

H2H3 RUN #358 - 13th May 2017

LOCATION: Near Whitestone Villas

GOOGLE MAP LINK: <https://goo.gl/maps/k83WNd9Pzv52>

GPS COORDINATES: N 12.539105, E 099.914969 (N 12 32.346, E 099 54.898)

HARES: Bushwhacker & Master Baker

HASH SNACKS: Mrs Bushwhacker (Karn)

TAX COLLECTOR: Butt Out

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 34

WRITE-UP: Jock Twat with contribution from Special Services.

PRE CIRCLE

Once again the throng gathered under a leaden sky, the sun definitely didn't have its hat on, more like a balaclava. Honestly, have all these people nothing better to do on a miserable Saturday afternoon than go for a walk/run in the amazing Thai country side, then stand around drinking beer? Nope! Me neither.

Davey Delayed & Doggy Style arrived prompt at 16:41 and a few seconds, apologizing profusely for being early, he thought it was a 16:30 kick off.

The circle was called to order and the hares of the day were introduced: Bush Whacker & Master Baker. The usual pre hash brief was given ie. Barbed wire, rabid dogs and how to deal with a check if you happen to be first to come across it (maybe Pussy Galore & Loose Screw should have paid some attention to this bit).

The On On was pointed out and the pack was orf. Soon we were skirting a novelty reservoir (it had water in it) then through the trees and under the pylons and power cables of Soi 88. Back to the trees, winding our way under the shade of the canopy. Cathusalem said "This trail looks very familiar; in fact this is the same trail we did two

runs ago when Jock Twat & Tinks hared" As if to prove a point we encountered the telltale red ribbons that the Twat uses. In fact there was more red tape than is created by the Thai government in a year. A blatant case of plagiarism if ever I saw one. Nonetheless the walkers and runners trail were very enjoyable (again) however everything did not go smoothly for one group of hashers mainly 'The circle concert party'

THE LOST CONCERT PARTY (Apologies to It Ain't Half Hot Mum)

Cast of the Lost Concert Party

Sgt. Major 'Lovely boys' Master Baker

Gunner 'Lofty' 'Whispering Grass' Fish Fingers

Gunner 'Gloria' One Brick Short

Gunner 'La-De-Dah' Graham Lost Cause

Gunner 'Parkie' Parkin - Show them shoulders off Karaoke Queen

Punkha Wallah 'Memsahib' Special Services



The intrepid circle entertainers set off in good spirits (they were very soon to be disappointed!) At the run/walk split they lost paper. After spending a considerable amount of time, no sign of the paper trail was forthcoming. On and on they wandered with not a scoobie where they were, then, Salvation! One of the hares appeared, it was 'Sgt Major' Master Baker. Hurrah they cried, we're saved. After a game of the blind leading the blind it was apparently obvious that this erstwhile hare had no idea where he was either. He said "I think we're lost" LOST? Probably the biggest understatement since God said to Noah "Erm.....I think you're going to need windscreen wipers on that ark" But Sgt Major did have a cunning plan. The party would scale high ground and try to get their bearings. Now, this was a technique developed by the 'WHERE THE FECK ARE WE' tribe and guess what? It didn't work for them either.

By now the light was fading fast and the lost concert party were getting thirsty, hungry and thirsty again. They sang songs to keep their spirits up like 'Show me the way to go home' & that ol' favorite 'It's a long way taetabevvy' The Sgt Major said of their plight "Oh dear; how sad; never mind" Gunner 'Lofty' Fish Fingers was all for skewering and spit roasting him for dinner. Gunner 'Gloria' One Brick Short said "Oh no! I couldn't possibly put a Welshman in my mouth" The irony of the situation was not lost on Gunner 'La-De-Dah' Graham Lost Cause (apt hash handle.)

Punkha Wallah 'Memsahib' Special Services had an idea, she told Sergeant Major Master Baker (easy for her to say) to phone for help. The hare replied (sotto voice) that he had not brought a phone. You would never guess that a native punkha wallah would know such Anglo Saxon swear words. After a phone was found, contact was made with semi-civilisation ie. the hash. Shortly afterwards a truck was dispatched to rescue the thirsty thespians so, all was well that ended well.

