



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1714

Saturday 8th December 2018

Hares: Saint Blow Job, Fungus, Butt Cycle

phuket-hhh.com

A fine sunny day saw the devoted Hashers make their weary way to the laager site somewhere in the jungle near Pa Khlok. The large turnout of excited animals and dogs were drooling at the mouth at the prospect of a 'great run' as advertised.

Fungus had told some naïve Hashers that he could control the weather & he'd have a word with God to keep the breezes blowing (thinks he's Phil Collins 'Jesus He Knows Me' or summat.)

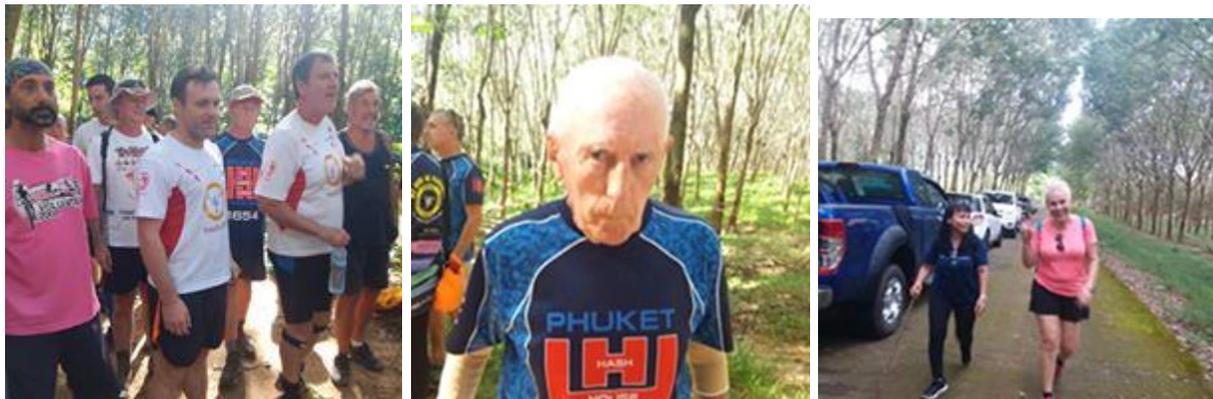
After the hares spent an age describing what trail 'bifurcation' means in words of one syllable to the assembled morons, it was decided to use the term 'split' or 'divide' to give runners directions in future. This very long word was clearly confusing to the English speakers, let alone those poor foreigners struggling to comprehend the nuances of this descriptive language. Don't confuse us again please...we're daft and proud of it!



The run started with a considerable amount of walking, then once across a stream the 'bifurcation' kicked in, runners hopefully going one way and walkers the other. Of course this resulted in the first unintended 'falsie' of the day with people milling about shouting in panic & doubling back crashing into other runners. Once the mayhem had settled down it was business as usual for the FRBs (front-running bastards) who somehow got to the head of the pack & disappeared. The poor Hash Horn must have been confused but did as good a job as could have been expected for a Horny Virgin.

The pack was strung out along the trail early on with some walkers deciding to 'walk the run' & slowing the pace on the single file bits. The devious hares had one or two tricks up their sleeves, like a late stream crossing with no paper the other side...the next paper was in the jungle after we ran around a pineapple field like headless chickens looking for it. Doh! C'mon man! We're TIRED!

Back at the laager site things were hotting up in anticipation of the great GM Jaws opening the circle, which eventually got underway. Champ Champ was called in for Hash Horn 'congrats' & to be given a new hash name as "he doesn't like it". Well tough shit is what I say! But the GM was benevolent & called Lucky Lek in to help out. Lucky Lek said "You farang can call names like Na Hee Man, Asshole, why can't we?" No Hope piped up "Champ Champ means champ of 2 divisions"...Jaws iced him for this crap comment. Suggestions for new name? Crazy shouting ensued....SAD Gobbler shouted the loudest (as usual) "Champ My Ass!" which received unanimous applause & CC will henceforth be known as CMA. Better than Chomp My Ass I guess. Meanwhile Amenhotop was dragged into the circle for another name change by an increasingly-excitabile Lucky Lek, who came up with E-Dok. When asked by yours truly what it meant he replied "Very dirty in Thai!". My mobile phone translator came up with 'Pussy Flower' so I guess that's close enough.....?! The Hares were called in & GM Jaws commented



that he was sick of seeing Fungus's face, to which Gorgeous woke up & filled the silence with "I'm sick of you Jaws!" Brought into the circle holding his obligatory 'special brew', Gorgeous was reprimanded for being a loudmouth but escaped the ice. "Good run?" offered Jaws to the baying crowd, at which point Fungus, a Hare, tried to influence the result by yelling "Good run! Good run!" The ice was inevitable of course.

Various descriptions of the run were put forward by the more literate Hashers amongst us, such as 'interesting', 'pleasant', 'different' & 'beautiful'. While the group's thoughts shifted to loftier heights unfortunately Secret Agent Dick Gobbler's were on the mysterious 'Pink Lady'. He then made a complete fool of himself by berating the poor innocent woman for not wearing a Hash shirt in the circle. She turned out to be a Virgin

so of course didn't have one....sit down SADG! On the ice. "Here's to the ignorant one, he's true blue!"

