

H2H3 RUN #508 – Saturday 20th May 2023

Location: Rai Mai Patthana, Cha-am District, Phetchaburi 76120

Plus Code Location: JVM2+CVF Rai Mai Patthana, Cha-am District, Phetchaburi

GPS Coordinates: N 12.633553, E 99.852177

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/QCY9H3o2xGZ7216B7?coh=178572&entry=tt>

Hares: Ding-a-Ling & Rambling Rose

Biermeister Team: Jock Twat

Ice Man: Tinks

Tax Collector: African Queen

Scribe: Bruised Willy

Number of Hashers: 28

Pre-Hash Circle.

Americans Still Use Checks!

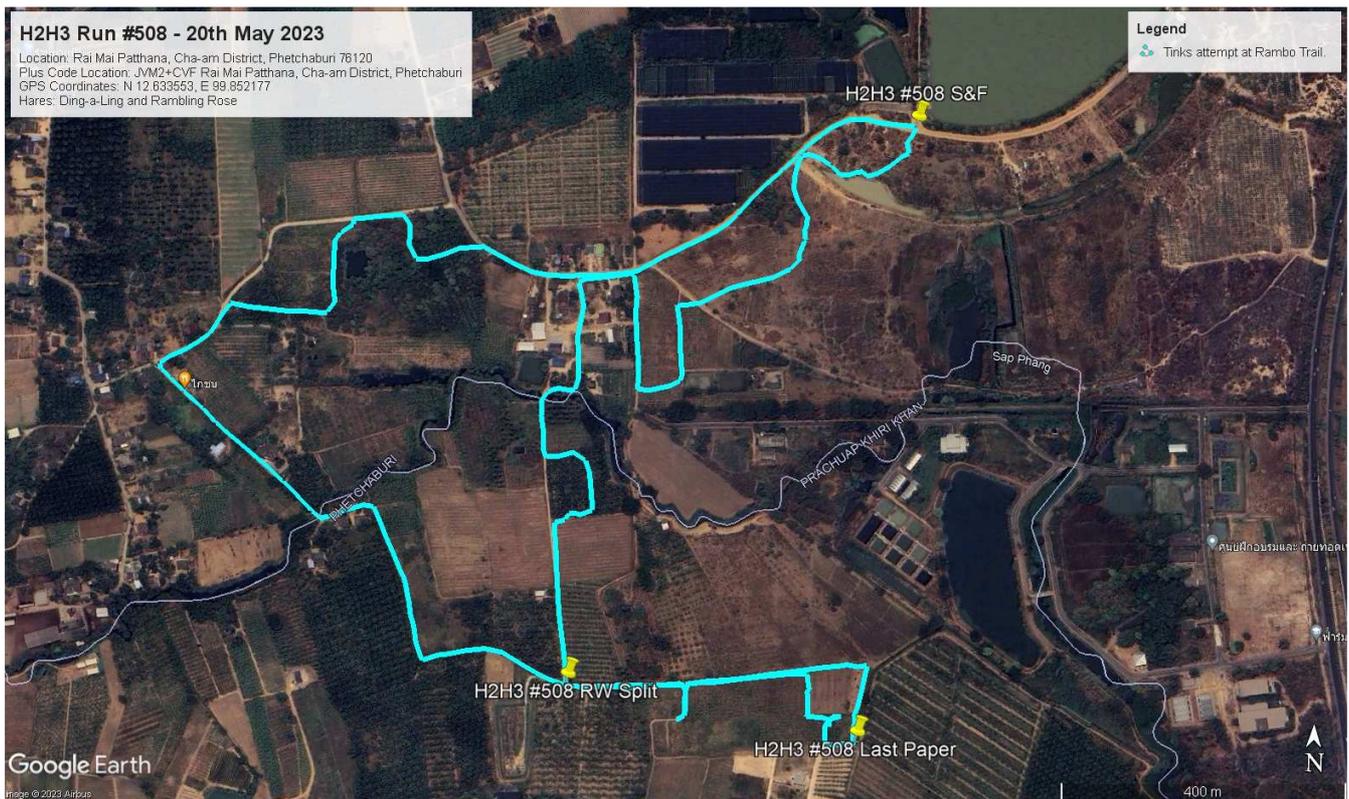
Your scribe was very excited to hash in what was, for him, a new area. The usual collection of shambling retards were on hand, commiserating with one another about orthopedics, soccer (the correct name!), longstanding points of interpersonal contention and so on. As the pre-run circle formed, the hare went out of his way to announce that there would be absolutely no checks on the run. Apparently there had been quite a bit of rain after he set the paper, and on returning to re-set the paper once more the hare elected to forego checks. As some readers of this illustrious publication may know, Americans still use checks. Your scribe, being American, was completely flummoxed by the lack of checks available on the run. How are we Americans expected to accomplish anything without the use of checks? What sort of European chicanery will we have to engage in?

