

TINMEN RUN 301 WEDNESDAY 5 FEBRUARY 2014

HARES : CHICKEN GEORGE AND TWO STROKE

"ROCK AND ROLL" RUN

Run #301 had 41 Tinmen swallowing their fear of doing a run hared by Chicken George, partially because his co-hare was Two Stroke was known to be more gentle. The first omen that it might actually end up being a Chicken George Ball Buster was when our bus ground to a stop at the top of a steep grade, lost. Not a good sign. We were at the end of the road CG had told us to take, but there were no hares in sight. While No Hope helped direct the bus to turn around Fungus kept trying to call Two Stroke, but there was no cell service. Bluey finally got through to Chicken George as the bus headed back down. Chicken George was hot over us being lost, yelling loud enough for us to hear above the creaking and groaning of the bus. Bluey just shrugged his shoulders because CG was totally unintelligible and passed the phone to GM, but this only got CG started over about how the whole world had gone wrong. GM returned the phone to Bluey who hung up.

With the correct road figured out up yet another steep grade we traveled along the ridge road toward the radar station and soon came across the beer truck, hares and about 15 Tinmen. Some walkers already started the trail so GM circled everyone up and sternly gave the visitors the 3 most important warnings. First was the importance of staying on paper because this was an A-B-C run, next was that it might be smart to have 300 baht handy if they got off paper and became lost; Once Weekly confirmed this was the going rate. GM's final warning was to NOT go across the big bridge at the north of the island.

The Hares then pointed runners down a steep trail dropping over the berm and the first leg was underway. About one minute into the run GM barely missed tripping over a bad trail object in the narrow path but failed to get the warning out before virgin Tinmen Crock O Shit, running behind him, tripped over a half-buried stone and went down with a lot of force. GM glanced back and could guess that based on the amount of blood running down COS's leg he'd left a fair amount of skin smeared on the trail. Crock O Shit made a lot of grunting sounds for a while as he suffered along, and eventually he had enough big scratches and scrapes on his arms to take the attention off his leg. As it turned out most of the virgins ended up with bloody strawberries, bloody cuts and bloody scratches. No Hope is putting together a TINMEN first aid kit. GM will ensure alcohol is included.

It was obvious to everyone that the hares had put a huge effort put into this run. The changing terrain and vegetation allowed for a good separation distance to open between the front runners and the main pack meaning everyone could find their best pace. Billy Boy later accused Fungus of being a major shortcutter to have come in so early, but Tripple Arsehole verified that he and Fungus were well in front of everyone, that is, until he got lost. GM swore to being on paper the whole way, and since the GM is always right, it's sorted.

As the second wave of runners approached the water stop the front runners decided to start of on the second leg. Seeing a serious bottleneck coming Fungus sprinted over and up the steep bank and got another good lead. The second leg wound up, over and around the new reservoir and we even crossed the ridge approaching Hasip Pee in Patong before making a final small climb over one last ravine and dropping down into the reservoir area to reach the bus and beer truck.

GM opened the first circle by calling in the Hares, already pretty drunk from hearing everyone say great-run. GM called in Scud for a down-down as his Bear Bitch and next called virgin Crock O Shit for his Whipping Girl, who immediately got enough down-downs to forgot his bloody leg and arms. GM got the virgins in and everyone decided to give them their Hash names. The first virgin in was named Rock And Roll, which was totally fitting as that's what he'd done the entire run, falling into steep ravines and rock falls. Next virgin had been brought along by Rusty Hook, who got called in as part of the naming, which promptly became Rusty's Reach Around Bitch. The next virgin got the name Gum Job, but GM lost the plot as to why. Final virgin in got named Bunny Bum, who according to front running Fungus is destined to be a front runner too.

Returners got called in for some DDs then run offenses ran rift until well after darkness when GM finally got the circle closed. Some of his last-heard words were asking if anyone in the circle had their hands up because it was too dark for him to see. Everyone got a beer for the bus and settled their bill while clearing the circle area of any bottles and clutter. GM especially thanks those that stuffed all those empty beer bottles into one of his work duffles that he discovered the next day.

The hares had kindly arranged the on-on at the Lakeside restaurant located smack within the most congested area of the entire island, the annual Wat Chalong temple fair. We were essentially in a massive 30,000 car parking lot. Hares in the Circle! The meal was laid on promptly and restauranteur Guy was going nuts because he was expecting 20 Tinmen, not 41. They did great at getting out more food, and we had plenty of beer.

The Tinmen were queued for food starting with ex-GMs Everyone agreed that if Prince Charles Fucking Tosser would eat and leave, then he could go next. Tinmen were packed anywhere they could balance their plate and beer and the noise of the festival drowned out conversation. No worries, we were after carbs and alcohol. Top Off was shouted out to the GM as he was trying to quietly piss off so GM got him into the circle and handed him a down-down beer so he couldn't leave. Then GM asked the group to help him recall a story about Top Off. It was recalled that Top Off had celebrated his birthday two years earlier by presenting Tinmen runners with a pink towel emblazoned with his birth date, the hares and TINMEN logo. Next GM had recalled that TO had been heard complaining that he'd somehow lost his towel on a run about 3 months ago.

Well, GM affirmed through recall that we had made a raffle draw during our on-on at MP's restaurant for a voucher at Tootsies. It was recalled that Manneken Pis had introduced Miss "George" from Tootsies that night, which had brought forth murmurs like stunning, awesome and wow. Well apparently GM was headed past Tootsies recently and was approached by Miss George saying something about a Tinmen that had lost something whereby she then got out a pink TINMEN towel. TO was had and it was easy to see that he was thinking, or remembering. GM then asked Top Off if he was still missing his towel and also if he knew Tootsies. Top Off was given his towel back, drank his down-downs and pissed off.

The circle was a continuous string of Tinmen taking the piss out of each other with lots of beer-fueled encouragement. The Whipping Girl got assigned to Wanking, which ended up putting him over the limit before his passing the job on to someone then passing out. Highlight may have been when GM did a top-rate job of keeping the sexy staff at his side for about 20 minutes, apologizing to her for the endless delays before she could help with the raffle draw. She was so polite. GM had made Billy Boy his raffle bitch and just before the draw BB announced that there was only one cunt that hadn't bought a ticket. Immediately about 4 Tinmen, including GM, remembered they hadn't bought any tickets and whipped out their money. Well done BB, we've never seen such a successful memory recovery by so

many Tinmen. BB got in over 3,000 baht. Raffle winners were Jungle Balls getting a voucher for Froggy's restaurant, Fucking Near Water winning a meal at Clit Zipper's restaurant, and Slow Cunt winning a free Tinmen Registration voucher.

Closing down the circle under the pressure of needing to stop having such a good time GM had everyone packing off to the bus, which was snarled somewhere in a nearby dead end side soi (hares in the circle). Traffic congestion required the bus to exit exactly the way we wouldn't normally go (hares in the circle) but we eventually got wound around and over to the Little Expat where there was just enough confusion by the GM over what we were doing that people could take a piss in the garden and get a replacement bottle before boarding the bus and either getting off outside Tai Pan as the bus continued on to Kamala. Several Tinmen decided to continue their pain augmentation with more beer drinking at the Expat, continuing even after the lights were turned off. Well done Tinmen!

Run #301 got a lot of real positive feedback and really did attest to Chicken George's claim that it wasn't really going to be difficult. Although he turned out to be correct many of us never lost sight of his co-hare Two Stroke being on crutches with a fresh white cast up to his knee.

Good Tinmen run,
Fungus