Last week's Tinmen runners were called in for no apparent reason than to have a down-down beer but no-one complained. Then Mister Fister got in & moaned to the Hares that a HHH direction sign was pointing the wrong way so they had to pay....cue Oh Yeah! & a song with the memorable line "If it wasn't for your mother you'd be a drop of cum!" Charming, from one of Phuket's socialite ladies! On the HHH sign subject, Bullet Rash showed a sign he found at Bang Wad Dam which apparently had been left there 2 months ago and Mannekin Pis was judged to be the culprit. But what did he get? Not the ice, but 2 beers! Bet he'll do the same next time too.

Time for the Virgins to make their entrance & they duly endured the initiation ceremony. Not Cleaver commented that Boyd (a Virgin) looked uncannily like J.C; who is currently suffering from a broken ankle. Hard luck Boyd, but don't let that put you off.

Announcements followed & Jaws told the loud crowd that Dec 22nd would be a 'red dress run' & to bring food if possible, to which SAD Gobbler responded "So?" On the ice again SADG. Dog owners were called into the circle (Swollen Colon's were proof that they are loyal as they followed him in) & suddenly there were 5 dogs assembled in a motley crew with the bedraggled owners. Jaws told them to keep 'em under control, please let's have no dog orgies, rioting, Molotov cocktails etc; but when you've got Hashers doing all sorts of crazy things what chance have the dogs got? Suddenly Wilma was in control of the circle & Lesser Dipshit together with Clit Zipper were called out for strolling along with their hands behind their backs...why? We shall never know. Beers!



Jaws changed the subject & tried getting the Cock-a-Doodle-Doo (think it's Kokado actually but close) PH3 holiday runners in. The Papua New Guinea runners finally had their day in the sun & Mister Fister, Murkury & Bullet Rash rec'd loud applause...Bullet Rash took it up the rear (oh no, he was bringing up the rear) while Murkury rolled down a road & up some stairs somehow. Sounds fun. More beers.

Supanee in the circle for her 25 run shirt – almost allowed to escape without beer. Careful now. You don't wanna do that. Then it was the turn of the Steward for this week – presenting Dr. Fucking Jekyll! After the Hares downed yet another beer the Americans were called to the circle as Dr. F.J. described his sight of a US billboard advertising 'American Circus'. But no pic of a circus, just the White House. Here's to the back-to-front upside-downers! Americans left the circle with their collective tails between their legs (but with a down-down to soften the blow.) The Doc was increasingly aggressive as he got representatives of France(Tootsie), Italy(Campari) & Spain(SAD Gobbler again "I'm part-Spanish, honest guv") into the circle. They were then subjected to an onslaught as to how pathetic their various Bike Tours are, such as the Tour de France, Giro d'Italia & Tour d'España – all won by brave, stylish, athletic Brits. Dr. F.J. told 'em they'd forgotten how to ride....basically they should give up & try something else. As for the 'Tour de Yorkshire'...WTF? Wannabe Froggies? Stick to pie & mash methinks.

But we were still not done as The Doc started singing weirdly while handing out song sheets. Twice Nightly, Pole Position & Always Wet were called to sing the verses while the mob sang something about pig-fucking. At this point the Steward remembered there was another verse so got The Blue Harlot in to sing the last one. Unfortunately his chair followed him into the circle, dragged there by a dog tied to the bloody thing. Oh well, perhaps it thought TBH needed a seat. Very caring, these animals.

Dr. F.J. went on to tell a couple of jokes, one about Bill & Ben the Flowerpot Men saying "flob-a-dob, flob-a-dob-a-dob" to which the other replied "If you really love me you'll swallow that"; another about a Canadian company opening a robotic sex doll business in Reno, Nevada, where men will be able to shag without women's headaches or fake orgasms! He was quite excited by this....is he going to invest in this company? Also in the news "Zimbabwe will spend \$100m on Defence...dee fence will be 5 metres high & go all round dee country".

At this point Returners & Departers were called in & for some reason Murkury called the GM a wanker. I'm sure he's heard worse. Then it was the final showdown as SAD Gobbler was requested to speak & judge the Hash Shit holder. The Hares Song went on & on & on, on as long-forgotten verses were dragged up from the cesspit of Hashers' memories. SADG couldn't get a word in edge-ways, which made a change. He made the point that Shit Here, Accident & King Klong were out there in the jungle so was it a Hash Shit run? The almost unanimous roar said otherwise & Not Long Enough kept his toilet seat award for another week. No-one seemed to care about potential missing Hashers & the circle was immediately closed by the GM Jaws. Straight away the rain started, not a shower but a massive flash flood, so everyone scrambled away to make their way back home. Maybe God was listening to Fungus after all?

All in all, a memorable day out, hopefully enjoyed by all. More of the same nonsense next week of course – be there or be square!

Signing off, your mental Scribe for this week – Invisible Man