

S5H3

The Secret South Shan Sideboob Slapping Hash House Harriers

“a Gross physical salute to the Fantastic possibilities of life in this country, but only for those with True Grit, and we are chock full of that!”

Chaos, Entropy, Decay and a Bond forged in Fire

The S5H3 first event report (runs 1-3)

Where to begin? **Prison Break**, the newly appointed GM of S5H3, should confess with some back story. While being a loyal and active member of the YH3 for a few years, he has also served as Myanmar Hashing Ambassador to Hong Kong for the same amount of time as well as being an active Free China Hashing FRB drunken mess. Your GM, having been exiled north of Yangon to his new kingdom and now being in the valley of two mountain ridges, took stock of things; mountains, trails, boats, motorbikes, and an oddly large cabin on the lake. The only thing missing was people to run and drink with. So if there was no Hash in South Shan, **Prison Break** would make one.

But let's go back further. To the Tyrant **BoBo Hot Pants**, the GM of YH3 and single fist to hold this isolated empire in the jungle for drinkers with a running problem together. As fortune would have it, this was **Prison Break's** introduction to the Hash, and it couldn't have been better. **Prison Break** was forged in those fires and morphed to the beast that consumes hares and downs beer like water. After a night in 2009 when **Gigolo Joe** and **Prison Break** devoured hashers from Lao, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaysia and Vietnam, **Prison Break** decided he would seek out another land of hard as nails Hashers and went of diplomatic mission to the Hills of Hong Kong. And now 6 years later, the inaugural event of S5H3 was made of a mix of YH3 and FCH3 in a bond of beer and sweat that will continue to fester over the coming years.

Now, who to invite? Feelings would be involved, but for those who know **Prison Break**, feelings are not a metric in his drunken game theory. This was a test event, a TEST. 3 runs/3days in mountains and swamps, with logistics, food and beverage and trails to be set by **Prison Break**. Only the truly suffering, the truly mad would come and still carry messages back South that is was a “good time”, to tell jolly survival tales of injury, sickness and fatigue.

On The List was **WunderBra**. She has scouted and sent me on trails with elephant booby traps, hosted great runs that finished in her factory with showers, been to my house, we have ran together for years and have never had an actual conversation. After 6 years our slow building friendship would become a reality. **Gigolo Joe** for obvious sex on trail reasons. **Fun Size Kit Kat** aka **Two Fingers** for being a comms queen and bringing YH3 screaming into social media, not to mention certain on trail features to help distract you on your run. **Crème Brulee** and **Clifford the Big Red Cock** were in attendance as sexy representatives of the Free China H3. **Free Lilly** came to enjoy the most posh hash ever, and because he clearly likes suffering. And no Hash in Myanmar is complete without the knowledge of **Dr. No**. Others were invited, but as they declined the invite, they shall remain nameless as they hang their heads in deep regret.

A small group, *keep it secret, keep it safe* to introduce our hashing ways to this new frontier.

Run 1: The Dinner Run (Sunset Beauty)

Prison Break picked up **GJ** from town at 6 am and grabbed bags of Shan Kau Swe and Tofu New for the rest of the pack's breakfast. The pack was sent on a sightseeing trip on the lake, should buy the hare enough time to set tomorrow's run, having already decided to live hare today's run. (Note from **Fun Size Kit Kat**: Highly suspicious the live hare decision was a direct result of the drunken escapes of the pre-lube and the reality that **Prison Break** really had no trail in mind) However, having been unaware that the hills would be exhausting to him, at the start of the first run (the Dinner Run), **Prison Break** asked for assistance in setting this live hare run. **Free Lily** stepped up, since **GJ** hadn't slept in 2 days. Armed with bags of flour, the hares demanded, and somehow expected, a ten minute lead but **WunderBra** lately confessed she felt eight minutes was good enough. The run went through rolling hills and farmlands, climbing a ridge until the pack was high enough to see across Inle Lake (and snap a bad selfie). We wrapped through switchbacks and dirt trail until rambling through the vineyards of Red Mountain estate. The pack inspired by the scenic run kept up a great pace for 10km, with the entirety coming in within minutes of each other. There was our circle, charges were given, but hard to remember. S5H3 tradition has begun - sitting circle only. Charges for all those standing.

