

H2H3 RUN #403 - 19th January 2019

LOCATION: Steak Lung Khao Restaurant on Soi 88

GPS Coordinates: N 12.555733, E 99.9273663 (N 12 33.344, E 99 55.642)

Google Map link: <https://goo.gl/maps/6vqG78i21rQ2>

Hares: Bush Whacker & Hoover

Hash Snacks: Hoover

Tax Collector: Tinks

ICE MAN: Hugmanannygoat

HASH SCRIBE: Blow Job

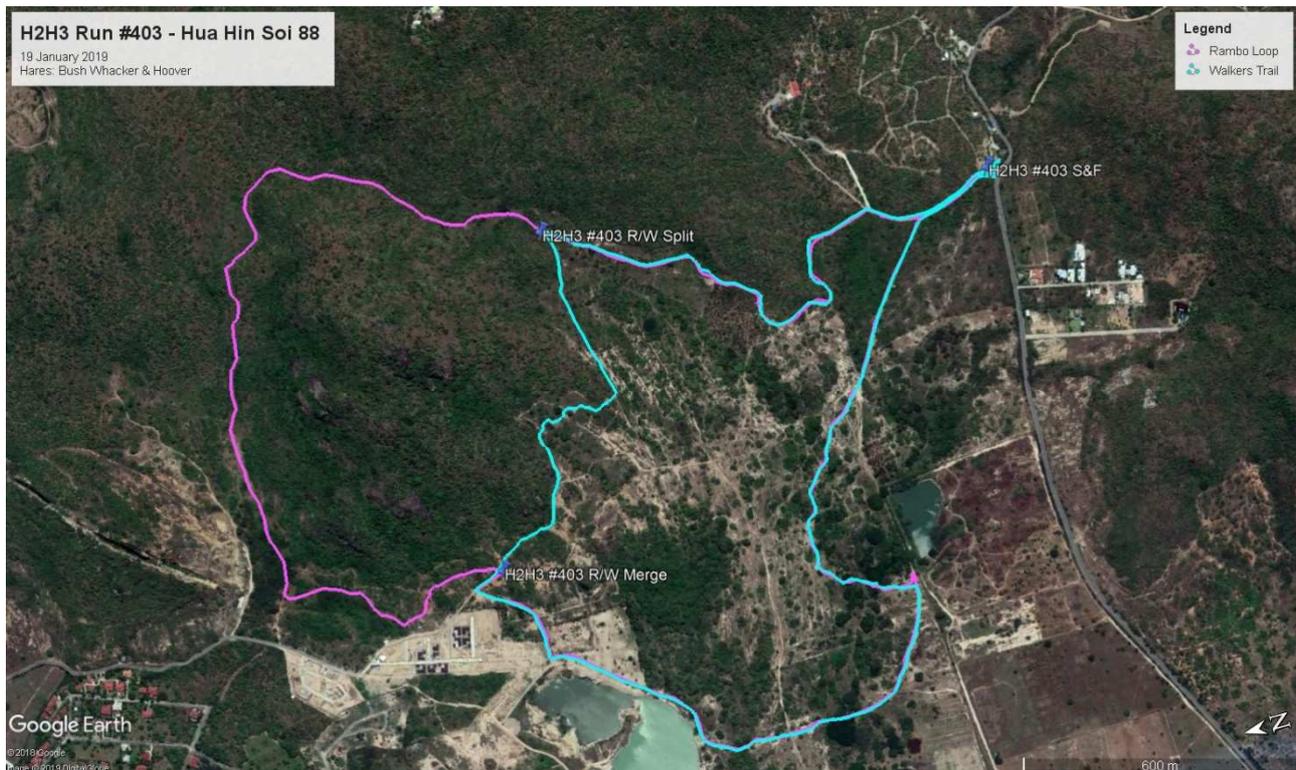
NUMBER OF HASHERS: 58

Pre-Hash

We gathered at the Steak Lung Khao Restaurant which was also the on after. It doesn't often happen that we start this way, but it does seem an eminently sensible way to run a hash.

The circle was called to order by GM Legs Wide Open. The hares Bush Whacker and Hoover entered and the usual questions about dogs and barbed wire etc. received negative assurances. But you might encounter a bit of mud he added, with an ominous smirk.

The Trail



The trail was not too challenging, no great speed humps and a varied mixture of tracks, paths and open scrub.

I often wonder about the local geology on these hashes; the ground resembles old sea bed and is composed of sand and grit, whilst the boulders are often sea smoothed, indicating that the land is

gradually rising out of the sea, yet it also seems a very uneven process, as one often encounters gravel slopes too steep to have been left behind by retreating surf.

Although the earthquake risk for this region is said to be low, I sense there is some angry stirring deep below.

The first surprise on this hash was the discovery of a snake, the first living one I've seen on a Thai hash, dark green in colour and about an inch in diameter. After subsequent researching, I'm pretty sure this was a Green Cat Snake, which is sluggish, unafraid of humans, only moderately venomous and reluctant to bite. It's normally nocturnal.

Then we suddenly came across Rubber Duck, doing a splendid impression of a tribal fertility dance. The hash had disturbed some hornets who were on the warpath and got RD on the neck. Taking turns to run the gauntlet - faster, we hoped, than the hornets could fly. we passed the danger zone without further casualties. A couple of minutes later RD realised he'd lost his glasses and as he turned to find them realised where he'd lost them. 'Sod it' he said - 'they were cheap' - 'I'm not going back there..'

Then we found the mud - three lots of mud on the walker's trail, but nothing that couldn't be passed with some deft footwork.

The runners I later learned, found some more substantive mud, and courageously ploughed through, only to find they were going the wrong way and had to return through it - the wrong sort of mud, evidently.

Pre Circle

Back to base and it was found that a visitor from The Emerald Isle had gone AWOL. He was subsequently found, far from the trail, happily walking down a road.

Hash snacks were superb, the Satays in particular were both plentiful in quantity and supplied with a dip to die for - recipe please!

Down downs by GM

Hares: Bush Whacker & Hoover

Hash Snacks: Hoover

Hash Scribe: Blow Job

Visitor: Lady Boy, Ricky Clark

Virgin: Regina & Bruno, Terry, Billy, Wayne, Natalia, Alexander, Kate and Anastasia.

Returners: Pedalophile, Rear Ender, Donkey Cock, Fiddler, Sputnik, Ken, Warm Piss & Maliwan.

On On

Blow Job