

H2H3 RUN #419 - 31st August 2019

LOCATION: LAKE SIDE WEST OF BYPASS OPPOSITE the 22 KM MARKER

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/KJ3fuG49aHBbi5sV8>

GPS Coordinates: N 12.635926, E 99.856502

Hares: Paddy Red Belly & Rubber Duck

Hash Snacks: Pinoy Mucky Pup

Tax Collector: Tinks

Ice Man: Mudman

Hash Scribe: Jock Twat & Tinks

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 45

Pre-Hash

Well, here we were again, another wet Saturday afternoon. Low grey cloud, miserable drizzly rain, the kind of weather that would ~~pis~~ dismay a pontiff. The kind of weather where most sane people would be at home with a good book and an even better drink. Then again, we are not sane people we are....."HASHERS"! Sad isn't it?

The BRIEF

Paddy Red Belly stepped up to the oche and told us what to expect. We would be circumnavigating the lake in front of us. Everything would be fine as long as we kept the large puddle to our left, even Sodomy shouldn't get lost (ahem.....more of that later)

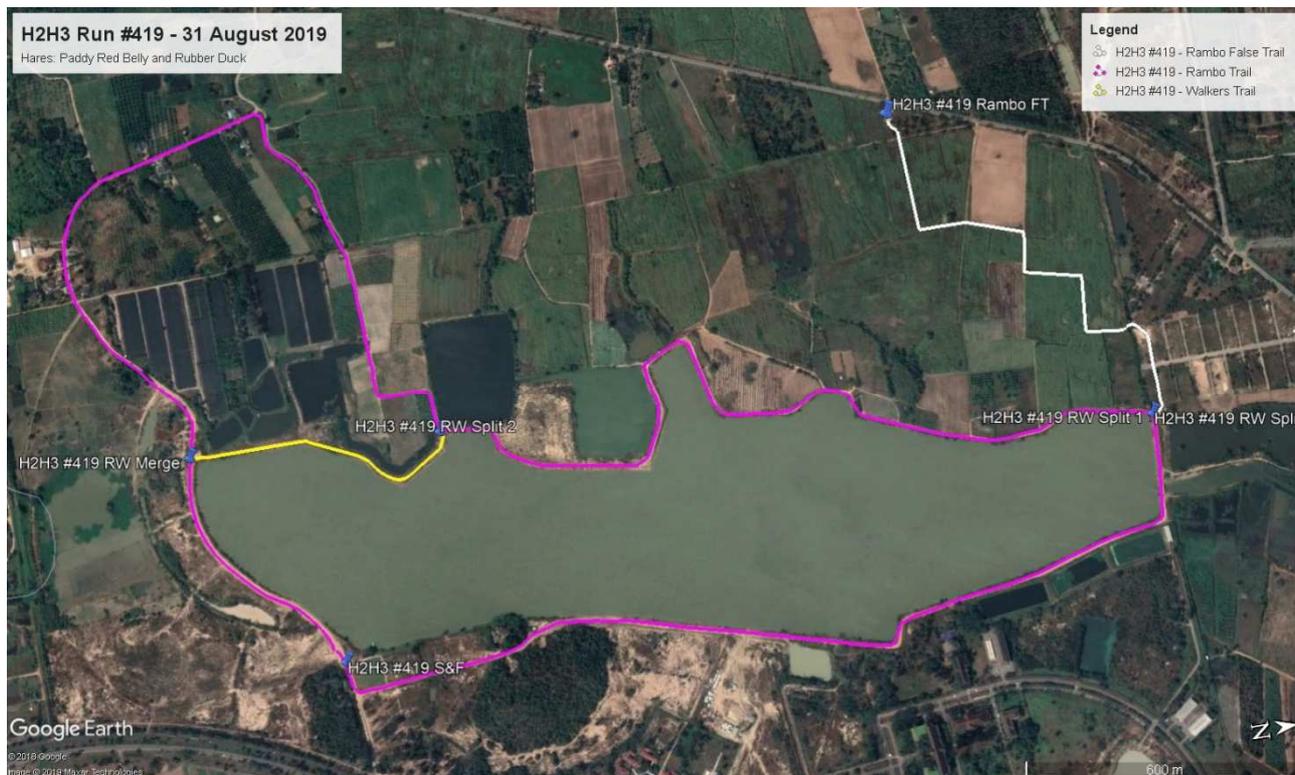
Barely-Able-Seaman PRB also informed that the distance of the walk would be 2.9 nautical miles (or 5873 yards). Big Macker Nacker was overheard to murmur, "Bejesus! Only 2.9 nautical miles? Could have been worse, could have been 5.4 kilometers"

