



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1721

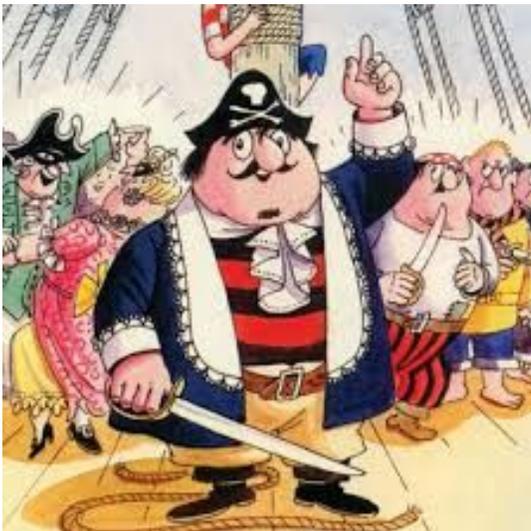
Saturday 26th January 2019
Singha, Ho Hope & Fungus
Ban Hin Lat Dead End Road

Scribeless 1

The Sous-Scribe in Chief awoke this morning from an uncomfortable sleep in which he dreamt of a Hash with no Scribe Sheet. On his watch? No way, Jose! So what follows is a Scribe Sheet written with an absence of notes but with some imagination on what the fuck happened on Run 1721.

Scribeless 2 - Mutiny on the Black Pig

The Scribe originally thought to support the following rant with an anecdote of Jesus Christ taking his last supper with his twelve disciples, one of whom turned out to be a wrong'un. But then, no. Too contentious. And too controversial to suggest that **SAD Gobbler** has nothing on Judas Iscariot. Instead I turn to that most famous of insubordinations; to wit, the Mutiny on The Black Pig.



GM Jaws



Captain Pugwash



Miserable Pleader

Brits of a certain age will remember the '60s antics of Captain Pugwash and his crew Roger the Cabin Boy, Master Bates and Seaman Staines (see post-script at end of rant). Episode 55 (around about 1964) was a shocker. An act of gross insubordination by Roger The Cabin Boy and the crew of the Black Pig. Roll over Marlon Brando ... this was serious shit. So, zooming in on the events of yesterday's Run 1721, the nightmare of Captain Pugwash's dilemma returned in fucking Supermarionation once more (Ed note: Sorry, that's a reference to Thunderbirds).

You might remember that the Collective of Run 1720 has already nominated **SAD Gobbler** as Scribe for the next run. So, come yesterday - just before the run off - the Sous-Scribe-In-Chief

asked the man of multiple-foucking-ethnicity where his pen and paper was. The reply of “Auf deinen Arsch!” was later Google-translated as “Up your arse!”

SAD Gobbler was duly called in the circle and gave a 5 minute expletive driven piss-poor and miserable bout of pleading his defence on his refusal to obey instructions. (No German in his blood, then!) Miserable Pleader!

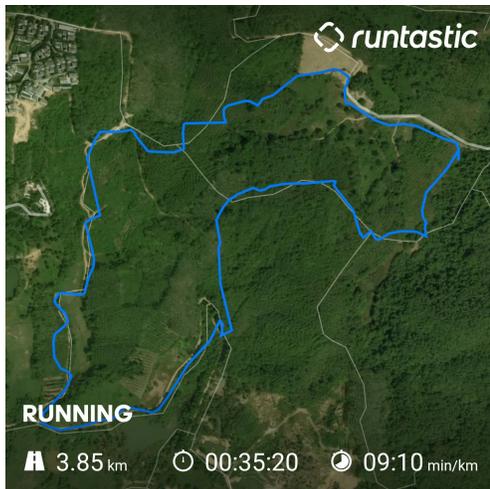
So ... on to other stuff ...

