

***The Mother of all A to B Hashes -  
December 2018. A Samui away  
hash of sorts.***



***All ready to go at the on, on. Dead Fucking  
Last, Forbeskin, Bin Runnin', No Balls,  
Winkle, Dyke Finger, Dambuster, Go Round  
Again and Leopard Piss.***

Our start was at the Taj Mahal in Agra. We all arrived there after an absolutely shite flight with Asia Air or Air Asia - whatever. We were herded onto the airplane like a bunch of lemmings and fed nothing and not allowed anything to drink unless it was water at twice the price of the ticket. Nobody sat together since booking a seat doubled the fare. So you can imagine our Air Asia trip was pretty dire. At ten times the price, Bangkok Airways would have been a steal.

However, I digress.

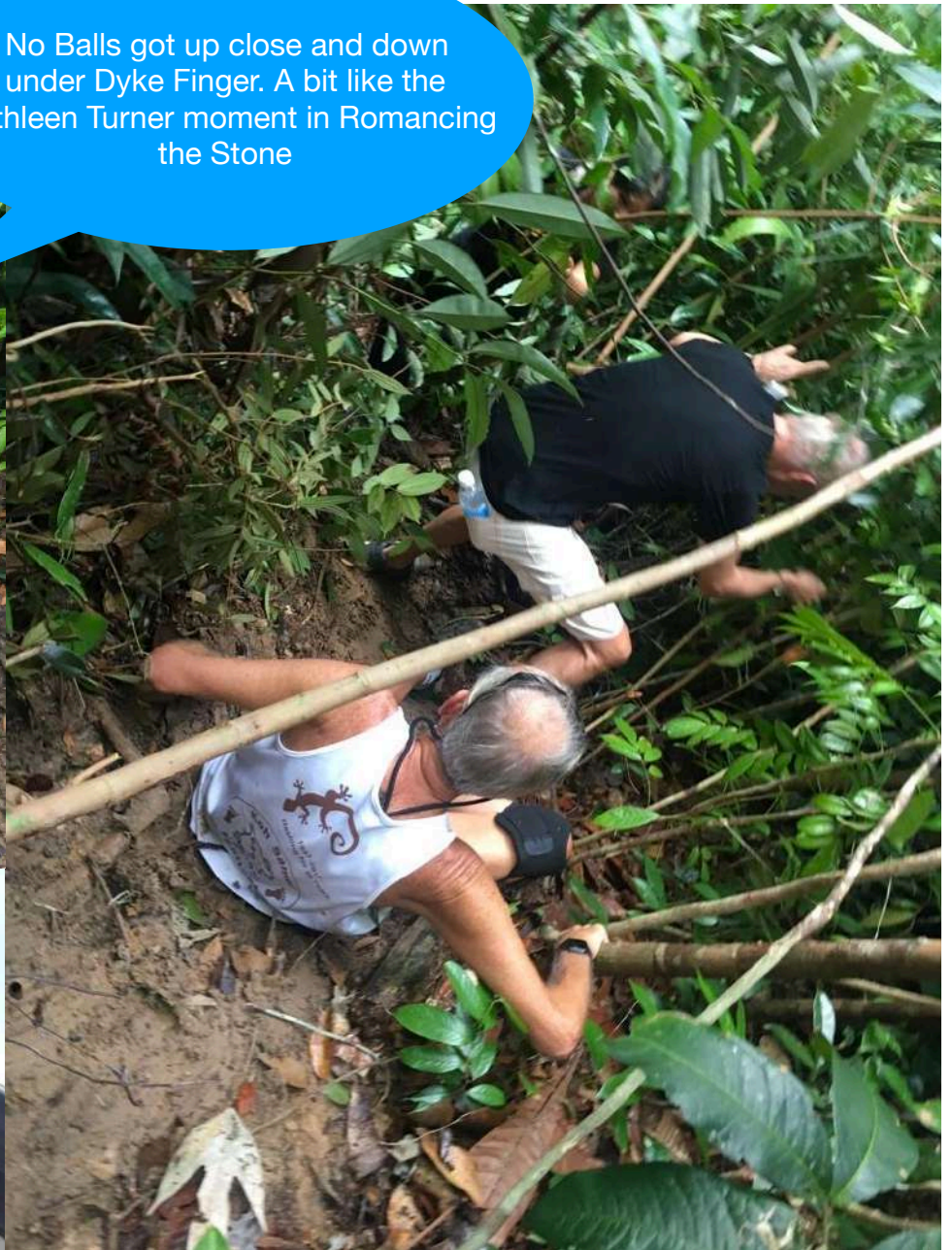
Arriving in the muggy, polluted city the nine of us decided to hitch out without further ado. Destination, Giza, Egypt. After two days of serious footwork the intrepid nine arrived at the home of Moses, King Tuk and Kalamazoo.

