

H2H3 RUN #518 – Saturday 7th October 2023

LOCATION: Nong Phlap, Hua Hin District, Prachuap Khiri Khan 77110

Google + Code: [HQMC+66J Nong Phlap](https://www.google.com/maps/place/HQMC+66J+Nong+Phlap,+Hua+Hin+District,+Prachuap+Khiri+Khan), Hua Hin District, Prachuap Khiri Khan

GPS Coordinates: N 12.58309, E 99.77053

Google Map Link: <https://maps.app.goo.gl/G4ncf4gk1QiUDdpJ7>

Hares: Mudman & Puss in Boots

Biermeister Team: Jock Twat

Ice Man: Tinks

Tax Collector: Tinks

Scribe: Ding-a-Ling

Number of Hashers: 29

Pre-Hash.

After receiving an email, reminding hashers that being a wimp is no excuse to miss a hash, the car was duly loaded with umbrella's, change of clothes, waterproofs and water wings for the expected wet afternoon stroll up a mountain (after all, it was a Mudman and Puss in boots trail). Defying all weather forecasters and web sites, not a drop of rain fell on the 29/30 Hashers, on the trip to and at the car park. (Pre hash only).

Pre-Hash Circle.

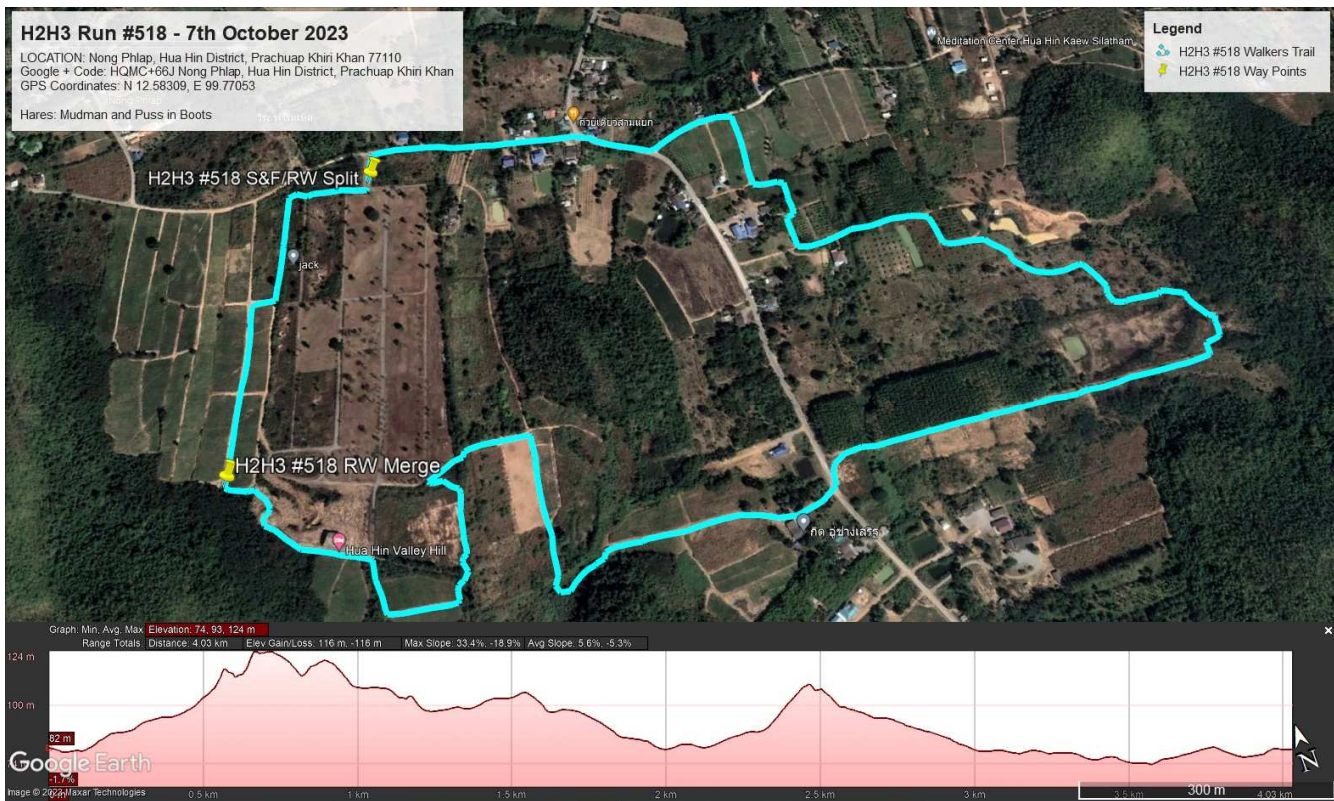
Circle called, as usual the last couple arrived (no names needed to be said, we all know the culprits) and held up proceedings for a minute or two, giving time for Bite Mark to pay his taxes and our movie director to climb into the back of the truck and shout Action. The GM asked for the two Virgins to come into the circle, Bob, and Dee Wagner (nothing to do with the mercenary group we think). After a quick health and safety lesson i.e., Listen to the Hares and don't get lost. The Hares were called into the circle to explain the trails, one for the walkers, approximately 4km and one for the runner's again,



approximately 7km. Our movie queen/Hare came to the rescue of the walkers, as she had insisted that no checks or false trail should be put on the Walker's trail, good news we thought, then the sting in the tale, they have enough problems to navigate as it is. Warning 1, barbed wire at foot and strangulation height. Warning 2, electric wire, maybe live, maybe not, grab it and see was the Hares advice, at crutch height. Warning 3, lots of snakes spotted, the Hare did say, in his opinion they were harmless pythons. Sorry, but anything that is over 3m long is not harmless. Warning 4, for the benefit of Swindlers Pissed lots of long grass to be battled through. Warning 5, Dog's and cattle, thousands, and herds of them, if the electric don't get you, the cow's, or the dog's will. The split for the runners and walkers was in the car park. So off we went in different directions.

