

H2H3 RUN #402 - 5th January 2019

LOCATION: Pran Buri Dam

GOOGLE MAP LINK: <https://goo.gl/maps/ezJk7ZRNcrP2>

GPS COORDINATES: N 12.457294, E 99.793872 (N 12 27.438, E 99 47.632)

HARES: Hugmanannygoat & Mona

HASH SNACKS: Pussy Galore

TAX COLLECTOR: Tinks

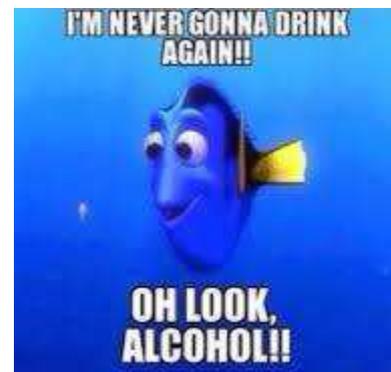
ICE MAN: Mudman

HASH SCRIBE: Jock Twat

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 21

Pre-Hash

Happy New Year hashers. Well here we are again the start of another year, New Year hangovers nearly forgotten, New Year's resolutions discarded along with the Xmas tree, but definitely, maybe, we vow, never to touch alcohol again or at least until the next time.



The weather forecast had promised typhoon conditions, but luckily enough the tempest never materialized. Instead we were greeted with the weather of a Scottish summer's day.....dreach, miserable and wet with the midges replaced by mossies. This didn't deter the band of ~~fee~~hardy hashers with nothing better to do on such a day.

The hares had scarpered to replace the soggy paper so the pre run brief was delivered by Tinks. No barbed wire, no wild dogs no imaginary hornets.

The Trail

The direction of On On was along the dam 1.5 km to be precise, which would have had stunning views if the weather had been kinder.



Hare, no name Mona met us at the end of the dam to usher us down a very steep embankment (How about a hash name for no-name Mona? "Mohne Dame") gettit? Oh, please yourselves.

At the foot of the slope, the runners shifted up a gear only to be met with the first of many false trails. The correct direction was established, and the trail led us deep into woodland. After the bleak windy and chilly conditions on top of the dam the humidity of the forest was a bit of a shock. It was so humid; your humble scribe was sweating like Pavarotti in a pie shop.

Hare Hugmanygoat was spotted lurking behind a tree, waiting until the hounds had passed, where they just happened to find another false trail. Meanwhile the hare was frantically scattering paper in the opposite direction. I've heard of live haring but this was downright subterfuge. Mudman was beside himself with glee at the thought of being FRB, in front of Flying Scotsman & Sodomy. This was brought to an abrupt halt, when he reached the false trail sign. Now at the rear of the pack, he was heard manically muttering "I could've been a contender"

The next check sent the sweaty hashers in every direction; it was some time before the cunningly concealed paper was found. Up a very steep road we plodded/crawled. Hare Mona was at the top distributing batteries for failing pace-makers (did you like that pun?). The walkers and runners parted company here, with the runners taking in a 2 km loop to the top of another hill.



Beech trees (waiting for the tide to go out)

With the walkers back on the dam for the return leg to the bevvymobile, it wasn't long before they were lapped by the runners. In front was the sight of Sodomy (face puce, legs pounding) with the Flying Scotsman trailing behind. S. must have thought "I've done it I'm going to beat this young pretender!". In actual fact, Gary Glitter has got more chance of getting a job in Mothercare than Sodomy has of out-running FS. True to form, the Calidonian thoroughbred passed the Scouse carthorse with ease and first to pass the finishing post.

Hares, Huggmanygoat and Mona had to improvise with an alternate trail on Friday due to the fact that the dam floodgates were opened on Thursday night, which made their intended trail impassible. Well done hares, a good trail laid at very short notice.

Pre Circle

The rain was once more drizzling down. It didn't seem to deter the hashers quaffing cold beers and enjoying Pussey Galore's delicious snacks. PG bade us farewell before the circle started as she said her night-time driving wasn't very good. NOT VERY GOOD! I can't believe that, not from someone who has a driving diploma from the "Stevie Wonder Driving Academy"

Down downs by GM

Hares: Hugmanannygoat & No name Mona

Hash Snacks: Stand-in Sodomy (He lives closest to Pussy Galore)

Visitor: Lek (Who travelled all the way from Cha Am)

Virgin: Wan

Christening by Tinks: David Thomas now known as Dimwit (He worked in a power station)

Returners: Blowjob & Dazlin' Mazlin

Pocket Billiards: Ding-a-ling & Alan

Circle closed

On the way to the On After, which should have been a journey of about 16 km it turned into a bit of a Magical Mystery tour for hares Hugmanannygoat & Mona, Brambles Bill, Jock Twat & Legs Wide Open and Cathusalem. They all took a wrong turning and ended up on the south side of Pranburi enduring a journey of 30 km. Oh well, you know the old hash saying 'If you've got half a brain'.....

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

That's all folks.



Jock Twat