

TINMEN RUN 304 WEDNESDAY 7 MAY 2014

"THAT SHIT EATING DOG RUN"

HARES : LESSER DIPSHIT & DR. FUCKING JECKYLL

It felt like the bus was on a ski jump ramp as it groaned to a halt so the 27 Tinmen could exit for the run instructions starting off run #304. Everyone had to nearly crawl to exit the bus, certainly an ominous sign of trails to come.

Walkers were quickly separated and loaded into trucks to be spirited around the hills to the water stop where they would start off on leg #2. As the instructions were being given to the runners Prince Charles Fucking Tosser was already off at a rapid pace, which got him into a wonderfully steep check all by himself about 700 meters in, making all those following extremely happy.

Hares Lesser Dipshit and Dr Fucking Jekyll had certainly put in a great amount of effort to find the way to lead us up to the top of the ridge between Bypass road and Red Mountain golf course hitting an elevation of 245 meters at the top, and giving us an outstanding view overlooking Kathu. There were just enough checks to keep the front runners only slightly in front as we zigzagged down the western side of the ridge to reach the water stop. With the beer truck and the extra transport truck both at the water stop came grave concerns that the end of the run would end up like the month before with no water, no beer, and no bus at the end point. The hares reassured runners that without Fungus being involved in the logistics there would be no such screw up.

The second leg was a great trail that wound up the east flank of a wide, steep ravine before crossing over to the west flank to return to a laager spot we've used many times in the past. Apparently neither of the hares own a machete since we had to high step through about one click of tall grass hiding about 20 trees worth of rubbish. Wonderfully kind of them. At least they were able to guide the walkers around this crap leaving it solely for the less fortunate runners. At times only Fungus's head was visible above the tangled undergrowth.

Walkers and runners all were within sight of the laager about the same time, which allowed almost everyone to see our illustrious GM take a face-skidding fall about 100 meters from the bus. Considering this was on a flat, nearly smooth stretch of dirt road it doesn't say much for his running skill. Well, it was a 9.8 km run so maybe there's room for some understanding, however, there was none.

The hares had aligned the bus and beer truck to such that our circle was loaded with massive piles of not-so-old buffalo shite, which lent a special background fragrance to mix with our run offenses, humor and fading daylight. Of course it also lent to a lot of shit-laden shoes as we clumped around. The hares explained this would take any doubt out of where we'd been for our girlfriends and wives. Their consideration earned them some extra down-downs!

GM made two run awards: a numbered shirt to Two Stroke for completing his 10th Tinmen run, and an emblazoned bag to Clit Zipper for completing his 50th run. Well done Tinmen. GM made Lemming his whipping girl for having arrived at the Expat late because he hadn't bothered to check the website. Our first circle ended with Prince Charles Fucking Tosser announcing that he was buying all beers for the first circle to celebrate his birthday; good man that he is, but a better man that he could have been by

announcing this at the opening of the circle instead of the end. Well, it is PCFT so what can we expect. Anyway, well done PCFT.

Everyone loaded into the bus for a shite-aroma ride to Born Loser's where Manneken Pis's crew was waiting to serve up an absolutely outstanding feed of ribs, lasagna, salads, potatoes, gravy and sauces. Well done MP. Also we were joined by Tinmen Testicle Tom and Sucker, bringing our number up to 29.

Our second circle opened with GM again appointing Lemming as his whipping girl since he did so well in the first circle. Lemming donned the red bozo wig, topped off with his own plastic hat, which Scud removed and poured two down-downs into for him to drink. No hats in the circle!! MP was called in and assigned to be GM's raffle bitch in retribution for MP having compared GM to a French cunt on an earlier Saturday hash. Fungus does have a memory. Sometimes. Fungus announced the raffle prizes starting with handing MP a blank voucher to fill in for one. Not a problem, MP promptly wrote in "One Free Experience at Tootsies, courtesy of MP". Hmmmm, gotta make you wonder. Well, we'll expect a report on this prize next month. Clit Zipper had donated another free buffet at his restaurant, which someone kindly pointed out was closed. Well, it can be applied when he opens again in a few months, so what's the worry. GM donated another Free Run Voucher, very kind of him considering that it's not his money he's giving away. Fungus can be creative. Sometimes. The raffle take put 2,500 baht into our treasury, well done MP.

Eventually everyone got called in for one or more reasons and one or more times. Scud had GM remove his tin hat, claiming he'd disgraced our kit by allowing a spider to harbor refuge inside the Poo Bar horn. According to the photos the spider was relocated to GM's head from behind as he drank is well-deserved down-down. GM had to throttle down the fun to close the circle at a decent time so the well-lubricated Tinmen could either make it home or find a reason not to. A big thanks to Born Loser once again for providing a great venue.

On On,

Fungus