



Scribe Notes Run #1705- Soi Sucks, Rawai, 6 October 2018



It didn't bode well for the day as the GM was seen departing the circle as the bus arrived. He hadn't in fact given up on us- it turned out he had forgotten something at home (or as he put it 'I was individually drying every piece of Pink Paper'). The Hares, led by Who the Fuck is Alice, promised a flat run- an interesting comment and correct if one lives in the Himalayas.

Off the pack departed and climbed for a good 15-20 minutes, only to then contour and descend on very slippery paths with rocks rolling past the runners. A lot of people bailed out at the run walk split, knowing the ascent of Kilimanjaro was still to come. On the rejoin both walkers and runners had an extremely slippery ascent (sometimes on hands and knees) to reach the final summit and coast back down to the laager. It seems the lessons of the past few weeks arduous runs have not sunk in and it's a good job the heavens held off for an hour as there would have been very serious issues out on the trail.

As it was the Front Runners took over an hour and the rest of the pack trailed in after them, some still coming in towards the end of the circle. Given the animated conversation between Google Ass and the Lead Hare he was not particularly impressed yet again with the directions- subtitles would have proved interesting. At this point Fungus grew about a meter in stature as he felt the weight of Hash Shit about to float off his shoulders.

The GM called the Circle to Order, then called the Circle to Order, then called the Circle to Order as no one seemed to notice him. Hares WTFIA, Heru, Kiss My Ring Franck and Virginie were called in and it was noted that with half the pack still missing things could get interesting at which point fungus had another little burst of glee (or was that 'wee'?). Franck and Virginie were presented with their Virgin Hare shirts amongst questions of why they would ever want to Hare with the 'Merde Team'.

The Blue Harlot added his two pence worth with a song for the Hares to the tune of 'If you're happy'- 'If you think the Hares are Cunts clap your hands' to which there was an outburst of spontaneous applause lasting over a minute. Returners included Craven Image, Belly Dancer and Disparou amongst others.



The non-Chiang Mai Hashers

were in next, two Americans on a Hash World Tour – Hot Pockets and Nehneh (?).

This was followed by the rabble from Chiang Mai. Belly Dancer was keen to point out it was ‘Hashers from



Chiang Mai’, NOT

the

Chiang

Mai Hash- seems things are as happy as always up there! Sweet Pea was outnumbered by the male hashers 10 to one and will be the lone representative from up north on the IP. At the circle we only had 6 CM’ers but fortunately by the end their numbers were back up to 11. There were possibly two Virgins welcomed as well but the Scribe notes are a bit pulpy- welcome to the Hash if you were.

On to the burning question and the Orange Buffon’s antics of the week. Main player was of course Supreme Court Judge designate Kavanagh and his drink and other problems. The GM questioned as to how anyone in the US could have a drink problem when their beer contains less alcohol that Rowntree’s Wine Gums. The Scribe realizes that there are no politics on the Hash but as what is currently going on in the US resembles nothing like politics the OB’s actions get a bye.

The Scribe was having a conversation about whether or not the Hash was struggling for Stewards given some of the recent performances, just as Gorgeous came in as the Steward and asked the same thing. He may have got the Hares in but it was missed. We had a long tale of one of his antics whilst GM (surprise, surprise) and Lucky Lek then came in as

the Steward had promised him a beer. At this point the heavens opened and Gorgeous cowardly handed over to Belly Dancer. The Scribe attempted to struggle on but things are a bit thin from now on.



Poor old Belly Dancer had no chance. The circle descended into chaos as over half the pack headed for the hills (well- back to their cars as no one was going up another hill). He got all the hashers FROM Chiang Mai in but never got to the bottom of where Cartoon had disappeared to yesterday. Creature and Wilma were in for something then Fungus for being over-excited and attention seeking.

Belly Dancer announced that Pre-Registration would soon open for the Indo-China Mekong Hash to be held IN (not BY) Chiang Mai next year. Details to follow but there will be preferential registration for Phuket Hashers so watch this space.

The GM called for Run Offences but there were none forthcoming as the few remainders were struggling to see the circle and keep their beer dry. Hot Pockets stepped valiantly to the floor to try and identify the 'Hunk with the 6 pack' on the run. There was much muttering and scratching of heads to who she could be on about on this Hash then we



realized the only one fitting the bill was Hangover. Just for you then Hot Pockets- the only other 6 packs on this Hash are beer.

Although the Run Vote was conducted part way through the circle to try and drum up a bit more enthusiasm and more than 6 participants the outcome is here. The Hares were called in and it was pretty clear from the start which way the



vote was going to go. It was almost decided before the Runmaster got started. He was actually fairly gentle with the Hares, given their age- it's a good job SADG wasn't taking the vote. The inevitable happened and Fungus was finally relieved of his burden with a fully deserved Hash Shit for Lead Hare WTFIA.

A very black day and a very wet and black end to a very black run so the Circle was closed and off we went,



soaked to the skin.

Further drama ensued on the Expat bus when after 3 confirmations of 'is everyone on the bus' we pulled away, only to find everyone was NOT on the bus. Anytime decided to grace us with his presence a few minutes later and we were finally on our way.

On On to next week and Thalang Showgrounds.