

H2H3 RUN #327 – 5TH FEBRUARY 2016

LOCATION: Close to Pranburi Dam

HARES: Mudman & Muddy Joe

HASH SNACKS: Pussy Galore

TAX COLLECTOR: Butt Out

WRITE-UP: Hugmannygoat

ON DOWN: Sabai Sabai

I awoke Saturday morning with Butt Out's words of warning echoing in my ear. The night before, as he left Bobbies Bar he told me not to drink too much Leo and don't come to the hash with a hangover. Did I listen? The show must go on and I drove out to the trail a little late and angry with Blow Me Dry returning home from work at 3:45pm... I did tell her 3pm! It was quite a long drive which gave me time to contemplate what the Hares Mudman and Muddy Joe may have in store for us. I reminisced of previous Mudman trails, of significant challenges walking a 6 inch wide viaduct with a sheer drop over the side leading to certain death. On that day, being the wimp I am who also suffers from vertigo, I chose to venture back through the path of the hornet's nest that had already forced Have You Had Me Yet to dive into the murky lake water. Then of course there was Jock Twats recent escapade up the side of a mountain, slipping in the slimy mud, one shoe on, one shoe off being attacked by hornets which led to a visit to the casualty ward at Bangkok hospital! For this trail, Mudman had pre-briefed us there would be no significant hills to climb, here's hoping there would be no significant challenges!

The car park was surrounded by rolling hills and sloping pineapple fields, a location well worth the drive. When Dave Delayed arrived I knew it was the cue to gather the hashers together for an expected thorough Mudman briefing, both he and Muddy Joe didn't let us down. "No wimps on this trail" "Oh Dear" I thought! "walkers approximately 5km, runners 7km, follow shredded paper and blue string, checks well marked with flour, 2 runner / walker splits, 2 merges, plenty fruit to enjoy, pineapples, jack fruit, coconut trees, various types of papaya, limes, banana, mangos and a rubber tree plantation. Barking dogs but not dangerous, no cows, no barbed wire", it was all sounding very amicable until "oh yes and we have a challenge for you to negotiate at the end of the trail". "Oh Dear" I thought once more.

We were off and after a fairly early difficult check I could see the FRB's climb the sloping hill a lot faster than I could muster. This was going to be a difficult challenge today, it was a challenge just to avoid the many cameras pointing in my direction, I didn't think I was looking anything other than... well embarrassingly hungover! Today I was a washed out wimp so I decided to walk with the slow coaches as I exuded the poisoned sweat of last night's beer overload. I looked ahead up into the mountains and felt sure we were about to venture into a valley of death, but then, just as I was thinking of returning back to camp as a defeated loser, there was the Hare Mudman to thankfully point us back down the hill. Good news, the trail up to the valley was false! Sodomy and a few FRB's had been caught out on the FT and I

felt much better on the downward slope. I felt even better when a pretty virgin hasher came tumbling down on top of me as I cushioned her fall. Why was I thanking her I wondered, surely it should be the other way around!

Have You Had Me Yet could see I was struggling so she waited around for me as I panted for air under the hot sun. Was this really a good way to get over a hangover? For the second time on the trail I started wondering if my best solution would be to retrace my steps and head back to the car park, but lo and behold there was Mudman to the rescue yet again to point us in the direction of a shortcut which took half a km off the trail and put us ahead of many hashers. This gave me a second wind, I picked up my step and ordered Have You Had Me Yet to go faster! I was feeling much better!

Then came the challenge! Two sets of slippery slopes aided by rope. There was a bit of a hash bottle neck so I decided to do my gallant duty and help the strugglers. Irma was a particular challenge so after the first slippery slope we decided that Jock Twat would go up front on the second slope and I would push from the rear. Irma did not want to let go her walking stick but when she finally did she grabbed hold of the rope with two hands, swung over to the right and started falling backwards. I was just able to catch hold of her and push her up. Sodomy started pushing too and with our hands in... let's politely say "uncompromising positions" managed to push Irma up the hill.

One Brick Short and Special Services helped make the day a special event by giving out free cake and champagne prior to the circle starting. A special occasion it was too as it was their 40th (Ruby) wedding anniversary! We all toasted to their good fortune, Special Services maintaining that the secret to 40 years of happy marriage bliss was her husband doing as he was told, whereby One Brick Short retorted that the secret was keeping his bad behavior a secret! The choir acknowledged their celebration with a rendition of the 1892 music hall song "My Old Dutch",

*We've been together now for forty years,
An' it don't seem a day too much,
There ain't a lady livin' in the land
As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch.*

With champagne flowing there was plenty laughter around the circle. The hares were given a thumbs up for an excellent trail, barring the (very) slow coaches most hashers got back to the car park together and no one was stung by a hornet! Pussy Galore was down downed for her very delicious and cost effective snacks although it was pointed out her crackers were too small! Irma was down downed for being the oldest swinger in town along with Jock Twat, Sodomy and Hugs. After last week's shenanigans at James naming ceremony, we finally got things right and he will now be forever known as **Septic**. Pussy Peddler ably took care of three pretty virgins, as well as Green Pussy the visitor, myself and Jock Twat for future scribes, Tinks for his fraudulent leaving and Butt Out informed us that next week's Cha Am hash will be south of Chumpol Road.

As the circle ended and the hashers prepared to leave for the Sabai Sabai restaurant on on on, I reflected that it was a very enjoyable worthwhile day out, it's not everyday you have two pretty ladies falling for you, sorry correction, "on you"!

Hugs