As you can see Forbeskin is reliving his piles and Go Round Again his encrusted bum. No Balls gave us the pep talk and it was On On, destination Miri, somewhere in Borneo.



*So that was the taster and it was off to Miri. For a few days of, well you know what.*

No Balls got up close and down under Dyke Finger. A bit like the Kathleen Turner moment in Romancing the Stone





Yes, down there. 2 kilos took 2 hours for the FRB's.



Happy days, so Forbeskin thought. Dream on.

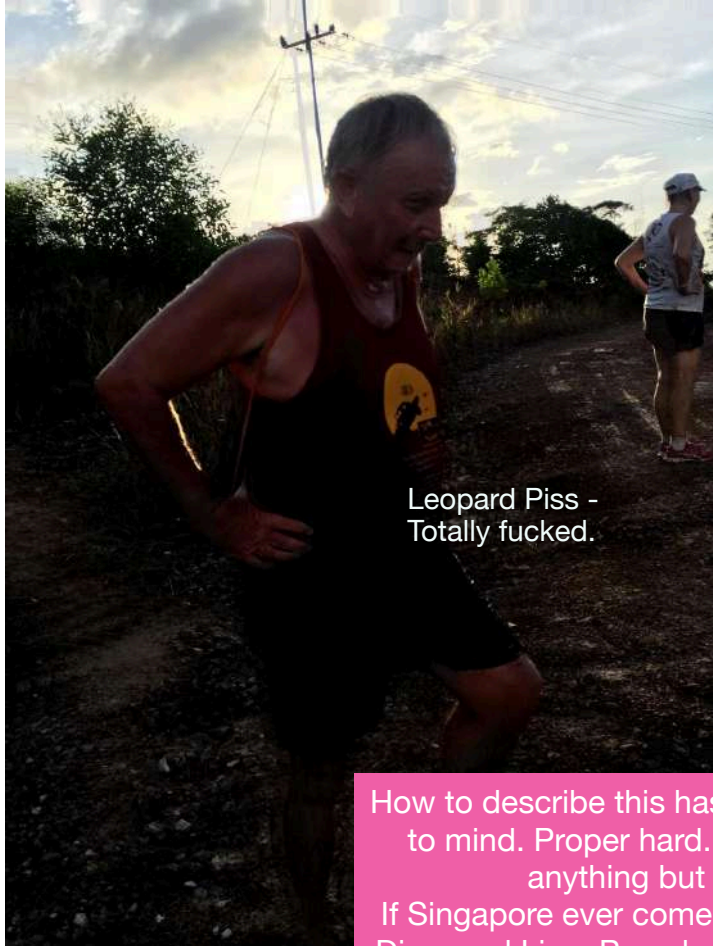


The trail is in there somewhere.



Uphill - a little.





Leopard Piss -  
Totally fucked.

