

Yangon Hash House Harriers Chronicle
Full Moon 127
12 June 2015

A Lovely View From Back Hare

7.55km in 49 minutes (Bobo)

Sticky Fingers
Cum Chckler
Shane Fischer
Le Pimp
Comatose
Mike Langlais
Fun Size Kit Kat
Gigolo Joe
Jerref Raffety
Dirty Choir Boy
Titty Bling
Peta Sainsbery
WunderBra
Sperminator
David Sold
Married Priest
Hole-in-one
Yu Yu Din

Full moon haiku:

Reflective crop top

Germans directing traffic

Thank God for this beer

We gathered at 18:30 in the Sein Hlyan beer garden. My first impression was of Peta plunking several bottles of wine down on the table, and several beers already opened. When Gigolo Joe walked in sporting a high-visibility reflective crop top, we all promptly poured ourselves several glasses of Myanmar to numb our burning eyes. Cum Chuckler presided over the 18 of us like the true impresario that he is, arms outstretched over the seats beside him, and introduced us to the long-promised sexy co-hare. I drank more beer.

With darkness falling fast, we promptly blocked an entire alley way to receive our instructions. Married Priest sprang into action with Teutonic efficiency, whistle blowing, waving his arms like a crazed semaphore signalman and directing some poor Burmese driver through while we plastered ourselves against the sticky concrete walls. Safety first. At about 19:20, we began running.

The course was a relatively straightforward loop through Yankin and the Golden Valley. Starting North on Thayawaddy, touching left onto Aye Yeik Thar st, we ran through the parking lot of a thoroughly scandalised hotel, crossed U Chit Maung rd, and headed up through the small residential side streets of East Yankin. Turning left onto Yan Shin st, then right onto Yan Nyein st, we looped up and around some houses, passed by Thukhawaddy Park, and aimed west. It was at this point, dodging traffic across Kaba Aye Pagoda rd, watching Shane recede into a tiny bobbing speck of light along the raised embankment of Inya Lake, that I started wondering how in hell I was going to find my way back. Then it hit me – *the hare!* Sure enough, Cum Chuckler came wheezing right up beside me, receiving baleful glares from the amorous Burmese couples strewn all over the embankment. Not yet quite understanding the complexities of hashing, I innocently asked, “aren’t you supposed to be in front?” at which point he very good-naturedly stuffed his entire bag of paper shreddies into a nearby garbage bin with enough force to make the lid fly off down the hill. After some moral dilemma as to whether we should accidentally stumble upon a shortcut, we decided to hack on and catch the group.

Pressing on across University ave, we headed southeast through some houses. A misjudged check allowed us to catch up with some of the others as we curved back eastwards, then south across Kanbawza. I wasn’t sure whether the beer was helping or hindering, but I idly started wondering what the local judiciary thought about public urination. We abruptly cut left towards Sayer San rd, although I think we might have actually taken a long-cut in our enthusiasm, and returned to the bemused sexy co-hare at Sein Hlyan. She had been content to watch our belongings while we went out looking for the best way to get run over by a car, for which I cannot fault her.

The circle was convened just across from the beer garden, in a little covered area by the kitchens (with fans – blessed, blessed fans). We called for tables and beer, which were both brought in abundance. Once we had carted away the many additional tables that the staff had enthusiastically filled the space up with, the Grand Master called the circle to order. We toasted our co-hares, although some grumbling was made that one had not run. I was then hauled up as a full moon virgin, and promptly had a good quantity of beer (I hope it was beer) chucked on me by Le Pimp. My speech was deemed too cloying, and I was ordered to drink a second beer in atonement. Maria von Trapp, who had mysteriously appeared at some point, was accused of not running, and despite her protests, had to down a beer – someone sang a line or two from *The Sound of Music*. Comatose then nominated a member for naming, due to a certain affinity for pearl necklaces. A quick ceremony was had, in fine Gregorian psalm tones, and *Titty Bling* was promptly baptised by Le Pimp. I think it was beer.

Following the circle, much good food and beer was had in the restaurant. We finished up all the wine, closed out the establishment, and decided to continue the party somewhere else. We hopped into the two vehicles that we had available to us, most huddled in the bed of Le Pimp’s truck, and headed off to his place to sample some newly-brewed beer. Cum Chuckler soon passed out on the couch, lulled to sleep by Blondie’s Atomic, and later – much later – after several jugs of tripel and stout, Gigolo Joe and I stumbled out onto Inya rd looking for cabs. He soon disappeared into one, and I was left shambling my way down the completely deserted

street, vaguely aiming towards the Shwedagon Paya in the distance, with only the vaguest idea of where I was. *Goddammit. I have to do this all again tomorrow.*