



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1691

Saturday 30 June, 2018

Hares: Saint Blow Job, Fungus & The Invisible Man (VH)

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So ... I felt a pang of sympathy for the man whose bottom lip quivered and pouted lower than that of a Suri tribe pubescent. Like a pinball bouncing between flippers, the click-clack-click was instead replaced with cries of “Fuck off, Fungus!” as he endeavoured to raise a scribe for this week’s circle. As I say, the pout suckered me in. So ...

First up - Tootsie - **Hash Horn**. (Aside from Blue Harlot - “Hear it? He couldn’t blow my cock!).

Followed by the **Hares** Saint Blow Job, The Invisible Man and Fungus. These guys apparently clocked up 24 man days in recyng this site; and that sterling effort produced a fantastic walkers trail, at least. A high-viz virgin hare shirt was deservedly awarded to the invisible one.



Lucky Lek (or Leaky Leg as the GM prefers it) proclaimed “**Anounmen!**” and Blue Harlot, in what resembled a Yul Brynner moment, called in a bunch of young Thai kids who do a lot of work for the “Born Free to Run” charity. The circle warmed to BH’s suggestion that perhaps future charitable donations might be directed towards this charity which concerns itself with providing decent running shoes for those that can’t afford them. Then, for hash amusement, we can make the bastards drink out of them, I suppose.



Returnees

Na Hee Man, Tootsie and GM Who the Fuck is Alice who, in some parody of a surreal Marcel Marceau experience, duplicated himself with a cardboard cut-out figure; with which he initiated a public conversation. All very confusing when it wasn’t clear which of the two had left the Circle.

The normal ice dousing was imposed on the four unaware **virgins**; none good-looking enough for Fungus to initiate his

trademark, wet-tshirt frontal assault. **Visiting hashers** Limmy Wanks from Austin H3, Lord Lucus Made Me Kum from Pattaya H3 and No Name from Bangkok H3 were welcomed. When Limmy Wanks was asked about the most embarrassing thing he had ever done at a Hash, his reply was “Peeing in a trash can”. (Another aside from Blue Harlot - “That’s nothing. J.C. shits in his wardrobe!”)

Run Offences

Bullet Rash chastising the Hares for the slippery down slope. Also called out Klitmas Pussy and Flip Flop who were directionally mislead by lead hare Saint Blow Job. The Invisible Man presented a printed photo to the owner of the land on which we hashed. The subject of the photo was not discussed but could have been a photocopy of his bollocks for all we know. Nice gesture, anyway.



We had some verbal to-ing and fro-ing between Lizard-eating Cunt and Jungle Balls about the transfer value of the Hash Shit. Two cases of Heineken seemed to be the going rate, apparently.

Always Wet had complained that she was not, as was customary, called out by Blue Harlot in his excellent steward spot of last week. So, he made amends this week

“Always Wet was in a taxi and on her way to a piss up in Patong. Half way into the journey she’d realised she didn’t have her purse on her. Rather than mention it and risk being turfed out of the taxi she let him drive her all the way to Patong. On arrival she tells the driver she doesn’t have any money on her, and giving the driver her most alluring of looks she says “But I can pay you in kind.” The driver asks her what she means. “Perhaps I could show you my pussy” she says. At which point she lifts her skirt and opens her legs. “Bloody hell, missus!” says the driver. “You don’t have anything smaller, do you?””

Classic BH.

Steward Spot - Lucky Lek

An excellent steward spot from Lucky Lek. But you know what, his perfectly pitched high-Thai lilt to his English escaped, in large part, the scribe’s untuned, Brit ears. For that, huge apologies are proffered. There now follows an abridged version of LL’s steward spot. Please allow your imagination to fill in the gaps.

LL calls for some Irishmen, Germans and, finally, any Koreans to the Circle. Next a couple of Chinese looking hashers were greeted with some wanking gestures from the steward when mentioning “800 dollars for dropping her towel”. LL accused “Cunt-eating Lizard’ of some indiscretion involving kids.

And just when it seemed things couldn’t be any more confusing, LL invited Jaws to submit his own rendition of the old Sound of Music classic “My Favourite Things” as sung by Julie Andrews (“Not that Hash cunt from Austria” clarifies Jaws). Scribe notes record that some of Jaws’ favourite things, in no particular order, are penis, cunt, nipples, cock throb, ball ache, screws, bollocks and arse. Jaws didn’t get to finish



his seventh verse.

So ... returning to Lucky Lek. Something about Houdini and Chastity Belt seeing a doctor and not spending money. Gorgeous George for allowing his daughter to wave a very large finger placard during a recent visit of Thai royalty. LL calls in "Seagull Eats the Cunt" and Na Hi Man for some spurious reason or other.

Thanks again to Lucky Lek for a very worthy steward spot.



Shirts were awarded to The Invisible Man for virgin hare, Secret Agent Dick Gobbler for 500 runs and Matching Drapes for 300 runs. (Further aside from Blue Harlot - "She might not have 300 runs, but she has certainly kum 300 times").

Les Departeurs are Bullet Rash, Any Time and Long Time. F.O.Y.C. F.O.Y.C.

New Shoes duly supped from by Lizard-eating Cunt

Run Master J.C. critiqued the Hares' performance and the Circle voted "Good Run". Well, "Good runs" plural actually as they took the effort to set separate Runners and Walkers trails. Well done Hares. The Shit was not awarded.



ON ON, TIGHT FIT (SCRIBE for the day)

JOIN US ALL NEXT WEEK FOR FUN AND FELLOWSHIP