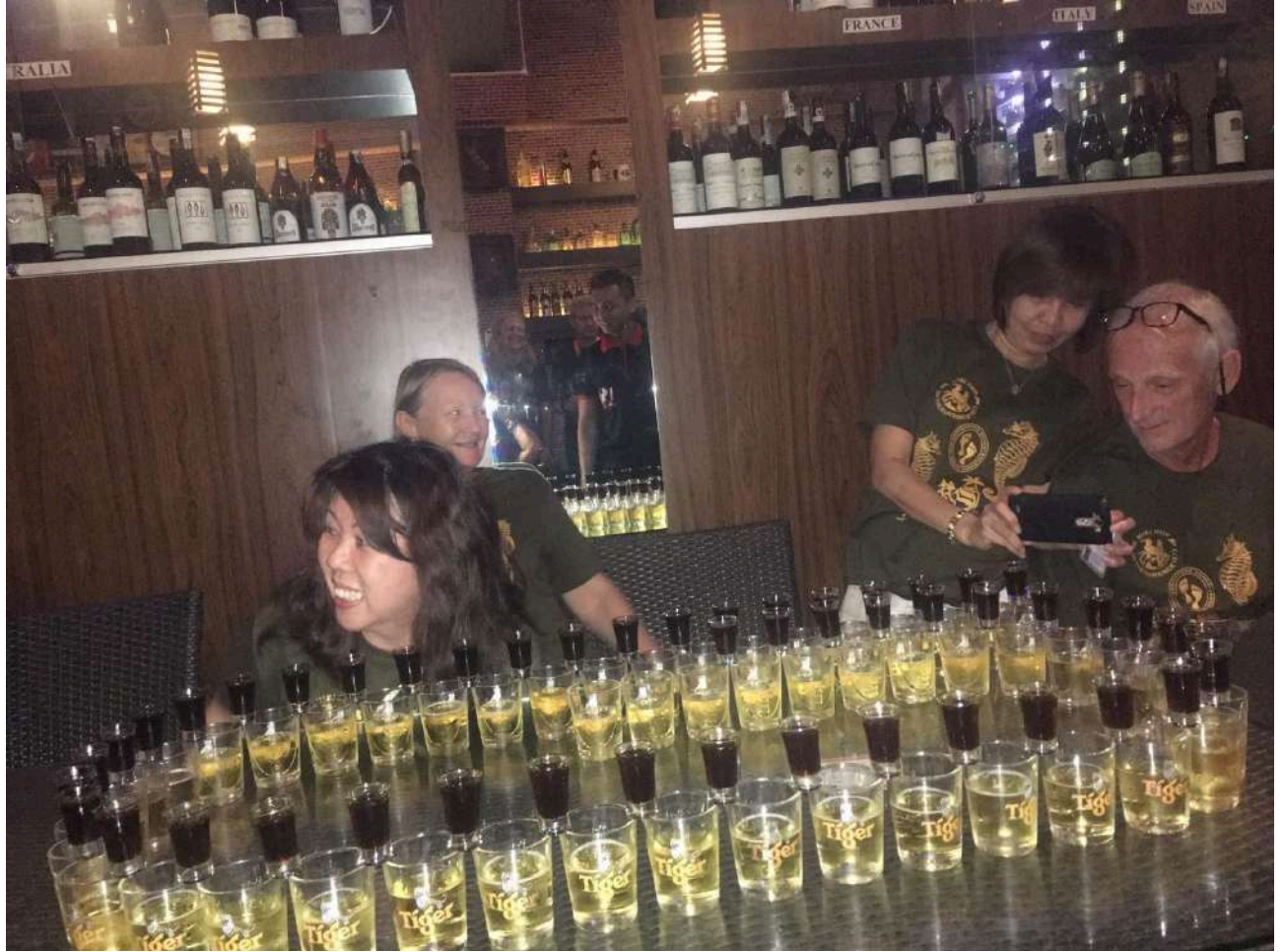


How to describe this hash. Hard, comes to mind. Proper hard. This trail was anything but limp. If Singapore ever come to Samui, Muff Diver and Lima Papa have a few places in mind for a trail.