Run and Hares

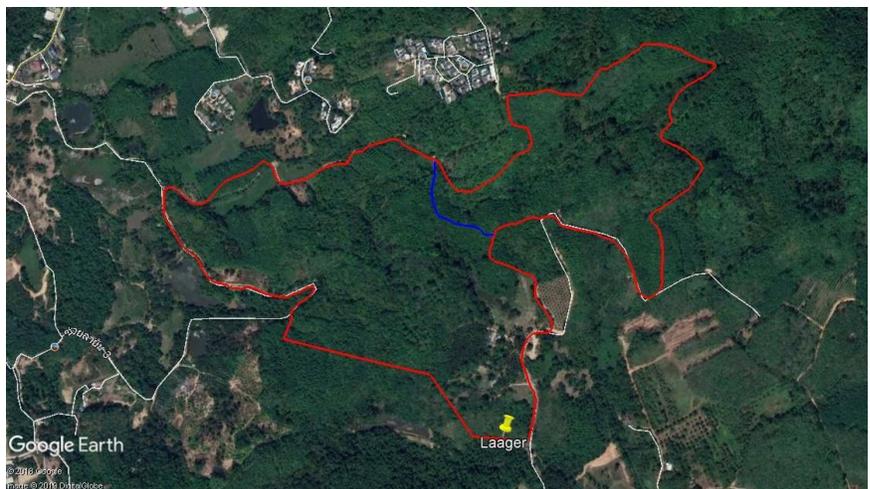


Pairing **Fungus** with Responsible Adults **Singha** and **No Hope** seems to be working out just fine as the Inimitable Little Finger falls in line with standard “Rainmen” custom and practice. Below you’ll see the Runners and SCB runs. The Short-Cutters Run was, according to most SCB/Walkers, was quite superb in its variation and scenery. There are reports of trail confusion at the top of the Runners hill where **Fungus** (probably) escaped his leash and returned to type. But maybe we shouldn’t criticise the fellow too much. Instead, (larger) fingers should be pointed at **Top Off** who was seen at the first split scattering, with gay abandon, pink paper in all directions; a bit like a poor man’s Rhythmic Gymnast at the summer Olympics. No wonder he pissed off home a bit sharpish. Anyhow, in a moment of candidness **Singha** did confess that one of his Little Helpers did much of the carrying and paper laying. “She just drops it where I poke my stick!”. There’s life in the bugger yet!

Top Off and Pink on Trail



SCB Trail



Runners Trail



Hares



A Hut Somewhere



Great Scenery

Shirt Lifters / Visiting Hashers / Retardees / Virginals

Yes ... this all happened. And special apologies for the Shirt Lifters for not recording the recipients of such meritorious awards. These piccies may help soothe your furrowed brows.



Virginals



KL Songmaster



A Shirt Lifter



Are Aussies Shrinking?

Steward Spot



Steward Trainspotter

Admirably performed by Trainspotter whose natural language is not English. You really have to admire wannabe Englishmen (most of the French nation) by telling English jokes to a mostly English audience. But, in the end, the cracks showed with a re-enactment of that popular TV show Jeux Sans Frontieres; the only thing the French have ever won in their lives (apart from their five successes in the Eurovision Song Contest) when Toulouse defeated Wigan in the JSF 1975 final - with the help of rigged voting from the French judges, of course. Anyway ... the Trainspotter piece de resistance was allowing Mercury to re-acquaint his memory to the joys of sexual liaisons past. You know your days are numbered when you can't prick a balloon after 5 minutes trying.

Runmaster

First off, there was no question of this run ever being voted down as a bad run. But there was a definite question - and not the first time - of a bias in the Runmaster proceedings. How the hell SAD Gobbler got away Shit-Free with his dereliction of Hash duty was beyond most. The obvious message to GM Jaws is to crack the whip on unruly hash specimens; a round of flagellation never

hurt anybody. By this Scribe Sheet the Scribe, in the absence of a current holder, doth award this week's shit to Goggler. On second thoughts ... no more subordination, please.

Post Script.

The actual character cast of Captain Pugwash was Tom the Cabin Boy, Mastermate, Barnabas and Willy. The names of Roger The Cabin Boy, Master Bates and Seaman Staines were an invention of the Guardian newspaper which was successfully sued by the creator of Pugwash for reputational damage to his (the creator's) hitherto good character. So now you know.

On On!

Tight Fit

Sous-Scribe-In-Chief. Keeping the Ship Afloat in the Face of Insubordination.

www.phuket-hhh.com



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1721

Saturday 19 January, 2019

Hares: Singha, No Hope and Fungus

www.phuket-hhh.com

The honourable Scribe, generally a willing volunteer has been forced by the GM and democratic manipulation by Tight Fist in to this job. So sorry for the Swiss as I promised I will do a scribe report "uf schwitzer dütsch", but due to the uneducated English and French that are only able to converse in two languages, the one they are born with and Bullshit I am forced English.

But let's start when all was beautiful, FA Cup sleeping besides my truck, while I am smoking a doobie and watching the white birds following the gracing cows in the bushes next to us. Well that was over once the hundreds of Hashers arrived.

First circle; its 3.30PM exact and over a hundred hashers are waiting patiently, until No Hope did remind the Run master to step in and call the circle, this as the GM was nowhere to be found. Well prior to the circle some hashers where eager to know what the run is going to be like. Sir Singha the wise said, that he is not aware of anything that his co Hares may have done, as he enjoyed laying the paper for the short cut, but there was going to be a hill on the run.

