



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1711

Saturday 17th November 2018

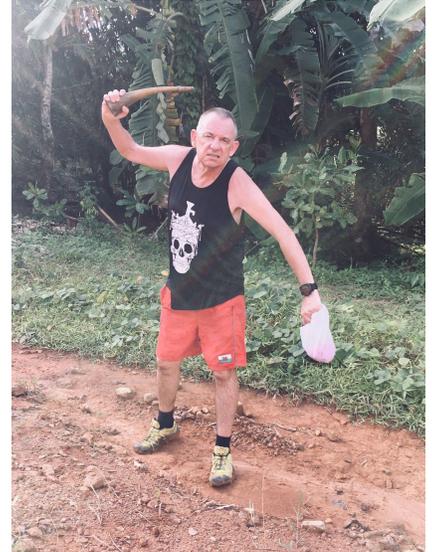
Hares: Singha, No Hope and Fungus

Location: Baan Lipon

Imposing the Hash Horn on **Jungle Balls** was a bit like having Stevie Wonder direct traffic at Chalong Circle. And so it was proven when he came in next to last with a full bag of pink paper. And no matter how hard JB shouted "Good Horn" ... there weren't many voices of support. No doubt one of the more "adventurous" decisions to fall under Judge Jaws' gavel so far.

The Hares and the Run

Hearts missed a beat and expletives were swallowed when advertised Hares **No Hope** and **Singha** revealed that they were assisted by no other than **Fungus**. The scribe has never personally attended a Rainman run to be other than "Good Run" and today was now looking to be a first. But **No Hope** was lighteningly quick to defend the unholy alliance by pointing out that **Fungus** was purely there in an oversight capacity (and hopefully not in a Whittaker / Mueller sort of way). And so it was to prove. With a run at 7k - short-cutting to 4.5k - it gave the pack a good hour of trailing. Nice undulating trails, falsies into pineapple fields, and copious amounts of mud glorious mud; the only thing missing was the Rainman trademark water obstacles. But hey, no complaints about that.



The Hares took great pride in the location of the post-run circle, placed as it was beneath a spanking new pylon. It was almost like a Hash Temple and perhaps it was no coincidence that the weather Gods smiled down on PH3 for yet another day of perfect hashing weather. **Singha** declared on the bus on the way home that he had been aided by "his two little nurses" in setting the trail. "I just pointed to a spot with my stick and they laid paper." Yep, **Singha** has a way with women. Also noteworthy is that this was **Singha's** 90th PH3 Hare. Well done guys, nice run. As always.

Point of Administration

Registrars called out **C*** Face** for drinking without paying. **Lucky Lek** “anounmened” and **Twice Nightly** announced something which most warm-blooded hashers didn’t quite pick up owing to the fact that the multi-tasking feat of listening and ogling was one task too many for mere male mortals.

Virgins and Visiting Hashers

A total of five virgins faced the ice bath including one young lady with a low cut top. **Harry Houdini** was more than sprightly in positioning himself at the most convenient position to take what sounded like a fair number of snaps. **Houdini** may have been using a telephoto lens or he just may simply have been pleased to see her. Who knows? Answers on a postcard. A **No Name** hasher from HK / NZ was hash-handled “**Forjerkoff**” by the C*** faced one on account of the fact that the hapless hasher was 15% Russian? Mmmmm ...

Some Random Stuff

Just Perfect doing some very unhashlike moonlighting and winning medals. Likewise, Gerbil for her half-marathons. What on earth is this hash coming to, one might ask! **Fungus** iced for losing the Hash the highly lucrative Triathlon marshalling job. **Too Old To Fuck** for drooling over **Butt Plug** lathering himself up after the run. (Hash Handle change suggestion: Too Old To Wank).

Numbered Runs

Billy’s Only Mate (25), **Sweet Pussy** (50), **Shit Here** (50) and **Semen** (50).

Steward Spot

Scrubber invited Iron Pussies to throw eggs at each other. It might have been erotic had **Fungus** not spent the whole spot chatting to the Scribe and asking for a puff on his cigar (????)

Other Stuff

Mannequin Pis calls in **Wilma**. Apparently **Wilma** had some Danish friends over for a stag do at which he got stuck into the amber nectar. When encouraged to drink more, Wilma held his hands up in surrender. “I don’t want to drink too much as I always hash on Saturdays and I want to be ready and fit for tomorrow’s run. To which one of his friends replied “Lidt sent for det du dumme kusse. I dag er det allerede lørdag”. Or loosely translated as “It’s a bit late for that you stupid boy. Today is already Saturday”. (Although “dumme kusse” doesn’t really mean “stupid boy”).



SAD Gobbler called out **Scrubber** for bringing her most disruptive dog to the Hash and asked her to desist from bringing the “stupid fat fuck” ever again. (Hash Handle Suggestion: Stupid Fat Fuck for **Scrubber**’s dog). FRBs **MasterBaker**, **Not Long Enough** and **The Repressed One** should save some of their energy for the circle and tell the odd joke or two. Nope? OK, then. **Campari** calls in **Jungle Balls** and waves his hands around in typically emotive Italian style remind him what a crap Hash Horn he truly was. We almost expected JB to be ducking items of thrown crockery.

Returnees

Six reduced to five as **Jungle Balls** was iced for declaring he returned from being lost on trail.

GM Decides to Take On Steward Spot #2



The idea of bringing a list of jokes to circle would have been a good one if the GM had remembered to bring his reading glasses. But to all (dis)credit to **Jaws** he carried on regardless. This time he ignored the easy target of German pisstakes and plumped for the French/Belgian contingent. Enter **Tootsie**, **WTFIA** and **Mannequin Pis**. Here is a sample redacted joke. A French taxi driver is getting pissed off with the superior attitude of his American passenger. The Yank points to the Arc de Triomphe and asks "Gee ... so how long it take the French to build that?" "I don't know," replies the taxi driver. "It wasn't here this morning". OK, so we agree Jaws should definitely not give up his day job!!

Run Master

This week **SAD Gobbler** had rightly recused himself from acting as Run Master owing to the fact that he was last week's Shit holder. So, step in **Not Long Enough**. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that **Singha**, **No Hope** and **Fungus** did a marvellous job on today's trail setting which resulted in four more years for **SAD Gobbler**



Finally, funniest event of today was **Fungus** hitting his head on the roof of the Hash Bus. He wasn't even standing on a seat. We understand that by inviting **Fungus** to set a run with some ultra-reliable and well respected Hares, **Singha** and **No Hope** were giving **Fungus** the chance to raise his stature a little, rebuild his shattered self-confidence in the face of the torrent of negative comments on his own trail setting abilities. So, hey, maybe it worked more than we thought possible. (But we love him really!!)

On On!

Tight Fit

Sous-Scribe and Hash Diplomatic Correspondent to Belgium

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