

H2H3 RUN #400 - 8th December 2018

LOCATION: Off the Palau Road behind the Old Driving Range near 4 km Marker

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/8U1cLGifpL22>

GPS Coordinates: N 12.5719838, E 99.9251609 (N 12 34.319, E 99 55.510)

HARES: Tinks & Jock Twat

HASH SNACKS: Legs Wide Open & Golden Delicious

TAX COLLECTOR: Butt Out

ICE MAN: Mudman

HASH SCRIBE: Hugmanannygoat

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 48

I've finally got around to attempting the hash trash write up, but after drinking all that whisky and beer, I can't remember much, and what I do remember, well it may not be appropriate for a "family" hash!

In order to celebrate H2H3's 400th run, there were 3 events organized, a pre-run Friday night pub crawl, a post-run Sunday afternoon fun run and of course Saturday's main trail. Your roving reporter managed to attend all three events, as did my friend no-name Ian (more about him later), Cathusalem and our 4 visitors from Chiang Mai, Blue Balls, Pussy Whisperer, Strangely Anal and Robin Bank.

There is an old saying which goes something like this "what goes on in Bintabat stays in Bintabat" so I won't mention the strange story of the hasher locked in the toilet with the ladyboy or the shocking and embarrassing "situation" between the bar girl with the big boobies and two of our regular hashers. I also won't dwell on the mysterious gradual disappearance of 18 hashers who were supposed to be following Pussy Peddler in an anti-clockwise direction, bar hopping around the red-light square. Instead I'll move on to the main event... Saturday's run.

The Hares had warned us we may need to bring along a spare pair of dry shoes as the trail was rather wet and muddy. That warning came before an overnight storm which turned the muddy wet areas into full blown streams and mini lakes. River fishing waders would have been more appropriate. The Hares were out early Saturday morning replacing the shredded paper that had been washed away. Unimpressed or unaware of the warnings, 69 Forever didn't bother to bring his running shoes and elected to hash in his slippers and ET turned up in his flip-flops and played games on his phone in the back of my truck all afternoon. While Legs Wide Open set up the bar area and Pussy Galore sold Master Baker's bread, we fools took off for what turned out to be a very challenging trail, particularly for us softy slow-coach walkers.

Wading through knee-high rivers and scrambling about in the swampy mud, the only thing that kept us going were the horrific cries of "leeches! leeches!". We had been promised if the going got too tough, one of the Hares would "appear from somewhere" to rescue us and point us on a short cutting way. In the movie "Saving Private Ryan", Hank's men held off the Germans long enough for reinforcements to arrive. Of course by then, Hanks and most of his guys were dead, but at least private Ryan was saved. In the movie "Star Wars: Episode 2, just when Obi-Wan, Skywalker and that chick from the movie "Black Swan" are about to get it, Yoda, Nick Fury, a bunch of Jedi and clones showed up to save the day. In "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom", when Indy is climbing up that broken bridge whilst being bombarded by arrows from devil-cult worshippers, the British troops arrived to shoot and kill about 5 of the bad guys and arrest the rest. In "Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers", just when the Orc forces are about to overwhelm Helms Deep, Patrick Stewart's gay twin brother showed up with horse mounted reinforcements to turn the tide... now although this trail was reminiscent of the leeches scene in Humphry Bogart's "African Queen", we were not actors in a movie, this was a real life drama, and in real life, the cavalry don't turn up. Neither did any of the Hares we had been promised that would come to rescue us!

It was after 6pm and the sun was setting so it was a relief to finally see the split sign. There had been rumors amongst our ranks we had missed the split and were on the runner's trail. Our spirits lifted, we picked up our pace, and managed to get back to the car park just before dark. On checking my GPS I was surprised that we had only completed 6.2km, it felt more like 12km, but we were all back safe and sound, no longer cursing the Hares for filling us with false hope to shortcut safety.

After snacking on Mince n'tatties (that's right mince n' tatties!), the circle ceremony was conducted in the dark, a few bad jokes were received with groans, our visitors were welcomed and abused and of course previous GM's were brought into the inner circle for down downs for no apparent reason! Again!

On on to the On On at the Esan Restaurant where more beer was drunk and boisterous fun was had. Getting back to the movie theme... In the movie "Puss In Boots", the main character of the same name, (Puss In Boots), past life was that of a carefree outlaw, a nomad, a free spirit, self-centered needing no one. Despite this, he still likes to be a savior and lives by 3 rules: 1. To save and be kind to a lady, 2. Always seek for adventure and 3. Be kind to orphans, although his rules change if it suits him. He has a selfless heart, free spirited and loves action, adventure and protecting those he cares about. After watching the antics in the restaurant of our very own Puss In Boots, I can't help thinking how apt her new name is! As mentioned earlier, this is a "family" hash so I won't embellish! 😊

Those that were still up for it attended the very picturscue Sunday afternoon beach trail that Cathusalem organized, which we all thoroughly enjoyed, including an excellent impromptu unofficial circle and lots of fun at the famous beach side restaurant, so famous I forget it's name. Incidentally, The Flying Scotsman and Rent a Frog got to the car park by running the beach from the Khao Takiab ferry terminal, the video link here: <https://youtu.be/FrWmLBnk7Qk> . This post hash event was a great send off for our Chiang Mai visitors, who were well impressed with the beauty of Khao Tao, incorporating the beach, the timeless fishing village, the Chinese style temple, spectacular views from the hill, the quiet wee Soy Noy beach and the magnificent lake.

