YANGON FULL MOON

(OR ANY OTHER MOON)

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



September 2018 – Run # 166

Utterly mismanaged by:

GM	Le Pimp	HASHERDABBER	Six Dirty Tongues
Deputy GM	Six Dirty Tongues	HASH SCRIBE	Comatose
RA.	Asylum Seeker	HASH FLASH	Dr. No (oh no!)
HASH CASH	Little Boy	HARE RAISER	El Puerco
HASH VENUES	Gigolo Joe	GM Emeritus in	BoBo
		perpetuity	

HASH HOTLINE:—DON'T HAVE ONE.

(In case of Emergency call Le Pimp on 09 250 86 41 26)

RECEDING HARELINE:

166	Sept	Le Pimp
167	Oct	One-Eye Trouser Snake
168	Nov	
169	Dec	Asylum Seeker and Dominatrix

Members participate at their own mental, physical and any other risk!

HASH FEE: K 15,000 (give or take a little)

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Who/What are we?



We are euphemistically known as a Drinking Club with a Running Problem!

The YFMH³ meets whenever the mood takes it (the Full Moon being optional) and completes a Hash Run at a location chosen

by the Hare. The main objective is to work up a thirst.

After the Run, the Hashers enjoy a round or two of well-chilled beers where the perpetrators of noteworthy misdeeds are recognised (this is known as the "Circle").

The evening is completed with a scrumptious dinner party (known as the "On On On") held at a venue that is also chosen

by the Hare, where more beers are drunk and drunk is how most people end up.

The YFMH is open to everyone. Costs are usually kept down to K 15,000, which is inclusive of all drinks and food but fees may be increased whenever the **GM** sees fit!

Hashing is an inherently stupid and occasionally dangerous pastime but some people don't like to take responsibility for their own decisions. To protect our flabby arses from such selfish idiots the YFMH³ Kennel has a simple premise:

"You hash at your own risk. All hospital and funeral expenses are your own responsibility. If you get lost, hurt, or too tired to go on, deal with it and don't annoy anyone."

On On!!

Full Moon Hash Re-Run #165

Hare: Wonder Bra, Prison Break **Venue**: The small park behind Sedona

of runners: 10

Weather: Hot and thirsty

Time/distance: Long, hard, slippery, and wet wet wet

Scribe: Assylum Seeker

On a hot and humid night there is nothing like getting your leg over and that's exactly how harriette hare Wunderbra started hash number "Don't_remember". In fact 5 minutes before Dominatrix and Assylum Seeker had been in exactly the same position - but they had resisted the temptation of getting their leg over in public and had taken the easy option of backing up and exiting the way they had cum in. This of course is all a referral to the Thukhawaddy Park only having one gate unlocked allowing single entry and all other exit points being locked forcing the decision to be made of go around or up and over. So in good old German tradition Wunderbra went over the top.

The merry band of sturdy die-hard hashers gathered with building excitement for the Full Moon hash, known for its more serious activity of drinking rather than the medium distance running associated with the Saturday hash. A few murmurs and comments had been expressed about the length of last Saturday's hash, so the consensus of a good short 5k run mixed with a plethora of beer stops was the expected and anticipated activity. The signature of the Full Moon Hash!

Needless to say, those die hard hashers were in for a Wunderbra (and Prison Break) SURPRISE - the end result being that only two of the runners of said die hard evening hashers would follow the trail in it's entirety. There was to be some serious short cutting going on towards the end of the 11-12+ km hash. That's right, our expectations of a reliable 5k hash was doubled with some more distance added for good measure! Culminating with a very democratic (and non-Myanmar like) decision being made that a short circle and a very hasty retirement with a shit (sorry spelling mistake should be "sit") down circle being implemented at the On IN. - Where, I hastily add a wealth of very tasty food and drink was on offer. And here yet again Wunderbra and co-hare Prison Break had another surprise for said happy band of

hashers, whom were to get even happier, since said hares had added the drink of emperors to the Full Moon hash. WINE!!!! And I do not mean the moaning and groaning of the hashers who thought said 10k+ trail too long, but the red full bodied juice of the grape, (and be honest we all like a good full body, supplied in a very curvaceous vessel).



Photo 1. The brave pack at well deserved beer stop on the darkers, longest, wettest and slipperies FMR of the year!

