

H2H3 RUN #401 22nd December 2018

LOCATION: Lakeside near Hua Hin Hospital 5

GOOGLE MAP LINK: <https://goo.gl/maps/bS46LdSefnE2>

GPS COORDINATES: N 12.5327099, E 99.9169121 (N 12 31.963, E 99 55.015)

ON AFTER: Steak Langkhao Restaurant Soi 88

HARES: Hoover & Pussy Galore

HASH SNACKS: Pussy Galore

TAX COLLECTOR: Tinks

ICE MAN: Butt Out

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 51

HASH SCRIBE: Cathusalem

There was a very good turn out at the hastily rearranged meeting place but no report of anybody going to the wrong place so the H2H3 jungle drums worked well. It wasn't just a case of moving the car parking area, as sometimes happens, but the trail had to be moved to a different location because there was news of a mountain bike race in the original area.

So the hares did very well at short notice. We've hashed several times in the general area recently but you never know what new fences may have gone up. The parking area itself is relatively new and what an excellent facility it is. It is unlikely the pre-circle will be interrupted by cows, as at another nearby previously used area.

Miss Hoover gave the briefing while Madame Pussy Galore brandished her sledgehammer as if to say "like this run or else". Nobody dare ask any questions even when "no checks, no false trails" was announced.



So off we went without a care in the world. The area leading away from the excellent parking area is not pretty but soon we were on one of our most popular and attractive paths, which I reckon has been traversed in one direction or the other from at least six different meeting places over recent years.

The run/walk split was very clear so nobody took the wrong path this time. Next, was the question of whether we would go around the lake as we did last time. A group ahead had stopped looking at something in a tree. What is it? Oh, it's that message from Mudman that we'd been told about at the briefing but sorry Mudman getting back to the beer was more important than reading all that crap! You can feel the same way about the crap I'm writing if you like. By the way, we didn't go around the lake.

There was still daylight when the GM called the circle, which helped film the video "If I had a Hammer" featuring Pussy Galore and the Hash Choir.
<https://photos.app.goo.gl/JMiqaLbkWNdCSQpw8>

Hoover and Pussy Galore got the thumbs up from walkers and runners although "too short" was heard, a comment usually reserved for 10km runs. Next, Loose Screw was down-downed as Hash Snacks with 100% approval. See photo



Yon, our visitor from Germany was next to be called into the circle and here he is before the tea-potting incident.



The tea-potting incident? Well, as the GM introduced Yon, he inadvertently put his arm in the akimbo position and so was guilty of tea-potting. Tinks is always quick to spot this infringement and demanded a second beer for Yon, who remained nonplussed. Things escalated when Yon's Dad, Yanky Crank, was press-ganged into the circle on a charge of not bringing his son up properly with Colossus leading the choir into "Here's to the tea-potting inbreds, they are blue", to which Pussy Peddlar added "Here's to Colossus for telling it how it is". Anyway, the "inbreds" certainly knew how to knock back double beers. They were gone in a flash.

Next call was for returners and here they all are from left to right: Alan, Rina, Tonto, Big Macker Nacker, Nutsucker, Scaley Back, Sassenach, Davey Delayed, Floppy Dik, Hard Drive, Doggy Style and Bella.



The photo was taken after the GM had to use an expletive to get Davey Delayed into the circle. Apparently, he thought it was essential that he lead the choir into his version of the Returners' Song. In the event, he couldn't resist singing it as a down-down to himself.

Pussy Peddlar then took over the circle and gave virgin Marianne, the usual interrogation. As a runner, she initially said "not long enough" but soon got into the swing of it for question numbers 2 and 3 by answering in the affirmative.

Next, Hugmanannygoat (beer on head) summoned Jock Twat and Tinks into the circle for both having attended every single H2H3 hash this year. The GM announced "Here's to the Sad Bastards" (well, she should know about one of them) and the choir chirped up with "Get a Life, Get a Life, Get a Life".

Pussy Peddlar then asked a rhetorical question. "Are you all bored with my jokes? OK, then I'm going to ask for volunteers to tell jokes." Yanky Crank was quick to respond with "I've got one but you won't like it". True enough, when he was coerced into the circle to tell his joke, it went down like a lead balloon. Alan was next up with an old joke, which he really milked so much so that Pussy Peddlar remarked that it went on so long he needed a shave. Kerry was heard saying she thought she'd need a shave too, which earned her a down-down, of course.

Pussy Peddler then paid credit, with a down-down, to Old Macdonald for not missing a single hash after falling and breaking his nose.

Finally, Cathusalem was down-downed as Hash Scribe. He announced the Wednesday Fun Run and Tinks advised that the location for the next CAH3 run would be on the website soon.

The On After at the Steak Langkhao Restaurant Soi 88 was the original planned meeting place. We'll have to see whether we meet there in the future or not. The upside is that it is close to some good hashing territory but the downside is that the restaurant had not reserved enough seating for us even though we'd ordered our food in advance.

However, the food was reported to be good although your scribe's choice of dish was not a good one. "You should have known better than to order beef steak in Thailand" he was told as he chewed away. Nevertheless, it was a good atmosphere there and a small group of us stayed until about 11pm.

On On,

Cathusalem