So, the GM passes the responsibility



of Hash Horn to a Packi, and well the sound was all over the place, but we did enjoy the sound greatly coming from so far in the back.



So, let's go forward as everybody did get back from the run and the short cut.

Circle starting and still many are getting ready as the ballbuster run delayed the arrival of some.

The GM calling the Hares in and we believe we heard him thanking the boys for the great job.



The gorillas not attending yet, but we did hear the GM coming across shouting with his girly voice box, IN....., Out... and Ice.... Then Tight Fist the great novelist in the circle calling for me, spouting out loud "Insubordination". A great Sin for not sitting down, writing the shit that goes on, which I want be able to decipher the next day. My humble answer was, that I do not need to write down anything, since my brain is far superior and does remember everything. So, the attempt to put me on ice failed this time.

The GM and all had been transformed by the visiting Hashers ability to sing songs we have never heard before. So, the GM used every occasion for this foreign singer to perform. This to the delight of some really senior Harriers



Returners called in for a beer or two, with special honour given to Nuts and Berries, who in turn did the impossible and dared to shower our GM with beer. Well punishment cam instantly and more beer was spilled, this time all over her.

Next in nine virgins and promptly showered with ice water. The shower concentrating



on heads and boobs, missing the young stud, who eventually also got his deserved shower.

No Hope finally got his Happy birthday song, and **WTFIA** did drink out of his new shoes, but not before removing rubbish and a fish from his new shoe.



Great Stewart spot by Train Spoter, if only half the circle would have heard the nice French. So, the following are jokes we did not hear even though Jungle Balls kept trying to raise awareness. Calling in FA Cup and myself, demonstrating how I lie to the police and she telling the truth, and I was supposedly ending the dispute by shouting at FA Cup "to shut the fuck up". Everybody who know me knows the truth. Its her who lies all the time, and when I complain its her that tells me to shut the fuck up. The Stewart ending his spot on very big high. Three sexy Harriettes, Pole position, Oyeah and Twice Nightly, siting opposite to two great Harriers Who the Fuck is Alice and Secret Agent Dick Gobbler, and not so great Fungus. The mission was, to run 5 times around a stick, followed by the run across the circle and jump the balloon on the Harriets lap and vice versa. Well SADG was clearly leading, but partner Oyeah still a little weary from last night in turn was to slow, and Twice Nightly passing her and supposedly winning this race. But no WTFIA partnering TN cheated, and so Oyeah and SADG taking the glory.

Run offences had the GM flabbergasted as no one seemed willing or able to come out. Slowly run offences emerged, like Manikin Piss while near the top using his mobile calling the Hares, asking for directions.



The worst kind of run offence by my humble opinion came from the FRB`s. There must be a God, as the FRB`s near the top of the mountain, on a very steep part lost confidence and asked all followers (the second pack) to check back. So, we did go back down the hill and so forth. The FRB`s remained and did not check at all, only to just keep going up and up on the track they had been on anyhow. Here comes God, not Fungus, on the down hill run a massive false. This made the FRB`s suffer running past the turn in to the jungle, all the way down the hill, only to have to come back up. As we the old boys, the second pack passed them and came in before all of the FRB`s. At that turn in to the jungle is when Manikin Piss started his power run. The hound dog in MP came out, shouting and pushing everyone else down that dangerous track, where I and some others tumbled and left some skin on the track.

We must mention the mountain goat on the way up. Climbing hard, we heard this rumbling in the bush on the steep hill to the right. Who jumps out, Wilma the mountain Goat.

Visiting Hashers a young couple from Chicago had been caught having sex near the circle. The GM made them drink out of the pipe, which they pored all over themselves.

Must mention our honourable historian, Novelist and champion humper Swollen Colon who came in last. His genius left him again and go lost.

Australia day had all Aussies in the circle, while the circle erupted in traditional fashion. It was when they sang, we have no mothers that I challenged accordingly hehe. They all

be so lucky coming from a Continent richer than all, not to mention the world's number 1 Nation in sport.

The GM called the **Run master** and while singing traditional songs, Accident needed to open his mouth but no sound emerged. In order to play down the dog issues Hash Shit did not have to attend, as Good Run was obvious and in turn the circle unanimously called for Good Run.



The GM again nowhere to be found emerged and asked, are we done, and so he closed the circle.

God and GM knows who the scribe for next week is.

On On SADG