

H2H3 RUN #324 – 23RD JANUARY 2016 (RABBIE BURNS TRIBUTE)

LOCATION: WEST END OF SOI 102

GOOGLE MAP LINK: <HTTPS://GOO.GL/MAPS/91QUTAG6C692>

GPS COORDINATES: N 12 31' 38.0" E 99 55' 17.9"

HARES: JOCK TWAT & BENT BANANA

HASH SNACKS: LEGS WIDE OPEN

ON ON AFTER: ZABWER (SOI 112)

DRESS CODE = SCOTTISH / TARTAN / KILTS

The Prologue

This being a report of the Rabbie Burn's memorial Hash, I sought a suitable Scottish font. Some sort of tartan sway to it. I only found two fonts that came anywhere close; 'The Rabbi Sans Sherif,' and the 'Ravie Scratch.' The former had the distinct Jewish Synagogue flavour, of the type Moses would have preferred, but not wanting to stir religious discord it only left me with this, 'The Ravie Scratch' which investigation revealed, was derived from the proprietor of an elite curry house in the Gorbals. It is not clear if the actual font was named after the brief etchings that were made in the restaurant's order book or 'Ravi's crotch scratchings during his table-side repartee. Crotch/sporran, much the same thing! But bearing in mind the readership, simplicity prevailed

The Rabbi Burns Hash. January 23rd circa 1016.

The annual highland gathering of the nation's clans to celebrate this ozpissious occasion at Braemar had to be cancelled this year as there were no more Scots left in the country. Mass migration had brought them far to the east to what henceforth shall be known as the Thailand Gathering. And so it came to pass that *Nickola Sturgeon look alike*, *Hugs Mac Nanny* and *Ben Banana* laid bare the plot and sent us on our way. In hindsight a translator or sign language would have been a worthwhile inclusion at the big off!

Nae hounds, nae serpents and nae 'ornets was the promise but nae were we alerted to the fact that herds of Angus Thailand cattle might be encountered. But encounter them we did, and to be fair, when looking back from the front 'twas difficult discern between the herds of Hash beasts and the herd of Angus beasties. Later I had my own suspicions that some of the post hash drinkers had not actually signed on or paid their dues and that we'd been infiltrated.

Through heath and heather did we surge until the first split. Aye the first split! Smart planners foresaw some difficulties when many were left to ponder 'Och -

will yea nae take yon leftie or yon rightie?’ Traffic Cop *Ben Banana* met the hounds to direct us on our way and avoid mishap. Twas seemingly but a wee problem initially when *Butt Out* and *Pythagoras* challenged the marshal as to which road was leftie and which was rightie. *Pythagoras*, who you’d have thought should have known his L from his R, argued his case with a number of technical etchings scratched in the ground, but BB stood his ground repeating time and again that left was right and that only left was left. Geometric debate continues to this day.

The second split was less controversial with *Farmer John* promptly declaring ‘Aye’I be teeking the high road!’ and was last seen roamin the glowmin above Loch Lomond. Which was a pity because the rest of us were following the Haggis trail back doon to yon great glen where the amber respite lay awaiting.

The inteligencia were making good progress, not only on the trail but also on the crosswords strategically pinned amongst the thorns by the pervious, *sorry* - previous hare, ‘*Scotch Tape*.’ *Brambles Bill* was on a flyer, causing panic amongst the hounds by plummeting vertically from some locale called Author’s Seat. For the less Sterling of us there was the predator presence of *Jock Twat* appearing wraith like at the wheel of his hearse, lest some frailties took their toll. We’re doomed! We’re doomed!

Not being right at, or in fact, left of the front, one had to rely on mere gossip as to who was first back to the beer. Of the fourth group of long walkers, *Screwdriver* was deemed to be leading and hence declared the ‘Firth of Forth’ or first to the froth.

Gathering around the nibbles ‘*Legs-Wide-Open*’ was hubbling and bubbling at her cauldron, and it was here in the queue that once more suspicions of interlopers arose. Some of our Scots, bore similar traits, to the bovine group that we’d mingled with just after the start. The sight of *Cathusalem* engaging in deep conversation with a couple of four legged, tartan clad Heffers led to further confusion. Certainly they sounded from north of the border, their accents of ‘Ochs, ooo’s and eyes,’ had that familiar twang. They enjoyed the same surly demeanour and they certainly smelt the same. Evidence enough for *Cathusalem* who’s point of eager debate was that he was flying off to UK to get his cataracts done next week. Ahhhhh! The mistery solved!

Yet when *Hugs* and proxy Scot, *Pussy-pedlar*, called for kilts and sporrans to enter the circle for authentication, not all of those in line for a doon doon were entirely convincing.

Spook

Nevertheless, all doon doons were successfully dooned as follows

1. Hares... Jock Twat & Bent Banana
2. Snacks... Legs Wide Open
3. The faking Scotsmen... Old McDonald, Warm Piss, Tinks, Jock Twat, & 2 others?
4. Returners... Warm Piss, Rubber Duck, Greasy Fart, Junction Box, Quick Mickey Mou, & Spook
5. Leavers... Cathusalem & Donkey Cock
6. Virgins...Andy Bevan, Fiona Bevan, Mick Bedford, Joy Bedford, Stewart Cole, Leslie Cole
7. Mission Impossible... Karaoke Queen (but had already gone home!)

8. For mutinous introduction to GM... Pussy Peddler (see photo)
9. Guinness Book of Records for shortest spell of Hash Cash - Pythagoras
10. Talking yap yap in the circle... Pussy Galore
11. Volunteer Scribes...Spook and Blow Job
12. Next week's hare (on behalf of)...Rubber Duck

Total number of hashers 55

For full details of who attended and up to date hash cash balance scroll down on

<http://www.h2h3-cah3.com/committee1.html>