

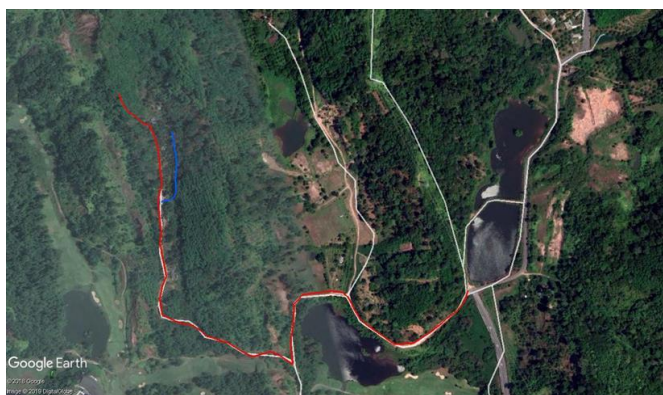


Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report Run # 1740- Saturday 08 June 2019



For some unknown reason a replacement Scribe was not sorted out and we have been Scribeless for a few months now. It only seemed right though, given the significant events on this run that homage be paid and recorded. Notes were not taken so the report will be brief. Apologies for the lack of a full route above but the Scribe turned back after conducting a risk-assessment.

It was pretty clear (pardon the pun) that with the state of the weather only diehard, hardcore, Hashers would be on this run and the lightweights would stay at home. This resulted in a much-reduced (73 souls on board) pack, actually down to the levels some people would like to continue. Allegedly, people got on the Chalong bus and immediately staged a coup, never to be seen again. The Expat bus managed 2 from Kamala and one (dupe) from Patong. Lucky Lek was heard to say that the reason the Thai Connection were AWOL was that they had more sense than to go out in the rain.

As the heavens continued to pour questions were raised as to whether the Hares would take us around the left hand hill or the right hand hill (well there's no other options there to be honest). It turned out to be the left hand hill and



the much reduced pack set out on this week's adventure. It turned out to be an extremely slippery run with a lot of people either turning back or slipping and sliding down hills-there's a difference between 'challenging' and 'dangerous' chaps. Mannequin Pis return with his shorts around his ankles and 2 Virgins only made it back after over two hours- having been abandoned by Go-Go Trump.

Finally managing to herd the cats the GM got started, and the rain steadily slowed down. Before the Hares came in though No Hope was castigated for squandering Hash funds as he had pointed out that traditionally small packs

were rewarded with B40 beers for showing the right spirit and turning up in foul conditions. Following the castigation B40 beers were announced and mayhem commenced. Lucky Lek decided that the GM was improperly dressed and then



dunked his vest in the water before allowing him to don it. The was just after a slight wardrobe malfunction swiftly rectified by Sheeba,

The Hares were thanked for their efforts and Murkury was presented with a 100 Hare t-shirt which bore no



resemblance to what such an honorific should look like. As the fifth recipient of this accolade it's a shame but it turns out we were out of the right shirts (a bit difficult with only a small number of people in the pipeline!).

The GM continued with Admin (he even remembered the Departers for the first time) and the Virgins were dealt with. Well they would have been but they were still out on the run. Go-Go Trump who had brought the Virgins



expressed how she felt about them being lost. The Registrars stood in for them instead. Bunnykin Pis was in as well for some reason that I could not fathom but her ripped skirt generated a few admiring

comments. There were no Visitors or visiting Hashers and Annon-ment were delayed until Lucky Lek made himself respectable again.

Buttplug in as Steward and the Hares were thanked for their efforts, then various members of the Hash were also commended, mainly those others who had Hared through pout the year and also the stewards. Buttplug quite



rightly pointed out that about ten percent of the Hash do 90% of the work and it's about time others stepped forward. Unfortunately I wasn't taking notes but Buttplug was on form and clearly demonstrated that he is a strong contender for GM once he retires and has no life, like the rest of us.

On to Run Offences, again they are a bit of a blur. Numerous comments were made about the run and demonstrations ensued about the tobogganing down the last hill. At this point the Virgins returned and the GM



congratulated them for being dumb assed Americans, only to discover they were Aussies. No Hope called in the GM and Fungus to explain that the rain had nothing to do with the pack being small- it was all down



to Fungus who usurped the GM by going round all week telling people that the GM had said it was a shit, dangerous run and he had actually injured himself. It was then revealed that



Gaypigfucke only turned up (on the bus)

as Buttplug had conned home into believing it



was dry in Kathu. Pole Position was called
[picture so we'll keep it in.

in for something I can't remember but it's a nice

As always for the final run of the Hash Year we were into overtime but it was well worth it as the skies had virtually dried up and we were having a great time. The Runmaster called in the Hares and as tradition demands the GM



ended up with Hash Shit (to be honest
circle was closed and a cold, wet, tired pack headed home for tea and medals.

he probably would have got it anyway! The

Well done again to Murkury on achieving his 100th Hare and the GM for a superb year keeping us entertained in more ways than one. Don't forget AGPU on thursdya- lets see how many Balloon Chasers turn up this year!