

## The Scotch Tape Memorial Run (St Andrews Day Celebration)

**H2H3 RUN #373 - 25<sup>th</sup> November 2017**

LOCATION: Between Route 2004 and Route 37 Bypass

GOOGLE MAP LINK: <https://goo.gl/maps/Kmk7RDZLVoA2>

GPS COORDINATES: N 12 32.470, E 99 53.316

HARES: Paddy Red Belly & Rubber Duck

HASH SNACKS: Miss Snickers

TAX COLLECTOR: Mudman

ICE MAN: Butt-Out

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 49

HASH SCRIBE: Jock Twat

This was not a normal hash day, for a start our great friend Peter Steven passed away recently. Usually Scotch Tape hared the St. Andrews Day event, leaving his tell-tale completed Times crossword puzzles attached to bushes and trees as a marker for the hounds. A man of enormous wit and intellect, he is greatly missed. Our thoughts are with Flora.

The GM asked for one minute silence, afterwards he delivered a moving eulogy in tribute to our Religious Adviser. Our sorely missed RA had one more trick up his sleeve, after all the rain; we were blessed with a gloriously sunny day. On On Scotch Tape.



Scotch Tape 'Hua Hin Hash Religious Adviser'

### PRE CIRCLE

The hares, Paddy Red Belly & Rubber Duck gave their usual pre run brief. PRB said that the going could be a bit soft underfoot, **A BIT SOFT UNDERFOOT? !!!** Probably the biggest misstatement since General Custer of the 7<sup>th</sup> Calvary said "Hold it guys.....I've got a cunning plan" There was more water around than you would find in the Florida Everglades. Paddy then assured us that there was no barbed wire, no Mexican wall and this would be the best trail ever. Trust me. This is not fake hash news that you may find at an alternate hash. Believe me, the best hash ever.

### The Trail

The direction of On On was established and, so the hashers plodded off through the boggy/marshy/swampy/soft underfoot terrain. Before long a very soggy pineapple field came into view which we waded around with the thick oozing mud pulling our trainers off (notice the absence of sucking-off jokes, I'm not a complete perv. you know). After this came the sugar cane plantation very scenic

(and wet). Next up was the short walk/long walk/run splits which later merged rather neatly.



The hares laying paper

There was some excitement at the water obstacle which had to be negotiated by means of a rope to hoist yourself up the steep slippery bank. Tinks went over first sporting a kilt (don't ask). Suzy Dong behind him was flashed by the Tinker, she swooned when she saw his rugby tackle (now, even a maggot will look large when viewed through a magnifying glass - should have gone to Specsavers dear). Paddy Red Belly came to Suzy's rescue and medevac'd her on his motorbike back to the car park.. As he pattered past the sodden, mud splattered hashers he was actually mimicking the siren of an ambulance, you know "Mee-ma-mee-ma-mee-ma" this would not have been so bad but he also threw in the Doppler effect (Look! I don't have time to explain the Doppler principle, but, if you must know, Google it at 'getalife@yousadbastard.com').

Meanwhile, the hash choir (no names-no pack drill; but it was Fish Fingers/Lost Cause/Karaoke Queen, some hash virgins and a gaggle of small children from the local village. were meandering around the trail singing "I love to go a wandering along the hashing track, Fal-der-ree-fal-dera" They managed to miss the On-In sign (250 m from the car park) whilst fal-der-ree-ing, they carried on for another 2 km. going round the trail again. Rubber Duck was dispatched to show them the way home. All together now, "Fal-der-ree-fal-dera ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha".

Top marks to the hares 'Paddy Red Belly & Rubber Duck' for laying an excellent trail under very difficult conditions. Because of the heavy rain, the paper had to be refreshed numerous times. Well done guys.

### The Circle

It was time once again for the rabble to form a disorderly circle, summoned by the GM who just loves to blow his own horn.

As it was St Andrews Day, the line-up for the most absurd looking person wearing tartan assembled (and what an absurd bunch they were) Rubber Duck looked the part (part! I said) in his kilt (ok, ok it was a tartan car-rug). RD let it be known to all & sundry that he was going 'commando' today. Our shrinking violet Lost Cause, ventured into no man's gland to check his credentials and shrieked "Rubber Duck? More like Rubber Dick!" Ahem!.....swiftly moving on. Why do hashers have such an obsession with smut & alcohol? Sorry, rhetorical question really. Actually Rubber Duck did take the biscuit, and it was a box of shortbread, congratulations.

### The down-downs

HARES: Paddy Red Belly & Rubber Duck for an excellent trail.

HASH SNACKS: Miss Snickers for her brilliant snacks.

RETURNERS: Pussy Peddler, Sassenach, Cuckoo Clock, Ding A Ling, Dutchy, Floppy Dick, Hard Drive, Hong Kong Dong, Suzy Dong, Frank McKenzie, Jeleine, Ken McNally, Lee,

VIRGINS: Adam & Nina, Angelique, Apple, Colin O'Donovan and Wanpen

WANNABE JOCKS & JOCKESS'S: Donkey Cock, Fish Fingers, Jock Twat, Karaoke Queen, Rubber Duck & Tinks.

PUSSY PEDDLER: For not telling a terrible joke.

LEAVERS: Bush Whacker & Rubber Duck.

NEXT CHA AM HARE: Old Mcdonald.

## On After

About 38 hungry hashers descended on TUM A restaurant, food was good and served punctually as usual, more important the beer was cold & cheap.

Always remember, never let the truth get in the way of a good story.  
That's all folks



Jock Twat