Rambo Trail

In spite of the lack of checks, your scribe set out on the trail expecting a good run and found exactly that. Beautiful territory, and a well laid trail that managed to keep us in the shade a good deal of the time. Returning to the theme, there was also ample opportunity for some fantastic checks that your scribe took note of for future use of this territory. Getting back to the write up, trail meandered along through fields and farms and so on. There was an especially nice loop through a pineapple plantation that made very good use of some confined territory and managed to cock up your scribe in spite of the lack of checks. This is more a commentary on the ineptitude of your scribe than it is on the paper laying ability of the hare, which was unquestionable. As usual, FRB made sure to begin sprinting at the end of the run to ensure that Mudman didn't get his imaginary trophy. Shameful behavior! Your scribe was on in a few minutes after the two racers, at which point the hash piss immediately implored your scribe to begin drinking extra My Beer because we had too much beer and not enough water. In retrospect, this was probably facetious, but your scribe, I an 8th generation Texan used to following orders from anyone with some sort of rank or authority, saw no reason not to follow these instructions, and managed to down about four bottles under duress.

Tinks attempt at the Rambo Trail (notes by Tinks)

I failed to complete the Rambo Trail having followed paper on a false trail that ended as the false trail sign had been collected by one of the FRB's. Bruised Will confirmed that the paper at the start to the false trail had not been collected and re-laid on the true trail for the rear enders. This resulted in me making my own way back to the RW split and completing the Walkers trail including taking a short cut to meet up with the true trail back home.



Post Hash Circle and Down Downs.

The circle was the typical lively affair. Charges were given, down downs were administered. Hashers complained about this, that, and the other, thing. Cathusalem sang a song, "Sing a song" almost made it into that joke if anybody gets the local reference.

Down Downs (notes by Tinks)

Hares: Ding-a Ling & Rambling Rose

Visitors: Drag Queen & Marie

Returners: Bald Fukker & Just Kran

Asking if LWO drinks: Rambling Rose

Leavers: Legs Wide Open

Three grades of suntan: Bruised Willy

Scribe: Bruised Willy

Returners: Slime (Scotland) and Lucky Me (Australia)

The Comedian 1: Rubber Duck

The Comedian 2: Head Ballcock

Prenaming for No Namers: Terry & Noi.

Next Week's Hash: Hugs & Cute Comer near Hupkupong Lake

On After:

The fun continued at the on on on for some of us, which was held at the fake American restaurant. A lively discussion ensued we're upon it was discovered that the hare had accidentally ended up at Woodstock during some sort of shore leave. The British invasion indeed. Eventually, everyone went their way and your scribe was graciously returned to town by Hugs. Your scribe was then forced to betray the following week on another hash

that she'll not be named when Rubber Duck implored him to bestow the hash shit toilet seat upon him - however that is business for another hash and another write up.

Post Hash Note:

It was, as usual, a good run and a good evening and a good time. Thank you to the hare and to everyone involved for their efforts, though it does occur to your scribe that at minimum there should be a warning on the website for Americans that you cannot pay by check on this hash.

On On Scribes

Bruised Willy

Additional notes by Tinks