

Happenings at

'Equine Park'

Date: 11th March 2015

Run No: 3728

Runsite: Puncak Jalil

Hare: Patrick Koay aka Plastic Man

Co-Hare: Foong Wan, See foo, Ah Wah, Don Cheang

Today's fine run was indeed a fine, fine run, the same bloody run site that was re-used after the last fiasco 11km run way back in December 2014, where yours truly and the whole bunch of front runners coming out at 8.00pm due to some novices co-hares from another unmentionable chapter who claim that they know how to set a run but alas were novices.

At 6 led by On Sec into the moonscape about a km away and into the forest of which the first half of the run was well set following Puchong and G7 Hash paper for most of the way till we reached the fourth check laid high up above the waterfall area. First wave of front runners checking some 250-300 meters radius and no paper was found, by now the whole bunch had re-group including the slow runners. Trickey!!! good check !!! ah!!!! 10 minutes pass and second group went further and at last a vain call was heard some miles away. Confusion rein as to where does the call come from and was finally nail across the river. After some 400 over meters from the check point did we find paper and from thereon it was a clear open run for 2 km on the trail to Kinrara residence. Then it veered off right as darkness were beginning to set in where we were literally forced to walk, bash and trip through vines, thorns and fallen trees trunk in the jungle. Papers laid were torn paper, making visibility very difficult.

Frops were Super old man and Ah Meng coming in at 7.41pm for an 8km run. Yours truly, Choo, Taufu, Fico, Mustard Yap and a group of about 10 emerge out to runsite at 8 and as the remaining runner were tickling, On Sec was nowhere to be seen.

From the two grapevine, one was from the 4.30 gang " we caught up with the hare and they were confuse in their direction and found going in all sort of direction and picking up papers, we have to resort to follow Puchong paper to lead us back to run site.

From the second grapevine, master mind had lost his direction and resort to following GPS by bashing, through the jungle floor for whatever it take, with the hare marking his trail by throwing torn paper intrepidly the home run was somewhat reduce to a mere slow walk even with torch light, a couple of time we even got off trail.

At 9 JM Bon called for the circle and quickly appointed a new Butler, Orange. With the hare and co-hare being called to the box, and again questions were asked, is it a fine run? JM Bon decided that On Sec was the person to determine this next week.

Apparently there was no recce being done and furthermore his appointed co-hare master mind creditability in setting run is questionable. With due respect, we members are given the task to set a run once every 3 years and this is a chance to give back something to the club. If members show enthusiasm in setting a good run, then members will reciprocate. Is that too much to ask?

On On

Kau

Thanks Kau, great scribe.

Scribe Part 2: Thomas

Noise at scene of Equine park Kiara:

Hash SOO: Did you see On sec? I am the last to cross the clear river & run pass most the runner but didn't see OnSec...

Hash Young: F alrды.. Sure he lost in jungle.. Moreover the trail set is difficult la..

Hash Wah: You know ha... Mastermind use his GPS phone to set the run... Without recee wor..

Hash Billy: F lor...

Hash Soo: Sorry for OnSec, I just keep on pressure him to walk/run in inorder he know how the run begin set..that was yesterday during council meeting.. Die lor I...

Hash WongCheeKeong: No worry la, OnSec just bought a pair of Solomon shoe from me... He will be safe...

In my mind, better to ask "Ang Kong"(chinese God).. So I decide to phone my "Ang Kong" friend...

Hash Thomas: Hello Hello "Ang Kong", my "Guo Lou" friend missing in jungle, just wan to know he safe ah...

Ang Kong: let me count.... Aiya...Did he listen to a chinese guy comment ha? And he holding top post in you club? His name start with "D" & end with "t"?