And now on to my friend "no name Ian", another cheap Charlie hasher who loves a bargain. In order to attend the hash, he bought a pair of running shoes from Mudman for the princely price of 2 large Chang's, but felt he had been swindled when he found a similar pair of shoes hanging on a wall at soi 88 fruit market, on sale for 30 baht! Never one to miss a bargain, he bought these shoes too, so a suggested hash name for him could be "30 Baht Shoes". Ian found a stall in Hua Hin near Pai Mai Driving Range, selling 2nd hand unning shoes for 99 baht,



If you are interested in obtaining a cheap pair that you don't mind getting ruined on muddy trails, (such as the one last Saturday), it may well be worth paying this stall a visit. The location of the 2nd hand shoe stall GPS coordinates are: 12°34'25.99"N 99°57'3.39"E

At about 2am on Monday morning, worried that I had writers block and no material for a hash trash, I asked my book-writing author friend to do a write up which he truly obliged...

An outsiders report on the 400th H2 H3 hash

A tale of two shoes...

It all started over a beer, Hugs mentioning the forthcoming hash, me realizing flip-flops weren't going to cut it. Tales of having to drink beer from new runners and my ever-deteriorating financial position lead me to the inevitable conclusion, I was going to have to beg borrow or steal a previously owned set of shoes. Hugs

and Mudman conspired together [Hugs acting as Mudman's agent], the result being that I ended up the proud owner of a pair of Nikes, prized out of Mudman's hands for the princely sum of two large bottles of Chang.

The next day I was wandering through a market off soi 88 deep in post purchase depression, when I spotted a pair of perfectly good running shoes dangling off a hook on a stall with 30 baht written on a piece of paper beside them. Now that's my kind of deal, a pair of runners for under a dollar! The market in secondhand runners was obviously falling fast- 75% drop overnight. Minutes later they were mine. In my rush I even forgot to bargain, not like me at all. General feeling of being well footed for the weekend ensued.

To celebrate the transaction, I turned up to a noisy and overcrowded bar deep in downtown Hua Hin Friday night to meet about 20 hashers from all over the land, some deluded souls coming all the way from Chang Mai---and boy, were they disappointed - obviously they had nothing better to do/throw out by their partners for the weekend or whatever.

We were all subjected to a thirst making and weary tramp around the bars forced to go into one bar after another till the early hours. I realize now that the ploy was to distract from what was to come the next day,.. which was

The running of the bulls [Hua Hin version-Pamplona eat your heart out] starring bulls, blood and beer.

Obviously for his sadistic entertainment the hare encouraged us to meet in a clearing in a deserted quarry, surrounded by herds of angry bulls charging around threateningly.

Issued with brightly colored T-shirts with red circles on them obviously to give the bulls something to focus on in their charge. Torrential overnight rain reduced the trail to the bio degraded soggy piles of paper. Forced to wander around in ever increasing muddy circles - several injuries ensued, blood was drawn, particularly by Sodomy who, encouraged by a herd of charging bulls, pushed his gleaming pate through a thicket and emerged with gouges so deep one could almost look into the cranial cavity. I say "almost", had we been able to actually look inside I really don't think anything of any importance would have been found!



The circle consisted of a series of bad jokes [as usual with an Irishman being subjected to ridicule] and tales of near misses in the running of the bulls. Standing in the rain and the dark the only happy note being that I didn't have to drink out of those 30 baht shoes.

The resulting soggy mess of humanity traipsed off to the on on restaurant to ingest eye wateringly hot chilis leading one to master the Thai bum gun to cool things down the next day.

Thus on to the " fun run " the next day -

Sunday two wanabe beach boys - The flying Scott and Rent a Frog - tested their manhood by racing down 6 km of beach beforehand. The so-called fun run set out trailing through a local village in and out of people's kitchens and dining rooms then through a sacred Monastery without taking our shoes off, over large hills and a death-defying slither down the other side round a lake and then finishing up with a circle in the street with a grown man squatting over a piece of ice in a Changmaiesq ritual.

So to the on on for more screamingly hot curries tempered by more Chang

And so to Shsss! bar for Michael Jackson on the dance floor and Ginger Baker on drums [Porn Star & Hugs]

Apologies for the length of this report but I am in a somewhat diminished state after the weekend and couldn't be bothered writing a shorter one.

Can't wait to do it all again at the next lamentable outing.....

On On Hugs