

SWISS RUNNING

Hash 847 Toblerone's Finest by Tangerineman

HARE Tangerineman

GM Crive

AGM The Big Yin

VENUE Hua Thanon

DATE 16 March 2019

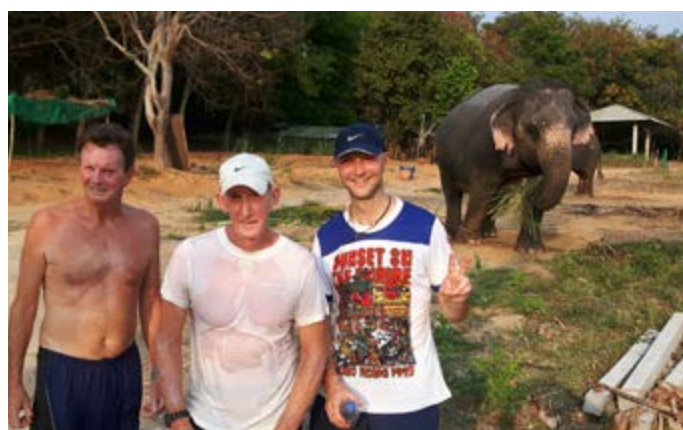


Tangerine Man provided us with a perfect Lager site on Saturday with a 2 tiered grandstand, ample shade, plenty of parking and even a huge bin for the large number of empty tinnies.

Go round Again was Baht blagger for the day due to the absence of Lima Papa who along with Bin Runnin, I'm Cummin, Granny Bash-er, Big White Telephone and a few others were last seen in a conga line heading along the Lipa Noi beach at midnight on Friday, Nikki Beach was their planned destination but upon arrival they found that happy hour was finished and the beer was the normal "arm and a leg" per bottle so 7/11 won out and the rest is oblivion.



Despite their absence the turnout was a commendable 53 bodies and right on cue Tubby Twinkie roared in with the nahm muttering about "bloody chickens", several new bandages adorned various parts of her anatomy and the excuse given was "I swerved to avoid a chicken and fell off the bike" further investigation revealed that she was seen mounted on the machine complete with spear and lasso chasing a flock of the terrified creatures at break neck speed and when a particularly large one turned and faced up to her, she fell on her arse, oh dear. However Crive wasted no time in calling the Hare to enlighten everyone and the pack which contained several Virglns headed out strongly resembling a day out from Dolly Dimple's Home for the bewildered.



In short order we came to the beginning of the end for some heroes as the trail became confused with another one of a few weeks ago and there was some consternation and not a lot of calling, but the clever ones found the path of truth and forged onward and upward, plenty of doggies, a few buffalo and a bit of water all went to make it well worth the effort.

All but 12 were home and safe after 70 minutes and only some of the Rambos kept us from Circling up and apparently some of them were starting on the out trail for a second time, in fact when Crive checked his wrist sundial he announced that he had covered 11,9 km.!!



When opinions were sought there were several negative remarks including KumaYuda from the Tokyo Samurai Hash who pronounced it the shittiest Hash in a long time, Crive was becoming excited at the prospect of parting with the Lavvy seat but when it came time for the vote the negators were silent and a huge yell of great Hash meant he hangs on to it for another week.

Due to the large number of visitors and returners it required both Crive and the sorcerer's apprentice Big Yin to do the interviews, we then passed on to the squealers and Banana Bender and Shitty Shoes did a superb double act as Rambosnitchers.



KumaYuda came in to give us the low down on Hashing Tokyo style and presented our G.M. with a shirt which both he and No Woman will fit in nicely.

Tubby completed a full house by admitting that she had not lifted the paper from her previous Hash and got cool in the bucket. Stuffed Crutch was front and centre sporting a stylish pair of knee socks and showed us his wounds from his fall trail-side and was therefore awarded the Hash Crash skid lid.

Russell Crowe tried to shit us about his age but Glad I ate her spilled the beans and declared him to be no less than 59 on Saturday.



Dog's Bollocks will be the Hare next week when he finds a trail, I suspect it will be west coast. There being no more bullshit to blabber about, Circle closed....

ON ON
TRASHER