Hash Thomas: Ya, during Sunday meeting, he listen & agreed with the chinese guy... He holding OnSec post in club which the highest rank.. His name is David Hirst

Ang Kong: 1st, this Guo Lou, can't really understand the chinese said... 2nd, Top post easy haunt by evil.. 3rd, D stand for Die & T stand for Tiu... So Die Of Tiu la...(sure he will here there during the run)

Hash Thomas: so how? He mine good friend.. We spend nice & happy time in singapore joint run & wish to know him longer lor..

Ang Kong: don't worry la, he name doesn't start with "S" & end with "e".....

Mean "Sure Die"...he wil be safe... On my time sheet, he should be out by 30mins before midnight tonite.... No worry... Bye..

Hash Thomas: ok ok..

So I run to hasher told them, don't worry la... On sec safe only that he will out around 11.30pm la...So not need send rescue team in la...

Experience tell me tell me something, trust "Ang Kong" no matter what race you are... He sure help u la...

I believed OnSec have better picture on how he lost his way before he was rescue by the hare.. Let him tell your all about his adventures.. Cheers

Thomas chin on behalf on Kau PENG yap

Thanks Thomas. Coming to the Circle next week by any chance?

The Circle:

On Sec was still in the jungle when JM Bon started the Circle about 9pm, as advised by Joint Master Jega. The butler for the evening was Orange. He has just joined Mother Hash today. The hare and 3 co-hares were called upon to have a round of drinks. JM Bon was told by On Cash the first runner came out at 741pm. JM said it is up to the On Sec to decide if it is a good run or not. On Cash said Orange and Sotong have joined Mother Hash effective today. Orange joined before Sotong, so Sotong would be the butler next week. On Cash has nothing much to announce except to show off his two Chelsea T Shirts which said Chelsea is the premier league champion for 2014/15. He was summoned by JM to wet his shirt. Barry Dawe wouldn't let him off by wetting his second shirt. Inter Hash Sec made a few announcements for the future runs. He has mentioned that in view of the 2018 80th anniversary run, Mother Hash members have to actively participate in other chapters run so that they would reciprocate with our 80th anniversary run. Four guests came for the run, Gui Lo from Kepong Hash, Si Fu from Kepong Hash, Ah Sang from Kepong Hash, and Texas Asshole Massacre from the Iwakuni White Snake H3. The bomoh for the night was supposed to be TT Chung but he left before the circle, citing that he has no idea about the bomoh duty. He has agreed to bring two crates of beer next week.

JM has stood in to become the emergency bomoh. He charged the 1960s members Dennis Khoo and Kanan for not telling TT the duty of Bomoh. JM then charged Melaka Teh for telling the guest - Texas Asshole Massacre to do the checking but he did not do the same. Finally JM charged Mustache Yap for holding back Orange from becoming the new member.

JM then open the charges to the floor. Steven Leong charged Taufu Soo for making On Sec to complete the run. Since there were no further charges, JM has called upon the hare to tell us where the On On was, which was actually onsite. As at 11pm, we have received the phone call that On Sec was found. He was safe and sound. KM Bon

Thanks very much for standing in at the last minute, Bon. Much appreciated.

On Sec's Column

For those of you who asked:

I ran to the first check with Wong Chee Kong; I checked forward and he went back. The true trail was back and up the hill. The trail was good although there was mixed G7 and Mother paper. Gradually the pack overtook me and I ended up at the back. I passed through two sets of torn paper and figured, with the distance, I had reached where the third check was broken. It was about 6.45pm and decided to re-trace my steps back to the run site.

