



AGPU Hash 843 in Khanom

HARES	Crive, The Big Yin & Leopard Piss
GM	Crive
AGM	The Big Yin
RA	Little Wiener
VENUE	Khanom



Once more KSH3 revellers gathered to celebrate the end of another season of extraordinary Hashing but this time we crossed the stormy waters to be welcomed by the citizens of Khanom and after braving the vagaries of the Raja rust buckets forged onwards to CC Beach Bar and commenced the proceedings by getting tanked up on Friday complete with the obligatory Disco Queens, Tubby Twinkie and I'm Cummin proving that the intervening 12 months had been spent sharpening their gyration abilities.

The pack, as true professionals were careful to

get some shut eye before the main event of Saturday and emerged bright eyed and bushy tailed on the morrow.

The 46 Hashers were joined by Minnie Mouse, ex GM of Phuket Hash and another brace of Khanomites. At the crack of 2 o'clock everyone lined up to get their designer T shirts and buy some tickets for the raffle, there was a great buzz in the air and we repaired to the beach for some happy family photos, watched by a slightly bemused crowd of tourists.

Crive, Big Yin and Leopard Piss had spent some considerable time rooting out a suitable trail and although Senior short cutter Feral Flaps was absent it was felt that an A2B was advisable and therefore a fleet of wagons were lined up to transport one and all to the A site, this took 15 minutes and by 15.30 hrs. and with military precision we circled to listen carefully to the directions, Rambos shot off further up the valley and Slouchers followed Crive to find their short route while the Wankers were held back 5 minutes and then their leash was slipped.



The transport manager organised the movement of the chariots to the B site where just by chance there was an esky loaded with goodies waiting for the thirsty participants.



The trail provided plenty of excellent viewing points as well as the usual assortment of checks and one or two beasts including Rocky the buffalo, Masterbates the whisperer spent 10 minutes calming the ferocious animal before he realised it was made of granite.

So after 55 minutes the leading pack of Rambos came into view and were cheered in by the truckers who dispensed much needed refreshment.

It took another 15 minutes for the remainder of the pack to stagger in but the overall comment was that the Hares had done an excellent job so without further ado and once confirmation of a full house was made, we jumped aboard and made our way back to base. With due solemnity the mob went about doing damage to the ale stocks and Scouse Bastard had the day off while glugging continued until it was deemed appropriate for the Circle to commence.



This year there was a vote on the Hash and the trio accepted the positive result whilst sitting astride the iceberg.

We were promised a sparkling new committee and our Grand Mufti explained that the selection process had been exhaustive with dozens of C.Vs to scour and extensive research carried out.....and the result... GM Crive, AGM Big Yin, Hash Cash Leopard Piss, Habadash Winkle & Forbeskin, RA, Hareline & Water Wallah Tubby Twinkie(triple trouble for the frisky frauline) and a floating Hash Piss and Hash Flash, Go Round Again. Quite clearly the cream of the crop.



Matters then took a familiar turn when once again the Phu Yings showed their gargling skills by trouncing the farang ladies with Wan winning the blue tube challenge.

Two of our revered senior members were next in the firing range, firstly Strollin Bones took proud possession of his 400 run shirt next was Scouse Bastard who celebrates 300 runs and both of them looked the epitome of sartorial elegance.

A succession of butts met the block for various real and imagined crimes before the moment of truth came and tomatoes descended on GM&AGM with the pitiful pair looking like a pair of rejects from the soup factory..yuk.

Needless to say I was keeping well out of all this nonsense and continued sipping my mineral water on the sidelines although when the dinner gong sounded I did imbibe in a small glass of the grape. The rest of the evening is somewhat patchy but I did make it back to my doghouse without too much difficulty.

Too all who helped make the weekend so memorable, thanks a bunch and to Charlie and his team a special thank you and apologies for the Red Beach.

Pay special attention to Muffdiver's directions for the 23rd and be there, you won't regret it.

ON ON

TRASHER





