

Hash 996

I engaged auto pilot on my state-of-the-art vehicle and punched in “Default Laager site” and was whisked straight to the campsite on Maenam one where I joined the other 44 aficionados gathered to participate in the alternative Samui pastime of Hashing.



Hares Frog's Legs and No effin Clue stepped front and centre and rattled through the points of interest



We took to the hills and kept faithfully to Paper and thence to the Split which came equipped with magnifying glass and directed Rambos further up the hill whilst giving the Wankers an easier route,



So far all was going to plan with good paper and lovely views, is everybody appy you bet your life they are, that was until the cock up and if there was a turning then nobody saw it!



Bang on 20 minutes we came to the HHH sign and could have been enjoying an early chugalug

**HHH**



But being reasonable folk, we created our alternative trail and pushed back towards the Mosque before crossing the water then turning on the home straight so now with 40 mins. It was On In.

The Rambos galloped in about half an hour later with the antipodean antelope aka Corkscrew taking the chequered flag and the coveted FRB award.





Suitably refreshed and rested the GM/Hare called for disorder and Big Yin proceeded to take opinions from the Circle and by a short dick the Hares got the thumbs up and stand in Shitter Escargot looked suitably impressed and impressive with his Lavvy seat.







Mullet, Corky, Rush Hour and Forrest were among the returners welcomed back, a trio from Bahrain Hash, including Black Hooka/ The Referee, and a young lady from Austria took a bow and downed their gargle.



Two contenders for the Hash Crash prize. Winkle, who did the Spread Eagle down a slope and sprained a wrist and Black Hooka who managed to gash a knee under mysterious circumstances!



Blood trumped the sprain (it was later confirmed it was just a sprain!) and Black Hooka donned the Hash Crash Bonnet



No birthdays or anniversaries but we had a baptism, the young Pooying bent the knee and had a beer shampoo and will forever after be known as No Angel.



We also didn't have the Squealers which was probably just as well since Mullet was Rambosnitch and he spent most of the trail on his ownsome.



One is the loneliest number!



Quartermaster ably assisted by Tooty Frooty will have all of us standing to attention next Saturday in a field in Baan Tai so make sure you come properly kitted out and with boots polished to a gleam or you might end up on a charge.



Nothing else so Circle closed for social slurping.