

Hash 832 - Down the Rabbit Hole with No Balls.

After my comment last week about good wine improving with but not Grumpy Jocks, I received the enclosed photo from none other than the three score and ten individual, check out the suit!!! I rest my case.

Saturday's crowd rolled up excitedly in the hope of witnessing another episode of "Lost" produced and directed by the digitally remastered No Balls who despite being injured while defending his Samui over 70s Tiddely Winks title earlier in the month, bravely sallied forth into the hills and dales of darkest Maenam 2 to deliver nothing but the finest example of trail laying. Why then I hear you asking did he receive the award for Saturday afternoon fuck up. Well it was a close thing and eventually our C in C General Nuisance used his authority and cast the deciding vote which transferred the Bog Seat of shame from the carefully coiffured locks of stand in shitter Feral F Flaps to the swan like neck and shoulders of No Balls.

The days turnout included 2 virgins dragged along by Muffdiver and Get down get Wet and several returnees including Bags and Honey trap and totalled around 52 of Samui's finest.

The Laager site was literally a building site and much to the amusement of the bricklayers and labourers we circled up to find out what Peter Pan oops sorry No Balls had decided on for us.

Paper would be on the right of the trail except when it wasn't mmmm a split sign was waiting up a tree, okay and of course there would be effing buffalos, and with that we marched out knowing that some of us might never be seen again.

The truth of the matter is that the trail presented no problems for those who paid attention but to the chattering Chunterers it would soon prove to be a Check too far and at the close of play, Leopard Piss counted some 15 non finishers, not a record but a reasonable effort by the Hare.

At long last we had a full compliment and the day's business could get under way, Crive adjudicated that as the Hare hadn't lived up to expectations and had failed in maintaining tradition by losing more people than had actually turned up, he deserved the Necklace, but watch this space.

Trailer Trash took up position centre Circle and castigated her victims for: Bickering-Crive and Little Weiner, Feraling i.e. shortcutting-who else + Down Early.

Dog's Bollocks had little difficulty in indicting his criminals including Wombat for .....exactly, it's in the gene.

Deserters were simply the Ambassadors going to Miri to uphold the honour of KSH3 and we wish them well

Trailer Trash had taken off her new bootees so had to guzzle out of the other shiny slippers belonging to Sandra.

We got a closer look at the bionic No Woman and the soon to be refurbished Honey Trap, Feral also got the FRB award while astride the cubes and Tango was spotted doing the breast stroke up and down the Maenam river and so we added the Skid Lid to her millinery collection.

Further mention of the Xmas bash and with the number now above 50, would anybody who has not yet confirmed their intention to join in the fun and games please do so pretty dammed quick not forgetting to say whether you need transport which is included.

We're off to Baan Tai next Saturday so bring your magnifying glass as it's a Crive special, Quartermaster brought him the paper, it fit nicely in a Tesco bag.

Circle closed.

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