

H2H3 RUN #413 - 8th June 2019

Location: Stamford University Basketball Court.

GPS Coordinates: N 12.641117, E 99.917800 (N 12 38.467 E 99 55.068)

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/FXWntHC4gqo>

Hares: Joe Devine & Gung assisted by Ballbanger

Hash Snacks: Dragon Tail

Tax Collector: Tinks

Ice Man: Butt-Out

Hash Scribe: Masterbaker

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 26

Pre-Hash

The weather was quite favorable, not too warm, nice breeze and the ominous clouds failed to deliver a downpour. Virgin hares **Joe Devine & Gung** stepped into the circle to tell us what was in store. Well, Joe's brief was the most informative we have ever heard. He told us exactly where we were going, what to expect, when we would be back, the temperature of the beer when we returned (OK, ok I made the last bit up). I don't think that was any need for shredded paper after this.

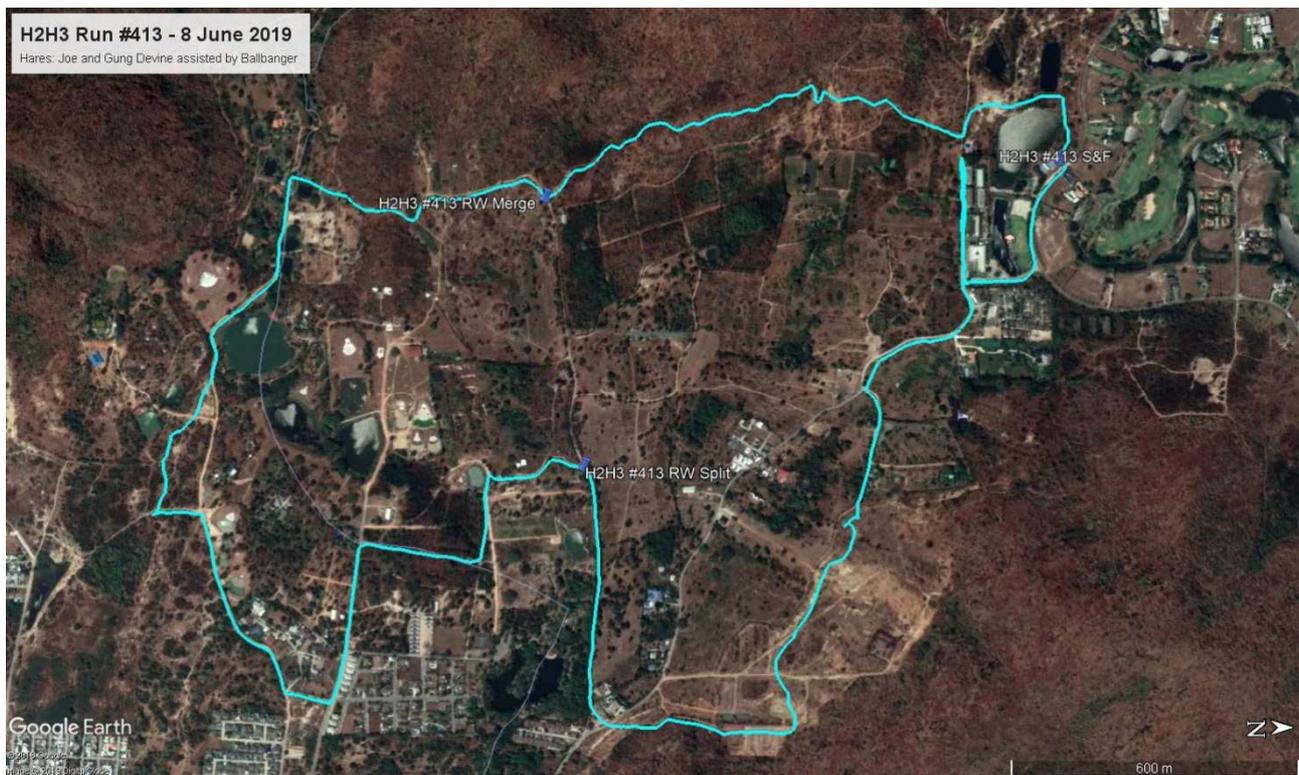
GM Legs Wide Open gave some spiel about the forthcoming H2H3 AGM on 6th July. All Mismanagement positions will be up for grabs, nominations will be accepted on the day (exclusions: visitors & virgins). An e-mail will be promulgated shortly.

