

H2H3 RUN #382 - 31st March 2018 - Easter Bunny Run



LOCATION: Greenfield Valley Fishing Resort

Google Map Link: <https://goo.gl/maps/JiuaE8Cqjck2>

GPS Coordinates: N 12.473331, E 99.933570 (N 12 28.400, E 99 56.014)

HARES: Hugmanannygoat & No Name Donny

HASH SNACKS: Karaoke Queen

TAX COLLECTOR: Tinks

ICE MAN: Butt Out

HASH SCRIBE: Pussy Galore

NUMBER OF HASHERS: 43

As we drove to the car park dark clouds could be seen ominously lurking overhead and they seemed to be approaching towards us, however once we reached Greenfield Valley Fishing Resort, the beauty of the area uplifted our spirits and we arrived just in time to hear our GM introduce the hash to the gathered mob by reminiscing that our late dearly departed GM Angus Worrall also known in Hash circles as Steakhouse, used to lay trails in the area. The GM then handed over to the Hares Hugmanannygoat and no-name Donny to tell us about the usual hazards of the trail, important info such as don't feed the fish, watch out for combined harvesters and be prepared for missing shredded paper. Suitably confused the pack headed off.

The first check was already broken by the time my trail companion Mingster and I reached it. We were led from a wide open grassy area with a scenic lake into a narrow path in long grass, harsh bushes and a snake-pit ravine, but that part of the trail was thankfully short, and once we came out the other end unscathed, the rest of the trail was on wide paths in open countryside with beautiful scenery all around. After about 30 minutes we came to a runners / walkers split ably marshalled by no-name Donny and two guys flying a drone filming our efforts. It will be interesting to see what the drone made of it all. The last part of the trail was through Greenvalley with many lakes, fountains and the occasional cottage house. Most of the land has been designated into plots, the inevitable house building is planned and in the future we might not be able to hash in the area.

Even though it was quite a long trail, we arrived back in the car park not too tired as there weren't any hills to climb, the trail being flat all the way round. News came through that the first pack of runners lost paper on the runners loop but found a cunning short cutting way back. The second pack of runners also lost paper but were more diligent, eventually getting back on track to be the last lot in along with our GM Cathusalem.

A copious amount of beer was drunk pre-circle as no-name Donny handed out chocolate sweets to mark the Easter occasion. The circle was called watched on in bewilderment by the restaurant staff, one of whom actually entered the circle to claim a kinder surprise prize for wearing a bunny t-shirt. Other surprise prizes were given to Yankee Crank, Ahmedashed, Rubber Duck and the FRB Phillipe, who ran about like a blue assed fly ignoring paper but still led the pack home . The Hares were commended for setting a great trail; various down downs were awarded including me for being volunteered to be scribe for the day. No-name Donny was hash christened "Extra Testicle" (Editor's note: for the record, he was originally proposed to be ET but the off-the-cuff alternative suggestion, not surprisingly, got overwhelming support) and various hashers were down downed for returning and leaving. We had a few visiting hashers, Rainbow Balls (from Yangon Hash), Knockers and Ladyboy (from Nha Trang Hash). The Couper family also made a rare visit, Donald, Wan and their two teenage lads Andrew and Scott. Donald noted that on a pre-reccy trail, Extra Testicle (ET) had constant trouble phoning home.

As the full moon rose above us, about 24 of us retired into the garden and lakeside restaurant where more beer was drunk and all but one hasher was served a meal. Master Baker and I were last to leave having had another hash super day out.

On On Pussy Galore!