



HUA HIN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Who are the H2H3 – A fun-loving and sociable running group that runs every 2nd and 4th Saturday of the month at 5:00 pm following paper trails. We add spice to just running, walking and drinking. We are never boring. Check us out and join us. Call May 032-513855 or email: may1may@hotmail.com

Hash Run #26

Saturday 24 August 2002

Hare: Don & Andy

The Night of the Hungry Ghosts

Those of you previously exposed to things Chinese might have been aware that the 15th day of the 7th month of the Lunar calendar is a special night, the “Night of the Hungry Ghosts”. This is the night, according to Chinese legend, when the spirits of the departed return from the underworld and roam amongst us. Thoughtful Chinese set out offerings such as food and drink, some burn candles, others, in a more combative mood, set off firecrackers to scare the ghosts away. In any case we of the Hua Hin Hash should have known that this was NOT an auspicious occasion to have our run. Indeed there were very early and direct indications of trouble ahead when Hare Don, being given a ride to the run, started apologizing the moment he got in the van warning of the difficulties of the trail and blaming it on his co-hare Andy. More on the mountainous difficulties we encountered later. At the run site, in the pineapple fields 11 kms up the road towards Cha Am, a pack of 12 assembled for our second run of August. As has been the pattern this summer it was a very hot day, but we were blessed at run time with cloud cover and a cool breeze providing excellent running conditions. No visitors, but a virgin runner Jamie, appeared, adding yet another American to our ranks. Due to Pimpa’s normal late arrival the pack headed off 15 minutes late.

The early trail was along dirt paths through pineapple fields and quite our normal, easy running fare. The only remarkable aspect was that hare Don, possibly insecure in his trail setting, kept trying to go in front of the pack. After Tom threatened to beat him with a stick, Don eased off a bit. After about 15 minutes and a check or two in the pineapple the trail went straight towards the nearest mountain (well, moderate sized hill). This brought the pack back together as the hares sniffed around the base not wanting to believe that the trail would really lead straight up. Again hare Don appeared and, presumably worried about the wrath of the pack later, suggested short cutting his own trail if you can believe that. Well, as you should know, REAL hashers run on the paper trail and nothing less. Thus Tom, new member Jamie and Terry (forever after to be known as the H2H3 mountaineering club) headed up the hill on paper. Don, and more cautious runners May, etc., stayed on the flat picking flowers if you can believe it and looking for easier ways home. GM Doug was the First Runner back (note: this is a lie but it was Doug’s birthday and his wife asked us to lie about his performance on the run to build up his ego and she promised to lie to him also about his performance later in the

evening so as to make him feel better about getting older). "Yeah, Doug, right, it was good for us, was it good for you?" Back to our hash mountaineers, now heading up, and up and up, not really able to believe what the hares had done to them and still not willing to give in. It was a scramble and a rock climb all the way. Some discussion of whether it was a 5.6 or a 5.7 on the climbing scale and next time we will bring the ropes, no more free climbing. Finally the trail started down a creek bed and after an exhausting 45 minutes the mountaineers stumbled down into a pineapple field and a short flat run in to the waiting pack. Sixty seven minutes for the run/climb on an evening when the hungry ghosts had their enjoyment.

As we were a bit later than usual the circle was quickly convened, the hares were given down downs and forgiven their excess zeal, new hasher Jamie was welcomed to the ranks with a down down and birthday boy GM Doug was saluted and loving wife promised Special events later. Was it really a Special night Doug? The circle finished somewhat quickly as the sun was setting and the pack set off to the Silver Spoon (adjacent to the airport) for very good food and a relaxing evening of beer and hash wisdom, of which I remember little except the truly entertaining discussion of how difficult it is for some of the elder hashers (old Asia hands?) to be sure exactly who their real children are. Obviously such uncertainties are one of the difficulties of hashing in Asia.

Next run will be on Sept. 14th. Hares Tom & May. Come join us, what ever it is, it will be a fabulous runsite between Hua Hin and Cha-am overlooking the reservoir.