



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1614

Saturday 07 January 2017

Hares: Who The Fuck Is Alice & Kiss My Ring

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GM Not Cleaver was feeling under the weather (we call this rain) and asked Fungus to ~~stand~~ sit in as scribe for the day. Get better soon GM (which translates to: hope it's not raining next week!!).

GM opened the circle with a minute silence respecting two departed hashers, No Idea (#1987) and [No Chance](#) (#703).

Hares in GM suggested this it could be a “hash shit” day as the hares had totally neglected providing useful misdirections on the website that started at Manneken Pis' restaurant, which meant even the Hash bus couldn't find the laager. Plus we would need to consider that we were experiencing our worst non-stop-for-36-hours rain of the year. Well, the circle would be shouting the outcome soon enough.

Hash Horn was called in as the ringing sounds of “good horn” arose from the circle. Since our normal Hash Horn was “under the weather” and didn't show up GM had come to Fungus earlier saying he would “let” Fungus be horn for the day.

Lucky Lek spot L.L. “Under the weather” apparently so GM attempted 'annoumen'. From within the ponchos and umbrellas Twice Nightly announced the Iron Pussy and noted the on-on would be at Expat, not TBA. GM announced a Samui Hash to PH3 for the their 20th anniversary AGPU on 18 February; [details on their website](#).

Impedimentia in Hawaiian Ho has priced beer condoms @ 100 baht to clear stock. (For those seeing HH arrive with a white sheet flapping out his car window he was not making fun of the French, it was a quick fix for a broken window motor.)

Returns in Bluey, Hard On, MP, Tootsie, JB & about 3 others. This got ALL the French called into the circle for having boycotted the hash last week as they had more important *special* New Year's Eve parties to get ready for. You can always count on the French!!

Virgins in and being lined up for their welcome SADG barged in and managed to step on and kick over several of the virgin beers already layed out and rightfully ended up on the ice himself. Apparently SADG was upset over these young front-running lads laughing with no shirts on, because they could, and they had 6-packs, while SADG was suffering under a jacket! The Virgins did their beers and joined SADG at the ice, which was as good as a steward spot. And this was good because we didn't have a steward spot, which was good because everyone wanted to piss off because of the rain.

Visiting hasher called for and one came in from KL Hash. GM threw him out of the circle as he'd been here once before and he probably wouldn't be funny, certainly not in the cold rain.

Pipe challenge brought back our shirtless Swiss. Being wise-asses GM kept them well separated as they poured more beer down their six packs then in their mouths. (Iron Pussy girls were overheard



working out how to invite these guys for their run on Wed.!) And to top this off it was one chaps birthday, HBYC and next time it'll cost you for our 30 B beers!

GM got turned around and couldn't find his notes, pointing at everyone around the beer table asking where they were. Four turns later he saw them stuck by the rain to Dirty Dozen's poncho! Another mini-steward spot, well done you two.

Run Offenses No one was in the mood to put up with much of anything; it could be seen in the eyes. MP stepped forward, said something that was obviously not funny and quickly left. Jungle Balls got the GM for the kindness of sending a taxi to the airport to pick up Pole Position so as to not infect the terminal with his germs. So WTF are you doing here today with us? Here's to our considerate GM...



Run Shirts Two shirts got awarded. Congratulations to Ya Ba for her 25th and Jumping Bean for her 50th.

Departers in FOYC sung rapidly and without enthusiasm.

Hares in for the summary statements by runmaster Manneken Pis, who had no difficulty loudly calling out: shit misdirections, the bus lost, local municipality site-use violation costing 2,000 baht (which got solved by agreeing to sell raffle tickets for them, 2,000 baht worth), all topped off with 40 hours of rain! However, it was a good run with lots of dedicated effort to give everyone some great views over Nai Harn we seldom see. And we had a hell-path carved down a jungle-vine slope to die for and they forgot to warn everyone that the in and out trails were close to each other near the



start that could confusingly send people the wrong way, which happened. The circle waffled between Hash Shit and Good Run but MP did his proper job of hearing the circle until Hash Shit was the loudest to be heard as the seat was dropped around WTFIA's neck.

Circle closed and the rain continued. Get better GM (he actually was ill).



See everyone next week, Fungus, Sit-in Scribe