The RUN

Heading towards the trail, we first had to make our way through the back gate of Stamford University. Already this proved to be a challenge, as one hasher who's name, I will not mention (I was paid generously to keep secret) stubbed his toe on the gates iron track. As he leaned on the gate writhing in pain, some hasher assisted him by cracking jokes and mocking him. He didn't seem too pleased, well, hashers will be hashers.

Making our way through the back gate, we finally see the first bit of paper leading us to the right, onto a dirt trail toward the mountain. After walking for about 30 or 40 yards up the trail. A few hashers are spotted further ahead walking back the direction we were heading. Saying that there was no more paper up ahead. Apparently, we had been following old paper from a previous hash. So, the backtrack begins. Luckily, we did not have far to go before finding the actual paper, nestled in the bushes to the side of a paved road.

Following the paved road for about half a Kilometer or so, we then turned off onto a dirt trail left of the pavement. Not far in, there seemed to be some confusion with missing paper. Several hashers scattered around searching, while a few others stood and took in the scenery. It didn't take long, maybe a bit more than 5 minutes or so, that "ON ON" was shouted out in the distance in the direction of the shooting range.



Making our way up a small incline, we went passing through the shooting range. From here, the real hash more or less begun. So far to this point, the trail had been fairly flat. However, from here, and for a good portion after, the trail would be mostly in the hilly woods. Beautiful views all around, though I will say, it was hard to take in the sights properly, as I had to keep my eyes on the ground watching for cow manure. I wasn't about to slip and fall on that, no thank you! Besides that, everything was fine. The only other dangers on the trail were in one spot, where a pack of five or six wild hyenas came out from a farmhouse barking at myself and two others. Lucking we were able to pass through and get out in front of them unscathed. In most cases like these, I feel just ignoring them, not making eye contact, while keeping your same pace, tends to get you by alright. However, the hyenas were now riled up and now blocking the path for hashers behind us. With the hyenas distracted by the other hashers, we ran off following paper back into the woods. Sacrifices had to be made.

Nearing the end of the trail, Stamford University and the car park could be spotted not far away. Now craving cold beer more than ever, we continued through a cattle field, walking alongside a barbwire fence. Then in the middle of nowhere, we spotted a large leather sofa a few feet from the wire fences gate. Strange, you never know what you'll out on the hash these days. Who would have thought these cattle farmers were living such a life of luxury behind Palm Hills. I thought about having a sit on the sofa but didn't want to give in to temptation. Anyway, we continued following the path of the fence until the paper forced us to go through the barbwire fence. Thankfully, the hares put some sort of plastic mat underneath, making it easier to get under the wire without dirtying our hands and knees. Once we made it through the fence, we saw ON IN sign hanging on a tree not far away.

Now knowing that the trail was nearly done, I managed to get my second (or third) wind and

cranked it up into high gear for the homestretch. Not much further to go now, the small lake behind Stamford and the car park was maybe less than 100 yards away. When I arrived back at the care park, I dusted off my shirt, zeroed in on the beer and snacks, and the rest is history. Definitely a trail well done, paper was well laid, for the walkers at least. The runners mentioned paper running out at some points. But that's a story for another day.

Pre-Circle, Circle and Down Downs

The rabble was called to order by the GM.

Down downs by GM

Hares: Joe Devine & Gung

Hash Snacks: Dragon Tail

Visitor: Puki

Terrible joke: Pussey Pedler

Coming too soon: Rubber Duck, for arriving at the Mismanagement meeting 24 hours early.

D-Day Baby: Brambles Bill

On On

Masterbaker