

## H2H3 RUN #490 – Saturday 8<sup>h</sup> October 2022

**Location:** Off Pala U Road. West of by-pass.

**Coordinates:** N 12.57903, E 99.75941

**Google Map Link:** <https://goo.gl/maps/bRbGZC8KKvk3VYZ26>

**Hares:** Mudman and Puss in Boots

**Biermeister Team:** Jock Twat

**Ice Man:** Tinks

**Tax Collector:** African Queen

**Scribe:** Ding-a-Ling

**Number of Hashers:** 30

### Pre-Hash

After a week of torrential rain in most areas, I and I assume most Hashers were beginning to think, am I stupid or just a plain masochist for even thinking about attending the Hash, water wings surely would be needed. But, as we all know, mother nature has a wonderful way of showing the weather forecasters that they know absolutely nothing, not only was it not raining, but it had also not rained for at least 24 hours, meaning a dry and pleasant hash would be had by all.

### Pre-Hash Circle.

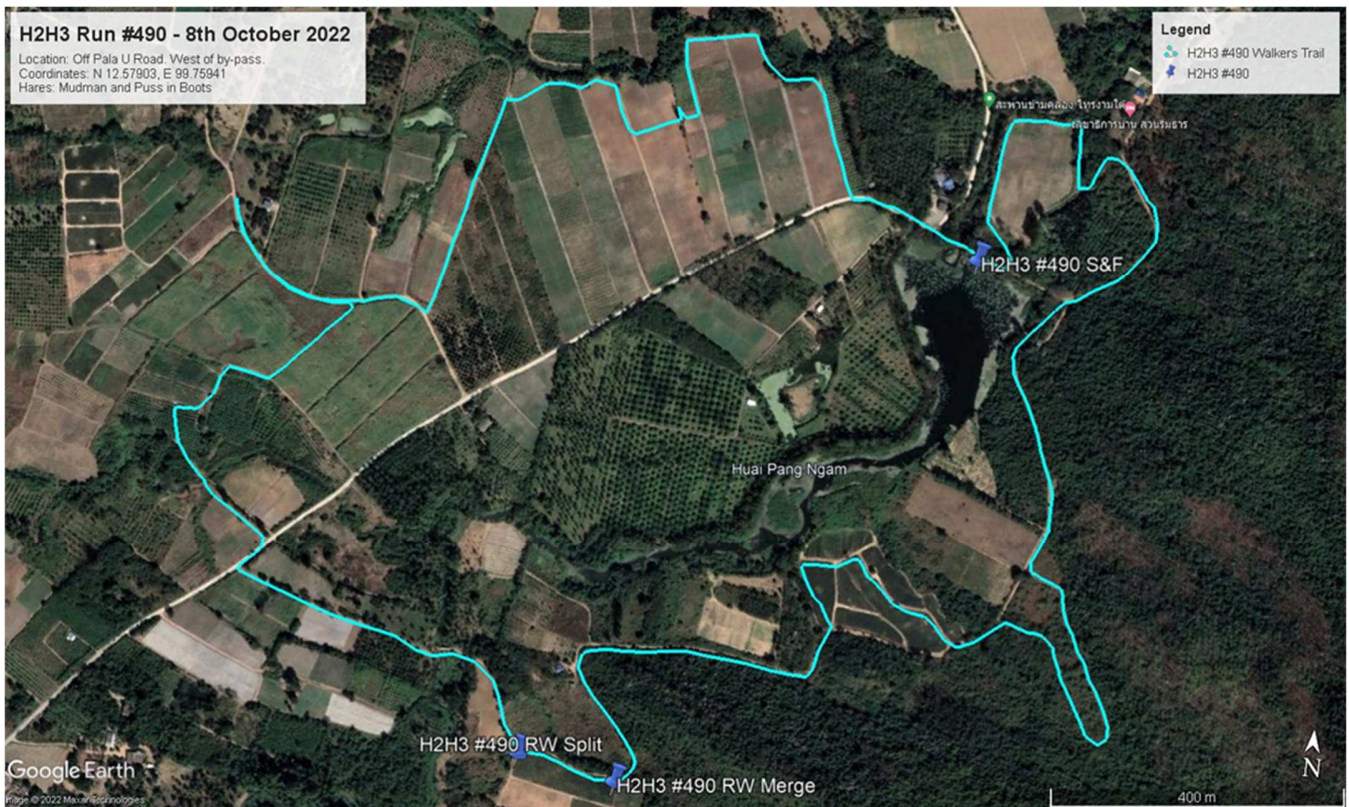
The circle called to order and the hares called in, Mudman and Puss in Boots started off by impressing most people (definitely me) by remembering all the returnee's names, at this point the circle was interrupted by the last hasher to arrive running through the circle. Hands up if you can guess who was the last to appear, wrong, Sodomy is away, but he sent his replacement, in the form of a returnee, Front Running B-----d (FRB). All settled down and the hares continued giving their instructions, with warnings of the raging torrent that ALL, will have to cross. For the brain dead (Madman's description not me) runners, the merge is 150 meters before the split, so unless you want to repeat the loop, keep your brain in gear. The last bit of info given was for our ever-increasing band of forager's, informing them that they are allowed to pick the remains of the field of white carrots/white radishes, this bit of info caused a bit of a stir as most of the ladies shot off to get a bigger bag.