Meanwhile on the short walkers trail.....Pussy Galore & Loose Screw were the only two participants who opted for that trail which is a bit unfortunate because they encountered a thing called a check. Never having seen one before, they mulled over what it could be. Could the crossed sticks be some form of Scottish country dancing? Or was the paper and sticks to light a fire and cook something to eat? After all being Thai and not having eaten for ten minutes it was possible. The direction of travel was eventually established and on they chatted back to the circle.

First back for the walkers was Butt Out having taken just under 10 minutes. It was suggested that he had just done several laps of the car park, including a pit stop at the beer truck.

First back for the running crew was who else? But Front Running B'stad immediately followed by Mud Man. It was thought that MM stayed close behind FRB to ride the slip stream but the truth was out. MM actually holds onto FRB's shirt. Always knew old age and cunning would triumph over youth and skill.

One Brick Short appeared a tad de-hydrated, muttering "E bah gum, I've got a thirst that would kill a Southern nancy boy (Did you know that e bah gum is Mughabe spelt backwards? Not a lot of people know that)

Karn once again provided some excellent hash snacks, nice one.

Well done the hares for a very good trail, all joking apart, many people do not realise the amount of planning, preparation and work that is involved. Once again lads, well done.

CIRCLE NOTES by Cathusalem aided and abetted by Jock Twat, whose motto is "never let the truth get in the way of a good story".

Down-downs awarded by Cathusalem were as follows:

- Visitors and prospective new members Yanky Crank and Hawai Five-O-Ring were welcomed.
- Master Baker, the co-hare who got lost was the obvious "good sport" to sit on the ice this week after getting back late with the unfortunate group of walkers who thought they were in good hands.
- Meanwhile, Davey Delayed "Born on a mountain top in West Yorkshire" got his down-down as "King of the Hash House Choir", Cathusalem's adaptation of the Davy Crockett song.
- Next Bushwhacker had to answer a charge of plagiarism of Jock Twat's trail a few weeks ago.
- Finally, Master Baker got his down-down and up off the ice with an impromptu song from the members of the choir he'd led astray as follows:

My old man said follow the hare, we'd have been better off alone.

He dillied, he dallied, he dallied he dillied

Lost his way and didn't know the way home

Oh, you can't trust a young hare like the old time hashers,

When you can't find your way home

Words of song as reported by Fish Fingers (Colossus)

- Pussy Galore and Loose Screw were called in to tell us about their new experience of solving a check, as aptly described by Jock Twat above.
- Pussy Peddler was then called to answer why he had not given wider circulation to a special night at the Romantic Bar, only apparently advertised on Facebook but including the taster "and there's a bonus for any hashers who come." Mark those words well because the giveaway, he told us, was condoms! Anyway, he promised (or did he?) that we would be better informed about a similar event with extended happy hours prices and Romantic food (bacon butties) coming up in the near future.

By this time the baying mob were getting a bit restless with the GM's monologue, bless his cotton hash socks, sometimes Cathusalem can make Jeremy Corbyn sound rational So why? oh why? oh why? was The Master of Vice, Pussy Peddler not unleashed? After all the great unwashed were howling "We want Pussy and bring back the cat (I think they were referring to the cat o' nine tails)

But it was too late, Cathusalem had made a bad mistake and for the very first time that anybody had ever seen, had used a clipboard and made a hash of it.

Nobody was interested any more even when Pussy Peddler took over. All they wanted was to get away for some food, particularly those who'd been lost and had to make up a song about it.

So Pussy Peddler obligingly wrapped it up quickly with down-downs for:

- Leavers - Front Running Bastard who said he'd be back in July after going off to earn some more money.
- Next week's hare - Mudman gave us no surprises that his next week's Cha-Am trail would be quite far from Hua Hin (and maybe twice as far from Cha-Am) but, as before, he assured us in great countryside.

The disorderly circle was disbanded and the hoard of hungry hashers went in search of ale n' tail at the Imyin Restaurant.

ON AFTER

The On After was at Imyim Restaurant on Soi 88, where the food was good and the service exceptionally quick, which was a good job for a few latecomers who got lost finding their way. With all the thirsty hashers demanding refreshments immediately, once again Karn came to the rescue, standing in as a 'HOOTERS' waitress minus the roller skates, good service and a good time was had by all.