The OnOn was a catered dinner of home cooked food on a hill side terrace to enjoy the sunset over the lake. The pack was in shock by the amount of food and wine that had been organized, but it was the founding event. And the hare went all out. **Prison Break** always has the best endings ☺ (Even though his runs generally suck)

The OnOnOn was a Pub Crawl of swanky spots in town, complete with wooden chairs, no tax needed, where the amount of alcohol drunk assured everyone the ability to sleep on the same floor together that night. Traversing home through a fog of darkness and boats, somehow not one harsher was lost to the lake. But our last memory as we lay in the boat awaiting the journey to the cabin, was a moonlit-**Clifford the Big Red Cock**, in the cutest outfit, projectile vomiting off the side of the jetty. 'Twas truly a good hash night.

Run 2. The Trail Run (The Punisher)

The night before, after red and whites had been drank, **WunderBra** had expressed a fear the Sat run might be too short, and asked if the hare could make it longer. The hare said, we could take a boat further south and add a few clicks to it. The hare lacks the usual Garmin gear or any sense of distance so this turned out to be an extra 4km ensuring the pack got what it deserved. A boat dropped us to the start and **Prison Break** began to live hare his way through this allegedly welcomed addition to the Punisher. We climbed the stairs to a pagoda on a lake side hill, then raced down into the village. After the village, the trail lead back up another hill to a remote pagoda where the pack came to a holding check. Sweat and panting were present. Slowly but surely, the glares at **Wunderbra** began. Only after ringing the bell on the hill top was the pack allowed to continue. This was part of the hare's magic; announcing that some weirdo hashers were heading into the hill. Ah, the neighbors. The trail followed higher and higher into the hills until joining a single track along a valley ridge where the pack enjoyed panning views of how high they had climbed above the lake. Then on through fire trails where everyone became confused by mystery fruit trees that **Wunderbra** braved and ate. **Crème Brule** FRBd her way to the end based on misinformation and pure big stones. **Free**

Lily, addressing digestive issues, decided to carve his own path that would cut out the mountain in front of him. Clifford the Big Red Cock decided her weakness from bacteria was enough and joined Dr. No on the walk to end. WunderBra charged by the adventure rend by the marked endpoint to get in an extra km (thus proving the trail was indeed too short for her badass self), before Prison Break sent a motorbike after her. FSKK went into shock and nearly died from the hills and drinking (Oh, PB how you exaggerate!). And like a true gentleman Gigolo Joe swept the trail. Not to mention his downhill abilities leave something to be desired. The trail finished at a magical tree out of sight from any spies. There was a circle of sorts and some charges. And then to the ...

...OnOn was a fish grill and dinner event at the lake cabin under the stars. Enough food for an army and beer, wine and whiskey to put elephants down.

OnOnOn was more of the same and music, and sexiness and then a whole cabin thinking of murdering Dr. No for his snoring. All manner of pillows, throws and punching were employed. Death was the only logical next choice.

Run 3. The Hangover Run

Thankfully it was a short, but a very vertical run up and then down a mountain. It was live haired with "Bread Flavor" Popcorn, which had been decided was only good for laying trail as eat was uneatable. Some braved the mountain and others minded their illness with a road run by the hot springs. After the run, Prison Break sent the pack off to cars, boats, planes and buses, saying heartfelt goodbyes and hugs. As we had all suffered together, enjoyed together and will continue to enjoy this unknowable place.

An informal OnOn then happened to ensure that GJ and Dr. No were drunk enough to sleep through their bus ride back to the grind of Yangon.

I hope that we made a noise, that we pushed the level of weirdness and that we have started something up here. Next year there will be a big event and some small events to follow. See you all soon at the Secret South Shan Sideboob Slapping Hash House Harriers.

- Prison Break (GM, S5H3)
- Edited and commented on by Fun Size Kit Kat