

H2H3 Run 353

Date 18th Feb 17

Location: Near Pranburi Dam

Co-ordinates: N 12 28' 8.11 E 99 47' 6.49

Hares: Mudman & Muddy Joe

Snacks: Pussy Galore

Tax Collector & Ice Man: Butt Out

Hash Stats & Map: Tinks

Hash Scribe: Jock Twat

Number of Hashers: 45

Pre Hash

The hashers were brought to order by the GM, who informed every one about the sad news of the passing of long time hash member Lumbering Jack. One minute silence was observed. Very poignant. R.I.P. LJ.

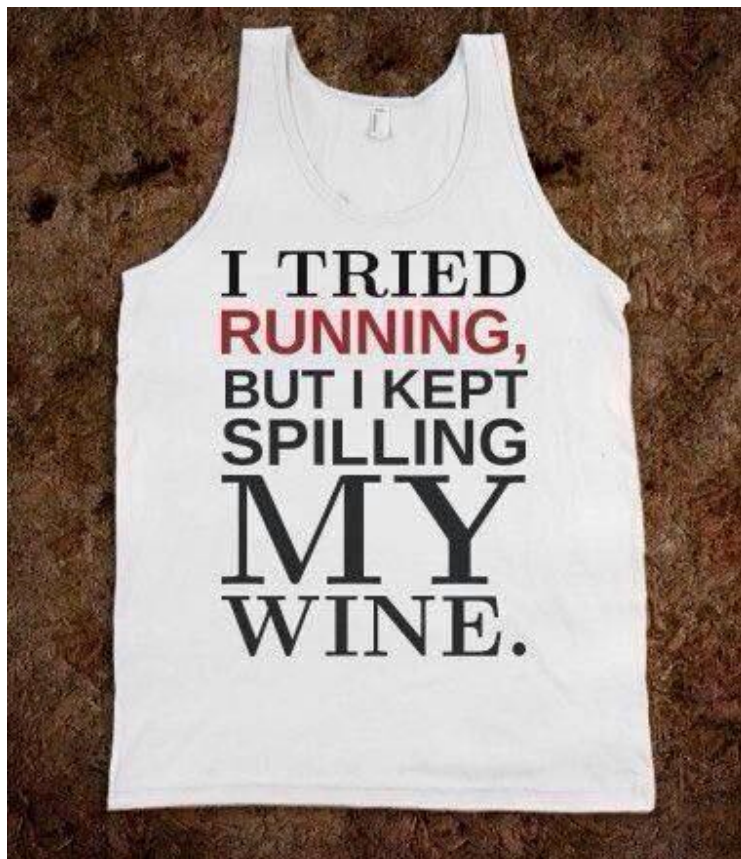
Next the hares of the day: Mudman & Muddy Joe gave the brief about the forthcoming trail ie. what and what not to expect. On the subject of false trails, MM had a complete memory failure about the existence of said falsies. However, he did have a miraculous recovery when he suddenly remembered, saying "If we should encounter these speed checks, kindly bring the FT signs back." I think Mudman should be renamed 'Total Recall'

The Trail

The direction of the trail was given where the great unwashed throng sped, only to be impeded by the normal late arrival of Slime & Lucky Me in their Volvo tractor. Why are these intrepid hashers last to arrive and first to the On After?just sayin' like. Onwards we trudged and were soon greeted by the sight of the waters of the Pranburi

Dam. Thoughts of following the shore around the serene waters were soon dispelled when we turned towards the jungle. Emerging from the canopy there was the sight of pineapple fields and other green stuff in the fields. This was where we encountered the start of many, many checks. Every 200 metres or so there was a check. In fact there were more Czechs than you would meet on a long weekend in Prague. Spook came to the rescue, off he lolloped at every check point like a bloodhound with anosmia (go on, look it up I had to) Sure enough he found every FT. Where was Bushwacker I hear you cry? Surely it is the Bushwackers forte on the hash to seek out the FT's. Is the Spook usurping the 'Wackers prerogative?

After aprox 2 km there was the run/walk split where the runners peeled orf to do whatever it is they do. Brambles Bill sprained his ankle on the run, if he had sustained the injury on the walk it would have proved much more severe as surely he walks faster than he runs.



The shredded paper seemed to concertina somewhat after that. At one point there was so much of the stuff that Stevie Wonder could have followed the trail. After that we had to dispatch a Red Indian scout to find the next batch.

The path then took us into a valley with a maize plantation on either side. Unfortunately in this dip the humidity level soared. Yours truly was sweating like Pavarotti in a pie shop.

The trail took us through some very beautiful scenery, full marks to the hares. We then meandered back to the wagon train. First back for the runners to the motion-lotion truck was Amadeashed and for the walkers that FWB Butt Out. Both of them claiming that they had a thirst that would kill a non-hasher.

Post trail & circle

Step toe was spotted wearing a plain white t-shirt, with the words 'HASH T-SHIRT' scrawled on with felt tip pen. 'Arold fled the scene pre circle, was it the thought of being out-ted as a 'Cheap Charlie' or the thought of a warm Archa down down?

The circle was roughly formed, and believe me some of these hashers are rough.

Down downs were bestowed on:

Mudman & Muddy Joe: For laying an excellent trail

Pussy Galore: For hash snacks. I think it deserves a mention that Miss PG entered the circle brandishing a 14 lb sledge mallet, daring anyone to suggest that the tit bits were less than normal standard. One unreliable source said "No big deal, she is always hammered" boom-boom!

Blowjob: For his lisping ditty (That's what happens if you hang around Bintabaht long enough)

The Christening

Tinks stepped forward as pro tem RA to carry out the baptism (Is there nothing this hasher will not do for a down down? (Sorry.....rhetorical question). Hasher Andy was to be christened, his back ground? In a previous life he was a builder, so what was his hash-handle? Bob the Builder? Hadrian's Balls, er no. The GM gave him the moniker

'Irene'.....Nope! Me neither. You must remember that Cathusalem moves in mysterious ways, if you have ever seen him run I think you would agree with me.

On After

After the circle was disbanded the ravenous pack descended on the Shhhh Bar on soi 102. Vitals were supplied by the two restaurants opposite. This system worked very well, whilst awaiting the food, mine host's (David) beer stocks were severely depleted. All in all a very enjoyable day was had by everyone.

That's All Folks



Jock Twat