Trail (from the walkers).

A Simple and pleasant start, into a pineapple field with a gentle slope at the base of one of the many mountains surrounding us, remembering the term, they have enough to put UP with, comments of are we going/I'm not going up THAT could be heard. I'm pleased to say we turned off at the end of the field and dived into the thicket/hedge, coming out of the undergrowth we came out onto a tarmac road albeit overgrown, shortly after two oddly shaped/started but abandoned buildings came into view, this brought back into life some long



dormant brain cells of some people, as a chorus of I remember these, we've been here before was heard. This was also the point where the first On Back call was shouted, for some unknown reason Penny Lane went off trail and into another pineapple field, also I suppose the first moan of the day as he tried to put the blame on the hares, saying the paper was at the rear of a leaf. Shortly after the elephant grass was reached, now what went off in there had better be left unspoken. But the screams of some of the ladies left nothing to the imagination, Tinks tried his best to lighten the moment by giving a rendition of one of his rugby songs. You lot tell me, ladies screaming in pleasure, or Tinks singing Rugby songs? Shortly after the first pack of dogs could be heard, only to get louder as we appeared out of the undergrowth, fortunately one of our hares (Mudman) was on hand to smooth our passage through the farmers property, amazing what a bottle of Chang can do. A quick left and right and we was at the base of another slope, leading to another one of those mountain things, surely not this late in the trail, so heads down and up and off we went, how it happened I don't know, but Hugs had pulled out a two hundred yard lead on everyone, but Hugs being Hugs we all knew he wasn't a natural climber so we gained on him until he came to a stop and pretended to take photos. Again strangely, Mudman appeared and insisted we all read his sign, it read, something like, STOP MOANING and look at the views. We were all looking at the views and the only person moaning was Mudman, he was moaning so much Hugs came up with a name for location. So, for evermore, that



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part of the Hash's planet will be remembered as MOANERS MOUNTAIN. Setting off from this point, paper was in short supply, or hidden behind another leaf, but Rambling Rose came to the rescue with a shout of On On (thankfully not up a mountain). The next K was the watch out for your feet, throat and crutch, as the wires of both types came thin and deadly, sadly the power was switched off so no giggling was heard, although watching Knockout Neptune crawl on his hands and knees under a non electrified wire brought a smile to my face. After that, all went to plan until a kilometre from the beer, all the front



walkers missed a turning and were walking left and right on the main road looking for paper. A shout of On On was heard from Tinks about 100 meters back down the trail, at this point in time Tinks was way back, if not at the back of the pack. As happens with Hashing, you can leap from the back to be leading the pack in seconds, Tinks increased his pace and kept the lead until the car beer stop.

Trail (from the runners)

I know nothing. Apart from the runners' loop must have been horrendous, because it took the runners a good 15/20 minutes to start rolling into the car park. And, Bent Banana did a bit of short cutting, missing the same turning as the walkers.

WATCH THIS SPACE for more news about the runners' trail, if one of them can be bothered.

The Circle and Down Downs:

The run was done completely in the dry, the same cannot be said for the circle. While we were drinking, sorry waiting for the runners to arrive back the rain started, I don't think you could have called it rain really, more of a drip drip. Anyway, with the drip drip, away went the light and the rest of the circle was done under Jock Twats search light.

Down downs. The hares (who were everywhere at the right time and place to help any wayward hashers) were complimented for two good trails. Virgins, sadly they and the visitors had left, something about Bangkok being a long drive.

Returnees. Only three really, Swindlers Pissed, Scrotum Head and Black Buttocks who have had the pleasure of 5 months in God's own country. Yorkshire to the rest of the world. Swindlers had a shorter than planned stay in Swindon (as I think we all would).

Alongside these real returnees, was our own roundabout couple Slime and Lucky Me, who manage to get a returners and leavers down down every week. How much is a weekly return trip to Scotland anyway?



Charges were made concerning the noises coming from the long grass. Puss in Boots and Penny Lane were asked about the screaming and giggling (someone will have to explain to me the term don't you want to know) and Tinks, about the bawdy songs from his youth.

When is a new shoe not a new shoe? Swindlers Pissed was accused of wearing new shoes, now it must be said, that he was bragging about buying new shoes at Friday night's old man's drinking club. On being brought into the circle he explained they were new to him but not new in themselves, as he had purchased them from the dead man's shoe shop. Well, it was put to the circle and unanimously (other than the GM) decided they were new and the time-honoured punishment was carried out. UGH. Bent Banana escaped early again in HIS new shoes. We will get him one day.



Next week's Hash. Cha 3. Rubber duck informed us the site was over the bypass on Chom Phol road near the three big Buddhas, hares are Onefer and Head Ballcock.

As the drip drip was still persistent and most of the hashers had decided to go somewhere dryer, it was decided a quick social drink was in order and circle closed.

The On After:

Several Hashers continued to the Esan Ban Suan Restaurant on Pala U Road for more socializing, food, and beverage.



On On. Ding a Ling