

H2H3 RUN #346 – 26th November 2016

ST ANDREWS DAY CELEBRATION – TARTAN DRESS CODE

LOCATION: Near Greenfield Valley Fishing Resort

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/YzwjLN94R4A2>

GPS Coordinates: N 12 28.741, E 99 55.943 (n 12.479022, E 99.932383)

Hares: Bent Banana & Brambles Bill

Hash Snacks: Miss Snickers

Tax Collector: Mudman

Number of hashers: 58

This is what happened (give or take a little embellishment)

On 26th November some sixty-something Scots, pseudo-Scots and Scotophiles assembled near the Greenfields Fishing Resort for a premature celebration of my sainted brother Andrew's birthday and to participate in the Hua Hin Hash House Harriers Run Number 346. The Hares, Bent Banana and Brambles Bill (nearly enough B's as fill a hive!) pontificated long and loudly on the subjects of wire, barbed and otherwise, splits, checks, trenches, misplaced paper and the like to the utter mystification and bewilderment of the assembled audience. Eventually the Hashers were allowed, indeed exhorted, to run free and off they set in the appointed direction just in time to avoid the arrival of the TRUMP of doom in the shape of an overbearing oligarch who pedantically proclaimed that a gathering of more than FIVE people constituted an UNLAWFUL assembly. This was a serious step up the social ladder for H2H3, whose convocations had never previously rated higher than AWFUL assemblies. The Voice of Doom pointed out that the digging referred to by the Hares as a trench was in fact a mass grave for the accommodation of transgressors.

Meanwhile back at the RUN and unaware of this political contretemps, the Hashers loped lack-a-daisically along lanes and leafy glades, enjoying the glories of the aptly-named Greenfields area, and following the copious amounts of paper previously dispensed by these celebrated shredders. In its own inimical way the Trail meandered deceptively through the countryside until splits began to appear in the ranks, firstly for the gratuitously grateful Short Walkers' who happily peeled off and accepted a lesser length. Next to go were the Long Walkers those made of sterner, or should that be thicker, stuff who took their Long Walk option with good grace and some relief, leaving the Trail in the complete command of the Runners, who true to form, followed the traditional time-honoured custom of ignoring each other and the Trail markings and seeking to second-guess the Hares.

Whichever way they chose to complete the course all seemed to be in agreement that the views were spectacular and the Trail imaginative. Some Hashers had to be persuaded not to upgrade their wardrobes from the multiple haberdashery outlets - disparagingly referred to as scarecrows by some undiscerning Hashers. For the lame, the lazy and the lost at the back of the pack there was compensation in the form of a more extensive and longer-lasting view of a magnificent sunset. There was also a most unusual cloud and sky formation which excited much discussion and prompted some

Hashers to seek enlightenment from that fount of all knowledge, Scotch Tape, but even that shameless charlatan could shed no better light on the subject.

Back at the base the beer was attacked with aplomb, snacks were savoured and tales of impending raids by Redcoats, or in this climate Redshirts, to uphold the 5-man rule were bandied about. Fearful eyes were cast at the site of the mass grave and timorous types toddled off early. Tinks did his best to keep spirits up or down, depending on your viewpoint by dispensing Atholl Brose to the unwary. the panoramic pulchritude enjoyed on this Hash was much discussed and Mudman was moved to affirm that it was "stupendously scenic". Unfortunately the aural ability of some listeners was less than adequate and some of the more "mutt and jeff" amongst us thought he was nostalgising (there's a word worth recalling) about the halcyon days of miniskirts when we would "stoop and slyly see knicks".

With the welcome return of Pussy Pedaller as an accomplice the G M Hugmanannygoat called the Circle and fought a valiant rearguard action against fainthearted fly by nights and stentorian stayers-on to perform a commendable DownDown programme. A well-deserved DownDown for the Hares Bent Banana and Brambles Bill was followed by equally commendable DownDowns to Mudman and Swindlers Pissed as SCB and FRB respectively. Miss Snickers was DownDowned for her culinary contributions and because of her aversion to beer she was DownDowned with Atholl Brose - a taste of her own medicine as you might say. Returners Peter Angus, Jocktopussy, Jock Twat, Legs Wide Open and Warm Piss were welcomed back and Warm Piss claimed to have been in jail, hospital, and a brothel. At his age it would have been hard to tell the difference because of the similarity of these establishments and the fact that you get screwed one way or another in all of them. The Sheffield Virgins (was there ever such an oxymoron?) were next up and said they would have liked it longer - wouldn't we all duckies? An orgy of picture taking then ensued as the Tartan Trollops gathered in a flurry of Caledonian colour and GODAWFUL assembly for a prolonged photocall. Oh, Shutter Slut, you Queen of all the Snappers, where are you now in the Hash's hour of direst need?!!

After all this activity, Cathusalem condescended from the mountain and prevailed upon Hugmanannygoat to close the Circle and allow us to hightail it to Sabai Sabai for the OnOnOn enjoyed by about 30 hashers.

ONON

SAINT PETER

BY KIND PERMISSION OF HIS BROTHER ANDREW