

Ayutthaya Outstation (Men only)

BH3-2472 on 15-16-17 August 2025

Hare: LadyBoy (Co-Hare: Boob-a-Luub)
peter@Vandenhoecke.com - For questions!

What will we be doing?

Nothing much, I think, except for:

- ☐ Friday Evening Little Pissup in the Saloon "Cowboy Bar"
- ☐ Saturday early run, with sumptuous Dinner (you can also join for the run and dinner only. No need to do the whole weekend)
- ☐ **Sunday Hangover run; actually, more like a WALK.**

Where will we be staying?

- ☐ Hares are staying in the Baifern Guesthouse:
<https://maps.app.goo.gl/UEex8URjnB3NQp3g7>
- ☐ But you can stay at the more upper-class hotels in the neighborhood as well
- ☐ You can even hide out your mia-nois and pretend there are no women around

Read more details below in the day-to-day event schedule

Friday 15 August 2025

On Friday, prepare yourselves, you magnificent miscreants, for a bash that promises to be more legendary than your last hangover! We're kicking things off not in some fancy-pants establishment, but in the hallowed, slightly sticky halls of the Cowboy Bar!

Gather your weary, liver-abusing troops around 18:30h. We'll be doing what we do best: drinking like fish, eating like it's our last meal, and paying as we go (because even we have some standards, however low).

Now, a crucial, life-saving warning for all you randy rascals: DO NOT, under any circumstances, approach any women who may be "wandering" around the Cowboy Bar. I repeat, these are not your typical damsels in distress. Consider them wild, untamed, and potentially capable of out-drinking, out-running, and generally outwitting you. Approach at your own peril. You've been warned. Don't come crying to us when you wake up in a different postcode with a new tattoo and a vague memory of a bar fight involving a mechanical bull.



<https://maps.app.goo.gl/rgVVvqBpL7NKvNer5>

Saturday 16 August 2025

Alright, you magnificent bastards, gird your loins and prepare for our traditional Saturday Gentlemen's Hash! This week, yours truly, your humble (and slightly unhinged) Hare, has cooked up a trail so utterly unprecedented, so mind-bogglingly bizarre, you'll swear you've entered another dimension.

We're going for an early start, because parts of this trail are going to be muddier than a pigsty after a monsoon, heavier than your conscience, and we certainly don't want you fumbling around with flashlights. (Let's be honest, we all know you might need that for... other purposes later.)

We'll gather at 15:45h sharp for a prompt 16:00h departure. Check the link below for the secret rendezvous point – don't be late, or you'll miss the pre-game banter and the chance to question my sanity.

Now, for what you can expect: This run isn't just a run. Oh no, my friends. This is an epic saga that includes boats, trains, swimming (yes, actual swimming, so maybe lay off the extra bacon at breakfast), and a whole lot more "surprises" that will either delight or deeply traumatize you. I strongly suggest you bring watertight wallets, unless you enjoy explaining to your bank why your credit card now smells like river water and regret.

Oh... and did I mention the beer stop? Because, let's be real, what's a Gentlemen's Hash without a crucial pause for refreshment and questionable life choices?

On-on, and may your livers be ever resilient! (PS. We have dinner afterwards)



<https://maps.app.goo.gl/H7k5WjrnqfXPz2iy8>

Sunday 17 August 2025

Alright, you magnificent bastards, it's time for the ultimate test of your questionable life choices: the **Hangover Recovery Walk!** Because nothing says "I regret nothing" quite like getting some fresh air with a bunch of equally miserable (but undeniably handsome) individuals.

We'll be gathering at the Baifern Hotel parking lot at the shockingly early hour of 10:00h. Yes, I know, the sun's already up, but consider it part of the "recovery" process. We'll be taking a guided walk to the park, a gentle journey to get our systems moving again.

Only real men need apply! And by "real men," I mean those of you who can still string a sentence together, remember your own name, and aren't actively trying to vomit last night's questionable street food. If you're still seeing double, smelling tequila on your breath, or debating whether your left shoe is actually a small badger, then congratulations – you're probably exactly who we're looking for.

After our walk, we'll find some much-needed "hair of the dog" with a beer to follow. Come on down, let's suffer together! On-on!



<https://maps.app.goo.gl/EVuqqykW17aJXU639>

In conclusion:

Alright, you magnificent **miscreants**, prepare yourselves for a gathering of epic proportions! We're talking **manly camaraderie**, questionable decisions, and enough "what happens here, stays here" moments to fill a lifetime of therapy sessions.

However, if the full spectrum of our **debauchery** isn't quite your cup of tea (or your liver's preferred beverage), fear not! We understand some of you have *standards* or perhaps just a strong aversion to public nudity. For those more... refined gentlemen, we highly recommend joining our **Saturday run**. It's guaranteed to be sufficiently challenging, and frankly, it's not any further away than some of our other, shall we say, *less structured* events. Consider it your gateway drug to the Hash, without the immediate need for bail money.

Now, a crucial reminder: **Men only, please**. And by "men," we mean those with a Y chromosome and a healthy appreciation for bad jokes and even worse hangovers. Please, for the love of all that is holy, **keep your wives, *mia nois*, and any other "unrespectable ones" (you know who you are) hidden away or firmly at home**. This is a sacred space for us to unleash our inner Neanderthals without fear of judgment... or nagging.

On-on - LadyBoy.