

## Scribe Notes Run #1696 Kathu, 4 August 2018

As the ambulance roared past the bus on the road behind Loch Palm we wondered if our Glorious Leader (who finally turned up to assume his appointment) was proving to be consistent- fortunately on our arrival it turned out not to



be for him.

The Hares briefed us and off we went into the hills- well one hill that went on forever. Bearing in mind Murkury's dog had been savaged on the recce it was with some trepidation that we set out. The Stand in Runmaster (the aptly named Buttplug- who seems to fill every crack in the Committee at present) described it as defying the laws of physics- questioning how a run can go up for 50 minutes but descend for only 5 (326m of elevation gained on this C/S's



Garmin)

There were some great trails and hard work- some of us blew it at the crossover on return (despite Rampant Rabbit lurking at the start and giving the in trail away) and came in on the steep concrete track, Buttcycle managed to come in on a motorbike from Manik Dam. We never did identify the dickhead (with a North American accent) who on spotting 30 runners at the top of a steep hill enquired 'are you on paper'? Suitable retorts were issued.

Having done the full run and overshoot the Scribe returned just in time for the Circle and a well-earned beer. The Emperor GM clearly wanted new clothes- first stating that he be proclaimed King, then downgraded himself to Lord and gave it up as a bad effort for no one was having any of it. He then thanked the crusty old Hashers for supporting him since he joined the Hash many moons ago.

The Scribe was then summoned to explain the contents of last week's report and the Blackadder connections (it's still on the web) but he demurred to Associate Scribe Tight Fit who was actually responsible for the content. Baldrick and Blackadder were thanked for their stand in performance last week. Fungus was then iced for being Fungus followed by the GM trying to interfere with his hash name by invoking Game of Thrones (no- I've never seen it either). Again we mutinied and he remains Fungus.

Finally we got back on track and the Hares (Murkury, JC and Rampant Rabbit) were called in to be thanked for



their efforts- it turned out that the Antipodean Twosome were no longer on speaking terms and the likelihood of them ever haring together again was akin to the occurrence of snow in Phuket. Hash Horn (the newly anointed Soi Cowboy) was then rewarded for a sterling job on the run

In a slight deviation early Run Offences were called for. Repressed One was presented with this week's Hash Crash for a spectacular wipeout just 10m after crossing the road and Rampant Rabbit was presented with a solution to



his incontinence problems on the bus.

The Hares for the previous run at this location were then punished for leaving a sign behind for a few weeks before Porn Shop recovered it Murkury was heard to mutter 'he (JC) only had ONE frikkin thing to do after the run'.

Our Mexican Bandit then went off track, failing to grasp the concept of a 'Run Offence' and gave us a rambling account of how he always got Flying Dickhead's daughter's (the one banned from the hash for singing HBYC at school many moons ago) name wrong in the past. True to form he STILL got it wrong, leaving her to be named 'The Other Way



Round (at which point The Blue Harlot's

beer nearly went down the wrong way). JC then moaned about the timings for paper laying (as opposed to laying Paper), which saw him having to fork out for his own birthday present- plants from Paper.

Semen then got Chastity Belt and Too Old to F\*ck in and explained that the best way for them not to get lost was to stay on the paper.

Returners were in next but the GM didn't care where they'd been so swiftly on to Virgins, of which Top Off had provided the majority. One of them later retorted 'that wasn't as bad as you said' so Top Off had clearly breached the



Code of Silence. The GM then pointed out that The Blue Harlot had just passed his lucky number run '888' and iced the Scribe for asking about '666'- The Number of the Beast.

The Mighty Quinn came in as Steward- he warned us that the best thing to do if The Blue Harlot approached you before a run was to head in the opposite direction or end up where he was. We then had an interesting game of 'fruit or vegetable' (you had to be there), followed by the NATO game- of which some member states were present and some weren't in NATO. TMQ finished his spot with the words 'thank you GM- I failed miserably'. At least he did it though. At some point he and Fungus were on the ice 'nuts to butts' as Fungus describes it but I forgot why.



The GM then had everyone in of a certain age to do the Macarena, which was apparently 22 years old this week.



As the beer was kicking in 'interesting'.

some of the dancing was

Kentucky Fried Piles was complimented on his massive seat (that's chair to me and you) but his tiny umbrella



failed to impress. TBAC was asked

worn out shoes- it transpires that he has another pair but they are too new AND don't fit (specially bought in Bangkok by his girlfriend). Be on the lookout for a pair of yellow shoes.

why he was struggling round the run in

Just over time the stand-in Runmaster came in and amidst a pathetic rendition of the Hares song pointed out the laws of physics as commented on above and that if it was raining we would have needed a lot more Hash Crash helmets. Good run was awarded and Fungus retained the Hash Shit.

Circle closed and we all went on our merry way with Rampant Rabbit eager to check out his new incontinence device- unfortunately the ladies hijacked the bus for a pee stop so he will have to wait until next week.