The TRAIL - Walkers

Off we trudged into the rain, in an anti-clockwise direction (it was also raining in the clock-wise direction in case anyone who hasn't got a life is curious). The going was a little squelchy, but stones underfoot provided some grip. The graded road followed the shoreline of the lake twisting in and out of the many inlets. Hare PRB appeared, gleefully marshalling the runners down a track away from the lake (more of that later). Walkers continued along the water's edge passing banana and papaya plantations. The scenery would have been superb on a sunnier day. Lost Cause was overheard counting; "5135, 5136, 5137, 5138".



A hasher nearby asked "are you actually counting the number of yards?" Through gritted teeth she replied "No you numpty, I've given up drinking alcohol and its now 5138 seconds without a bevvv, now shurrup! Now, where was I? 5139 sob, sob."



The TRAIL - Rambo's (by Tinks)

Having completed the walkers trail to the north west corner of the lake I came across PRB by the Run/Walk split sign. Being the last usual Rambo at this point PRB suggested I continue on the walker's trail to the second Run/Walk split thus cutting out a 2.4 km round trip false trail. As I approached the second split, I was passed by visiting Hasher Uranus followed by FRB some 100 m behind and the Sodomy another 100 m behind. Having taken the Rambo split the trail turned out to be a very sticky clay track skirting a banana plantation and pineapple fields and caused my weight to increase by some 5 kg per foot and 6 inches in height making it very heavy going.

Upon reaching a cow pen the smiling farmer directed me straight on and the going became easier and eventually came out on a road and then it was easy going on a tarmac road riddled with large soft spots and merged with the walkers. At this point I met the two hares PRB and RD who advised me that there were two other Rambo's these being visitor Mosquito Juice and Head Ballcock.



The Circle - Down downs by GM

Hares: Paddy Red Belly & Rubber Duck

Hash Snacks: Pinoy Mucky Pup

London City Hash Visitors: Uranus (GM) and Mosquito Juice

Returners: Donga, No Name Regina

Teapotting: Donga

Triple Centenarian: (Centurion): Screwdriver groveled profusely for not informing GM of a 300th anniversary (tut, tut you have one job to do). Mudman was awarded his genuine imitation pewter mini-mug and a fist full of free run vouchers on his 301st. Well done MM

Hash Scribes: Mudman for Run #418 and Tinks for Run #417

Nomination: Head Ballcock nominee drinks first and leaves. Uranus nominated Puss in Boots to join but she refused so nominated Sodomy to participate in his Down Down Song

Teapotting: Sloppy Camel, also confirmed he was happy with his hash name (Well....it does tend to get dark early in Sweden)

Virgin(s): Religious Advisor Colossus was assured pre run that he could have his wicked way with seven Vestal Virgins. He was spotted on the walk drooling at the prospect of such pleasures to come. Truth is, six of the VV's scarpered before the circle started, so now left with one virgin (dubious, some may say). So began the obligatory smutty interrogation of hash virgin Pimpa (Pimpa????)

RA Question: Was it long enough?

Virgin Answer: No too short

RA Was it hard enough?

Virgin Answer: Not hard enough

RA Question: Will you come again?

Virgin Answer: Yes definitely, and next time I'll bring my dog

(Ooh err missus! Steady on there, this is a family hash you know)

Next Week's Hash: Head Ballcock Chom Phol Road Same Dam Place, long trail so new start meet time of 4:30.

The On-After

Around 24 hungry hashers descended on the new Isaan restaurant on Pala U Rd. Food was excellent, prompt service, cold beer what more can you ask?

Remember earlier-on in this trash report about Sodomy's poor sense of direction? Well.....He had great difficulty finding the restaurant. So, Sods calls dad, (that's Dave The Rave) to ask for directions. New route firmly on board he sets off. He did find 'a' Isaan restaurant, but it was on Chompol Rd, 15 kms away. Good thing the apple doesn't fall far from the tree, it would probably get lost☺

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

That's all folks.



Jock Twat