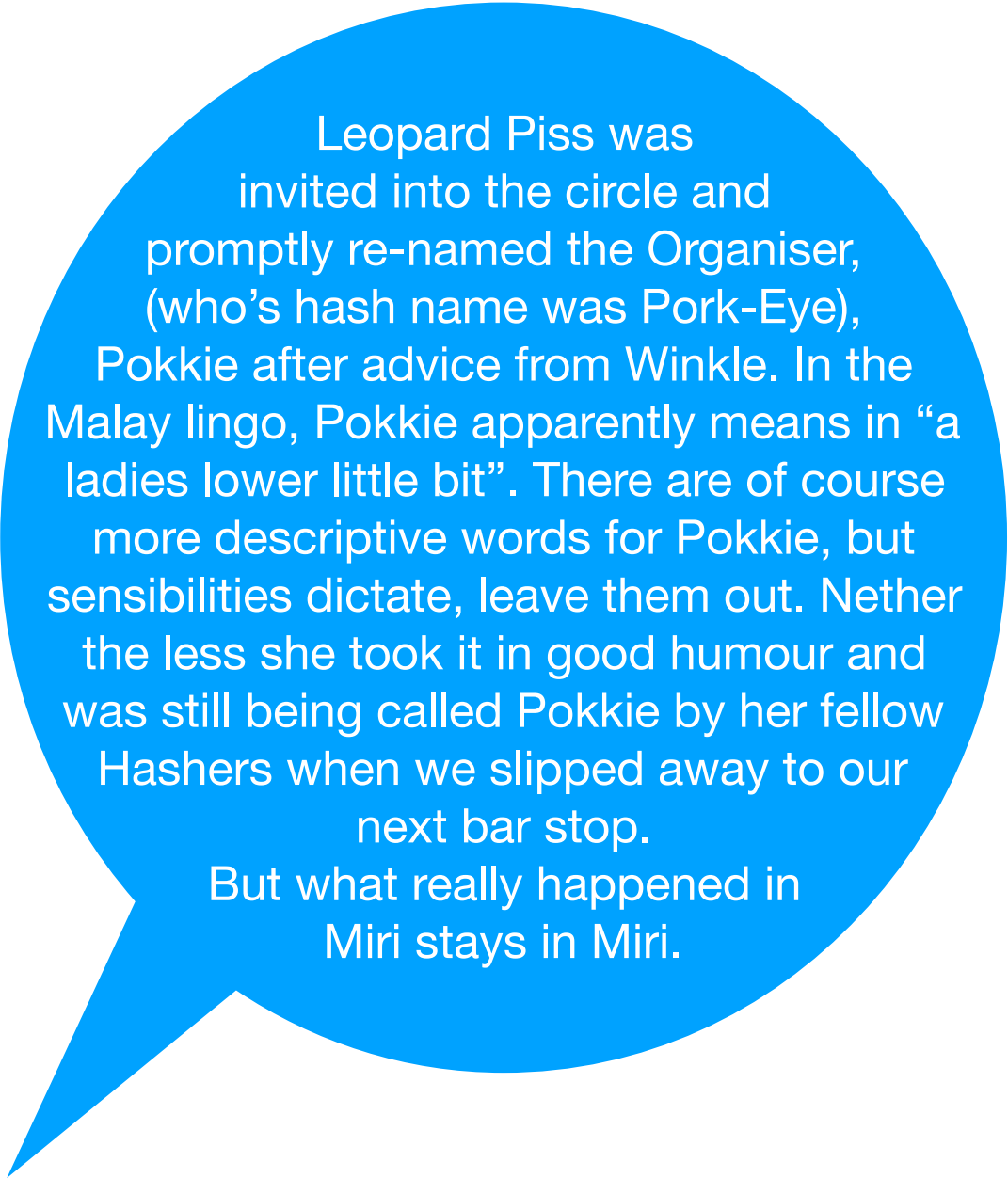


The trail itself had a highlight or two it was like being in a giant unbaked clay pot with pick up sticks thrown on top and clinging to the clay wall, trying to get out of the pot...It was the Best of Times and the Worse of Times..

However the circle was pretty raunchy and would have a couple or ten of our Samui prudes heading for the hills. However the On, On, back in town was pure magic. To say we were drunk under the table was an understatement. The sad part was 75% of our hosts were the ladies from two Singapore Hashes. What hosts and sports they are and were. Lima Papa and Bin Runnin' discovered a blue bottle of Glenfiddich whisky which morphed into a purple bottle by the end of the evening. DFL & Go Round Again were last to leave I think. Sunday saw Winkle, Go Round Again, No Balls, and a very tired Leopard Piss & Bin Runnin' at the on after, walking 6 kilometers of normal roads that included 2 piss stops and a ABF circle. Really good couple of days Singapore and a big thanks. You're welcome to join us any day. Can't promise such a good time as you gave us. But we can promise you a better trail.







Leopard Piss was invited into the circle and promptly re-named the Organiser, (who's hash name was Pork-Eye), Pokkie after advice from Winkle. In the Malay lingo, Pokkie apparently means in “a ladies lower little bit”. There are of course more descriptive words for Pokkie, but sensibilities dictate, leave them out. Nether the less she took it in good humour and was still being called Pokkie by her fellow Hashers when we slipped away to our next bar stop.

But what really happened in Miri stays in Miri.



