



Scribe Notes Run #1702 Chao Fa West, TOT, 15 September 2018



Looming black clouds and gusts of wind did nothing to deter the stalwarts of the Hash and a respectable pack of 92 turned up to brave the offerings of today's Hares (Murkury and Mannequin Pis). Mannequin Pis' parting comments were 'you should all be back in about an hour'. Hopes that Murkury's testosterone levels had finally settled and we would not be subject to yet another set of hills were quickly dashed. On reaching the run/walk split Grumbling Bitch muttered 'I'm not going up another fucking great hill' and disappeared on blue.

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On we trudged along a muddy track under the pylons and then turned back onto another muddy track (spot Google Arse in the photo). top of a concrete road, only his mates lying in wait for bit mixed up at this point and ahead of them (more on that and we returned to the laager runners to figure things out have thought that all the the route away.



Runners perked up when they got to the to find the angriest dog on the island and them. The front runners seemed to get a Fungus appeared about 10 minutes later) claiming he 'won'. Up a final FBH in just under an hour to wait for the front and get in just over an hour. One would walkers in front of them might have given

With the clouds continually taunting us our fearless leader (dressed as Santa Claus for some reason we never



fathomed) called the circle to order.

5 minutes later he had another go as his powers of authority seemed to be waning- the lack of sun must have run his batteries down.

Finally we puddled up and the Registrars were called in for some reason that was missed due to people yakking.



There was a great roaring of engines then as Lizard Eating Cunt reversed his truck into the circle to provide a seat- he should have been iced but the GM took pity on him.

The Hares came in at last and were chastised for their run directions which stated that the road had been fixed. This proved not to be true as out intrepid Hash Flash, Google Arse managed to fall off his bike at the same point he did last year (it turns out the GM had made this bit up as Google Arse had turned up in his car). Fortunately this year the bus made it up the hill without any problems, saving its passengers a 400m walk to the laager. The GM started blowing



kisses and making heavy passes at Murkury which saw the Scribe iced for asking if he wanted to thank him or f**k him.

The GM then called in the Runmaster and quoted loads of statistics about Haring, which boiled down to the fact that a very small cadre of people are actively Haring and we need fresh faces. 14 people (3 of who are no longer with us) have Hared over 50 runs and only 5 are currently laying runs. The message was don't be afraid to Hare a run and feel free to consult with more experienced Hares if you want to do one. Fungus was iced at the point for querying if one of the 'over 50s' had their number for laying runs or laying hares. Hangover was in next with his tales of woe to calls of 'are you not in prison yet' and 'about time you got your arsehole stretched again' and the hat was passed round. Hopefully all will be well next week and we will have our stalwart Hasher and Beer Trucker back with us.



On to Run Offences with Tequila Slapper and Skinny Russian Chick in for blocking the trail whilst taking pictures- not once but twice. Teacher's Pet followed for actually running on

the Hash- the first time in at least 15 years. The Front Runners were called in for doing what they do best- racing instead of hashing and consequently screwing up.

The calls of 'Hares in the circle' went unheeded when the first of three motorbikes drove through the soggy polluted (GM's words) site, then Fungus and Accident were punished for pre-receiving the run. It turns out it was a genuine accident on Accident's part but Fungus didn't have a leg to stand on and paid the price.



On to Admin and the three Virgins were quickly dealt with. The Mighty Quim failed as Fungus' understudy and completely cocked up the ice water.



14 Returners were next and then onto numbered runs. Male members of the circle were very disappointed when Cumscrapers and Accident received their 25 run shirts but a few perked up when Happy Slapper's 50 runs were announced, only to be disappointed when she was found to be AWOL. Further to this it was revealed that Granny Tequila Slapper had registered her even though she hadn't turned up. Naughty Granny was subsequently punished for this blatant corruption in manipulating the figures. At this point TMQ was busted for wearing a forged 1100run shirt but yet again Fungus copped the blame.

We finally got around to Steward Tight Fit who played it safe and got himself two Whipping Boys (Mick the Virgin and Dirty Harry)- one for laughs and one for groans. Tight Fit was not familiar with the concept of a 'Rosie Joke' at the start of proceedings as he'd never been on the receiving end of one but had come to grips with it by the end of his spot.

Far too many one liners to repeat but they were crackers. A quick selection- 6 out of 7 dwarves aren't Happy, Seamen constantly wakes up with a headache and sore ears, the new job in Seoul is a Korea move, blowing up a bouncy



Castle isn't the same in Iraq, and why does Paper have 'Bob' tattooed on her erse (answers on a postcard to JC)? At the end of the spot Tight Fit received a long sentence from the language police for his great effort on the day.

Time was pressing as were the clouds so Not Long Enough proceeded to cock up the Run Vote yet again. The vote was interrupted when, with a loud clang, Skinny Russian Chick managed to drive her car into a hidden hole and got



stuck. Having decided the vote was more important we left her to it and continued. NLE had decided that as he 'won' it was a Good Run and without a vote it was declared such. Murkury and Mannequin seemed a bit bemused by the proceedings s but were happy with the 'vote'.

Despite the input of 60-odd drunken opinions on how to extract SRC's car from the hole we quietly got on with it



and she was back on the track very quickly. At some point the GM closed the circle but most had already wandered off and no one seemed to notice.

Rumour has it that Secret Agent Dick Gobbler is back next week to get a grip of things but until then Fungus retains Hash Shit. Oh, hang on- Fungus is a Hare next week so anyone want to place a bet?

On On.