

H2H3 RUN #326 – 20TH FEBRUARY 2016

LOCATION: HUA HIN SOI 6 AREA

HARES: HAVE YOU HAD ME YET & FOREST DUMP

HASH SNACKS: MISS SNICKERS

TAX COLLECTOR: PYTHAGORAS

WRITE-UP: SPOOK

ON DOWN: ANKI STEAK

The Prologue:

It's that time of year when Oscars, Nobel Prizes, BAFTAs and WOOFters are handed to the world's eminencies who advance this world through drama, entertainment, science and diplomacy. And even the H2H3 has its own stars and awards. In the week that David Cameron sorted out Europe and left the EU delegates with a smile of relief and permission to carry on as normal, our very own **Pussy Galore** seized her own moment in history. Hence ensuring her place amongst the diplomatic heroes of our time; Winston, Kissinger, Maggie and Hilary as she stuck out her chin and, other prominent assets and told the local traffic warden, on whose land we parked our chariots, to 'piss off.' Faced with the prospect of further altercations with the fearsome PG, the landowner wisely retreated to the shade and trembled at thought of what might have ensued had he been brave enough to pissist with his complaint.



Thereafter **Hugs** was allowed to call the circle undeterred.

'**Avyuadmeyet**' and '**Forest Dump**' fluttered busily around the pre-run gathering. Pointed here and pointed there, gestured up and gestured down all, rather noisily and impressively expressive. I made a note that it might be useful to learn American one day especially if Donald trump gets erected. Anyway without further delay but still in oblivion, the peloton surged towards the wilderness. Looking around I seemed to be surrounded by aliens speaking in foreign tongues like Danish, Russian and Leedsish. Confusion took a hold as we were called back by **Forest Trump** after missing her first deviation. 'Cows have eaten all the paper!' was the excuse. One suspects that we'd be able to read the Hash Rag



whilst enjoying our cornflakes on the following morn.

After being directed onto the invisible paper we had to endure the wrath of a dear local wench, dressed in curlers, scarf, hanging out her washing with a fag in the corner of her mouth as she took a moment to vent her fury on our front runners who trampled her roses and petunias. The run undulated through gardens, allotments and scrubland with ne'er a hill in sight. **Tinks'** personal veloco-altimeter could not even register the slightest gradient. A fact which dismayed **Brambles Bill, Mudman** and other alpinists who normally excel in oxygen rare atmospheres.

Dogs were promised, and dogs there were, but greatly muted by prior warning from the hares no doubt. Highlight of the wild fauna for me, were undoubtedly the pink horses! Now like many, I've travelled afar and duly recorded a multitude of strange beasts in my I-SPY book of animals, but never before have I seen pink horses. Nice touch girls, to get them all wearing pink for what was, in essence a lady run did one of them have a horn? More dogs escorted runners and walkers alike (evidence of more good planning) – to bring us all, fast and slow, back to the car park together.

Epilogue:

Much alarm and arm waving by our hares greeted the start of the circle. Gasps of amazement, horror and fury rendered the air as they divulged that they had been confronted by a 'flasher!!!' Now I am not sure if **Forest Dump** has a lisp or not but it did sound like 'flasher' to me. Visual demonstrations however confirmed by initial suspicions. But what as subsequently noticeable was that a good number of hash Harriette's sneaked off from the circle at that point. Perhaps in search of further evidence with which to confirm or refute that a flasher did indeed exist in the undergrowth. After great enquiry – somebody had to pay and be burnt at the stake. It transpired that after a long drawn out ID parade, that **'Latecomer'** confessed under extreme torture it has to be said, to taking a quick piss behind a tree at the second check and was sadly caught in a compromising attitude by you-know-who.

Addendum:

Now for the official record a certain **'Micky Mou'** did divulge secretly, some months ago that in his prime he had actually flashed past Mudman and on more than one occasion. At the time I just put it down to the fact that Mudman did have lengthy locks. In any case **'Micky Mou'** is now entered into the official Sex Offenders Register.

Spook

Down Down List:

Announcement: Hugs & Rubber Duck (to be hares for Samui visit which has since been postponed)

Hares: Have You Had Me Yet & Forest Dump (including Latecomer for being a useless protector)

200th Run Tankard Award: Scotch Tape (includes 43 Hares!)

Snacks: Miss Snickers

Coming Together: Mudman & Sodomy

Saving the Car Park: Pussy Galore

Birthday: Screwdriver (59 years old)

Visitors: Double Flipped Obelix & Spouse from Denmark below

Returns: Ballbanger, Tinks? Warm Piss, Forest Dump &... too many unnamed to mention!

See photo below.

Returners



Leavers: Tinks? & Scaley Back

Virgins: From Canada & South Africa who both thought it was not long or hard enough!