



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1633

Saturday 16 December 2017

Hares: Lucky Lek, What A Rat, Gorgeous You Wanker

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How many runs are completed before hearing the barrage of comments like today's run brought, all saying what a perfect run it was? The Mighty Quim was even running around slapping everyone's back as they cleaned up for the circle excitedly exclaiming that today was exactly what Hashing should be! The trails were interestingly laid with proper-style checks such that the front runners and the middle-pack runners all finished within sight of each other. The trails had open



grass, water courses, a bit of dense jungle, palm oil plantations and no overly challenging vertical climbs. To top all of this off the hares laid in a beer stop near the end, which brought only one complaint later in the circle when Manneken Pis complained that the glasses could have been larger comparing with the glasses he had used at his beer stop a few months back. There was no way that Fungus was going to loose Hash Shit

today and it was brought to the attention of the circle that even Fungus was heard at the beer stop shouting Good Run! Well done hares.

However, there was one issue that got the immediate attention of everyone just as the circle was winding down which was the immense storm rapidly approaching which closed the circle and had everyone running to their cars and motorbikes to drive home in what was to be the most ferocious storm of the year.



GM opened the circle of this new laager site by shifting the entire seated contingent 10 meters to form up properly around the beer and ice rather than being seated in the shade. Well, the GM is always right. GM gave proper credits to the hares before getting in our latest Hash Horn for a down-down and a crowd approval that he did such a fine job that

he should get at least 2 more opportunities to fine tune his skill.

Lucky Lek called in for Announmens which brought in Lesser Dipshit to announce the Pooying, followed by Wilma announcing the Bike Hash at the same time as the Pooying run but a different location (nice!). Next in was SADG who for the 3rd year in a row called for a collection of cash that would be given to the handicapped workers on Soi Bangla for bikes and wheelchairs making their life a bit easier.



Having Twice Nightly and Pole Position walk the circle was a clever move by SADG as it resulted in over 6,500 baht being collected. Who could refuse this team of beauties! Well done SADG for keeping our charitable side active and visible.

Our on-site registration team came in to announce a record attendance of 165 people today, beating the last record by about 15. Actually we had 166 people because The Mighty Quim attended but didn't pay just to see if he'd be credited with the run. He's on to something about members paying but not attending, attending but not paying—well, we all know TMQ—whinge, whinge, whinge.

GM invited the returners in and Fungus put them on the spot by asking them what their hash name was and where they'd been. The only one that just couldn't get it figured out was What Do You Mean, who had to answer it 3 times before Fungus caught on!

Virgins were brought in for a good water dousing not knowing how lucky they were to have soft grass under their knees rather than pebbles or mud. Welcome to our Hash and we hope to see you back soon.

Run offenses kicked off with Blue Harlot calling in Vomit Bomber whom BH had seen down the isle in a large store, calling out louder and louder “Hey Vomit, HEY VOMIT”. Well apparently VH feigned hearing loss and BH had everyone staring at him while running the other way. One person was heard commenting that it was at least wise that BH didn't call out Bomber or he'd still be locked up.



Our Steward for today was the always outstanding What A Rat with a string of humorous stories he pinned on about 8 hashers and all done without notes. In one Oh Yeah kept saying “yes I know” to the fortune teller claiming “your husband will die” and “he’ll have a painful death”. “Yes, yes, but will I be convicted” she asked. Gorgeous You Wanker was in for 13 examples of what the definition of “old” can contain. He was seen shaking his head in agreement to several.

Well into our circle we were interrupted with a claim that one of our virgins was missing, which sort of falls into the hare's area of responsibility for going out to locate. Well working the trail backwards it only took 3 minutes to find her as she was still at the beer stop. This certainly bodes well for her becoming a proper hasher.

With black skies upon us and rain approaching rapidly the Departers were called in and properly tossed out, a very snappy version of Happy Birthday You Cunt sung to Mind The Gap, Hares in & the Hash Shit seat quickly flung over Fungus' head without fanfare, singing or any form of a vote, Good Run shouted by all as everyone raced for the shelter of their cars or the bus. Circle Closed. Rain ON!



On ON, Fungus (Scribe-for-the-day, and On Sec for this issue)

JOIN US ALL NEXT WEEK FOR FUN AND FELLOWSHIP