



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1695

Saturday 28th July 2018

Hares: Singha & No Hope

phuket-hhh.com



Another impractical shirt design from Jaws

Hurrah! Agincourt all over again with the Pesky French being defeated, dethroned and defrocked by our heroic King Jaws V, But, hang on a mo! Wherefore art our mighty leader? Forsooth. the bastard was nowhere to be seen. So we were treated to the dulcet tones of Baldrick and Blackadder in his stead. The procession did proceedeth in the following fashion: Butt Plug led the coup and was immediately tested by SAD Gobbler who petitioned for 10 baht beers. The rebellion was quashed with a simple “Fuck Off!”

Hares Singha and No Hope were called front and centre, as was Fungus (**Hash Horn**). Butt Plug broke with tradition and ruled this week’s Hash Horn could choose next week’s victim. This placed the circle in a difficult position as the original cries of Hash Shit (for coming in last and having lost his flock) were quickly converted to counter-intuitive shouts of praise and adulation. Not a pretty sight.



Lucky Lek stand-in - visiting Penang hasher Itchy Bai (Itchy Pussy in English) - declared “**Anounmen**”. Singha entered to announce the Koma Run but was detail-challenged by a bout of alzheimer’s. “So ... Koma ... Tuesday... sometime ... somewhere! Look at the fucking website!”

Six **Virgins** were suckered and soaked followed by Fungus summoning “beer-truck technician” Toey No Name for having attended 100 runs without paying a single baht. She’d asked Fungus for a 25 run shirt which he promised in exchange for 100 baht and “next to skin” call. Now that was a fair exchange.

For **Run Offences**, Manneken Piss conducted an Inquisition as to why pink paper was placed on the run/walk split. Fungus appealed for support but got fuck all. Guilty as charged your Eminence! Singha called out Toey No Name (her again!) for secretly taking selfies whilst wearing the GM's hat; a treasonable act which would have resulted in the culprit being hanged, drawn and quartered in days of yore. In these days of weak, lily-livered political correctness, however, she was down-downed instead.

Exit Baldrick, enter Blackadder! Lesser Dipshit now dons the GM crown and henceforth doth conduct the proceedings. Call-ins for **Birthdays** (J.C., Butt Plug, Not Long Enough and a virgin hasher) and **Visiting Hashers** (3 guys from Penang HHH). Tight Fit calls in the Penang HHHers for flying into Phuket on Friday night in the middle of an alcohol sales ban. Great timing, schmucks. (Scribe note: Could the word "Penang" be onomatopoeiac for "organisational fuck up by a group of Malaysian hashers"?)



Blue Harlot had already pre-warned ex-GMs that they would each perform a **Steward Spot!** It was a decision he might, in retrospect, have regretted...

- Who The Fuck Is Alice gave a speech in French and then iced Fungus. At least we all understood the sentiment.



*Short Circuit on the left;
Topoff on the right*

Not Cleaver called in Topoff and his "dad" Itchy Bai. Basically Topoff needs to get a new headscarf and a decent beard. (Scribe deliberation: NC should have called in Short Circuit and a Scud lookalike and re-enacted a version of "It Ain't Half Hot Mum!" (Brits only))

- Tootsie called in WTFIA but the scribe couldn't catch why exactly due to some noisy bastards talking on the fringes (later iced)..
- Lucky Lek pointed to his arse and announced he had taken his medicine for Humouroids. He then sang two verses of Amazing Grace leaving the scribe wondering whether he ever knew

the words at all!

- Merkury apologised for not being able to sing or dance ... so he would do what he did best and tell a joke. He called out Figjam and SAD Gobbler and got some way into the story before making a balls-up of the punch line. So Merkury can now add joke-telling to his impressive repertoire of abject failures.
- Manneken Piss pulled in Rampant Rabbit. RR had gone to a massage parlour stripped off and covered his modesty with a (small) towel. 15 minutes into the massage the towel starts to hover. The girl says "Would you like a wank?" "Yes", says Rampant. "Great!" she says. "I'll be back in 5 minutes!"
- SAD Gobbler extolled the virtues of the word "Fuck" The mayor of Hiroshima used it ("What the fuck was that noise?") as did General Custer ("Where the fuck did those Indians come from?")