Wine on the hash - Wot ever next? What is the Full Moon hash cuming to? So what of the hash then? It started out as a merry trek, the running hashers tearing off at some speed searching for the wholly grail of shreddie, and Little Boy and Wunderbra walking off at an entirely much more leisurely pace, leaving Prison Break alone to scoop up all the (empty) beer cans, cups, furniture etc. and load the beer car to make its way to beer stop one. (At this point I do not want to get ahead of my tale and give too much away, but needless to say the hashers were in for the 1st surprise of the night). Beer stop one, and here I have to clarify that there was some discussion as to whether said runners had in fact missed the first, second and possible third scheduled beer stops, as after the 3km distance extended into the 4th km and still no signs of any liquid refreshments our band of not so merry hashers were feeling rather parched and hunting vigorously for the amber liquids to quench their thirsts – we want beer!!! Discontent was almost on the verge of mutiny; and talk of an impromptu beer stop being taken at the next available watering hole; however perseverance was to pull off at around the 5km distance. (Way too far for Full Moon hash tradition!!!! That is of course the personal opinion of the author). Prison Break was later to be charged with the capital crime of serving WARM beer........What a heathen practice – unless of course you happen to be British!!!!

It was dark, very dark, when we set off (but not raining). It normally is at night of course! So that should cum of no surprise. Comatose was to discover she had left her torch behind – a rookie error that some would consider a hindrance but such a true blue hasher is she, she gritted her teeth and set off with the other 7 runners. On On! The Nigerian was also later to be absorbed into the darkness and disappear from sight, as he wandered off down the train tracks in search of shreddie as not for the first time we went off paper.

Shreddie has been conservatively used, small blobs here and there leading our pack of 8 on their route, this of course was inter twined with various blobs of white rice causing Gigolo Joe to receive a down down as three times he was observed to be calling ON ON when in fact he was following not shreddie but rice, presumably left to feed the street dogs. (I did mention that it was dark didn't I?) The route was a twisting, turning affair, leading our pack over some very slippery surfaces, a bridge that had very questionable construction and was either moving and/or slippery, a challenge that caused some of our runners to stumble and falter but thankfully no casualties. Gigolo Joe gave us his expert advice of utilising the wire mesh fence as a support. (That's a top Yangon Hash tip there folks for any prospective new hashers!!)

Our trail at one point led us on to the Yangon train tracks, and of course the timing excellence of our hares, meant surprise that we were entering the tracks at the same time as the grumbling, monstrous thundering "stead of iron" was cuming (or more realistically the clanking, rust bucket of a train was meandering down the tracks. But hey let's face it, that description made it a bit more interesting didn't it?). Many cries of" get off the tracks" were heard from all sides as the train ambled its way down the tracks. Someone - possibly Le Pimp - mentioned to test the theory of "hearing the train by listening to the rails", but a more advisable option of beating a hasty retreat and letting said train pass was adopted. Safety first!!! However, here our group had a little bit of an issue and were forced to split up in several directions to be able to find the trail having once again gone off paper (or following rice for some of us). The main pack of hashers went on the path (all 6 of them), Assylum Seeker went down one train track and Le Pimp was to find himself on the "wrong side of the tracks", - a position we can only assume he has found himself in before and is familiar with!

(See the definition in the Urban dictionary to that reference

https://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=Wrong%20side%20of%20the%20tracks) but onward went our hashing contingent.....

The first beer stop was tucked away under a bridge somewhere after a grueling 5k. As can be guaranteed: - if you have no cover it will rain and if cover is provided it stays nice and dry. Where were we? - No idea!!!! but we had done less than half the trail...... On On. The second beer stop – well that did not happen till we arrived back at the circle – a true full moon marathon hash full of surprises. Fully enjoyable by the way, great trail, lots of things to see, good markings including causing some confusion, lots of searching, some hazardous terrain to pass, and also the inclusion of possible death on the tracks – so all in all a "Bloody Good Hash!" as the saying goes.

As mentioned earlier, we found ourselves split in to 2 groups nearing the end of our trail around the 11k mark, Le Pimp and Gigolo Joe found the trail and ran on, whilst the majority reverted to the age old method of google maps and finding the most direct route to the starting point, with the intention of:

- A. Resting our tired and weary legs and
- B. Getting to the alcohol as quickly as possible.

So 6 out of the 8 shortcut and 2 did the full trail. The 6 SCB's arrived back at the starting point 1st, followed shortly by Le Pimp and Gigolo Joe – both stating that everybody else shortcut – a fact that no one could deny with an plausibility so didn't, and accepted they should do a down down accordingly. Little Boy and Wunderbra arrived, so I can only assume the walking trail was a success as they made it to the end/start point. A very short circle was then performed as there was a strong concern that the restaurant may close, doing 10+ km takes time, and we were hungry and thirsty and more importantly needed to sit down. So charges were done at the ON IN sitting down.....Phew. The trail was nearly as long as this report!!!

If you want to know what really happened on the hash, get your ass down and be there next time! Be part of it instead of reading this lousy report!!!!!! On ON