

Well the Khanom Orphans felt a bit left out as nothing had been arranged but the Hares stepped into the breach and No Hope became 'GM for the Day' (as advocated by the GM in his inaugural dictat back in July). Senior ex-GM King Klong was more than happy to allow the proceedings to happen under the coup-like conditions.

Due to the sad circumstances of the past week the laager was moved to a more discreet location a bit further up the road than usual. This turned out to be a great move, ants aside, and has vast potential for the future. A larger pack than expected turned up (35) but this may have been down to the teachers discovering the only place on the island where they could get beer.



Before the run a minute's silence was held for the sad passing of the King of Thailand.

After what appeared to be a great run, based on the smiles of the runners and walkers (all arriving in a decent time of approximately 50 minutes) the circle was formed. Following a toast to the King, Woodpecker was thanked for laying on a buffet for the pack.

Applying the 'Blast Off Rule' (acting GMs are absolutely strictly verboten to announce B30 beers- bollocks to that) the acting GM for the day announced 30 baht beers – it only seemed fair for the orphans, given the amount spent for those on the Outstation Run. Following this up with Mc Fuhrer's 30 baht Birthday beers the pack was extremely happy to put up with B10 beers. Buttplug broke out in a sweat as he was starting to worry if he had brought enough beer but it all worked out well in the end. Singha pointed out that when he was stand in GM he awarded 109 down downs but was never asked back for some reason. Given the circumstances of the day we settled for a more subdued circle and the record remains extant.

The GM was planning a quiet night as he started with the Hares (himself and Singha) doubled up to decent down downs, then virgins (2 iced), returners (The GM again, amongst others) and visiting Hashers. The delightful virgin, Patty, from 2 weeks ago had caught the GM's eye and ended up named 'Wet Dream' for more reasons than one (there was a

collective sigh of agreement from around the circle- even some of the ladies!). Two more runs and she'll be a member- watch this space as she is great fun.

Part way through the circle the French early starters returned- the secret is start on time, stay with the pack and you will find yourself back with everyone else. Swollen Colon made a late entry, having exhausted every other opportunity to find beer on the island. Singha Gold was also late into the circle as he had uttered those famous last words- 'I know where I am, so.....'. 9km later he returned to us. Assterix had got lost and ended up near Manik Dam, which makes for automatic Good Run anyway- no vote was needed.



By this time Wet Dreams' nutcracker shorts were sending out so many Morse Code signals to the GM that she nearly got re-named 'Shaven Haven'. Next time check them in the mirror after applying the scissors. Kentucky Fried Piles was quite happy, as the wet spot on his knee continued to grow.

King Klong, Swollen Colon and Cartoon were enlisted by the GM to provide impromptu Steward spots and as ever did not disappoint. Buttplug appraised us of the antics of Get Fucked but we are not sure if her name change to Boom-Boom is official or not. It was also pointed out that Singha almost has as many hares as his age (71 today) and the only one in the Circle with more Hares than Birthdays was No Hope (92).

As we were still not quite running out of steam it was decided to bring the day to a close a bit early- unfortunately we had to say good bye to Diksapointing and Virgin My Arse, who have contributed greatly to the hash over the past few years. You will be missed.

Hares in to the circle to a rather lackluster song- stand in Runmaster Cartoon declared 'Good Run' and we were away just before last light, with Virgin My Arse taking a pectoral message to the Khanon Team.

A small pack, a great day and smiles all around- just what hashing is about. The Orphans had a great time- it's all to do with who you are with, not where you are.

On On

No Hope.