



**SCRIBE REPORT RUN #1544**  
**STURDAY 26 September, 2015**  
**HARES: No Hope, Singha & Silent Running**

*phuket-hhh.com*

Total Pack: 72 PH3: 65 New Members: 3 Virgins: 1 Visitors: 2 Visiting Hashers: 1

I've just only gotten my notes from the circle dried out enough to try to read them so this is a bit late. Run #1544 stands as a wet day, downpour wet, in fact, never ending downpour wet. I think Not Cleaver must have been looking at the forecast when he called me saying something like "trombone belly" followed by "Hey Fungus, can you be the scribe today..."

About 72 weather-tolerant hashers showed up for what was later termed by the runners and the walkers as having been one of the best-laid trails they'd ever seen in 20 years. This means that the haring team of No Hope et al. outperformed even their own reputation for outstanding runs. The first indications of the quality of the day came during the approach to the run site on a beautiful road winding through a very beautiful rubber plantation that had been freshly trimmed and was showing unique shades of green with the storm lighting. Of course the next indication was Dicksappointing arriving splattered with mud from helping dislodge someone's car.

Most people holed up under umbrellas not wanting to chill down too much before the run and it seemed that the larger the umbrella the more popular the person holding it. By the time GM sounded the 5-minute horn the water was sluicing through the laager like the torrent it was growing into. Last seen as the circle was gathering was Hare No Hope quietly standing upstream and dropping handfuls of multi-color paper into the passing torrent to stream past the gathering circle. No Hope was enjoying people commenting with amazement, fear and laughter. Runners out and walkers followed. The runners immediately missed the turn just 10 meters out of the laager but they were brought back on paper by No Hope screaming a stream of words that contained idiot in several places.

The laager had the not-partakers talking under umbrellas in a steady rain when the first of the walkers began returning, but from the out trail. Apparently the rain was so heavy that they couldn't hear any ON ON being called, and also no horn due to the loud drumming sound of rain around them. Then more walkers came back having given up once off paper, and eventually the runners began returning, on paper. It seemed all the runners were excited over the quality of the run. The streams were running full and some hand holding needed for the shorter and lighter hashers to cross. Hashing true and true.

Our circle was opened with the rain a'pouring. The Hares were called in and GM Tootsie got the circle under way. With announcements made it was Fungus in for being scribe (which got his notes even more wet) followed by Returners in (3 in total) for a down down and quick exit as no one cared where they'd been anyway. GM got our only virgin in which turned out to be a Yank who really was Dum da Dum Dum... When he was asked what country he was from he came up with California. Twice! Every time he'd stoop to drink his beer Mind the Gap would attempt to toss ice water under his poncho and he would miss the cup. It was nearly a steward spot by the time he had his beer and ice water.

Run Offenses started with Golden Rain being called in because she had to be pulled across the flooding

stream by using her hair for a handle. Butt Swallower and Fungus were called in for DDs because Fungus had the big umbrella and BS had the miniscule one. (Sounds about right to me.)

As Tootsie had gone home and missed running the circle the week before Jungle Balls got him in to be presented the Hash Shit Seat, newly adorned with what certainly looked like dog shit, because Tootsie had been awarded Hash Shit the week earlier but had missed wearing the seat. GM's revenge, how sweet it can be. Mr Fister got the hares in to thank them for the leech still sucking on his leg, then asked one of them to please remove it. Good sport Mr Fister.

Butt Swallower got Jungle Balls and Mr Fister in for jumping in the mud to splash each other and while demonstrating the offense managed to visit a fair amount of mud on more than a few people in the circle, including the scribe's notes, which in turn earned him a DD by the GM.

Lucky Lek came in for what slowly became understood to be a steward spot when he called in SADG and thanked him for something that no one could understand, but anyway turned out to be thanks for not doing it. Down down down down. Lucky Lek was off on a run of stories, comments, observations and predictions with incantations that sort of wove a spell of confusion over the circle. Jaws and Sheeba were called in for something funny (probably) followed by other hashers snatched in by LL for some reason or the other. At one point Fungus broke out laughing, bringing many immediate requests to explain the humor. "I've got it, it's in the notes" yelled Fungus and LL steamed onward. Truth be told Tokyo Joe had already told Fungus that as scribe he might as well take a paragraph in Albanian and substitute for any notes because it would be the same... How right he was! LL got the European girls in and then conveniently explained why they need a Thai man. OooKay.

LL put Incredibly Ugly Bastard on the ice, which was running water across the sloped surface which proceeded to skid IUB off and into the mud. With pants down and legs pointing the wrong way IUB made about 4 attempts to regain composure and a secure seating position but ended up with a butt and cheeks running with brown mud before someone helped settle him in. (Check out how he explains those skid marks at home!) Bottom line is that LL did a brilliant steward spot once again. Probably.



GM got our new members Urin Trouble and Follow Me for some DDs, welcome to the hash.

Run Shirts were brought in to the chants of Take-it-Off, which Niggitif actually did, to the delight of those standing to weather. Of course the pictures show GM assisting with a bit of a tug. Well done GM. No Hope, Hare extraordinaire, was awarded his 400 Run shirt and Mr Fister his 100 Run shirt. Well done all, keep it up.

Departers in, which was zero so on to to the Hares. With GM Tootsie wearing the seat, with shit, our Runmaster asked if it was a good site and IT WAS A GOOD SITE yelled out by the circle, followed by NICE WATERFALLS, GOOD PACK and other Happy Things. Well, since GM was holding it, it was just best to leave him with it.

Good Run, Circle Closed, Rain continued.  
OnON and hey Not Cleaver, get well by next week!!  
Fungus