



## SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1748

Saturday 04 August, 2019

Hares: Wilma, Manneken Pis, Bunnyeken Pis, Pebbles

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It isn't so often we get a new laager site like today, set well back in a beautiful softly-lighted rubber plantation accessed by a small unnoticed dirt road that none of the old-time Hashers had ever noticed as they drove past it for years along the Chaofa highway. Lucky Lek called Fungus 3 times just to confirm that what he'd confirmed earlier for how to get there was still correct. Correct and still correct. (Haring with LL helps with understanding.) These hares definitely were well on their way to getting a call of Good Run at the end of the circle.

GM Wilma opened the circle a few minutes late due to his timekeeper asking different people what time it was, but no 2 watches were the same. Not phased Wilma proceeded to start with a walk along the outer perimeter of the circle, spraying white paint to mark the DFZ (DOG FREE ZONE), while speaking loud warnings to the dog owners over what would happen if they didn't pay attention. Next from GM was the Dog Leash Rule, specifically needed today to protect the lives of the local geese, chickens, pigs, dogs and other 2- & 3-legged critters living at various points along the trail, to which Manneken Pis quietly said with an ear-to-er grin: and it is a *long* trail. Next rule from GM was the ON ON Calling Rule whereby anyone hearing someone in front of them call ON ON must then also call On ON and so on until reaching the rear of the pack. Certainly there seemed to be a bit more calling today, good call GM and something we should do all the time.

Hinted at today being a bit of a long run Fungus was suggested to call in Mr Fister for the the day's Horn, which he did and for which at the end of the circle MF said to never ask him to do again as he didn't even get a down down for thanks. Oops! And truth be told MF did an outstanding job because there were some really brutal falsies today and at each one MF had to wait until the real trail was found, then lay pink paper before racing to catch up with the front runners, again. If you're reading this don't be shy about saying thanks to these people and even buying them a beer. It is not easy, it's work!

And we haven't even left the circle yet. **Hares in the Circle** for giving the run brief, which began to show a bit of confusion to the pack hearing some differences between Wilma and MP's versions for most of what they spoke about, at the same time. Bunneken Pis and Pebbles wisely stayed silent and soon the pack was off and gone, all that is but the Laager Louts and Paper and La Lasagna, who had waited to be last so they didn't have to keep *their* dogs on a leash. Apparently Jaws, who hates rules, approached them explaining that the GM had explicitly explained that absolutely all dogs must be on a leash. *Fuck the GM* was their sharp reply, which riled Jaws more than a bit so he stated that he also agreed about the leash rule, and he is an ex GM. *Fuck you* was their reply. But for the most part the *responsible* dog owners cooperated, so we're getting there. And BTW, a bit more respect for the GM.

The run really didn't need much more of an introduction than words like: Long, Flat, Sunny, and Brutal Checks & Falsies because that's what the nearly 9 km of it was. We nearly ran to the university and back, crossing and recrossing highways small and large and even negotiated a 5-point intersection. Something new, but consider who the hares are. Somewhere way out near the turning point was a huge meadow crisscrossed with mowed paths that Fungus was seen and later only heard running to and fro within checking. The pack moved on, no one ever saw him come out, but somehow he arrived back at just before the front runners.

GM Wilma opened the circle with the hares getting their well deserved down downs, explaining that the down-down beer would be an assortment of many brands and flavors to help celebrate International Beer Day. Nice.

GM called in Swollen Colon, punishing him for not registering with a nice stout down down. Next was Lucky Lek, not for calling for Announmens, but to serve as GM's Whipping Boy for the day. Suddenly a dog shot through the circle followed by Paper, who was properly iced and given the down down Hat of Hell as a reminder. Actually she got quite a few beers by the time the circle closed.

Barbie Doll came in to sing his rendition of Ice Cold Beer followed by Lessser Dipshit announcing the Tinmen this week to which Swollen Colon chirped in that the trail was shorter than today's and that we would be eating Indian food. We were left to connect the dots on our own.

Wilma had asked the walkers to pay particular attention along the way for what could be Walk Offenses, and now he called them in. This turned into Pooying, and last week, and parking offenses before The Mighty Quim got Jaws in. TMQ had approached Jaws and asked if he could ask him a question. NO snapped Jaws, I'm focused on walking! Manneken Pis got Wilma in for getting lost and laying about 800 m of paper into the zipline property they were to stay clear of that they then had to go back and pick up and hide more with cut branches.

We welcomed 4 virgins visiting from Jamaca. They are professional sprinters but somehow weren't seen by most runners out on the trail. The important point is we iced them splendidly.

Barbie Doll gave the circle three great ballads starting with *Green Green Grass of Home*, then *Why Paddy's Not At Work Today* closing with *Goodbye You All*, sung real tear-like, to which the circle, showing no mercy, returned with a verse of their own, *Fuck Off You Cunt*.

Hares in the Circle to a few rounds of *If she were my daughter...* before the vote of voice was put to the circle. Starting with a great laager, then a real run that had some nice trails and some interesting surprises along the way, and of course having GM as one of the hares...

Good Run, Good Run, Good Run was the chant as GM closed the circle.

OnON  
Fungus, scribe