I was having a great hike and was on paper, until I realised it was the wrong paper. The Mother paper was no-where to be seen and I was on G7 paper only, but it was well laid, I'd been on it for quite a while, and I knew that it ended up at the same run site, so I decided to continue. It must've been fairly early on in their run as I climbed up and down about three fairly steep hills. Each downward slide I figured must be leading out – how wrong I was. At the top of the next hill in a more open area the paper ended, but I saw some Puchong paper that was on a really good trail and I could also hear some ambient noise from roads in the same direction that the trail went, so I followed it for about 1km until it ended in dense bush. I back tracked to the open area and looked around, and yes, I found the G7 paper again and a lot of it leading downhill towards the mullah's call. I convinced myself I must be nearly out and followed it. I was in good spirits until at some distance later, at the bottom of the hill, the trail led up to the right of the hill the opposite side. It reminded me a bit of Carlo Pancrazio's famous run in Ulu Langat Eco Park where we had to get home via the rocky stream. But I'd come this far so I thought it best to persevere. I climbed the hill and, still following a well-laid trail, arrived at the top of a steep ravine. I could still hear road noise to my left but the trail went down to the right. There were no real trails to the left so I continued on paper, pushing hard as dusk came quickly.

It was a long way down and darkening by the minute, but the trail had been carved out well until at the bottom the paper stopped. I looked around thinking that the paper had to be joined nearby. Scrambling along the stream looking for paths to the left, as I was sure that had to be the way to go, I followed animal trails, back tracked and tried again. At this stage, as it was now dark, I decided that the best course of action was to back-track all the way to Mother paper, however long it took – what I should have done in the beginning. I was already de-hydrated by this time and this didn't help the decision making process. The only problem now was that I had checked so far that I couldn't find my way back to the paper. Even though there was no moon, I could still see a metre or so and looking at the ravine, made for the direction I thought the trail should be. The thorns were bad and the terrain slippery, and each few steps gained seem to take an age. I remember grabbing a tree to pull myself up but it had what I assume was a nest of red ants and I slipped badly and fell through a thorn bush. I also remember my right leg getting lacerated as I fell through with the leg wrapped in the bush receiving the brunt of it but saving me from falling further. I didn't know until later that evening when my unmentionable insisted taking me to Pantai Hospital to check the hard gristly lump which had grown, that I'd been stung by something on the ankle.

The next thing I remember is that my glasses were smashed to pieces. I was by the stream and my tongue was like a thick piece of leather. I washed with some cold water which helped to wake me up a bit. I knew I was dizzy, but put it down to de-hydration. I now realise how easy it is to make stupid decisions in this type of situation.

I was unsure where I was and not entirely sure how I'd got there, but I figured that if I followed the stream it would lead out to somewhere: it didn't. It ended

in some dense bush. I don't know how long I was there, but I remembered that I could hear road noise at the top of the ravine and became determined to climb back up. It felt like I visited every thorn bush on the hill. As I got towards the top I heard the road noise again which was an incredibly

motivating sound. When I finally reached there I listened and realised I'd climbed the wrong side of the ravine. This was a very low moment. The next part is a bit hazy, but I made it back down through the bush and thorns to the water and rested for a time. I drank and didn't care if it was clean. I'm not sure how much time passed but when my thoughts came together I started the climb to what I thought was the other side. I was cramping badly and needed to stretch every 5 or 6 meters. Often I had to turn back because of the thick bush and thorns and try a different angle to make a slight increase in height. Again, I wasn't sure how long I spent climbing but I do remember hearing the road and dogs barking in the distance as I got to the top. Then I hit a trail but more than this, I hit Mother paper and felt I'd won the lottery. I followed the trail to a huge tree trunk and a broken check. Following torn paper for a while, I found a log to rest on, and then it all goes a bit black after this. The next thing I remember is that I really couldn't figure out which way I should go – I couldn't tell left from right. However, I heard a feint honking in the distance and shouted On On.

While many may put a valid case for what I did wrong from a comfortable chair, you are who you are, you do what you do, and you try to make the best of a bad situation. Enormous thanks to Ah Wah and Ah Meng and their gangs for their selflessness to lead the search parties. I'd also like to thank the Hare for staying back with the offer of water, food and beer. I consider myself very lucky, and privileged to be a member of this club.

David

P.S.

The Annual Dinner Dance is coming up on Saturday 30th May. The cost is RM100 for singles and RM180 for couples. The dress code is formal and it should be a great evening. See you there.