

H2H3 Run 328: 19th March 2016

Location: At Temple 3km South of Soi 112 Traffic Lights

Co-ordinates: 12.472362° N 99.906767° E

Hares: Hugmannannygoat & Davey Delayed

Snacks: Blow Me Dry

Tax Collector: Mudman

Hash Flash: Special Services

Hash Scribe: Jock Twat

Number of Hashers: 47

Pre- Hash

A good turn out on this fine sunny day, maybe it had something to do with the promise that the car park would be surrounded by Spirit Houses, unfortunately not the kind of spirits that hashers prefer.

The hash was called to order and the pre-run briefing was addressed by that comedy duo Hugmannannygoat & Davey Delayed a.k.a. Little & Larger (or should that be lager?) With



the usual warnings of numerous checks and false trails ringing in the hashers ears, they were off.

After some 20 minutes the car park was still in sight, now some devious people could have exploited the rule that if you can see the cars, then you have the right to return and claim your wee libation, but the formidable sight of Legs Wide Open jealously guarding the beer deterred any miscreants from attempting such dastardly behavior.

The route went clockwise, through a forest, there was plenty of paper provided by the hares, so no fear of getting lost. After the forest, we followed a river with some marshy terrain, the first split was for the short walkers (I think that means anyone under 5' 1"). Now, the hares had foretold of several checks, they turned out to be cunningly concealed checks, so hidden that Jock Twat missed all seven.

As for the 'stealth' false trail, the number of hashers who fell for this ruse? Erm.....none, because this too was concealed. The runners split was next, which had a water obstacle. Verbal Diarrhoea (I could have simply said VD, but I like the word diarrhoea) took a dive



in the pond, or was he pushed by a runner?

I forgot to check the

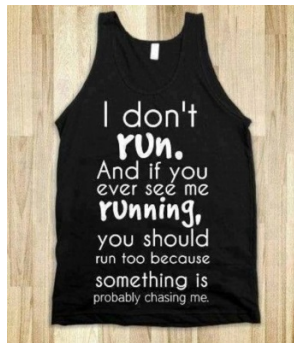
runners for bent ears on their return. The countryside took on a very picturesque look with pineapple fields and banana plantations, on the hill overlooking the area was a large temple, very scenic. With the sun sinking behind the hills, the weary thirsty pack made their way to the car park for well earned refreshments. The run was 7.75 km, long walk 6 km and the short walk was 3.5 km. Well done the hares for a very interesting and pleasant run/walk.

As the slower throng neared the car park they were greeted by the FRB's & FWB's with the cries of "OLE, OLE OLE" this seemed very sporting of these fine athletes until it was explained that OLE is actually an acronym for Outside Lager Enthusiasts.

The circle was called to a semblance of order by the GM, he claimed that his florid complexion and unsteady gait were due to over exposure to the sun (some unkind soul suggested it was over exposure to the beer truck) The Master of Vice, Pussy Peddler assumed the task with aplomb, but was a bit miffed (miffed you perverts!) when he found out there were no virgins to sacrifice.

Special Services and One Brick Short compered a Yes? No? game with some press ganged contestants, the winner was Miss Whip Lash and the hapless losers were; Sodomy, Septic & No Name Rachel, well played everyone. Next up was Blowjob, who gave us his rendition of Benny Hill's Ernie. Blowjob Benny was a bit upset when he wasn't chased by scantily dressed nubettes as is the norm on the Benny Hill Show.

Maybe the hasher-ettes could oblige next time wearing bikinis.



Down downs were bestowed upon:

Hares: Hugmannannygoat & Davey Delayed

Snacks: Blow Me Dry

Game Show Hosts: Special Services and One Brick Short

Benny Hill impersonator: Blowjob Benny

Short Cutting B'strd: Brambles, Rubber Duck & Spook

Long Cutting B'strd: Septic

Returners: Wendy, No Name Shelah & No name David

Leavers: Brambles, Blowjob & No Name Paul

Beverage Mismanagement (Forgetting the wine): Legs Wide Open & Jock Twat

Irish/Welsh/Pakistani Joke: Pussy Peddler

Visitor: Front Running B'stard from Belgium.

Limericks: No Name Patrick & Jock Twat

(Some observant hashers may have noticed that No Name Patrick kept his false teeth in his beer glass, his explanation? He drinks Chang and he wanted some bite to it. Boom-Boom)

Best St Patrick's Day Outfits: Old MacDonald & Sodomy. (Rubber Duck was a contender, but was subsequently disqualified when it was discovered that the outfit he was wearing

was his normal attire which he can often be seen sporting down Soi 80).



Mutiny of the Bounders: Davey Delay & One Brick Short set about the GM's ankles like ferocious ferrets. His heinous crime? Announcing the change of start time. The GM's valid argument was "This is a hash, not a democracy" so there!

The circle was disbanded and 30 or so hashers retired to Sabai Sabai restaurant for some much needed vitals

The entertainment was provided by Sabai Sabai's very own, truly awful Thai pub singer. Now, I don't speak any Thai, but I found out that GET OFF! translates roughly to...



'Please serenade us for another 3 hours, you warbling tone deaf minstrel'.

That's all folks



Jock Twat