### The Trail.

With the instruction of the paper and the run starts 50 meters that way, off we set. Sodomy, sorry Sodomys stand in FRB was the first to lose his way, a straight road and 50 meters, I ask you? The first few hundred metres went a bit slow for most of us, having to wait behind/overtake the salivating forager's, by this time they had been told, don't pick now, wait until the end. Something very strange happened, after about half a Kilometre I found myself alone and in front of the walkers, soon after I came across Mudman who instructed me to go into the Bush and follow the paper, he also said that everyone will go that way. After about three quarters of a Kilometre going uphill and a quarter going downhill I emerged from the Bush about 100 meters from where I entered, soon I came across a pineapple field, (what would a hash be without a pineapple field) low and behold, another strange thing





had happened, now I was at the back of all the walkers, even Sir Ballbanger and Jock Twat, short cutting b-----s springs to mind. Off I set and within a short while I was in the lead again, to my surprise I was even in front of the runners, eventually I came across the raging torrent, as I was contemplating should I just hop over it, or take a run at it. Mudman gave me a near heart ♥ attack by appearing out of nowhere, he must have been hiding in the bushes waiting to rescue the one's who didn't quite make the leap. Heart settled, I hopped over the trickle (raging torrent indeed) and continued on my way, shortly after FRB came running past, now the strangest possible thing happened, I Came across an unbroken check , as I stood there contemplating what I should do next, along came Flying Frog, he being used to being in front, went off in one direction and sent me off in another, not long after a shout On On was heard from FRB, I think he got lost again between the torrent and the check, anyway of we went following his shout, for the next 15/20 minutes pandemonium ruled until the hares informed everyone that we were on a false trail and pointed (put paper down) us in the right direction. In the Hare's defence, both Flying Frog and I along with nearly all the hash missed the

false trail sign. For the second time in a day, I'd gone from first to last, and I mean Last. Must remember to walk slower in the future. After that it was plain sailing to the end, the majority of us hoped for ice cold beverage, but the forager's all disappeared back to the free food field, stocking up for the next decade by the amount of stuff that came back.

### **Pre-Circle Announcement – Keep in Mind**

Christmas Party 17<sup>th</sup> December – like last year 100 Bhat deposit balance 100 by the day.

New Years Eve run: 10:00am with sausage hot dogs

500<sup>th</sup> run in 10 runs time, planning to be a 3 day event

### **Down Down contribution by Tinks...**

Hares: Mudman and Puss in Boots,

Returns: Donkey Cock, Bushwhacker, Hoover, FRB, Last

Orders, Cock in a Frock, Frock with a Cock

Christening: Kittiya - many names put forward linked to her favourite tittle Gin – now known as Mothers Ruin

Leaking on Trail: Tinks

Birthdays: Legs Wide Open, Bushwhacker.

Interruption to the circle for a photoshoot at the bridge

Next Week Hash: Rubber Duck west side of bypass opposite Agricultural Collage and by the lake.

Lost Hares: Mudman and Puss in Boots saved by Muddy Joe when getting post when recceing the trail.

Getting lost from the start: FRB missing trail within 50 m of the start, previously held by Sodomy.

Full Moon Hash: Thursday 13<sup>th</sup> October Kho Takiab



### **On After**

After closing of the circle and packing up of the beer truck 16+ Hashers set off to continue socializing and eating at the Esan Ban Suan On the Pala-U Road

On On Scribe

Ding-a-Ling