shrieked "My pants, don't get my pants wet" I don't know why she was so worried, she was in good company looking around most of the ageing hashers.

Down downs

Hares: Hugs and ET for an excellent trail

Snacks: Lost Cause For the tasty morsels

Scribbler: Tinks Because he wanted a down down

Returners: No Names Gary and Tui after an absence of nearly one year. GM asked NNG where he had been and where he had travelled from. After a great deal of head scratcin' he remembered "Soi 19!, yes, that's it Soi 19! That's where I've been (Nice to see that "ol'timerz is thriving on the hash).

Other returners: Short Time & STD

Leaver: Lost Cause - Back to Blighty for a few months (Why was Colossus dancing a jig?)

Christening: STD name change to Porn Star

Reluctant Returners: VD and No Name Phillippe

No hats in the Circle: No Name Phillippe

SCB: Ballbanger & Onefer - When accused of the heinous hash heresy of being a Short Cutting B'stard, BB was struck down with selective deafness. After necking a down down he miraculously recovered nearly full hearing.

RA: With the nice weather that we were lucky to have today, you could have forgiven our RA for expecting some gratitude from the hashers. Not a bit of it. He was chastised for providing "The wrong kind of sun" too hot apparently. No pleasing some people.

Next CAH3 run location Butt Out

The On After was held at the Tum A restaurant on route 2004 with 20 hashers present.

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

That's all folks.



Jock Twat