

## H2H3 RUN #427 - Saturday 21st December 2019

Location: Soi 102

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/Exo6La8hhTxfhix9>

GPS Coordinates: N 12.529029, E 99.938502

Hares: Tinks & Ding-a-ling

Hash Snacks: Lost Cause

Tax Collector: Tinks

Ice Man: Mudman

Hash Scribe: Jock Twat

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 58

### Pre-Hash & Briefing

Well, another festive season run, where does the time go? I'm sure with every year passing, our motley collection of hashers just grows older without being any wiser. Why else would we turn out on a gorgeous sunny day to traipse round beautiful countryside, drink ice cold beer with like-minded souls? (Sorry, this was a rhetorical question.) For today's fun & frolics we had assembled at the top-end of Soi 102. This area is renowned for flooding, but a new road and drainage system has solved this problem, nice one HH Council. The car park was so large that even Pussy Galore did not have "too" many problems parking her "bread wagon"

### The Trail

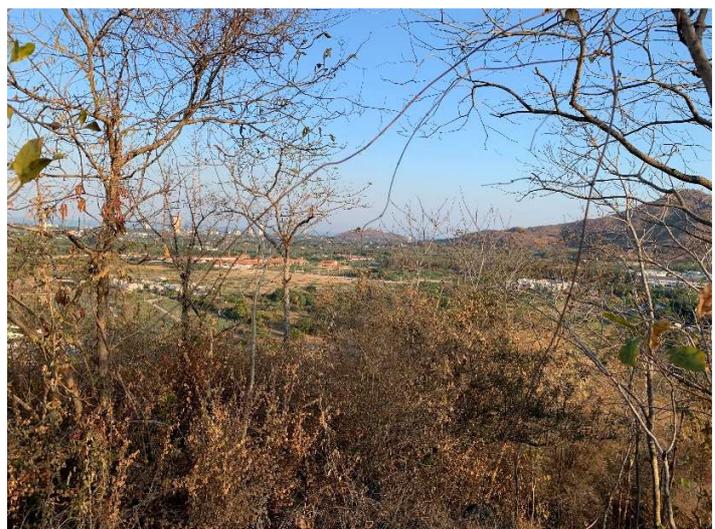
The identity of the mystery hares was revealed when no other than Tinks & Ding-a-Ling exposed themselves (Ooh, err missus!). Tinks gave the usual spiel, barbed wire, rabid mutts, marauding coos etc., etc. The direction of On On was established, not the usual route of heading for the hills, but crossing the new road, immediately entering the forest. The shade was a welcome relief after the open car-park. The trail meandered through the trees for 1 km or so. Very pleasant.

Emerging from the woods, a track led us to a 2m wall of elephant grass; thankfully the paper skirted the edges, so no need for the machetes. This took us to a recently sown pineapple field, the track around the border gradually climbed giving a good view of the surrounding hills. The hills normally green and lush were a shade of rust-brown, but also tinder dry, badly in need of the rainy season. (Careful what you wish for?)



Shortly afterwards came the Walkers/Runners split which took the sprinters up the hill. A number of these finely tuned athletes lost paper resulting in a mass short-cut, well that was their excuse. On the runners loop, No-Name-Marianne had the misfortune of putting a foot down a rabbit hole and managed to break an ankle (We learned the extent of the injury after her trip to Bangkok Hospital - NMM managed to make it back from casualty in time for the On After. Good hasher!) If anyone has an idea for a hash-handle for NME after her escapade, please feel free to contact your GM.

After the Walker/Runner merge Front Running B'stard (FRB) passed the slow-coaches amblers. I would like to say "hotly perused by "Mudman & Cock in a Frock" but they weren't so I won't say it. They were though, trying their damndest to catch up with FRB. Now, not to sound unkind to those two intrepid hashers, they probably have more chance of finding a competent Thai electrician than to pass Monsieur B'stard, god bless their little cotton hash socks.



