

H2H3 RUN #442- Saturday 27th September 2020

Location: Close to Red Mountain Lakeside behind White Stone Villas

GPS Coordinates: N 12.542710, E 99.919513

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/dpxeMiAhNMFQQXPk8>

Hares: Rubber Duck & Golden Rain

Biermeister Team: Jock Twat & Legs Wide Open

Ice Man: Mudman

Tax Collector: Tinks

Scribe: Lucky Me

Number of Hashers: 43

Pre-Run

The Google ladies – mine is British while the driver has an American one - recommended ignoring the website instructions on how to find the start by taking a more direct route. This was in theory good as time was tight but, in the past, has led to unexpected adventures. Yesterday's drive to the start was thankfully straightforward due to a strategically placed HHH sign which confirmed the advice of both ladies.

Familiar Rubber Duck territory albeit a little further up the road than on the occasion of “the pick your own run; only one beer in the box; round the reservoir; police checkpoint run;” of a few months back.

We would have arrived in plenty time to have attended the pre-run health and safety warnings had the driver not decided to park away from everyone else. What we were in time to do was to understand that most hashers don't bother to read Tinks emails and if they do, they can't be bothered to follow simple instructions. This meant that there were insufficient tickets for the 99 Baht Buffet to distribute and the prospect of hungry hashers seemed unavoidable. The Special Hash Price was advertised at 99Baht; normal price is 150 Baht; and Tink's special price for those not reading his emails and following instructions was set at 199 Baht. Fortunately, the kindly Madonna promised that teams would be sent out to forage for additional supplies so that all could be accommodated.

This enabled a happier pack to set off on what had been billed as a 5k plus extravaganza. One split for the walkers and the faint-hearted runners who wanted to avoid the hill. And a stretch of unmarked trail so as not to upset the sensitive homeowners who had the privilege of gazing across a piece of waste ground which once hosted a lake or more likely a hole in the ground with water in it, at the collection of cars that marked the run start and finish.



The Trail



The run started in a southerly direction along some pleasant trails before coming to the split. Up the hill scrambled the runners while the walkers continued along a meandering track that skirted the speed bump. It was still quite hot and humid so the climb was certainly challenging coming so early in the run before some of the more senior runners had had a chance to get into their stride and banish the effects of a Friday night on the town from their systems. It certainly looked as if we would be going to the top but mercifully the trail lateralled to the left before descending quite steeply to the aforesaid meandering track where the runners had the chance to pass the walkers for a second time.

On we jogged till suddenly a right turn signaled a return to the hillside or so it seemed. Except that the paper was clearly and consistently on the left. What did this mean? Were we now running backwards around a loop? Or on next week's run going the wrong way? Military men of the Rubber Duck ilk normally have it drummed into them that your right hand is the one closest to the window and that your left hand closest to the door. Paper is supposed to be on the Starboard side of a run except on Wednesdays when it is on the port side. This caused a fair bit of consternation and discussion, but the decision was collectively taken to push on and see what happened next.



Well what happened was that emerging on the meandering trail to paper back on the right the runners all had the opportunity to pass Cathusalem and the other walkers for a third time. How could this be? Had the old codger found a turn of speed not seen since the turn of the century? Or was there a secret Dutchy trail that the hare had omitted to mention.



The balance of the run continued along well-worn trails before fronting the houses that did not want their road marked with paper. This required that a red H3 sign had to be used to show where the trail turned left into a small housing estate past a friendly security guard who made sure no-one missed the turn. Towards the bottom of the road there appeared some power lines on the right-hand side (the side that the paper should be on) which certainly would not have met nanny state health and safety standards. Fortunately, this hazard was navigated by all without incident.

It was however not the last encounter with wires on the run as the trail tracked the boundary wall of another housing estate which had tried to hide cables on the outside but had not secured them as well as they might have resulting in a final hazard for the pack to navigate before reaching the beer.

Circle Down-Downs:

Hares: Rubber Duck & Golden Rain - a little short but voted excellent trails.

Misinformation: Rubber Duck - misleading the pack on advising of checks on both Rambo and Walkers trail, something for everyone. However, no check found on the Rambo loop

Non-Traditional Trail laying: Rubber Duck & Golden Rain- the pack were not sure whether they were coming or going as paper was found on the left more times than on the right.

Virgin Hashers: Christa from Denmark and Ann from Hua Hin - the three questions asked received the same response, not long enough, not hard enough and maybe come again.

Mis-informer: Hotpot

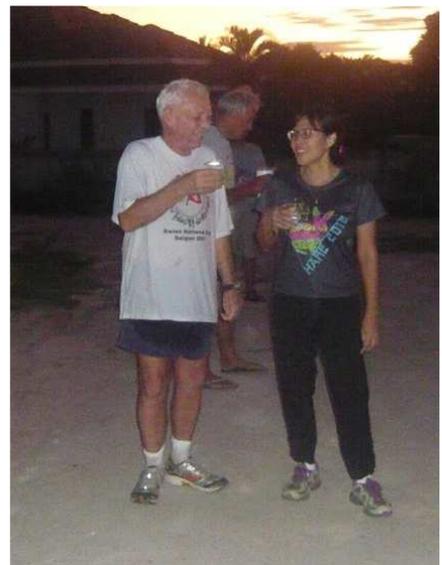
Youngest Virgin Hasher: Robert (age 15 days) together with Sloppy Camel and Party Balloons.

Sloppy Camel: throwing beer over the GM

Slime & Lucky Me: Last arrivals at the hash but missed the pre-run briefing, responding with I'm not paying unless it is a good run.

Head Ballcock: Next week's run - somewhere between the bypass and two lakes. Assisted by Screwdriver and Hong Ting Tong

Slime: Thanked for scribing the last Hash. And ask to nominate this week's scribe. Slime suggested it should be a lady for next scribe and nominated Lucky Me.



On After

A happy Bunch of Campers enjoyed the excellent buffet spread provided by the Good Moon washed down with suitable quantities of drinks of every variety. Definitely a place to revisit and not only on a Saturday.

ON ON

Lucky Me/Slime