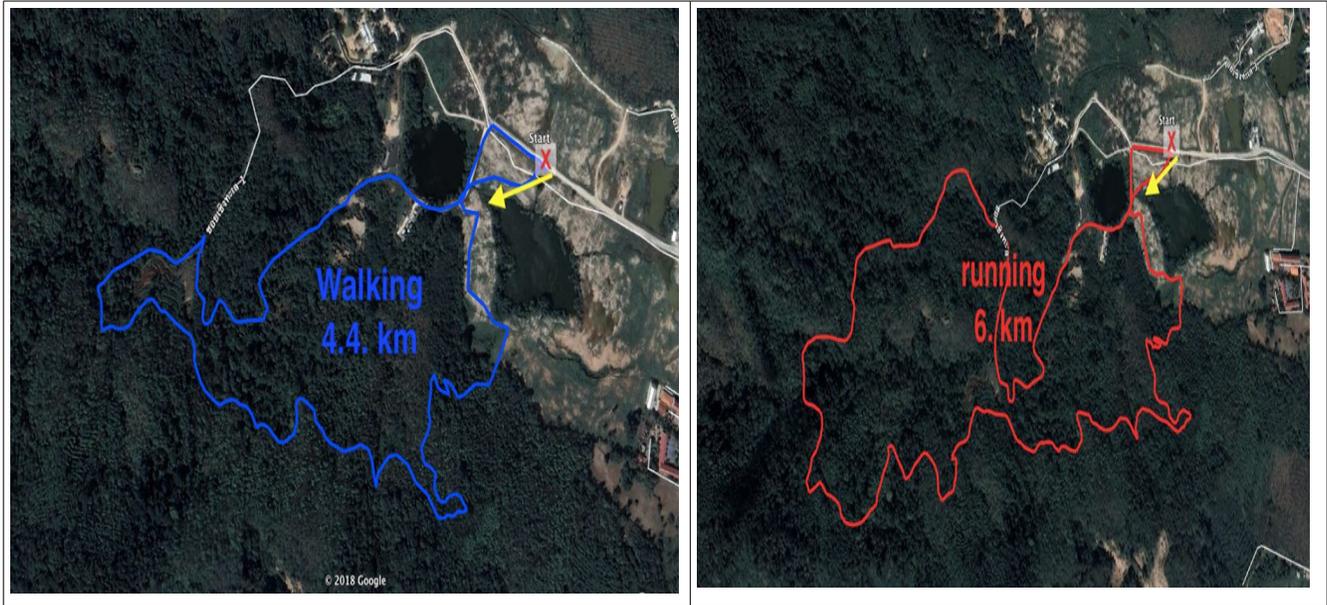


- Blue Harlot's turn. Rampant Rabbit, SAD Gobbler and J.C, visit the new bakery shop on the corner. Sales assistant Twice Nightly is wearing a very short skirt, a skimpy blouse and little else. Rampant sees the raisin loaf on the top shelf "A raisin loaf, please." TN climbs the ladder and the guys get an eyeful. When she returns to the counter, Rabbit says "Can you make that two loaves, please?" TN climbs the ladder. Another eyeful. She returns to the counter and SAD says "A raisin loaf for me too, please." TN climbs the ladder and finally susses out what their game is. She returns to the counter and says to J.C. "Are you raisin as well?" J.C. furtively looks at her and says "No, but I am feeling a little quivver!"
- Flying Dickhead calls in all the Iron Pussy ex-GMs and arranges a photo shoot.
- Gorgeous You Wanker declares he was the longest serving GM (15 months June 1987 to September 1988) and stated it seemed like a long time to him. Everybody agreed wholeheartedly with that sentiment.

Shirts were awarded to Just In Beaver for 25 runs, Grumbling Bitch for 50 runs and Wilma for a magnificent 600 runs. Wilma was praised by Lesser Dipshit for the amount of work he perpetually does for the hash behind the scenes. Grumbling Bitch bowed down to demands for the removal of her shirt only to flash an undergarment with the words "Fuck U" to disappointed male hashers.

Departers are Go Go Trump and The Invisible Man (Was he ever here?)

New **Runmaster** SAD Gobbler elicited a “Good Run” from the mob despite some multi-colour trail confusion (Scribe note: Singha privately admitted he was solely responsible for the blue trail and that No Hope laid “that bit” using his truck). The “Trump-like” withholding of said information allowed Singha and No Hope to escape the igmony of the Hash Shit. Instead, and out of nowhere, Fungus found himself in the circle and, a propos nothing in particular, was awarded **Hash Shit**. Consensus was unanimous.



The circle disbanded, leaving the local police wondering what the fuck was going on with all that beer being consumed on what was a state-declared alcohol-free day.

ON ON, TIGHT FIT (Scribe)
JOIN US ALL NEXT WEEK FOR FUN AND FELLOWSHIP