Meanwhile the wasps were in a holding pattern above the walkers, taking a definite liking of Colossus, well he is closer to the tree canopy. (EXCERPT FROM DAILY MAIL: SCIENTISTS ANNOUNCED THIS WEEK THAT WASPS ARE HAVING A TOUGH TIME AND MAY SOON BECOME EXTINCT. GOOD!)

## **BEE OR WASP?**

### **HOW TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE:**



#### **BEE**

1. Pollinates Flowers
2. Makes Honey
3. Improves The Environment
4. Reluctant To Sting



#### **WASP**

1. Just An Asshole

Pretty soon the welcome sight of the beer truck and the ale at the of the trail came into view.

Verdict of the trails - Very good. The hares were congratulated for providing a thoughtful shady route. Ding-a-Ling was heard to gripe "We didn't mean to. It weren't shady when we laid the 'effin paper. Tut! Some people just can't handle complements.

#### **Post run and Circle.**

By the time the GM called the circle, the mob were truly in Xmas spirits (well lots of beer actually) Pussy Peddler our Master of Vice stepped forward and declared "Have I got a good joke for you?" In unison the hashers answered "**OH NO YOU HAVE'NT**" This was no impromptu hash Christmas pantomime; they were merely stating a fact.

#### **Down Downs**

Head Ballcock and Ding-a-ling: Delaying start of the circle by having a private circle.

Tinks and Ding-a-Ling: The Mystery Hares for interesting trails.

Cock in a Frock, FRB and Mudman: Racing on the Hash.

Lost Cause & Colossus: Hash Snacks but ran out of biscuits.

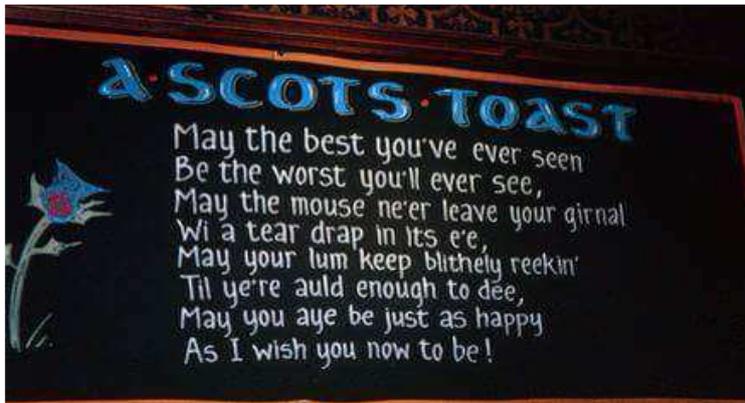
Rubber Scrubber: for eating all the biscuits.

Sloppy Camel and Family Ian, Claura, Ebba and Toja: Family reunion.  
Rubber Duck and Suzy Dong: Private Circle  
Stitch, Snail Trail, VD, The Matron, No Name Ken: Returners  
Marie and Geir: first time H2H3 Hashers.  
VD, Pussy Galore, Pussy Peddler: tea potting and PP for failing to spot the offence.  
Pussy Peddler: No jokes this week as children in the circle.  
Jock Twat: attempt at Joker (Lost in translation I'm afraid).  
Snail Trail, HBC, HTT, Paddy Whacker: Short cutting on the Rambo trail.  
Spook, Master Baker and Slime: late arrivals to the Hash other than Slime who arrived early rather than the usual late show.  
Yanky Crank: pocket billiards  
All Hashers with Christmas shirt, hats, Reindeer Horns, etc.  
Ballbanger: Next week's CAH3 run close to the Blind Children School behind Santorini Water Park.  
Tinks: Fun/Run Walk will be on Tuesday or not at all.

**On After: Swiss Europe Butcher Restaurant, (Hua Hin) on Soi 102**

Some 30+ beer-hunger hashers attended this new restaurant. Good European & Thai food, efficient service and most importantly.....cheap beer.

By the time this 'ere trash goes viral (or is it virus?) the new year will be upon us. So to hashers everywhere Happy New Year



That's all folks



Jock Twat