

Scribe Note Run #1650 16 Sep 2017

With a much reduced pack due to the weather the GM for the Day (Secret Agent Dick Gobbler) stated that the circle would start off with B30 beers and by the end maybe B10 Beers. As the laager was surrounded by a lake there was a bit of confusion as to where the start of the run would be until No Hope led the pack **across** the lake. All perfectly safe for any H&S fanatics reading this at a distance. There were a few mutterings of 'Hash Shit' but they failed to come to fruition.



Fueled by the thought of cheap beer the front runners thundered around the 6.8km course in 45 minutes. A lack of paper to break the checks and a lack of calling by those who still think it is a race saw the rest of the pack about 15 minutes behind. A particularly vicious check by Singha had caught the rest of the pack out. When it was put to Singha that the check had slowed people down and caused confusion Singha explained that that was whole point of a check (!).

Faced with a second journey across the lake there were still no grim faces and everyone appeared happy and smiley. A lot of people took advantage of the lake and went for a swim on the way in- Tequila Slapper was even in her shower cap to keep dry.

The rain dried up as the circle started and the Ganesh his masked Queen got on with the proceedings. Hares Hope in, followed by announcements. Lesser Dipshit Pooying followed by No Hope, who requested that from the bus please let others know they will not be lot of time was wasted last week looking for people buggered off. The circle was also informed that Assterix sharing his luxury hospital accommodation with Jaws-guys.



GM, along with Singha and No announced the early leavers returning as a who had was now get well soon

Maskless by now as his elastic had gone the GM announced that there would be whipping girls for every time he issued a 'fuck' or a 'cunt' so what better thirsty couple to fulfil his desires than Paper and JC. Returners in, including Anytime and Longtime on a flying visit from Malaysia. At this point there was a plaintive wail from FA Cup who asked if she could remove her mask as well- permission was granted.

The Virgins were dealt with but much to Fungus's disgust they were old, fat and male so no fantasies for him this week. At this point the F&C couple was changed over to bus bitches as it was pointed out that filling drivers up with beer was probably not the best idea given the introduction of designated drinkers last week. Piglet by this time was shown to be living proof that dogs are like their owners as she was found quietly lapping away at paper's down-down.



Mercury in as steward and promptly iced No Hope for stealing his bit about AWOL bus passengers. He then had the Belgian in as a true incident occurred last week when the pilot of a Belgian Army helicopter dove out the door and killed himself- The pilot's name- Capt Lemming. A few other bits and pieces- my favorite being the Jehovah's witness who on being invited in and ask what he wanted to talk about replied 'I don't know- I've never got this far before'. This was followed by 'What do a woman and KFC have in common?' By the time you're finished with the breast and thighs there's only a greasy box to put your bones into'. Paper and Bumscraper were congratulated on their whirlwind tour of Issan- 6 flights and 100 bars in a week. Murkury then pointed out that the GM was taking the hash too seriously he was travelling with a full load of shoes for different circumstances but had forgotten to pack his flippers on the day. As all good stewards do Murkury quit while he was ahead- well done and a great spot.

Run Offences commenced with Singha congratulated for doing a ‘Useless’ and bringing a wall down around him at the start of the run (fortunately without injury). Bunnyken Pis was very proud that she had not had to drink out of her new shoes- a good job as her aim was off at the IP and she’d pissed all over them. See- good hash names DO work! A bun fight followed over who was responsible for the lack of pink paper for Hash Horn but it wasn’t resolved so all had a beer. JC was caught front running by Wilma and Mannequin Pis chastised JC for trying to improve the looks of his clown car by nearly backing into it in his truck.

At this point the Hares were approached by Too Old to Fuck in a very agitated state as 3 hashers had not returned to the laager. This was met by complete indifference and the drinking continued. Sure enough 2 minutes later the absent ones swam back to the Laager. As Singha stated prior to the start of the run ‘my responsibility ends the moment you leave the Laager’. It was then pointed out that Lesser Dipshit, having successfully conquered the lake had wiped out misjudging a small brook.



RO finished with a Happy Birthday to Google Ass- a stalwart of the Hash and a great Hash Flash.

Departers departed then the Runmaster in to call for a vote. A good (Great Lakes- thanks Murkury) run was called without a murmur of Hash Shit (other than Fungus, who is flogging a dead horse!) and the circle finished on time.



Many thanks to the Hares, the stand-in GM, the Beer Crew and all those who participated.

As stated by Bullet Rash this was a day for the hardcore runners- all who turned up seemed to have a great time. It’s not often we get a laager with lakeside views, individual parking spots, dog washing facilities and a swim.

On On –

Addenda