

H2H3 RUN #429 - Saturday 18th January 2020

LOCATION: Approx. 3 km West of Khao Tao

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/NtXEt6zx2ePvMh7j9>

GPS Coordinates: N 12.446666, E 99.952019

Hares: Mudman & Muddy Joe

Hash Snacks: Jock Twat

Tax Collector: Tinks

Ice Man: Mudman

Hash Scribe: Slime

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 57

Pre-Hash Briefing

At the moment runs seem to be very far north or very far south. Saturday's Run 430 being at the southern end and although not as far south as Run 429 it was still more than 50km south of the previous week's Cha Am run.

A good turnout with most parking along the road near the restaurant. Some lucky people had been able to park off road but had an issue getting out later as the access road morphed into overflow tables for the diners. The pack gathered outside the residential units at the side of the restaurant to pay their taxes and to sign up for food at the On On. (In hindsight a very smart move if you were likely to be hungry before 9pm).

Bang on 16.30 the detailed briefing began with the usual Mud family clipboard in evidence and references to minor speed bumps and slippy leaves on the tracks. The walkers were lulled into a false sense of security by being told it was a short run and the short speed bump was only a ten-minute doddle. In retrospect no-one could say that they hadn't been warned. Fortunately, Nurse Rubber Scrubber was later able to patch up those of the walking wounded who were able to make it back.

The Trail

The smart Hashers (I am told there are some) had signed up for food and the very smart ones (Miserable Dave and Black Buttocks being examples) had anticipated that traffic jams were likely to occur as the pack made its way up the hill and had therefore positioned themselves at the front. Those not so smart like Slime and Tinks ended up in the snake as it slowly ascended the hill immediately after the start. The views were good as promised and most of the pack were able to make the ascent in 15 minutes or less. Thereafter it was a gradual but slippery descent back to the pineapple fields and round to the quarry which had been the start point for a previous Mud family extravaganza.



Having been warned about the speed bump the shortcutters who we shall not name and shame, not only avoided the hill but opted out of the quarry lap.

The pre-run instructions of which there were many had included the caveat that while paper was on the right it could be on the left at a turn. Remembering this a number of the runners missed the split sign (no doubt expecting a dip stick plonker decision) and headed off down the walkers' trail. This added a km to their afternoon as they were apparently sent back by the hare.



After the quarry loop it was along the road and up into the pineapple fields which bordered the hill that had been the pervious run's speed bump. Then down onto the road to the Hua Hin Safari park which had been widened and resurfaced since our last visit. There was a certain familiarity to the run and déjà vu was very much in the air.



Indeed, by now anticipation was high about the probability of an encounter with the famous three-legged dog who in the past had made his or her dislike of hashers quite clear. Alas it was not to be as it seems that he or she is no longer with us. Needless to say, the rest of the pack made up for him or her noise wise, but it was not the same. They did however alert the next pack of three old friends who made sure that all the runners headed off to the left before reaching their land. They also in turn alerted the pack at the Barn Resort (now first phase completed and apparently open) that the Farangs were back so for the non- FRBs it was fairly easy to work out where the run went from the barking ahead.

Off the track by the Barn across the field and back onto the road to the Safari Centre but this time going the other way then left up past some houses under construction to the merge and the run in of 1.5km through some pineapple fields.

As always with Mudman and Muddy Joe it was well marked, scenic and runnable. Indeed, as per normal you would turn a corner to find the hare running in a different direction checking that no one was lost. Where was he when I needed him, last week lost among the tumbling tumbleweed, I asked myself.

Post Run & Circle

Back at the beer truck Jock Twat and Legs Wide Open were not only slaking thirsts but also dispensing curry suppers to ward off the hunger of those who had signed up for the On On (Very perceptive about what the future would hold). Rubber Scrubber was also very busy trying to repair ageing hashers (slippy leaves) and administering TLC to all those who missed their mums and needed someone to kiss them better or at least make them feel that they would eventually recover their good looks.

Down Down Awards (Tinks)

Mudman and Muddy Joe - for well-marked trails and excellent trails.

Visiting Copenhagen GM Not the 9 o'clock News joined by Tinks and ex GM's, Legs Wide Open, Virgins Dream, Dutchy. Dave the Rave, Rubber Duck

Returners: Bent Banana, Cock in a Frock, Pinoi Muggy Pup, Skippy, David H, Mark B



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Teapotting: No Name Peter, Head Ballcock.

Wrong Airport Travel Agent: Paddy Whacker.

Short Cutters: Pinoi Muggy Pup, Skippy, Old MacDonald.

Beer Spillage: Paddy Red Belly given 7up followed by a beer.

Hash Crash and Nursing Staff: Dazlin Maslin, Rubber Scrubber.

Entertainer 1: Blowjob.

Entertainer 2: Not the 9 o'clock News - Swindon Society Joke

Head Ballcock: Next week's Hare - on the Right of Springfield Road, and Billabong

Last Three DD's: Tinks, Virgins Dream, Mudman.

On After

After down downs the on on began. For a restaurant normally catering to about a maximum of 8 guests a night this was always going to be a challenge. Extra tables and chairs had been borrowed and fortunately extra beer supplies had been purchased. Having been there on Wednesday and seen only two bottles of Leo in the fridge I had warned the owner that this might not suffice. The good news is that the beer did not run out although his son was twice sent for additional supplies. The food came out one dish at a time. Supposedly following the order in which it had been ordered. This worked for about ten minutes until the starving started to move their orders to the top of the pile in the hope that they might be able to eat Saturday evening rather Sunday morning.

Just at the height of the fun with all the seats occupied, copious quantities of beer being drunk and little food in evidence a Finnish? Family arrived for what they thought would be a quiet birthday party for their daughter. They had picked the restaurant because they know it would be quiet. The previous night they had been the only customers.

As with all Hash functions the crazier, they are the more fun they are for most of the degenerates who remain. Most hasher stayed to tough it out and drink more while some felt the best course was to give the chef a break by eating elsewhere. Sods law of course dictated that as soon as Head Ballcock left his dinner arrived. Not an issue as others were delighted with this piece of good fortune or good food as it turned out to be.

Last Hasher to be served was Lucky Me who had been trying to help keep the peace and reassure the owner's children that everything was going well. Those remaining to the end were rewarded with a piece of birthday cake from a young lady who I guess will always remember this particular birthday.

A superb day out with a second chance to meet the noisy dogs on the Fun Run and sample the restaurant's excellent cuisine without quite so much time to drink beer beforehand.

Another excellent Mud family double header.

On On
Slime