



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1673

Saturday 24th Feb 2018

Hares: Baldilocks, Ya Ba, Nothing and Too Old To Fuck,
What a Pussy (VH)

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A small laager with some spectacular views; however, the run did not come up to the expectations of some. Within a few moments hashers were returning from the trail from falls, trips, and one guy who fell off a deep embankment, Ouch!



The G.M called the circle to order by punishing the Hares, Baldilocks, Ya Ba, Nothing and Too Old to Fuck, What a Pussy got his Virgin Hare shirt.

Returners were next, J.C back early from Australia because he was missing Paper so much, and Tequila Slapper who has been relaxing at home. Welcome back fellow Hashers.

Virgins. Bloody Hell, loads of them about 20 with some lovely eye candy as well. I have never seen so many volunteers to help with the water duties.



Run Offences. Trainspotter was in next to ice Tootsie for giving the wrong GPS to a virgin, who consequently blocked the in trail with his motor bike. Mannequin Pis brought in J.C and Paper, Paper's Valentines wish was for J.C to spend another 2 years in Oz, what happened? He turned up a few days later. *Bummer.* Baldilocks decided to bring in the victorious Germans in the Olympic ice hockey match over the Canadians. What followed was a scene of homosexual debauchery as the Canadians were being hugged and caressed by the Germans in condolence of their loss. Some of the Canadians liked it though. Kiss My Ring was iced by Dr Fucking Jekyll for leaving Hash signs all over the bloody island.

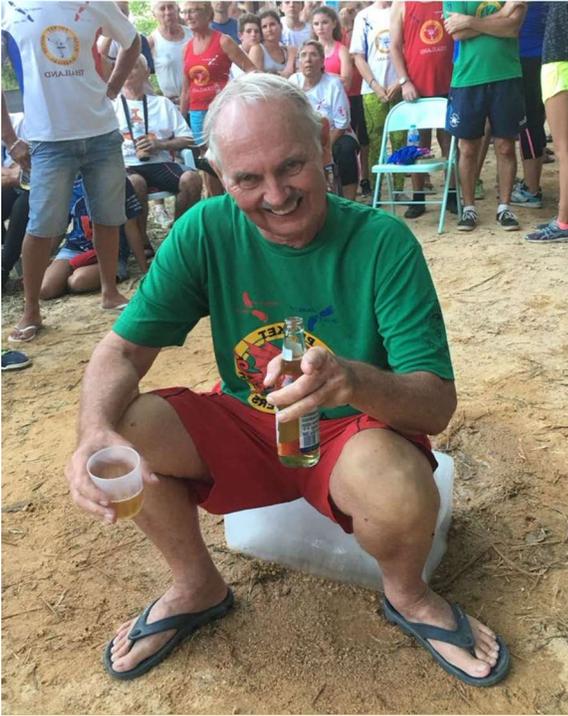


Naming. Clitmus Pussy brought in Skippy's Mum, Dad and sister for their dreaded naming ceremony. Dad was named 'Fat Bastard' for complaining about the availability of big Hash shirts, and little sis was given the pretty name of 'Just Perfect', because she is. Clitmus Pussy asked me to name the Mum, and as she is related to Skippy (The Bush Kangaroo) I officially named her 'Kangaroo Bush', much to her horror. (Try explaining that to your daughters. ☺) A lovely half naked blonde girl was brought in for new shoes, and I have never seen so many volunteers who wanted to drink from her shoe. (Pervs) She did it herself. Jungle Balls called in J.C who was taking too many drinks on the beer stop, but then again what do you expect? Poor old Wilma brought in Mr Fista and Fungus who were both running in front of him and ducking under the low branches which meant Wilma, being much taller, was getting wacked in

the face all the time. Rotten Gits.

Trainspotter again trying to get one over on the G.M for new shoes, just a little tip here, don't fuck with the G.M, who got his '*Weeping Girls*' in which resulted Trainspotter having to drink from the manky smelly shoes. Som num na.

Mannequin Pis Brought in the ex GM'S to find out if we have refused to drink from new shoes, no, no we replied, but a sturdy volunteer stepped up and Kiss my Ring drank more beer from the G.M's shoe. What a hero?



Steward. The G.M's favourite son, Tootsie who immediately iced his mum in lieu of his wife who woke him up at 6am for some rumpy pumpy. Sexecution next for shagging his way through the card at Christine's Massage, the last one was number 9, "Why number 9" Tootsie asked, "Well that's the number of my car parking space and I don't want to forget it." He replied. O.K makes sense now. A joke about J.C coming home covered in vomit and telling Paper someone else did it. Her reply was to go back and see him because he has shat in your pants as well. Next the French male voice choir, WTF! Next his dad was called in and presented with new shoes quickly followed by Fungus who got his new glasses, now he can see where he is going.



Numbered Runs. You Darling – 25. F.A Cup - 200, S.A.D.G was now getting excited about seeing his wife's tits and consequently iced. Jasper Carrot – 50. Cradle Snatcher - 50, and finally Gorgeous You Wanker with 1,100, what an achievement. Well done to all. Scribe had to give up now as S.A.D.G tried to bring in some sexy girls into a pitch-black laager, J.C was trying to get a vote on the run, total bloody chaos as people tried to leave and someone else just rolled down a deep precipice next to the laager. So, we will find out later what happened.

**On On
The Blue Harlot
Edited with precision by Repressed One**