

H2H3 Run 329: 2nd April 2016

Location: 3km West of Chompol Road Bypass

Co-ordinates: 12.694694° N 99.859014° E

Hares: Ballbanger & Slackbladder

Snacks: Dragon Tail

Tax Collector: Pythagorus

Hash Flash: Special Services

Hash Scribe: Hugmanannygoat

Number of Hashers: 62

A healthy total of 62 hashers turned out on this dry, very hot day. No doubt the runners would be glad of the cooler later run time of 5pm. Many familiar faces were missing but this was balanced out by a harem of virgins, some notable returners and an American visitor "Are They Real" who had somehow escaped from a Korean Kennel. The congregation inattentively listened as Slackbladder briefed them of the nitty gritty details of the trail ahead. Surprisingly we were to start by crossing the nearby main road and turning left at the big shed with the blue roof. Perhaps unsurprisingly the bulk of the hashers took a right instead of a left which prompted an exasperated observation from the Hare Ballbanger, *"I have never before seen 100% of the pack heading off to find the start of the trail by going in exactly the wrong direction. That was indeed a funny sight to see. Luckily we got them turned around before it was too late, otherwise they would have found themselves on the incoming trail. I will always wonder why it happened"*. According to a quote in the new movie "American Sniper", there are three kinds of people in the world, wolves, sheep and sheepdogs!

Myself and Ahmedshed were in no mood for bleating so by turning left found ourselves at the front of the pack, soon to be overtaken by a rampant pack of FRB's, or should that read flock of FRB's? The trail opened out into countryside without much shade and I was happy to soak up all that rich source of vitamin D. I became involved in some chitter chatter and reiterated that I only intended to serve a one year term as GM, to which Lost Cause piped in with "perhaps if I kiss your ring you might reconsider". I thought about this for a moment then replied that I may indeed enjoy having my ring kissed which raised an eyebrow from Special Services. "No!" exclaimed Lost Cause, "I meant the ring on your finger, not the ring on your... oh never mind!" These are the types of intellectual conversations we have on the hash!

Logic dictated that at some point we would need to cross the road to get back to the car park and sure enough this was the point where the runners apparently split from the ~~flock~~ pack although I didn't spot any split sign and neither did runners Slime and Lucky Me who ended up doing the walkers trail which was 5km in total all over flat terrain. The runners trail minus the false trail was 7.9km.

Back at the car park plenty booze was consumed in correlation with the level of volume from raised voices. After playing a silly game that involved seamless lady's stockings, tennis balls and beer bottles, the Hares were brought into the circle to face the wrath of some complaining runners who had been thwarted at a difficult check. This criticism seemed to have hit a raw nerve with the overworked Hare who sardonically retaliated: *"I sincerely apologize and will atone for my sins by making the 9 April 'Gates of Hell' run an easy one for the average hasher and not too hard for the below average. All checks include a X made from acacia seeds plus shredded paper, and maybe some red ribbon, maybe some blue grout and maybe some floor tiles if Quick Mickey should join in the haring. A promise: I will spray paint the tip of check with red paint in the direction of the start of the trail"*. We will find out if these promises are fulfilled next Saturday, somewhere after passing the gates of hell.

It was nice to see ex Cha Am GM and Vice GM Hollow Legs and Nutcracker in the circle who were gladly returners but sadly also leavers. They have purchased a house next to a nudist colony and are planning a hash in the vicinity based on nude running.

Our visitor "Are They Real" was welcomed into the Hua Hin Hash circle and she hung around to sing an appropriate belated birthday song for our Master of Vice Pussy Peddler who was born on April Fools Day.

Five hashers who are becoming regular faces still have no name. I suggested that Sheila Key who incidentally has volunteered to be the scribe for the next hash could be "Keyhole Kate". As a Royal Navyman David Key's name might have some "Seamen" in it, Irma could be "Swinger" on account of her rope tricks, Rachel could be "Spits" after spitting out the beer drunk from her new running shoe, and Nyasha could be "Swallows" on account she swallowed hers. Actually she also swallowed about a gallon of red wine much to the consternation of our Beer Fraulein Legs Wide Open.

Pussy Peddler received a great birthday present of 10 virgins, unfortunately most of them were male but I don't think that really bothered him one way or another, judging by the way he enthusiastically asked the bearded gent if it was long and hard enough for him.

Warm Piss and Quick Micky Mou managed to get a down down, I'm not sure if it was because they were leaving, returning or just fancied another beer. Time to retire On On to Thai Kitchen where I was subjected to an African massage from and un named young lady that had drank too much wine. She really is a Hasher through and through!