



## SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1701

Saturday 8<sup>th</sup> September 2018

Hares: Singha & No Hope

Location: Tanyapura

[phuket-hhh.com](http://phuket-hhh.com)



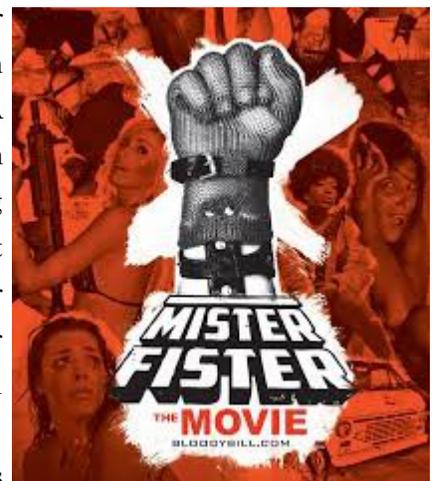
*Hares Singha & No Hope*

May the assembled throng please rise for President Jaws (Make the Hash Great Again) who, as we shall note, did not ice Fungus once throughout the whole proceedings. A complete dereliction of duty which should, nay *must*, be corrected next week. Confidence in the proceedings were rocked pre-circle when the GM asked the Scribe if he might help to interpret his scrawled crib sheets. Clearly this wasn't done. We are living in strange times indeed.

Normality returned temporarily with a call to Hares Singha and No Hope - a couple of pros if ever there were. A well-regarded run with more water features than Disneyland. Billy No Mates complained that the deepest crossing - coming to knee level for most - came up to his chest. Fungus struggled without his snorkel. It's called Natural Selection.



**Run Offences:** An over-excited Mister Fister called out Twice Nightly for whom he held down some barbed wire to ease her passage and for which he was rewarded with a brush of his upturned thumb against her groin. A close brush - or not, depending on her personal grooming. GM calls in Bum Scraper for booting her dog in the bollocks for trying to shag Merkury's mutt. Karma was duly re-balanced when Bum Scraper was sent arse-over-tit by said canine.. St Blow Job calls out Tequilla Slapper for sporting two muddy handprints on her rather appealing rear end. A number of suspects were called out, Cinderella-Slipper style, to find a match. High on the list should have been the French but the gallic shrug prevailed. Prime suspect should have been Mister Fister as the two thumb marks disappeared into ... well, disappeared. Ah yes, the Fickle Finger of Fister has been busy this weekend and shall probably remain unwashed for some time.



**Visiting Hashers:** After Birth, Cold Cuts, Beer Fuck and Pigadildo were welcomed to the humble PhuketH3 by Blue Harlot whose impromptu appearance in the circle threatened to usurp the position of the GM. When GM pre-announced that BH could have another impromptu spot next week BH replied “Then it wouldn’t be fucking impromptu would it, you cunt!”

**Returns:** Rotary Wanker, Two Dogs Fucking, Not Long Enough and Going Down

**Hash Handles:** Recent hasher Champ Champ needed a new name but the pack were not able to agree; the decision would be deferred. The wife of Lizard-eating Cunt was awarded Forked Tongue. The husband of Wet Wet Wet was handled Eins Zwei Drei

**Virgins:** Newkumer Payatit was completely led astray but Butt Cycle who, on ignoring the Hares starting instructions, duly departed on the in-trail. Both were rewarded with an ice bath.



*Never follow Butt Cycle*

**Steward:** Much-respected, 5th PhuketHHH GM Flying Dickhead’s first task was to name Always Wet as his Whipping Girl. However, as AW was abstaining from alcoholic beverage (due, as someone heckled from within the Scribe’s ear-shot, from a course of strong antibiotics) the task was

handed down to Soi Dog (who, incidentally, was not awarded a single penalty drink). King Klong, Butt Plug and Hangover were called out for giving piss-poor measures of DD nectar. Good call. Mean bastards. GM was admonished for taking advantage of Hangover, Merkury and Wilma as they helped fix a dud battery on the Jawsmobile. He’d promised them all a beer or two for their efforts and subsequently failed to deliver. Mannequin Piss was called out for declaring, SAD Gobbler style, that walkers were not true hashers and their opinions meant nothing. F. Dickhead pointed to Singha (“The older we get, the better we were”) and other elder statesmen and asked MP to deny their hash credentials. No defence m’Lud.

F. Dickhead calls in the GM and declares that he himself awarded Jaws with his Hash Handle when he turned up to the Hash with his jaw wired closed (Aside from Merkury: “What cunt took the stitches out?”) Which emphasises once more the Jaws might well be a walking disaster area what with his multiple “incidents” over the years. As a result Jaws has designed yet another t-shirt (see picture) which, he thinks, will make the pack more inclusive ... and would hide any further such embarrassments during the term of his GM-ship



*Jaws all-inclusive new hash shirt design*

**Other stuff:** Goes Down was talking to her parents via Line video. Forgetting she was on video she momentarily puts the phone on the table and (for some reason) proceeds to take off her clothes thus almost giving her father a near heart attack. Singha calls in last week’s Hares (17k run) Merkury, J.C and Fungus (surprise, surprise!) and politely asks them “Not to fucking do it again!” Fair comment.

**Run Master:** Not Long Enough eulogised No Hope and Singha for being great Hares, mentioning that No Hope had set 111 runs (Singha being on 85 or more?). Singha himself declared this run the Readymix Run ... with

enough sand and water to build a housing estate. He wasn't far wrong. Run Master self-declared a Good Run without putting the motion to the floor (we all agreed anyway). Fungus got to retain the Shit for another week (at least).

Circle closed.



### **On On! Tight Fit (Sous Scribe)**

**Join us all next week for more Fun, Frolocks and Fellowship.**