



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1749

Saturday 10 August, 2019

Hares: Gorgeous You Wanker, Lucky Lek Fungus, Not Cleaver

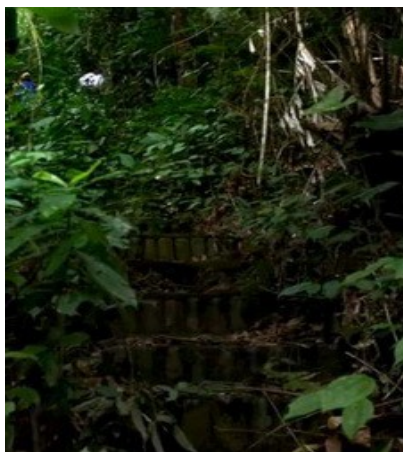
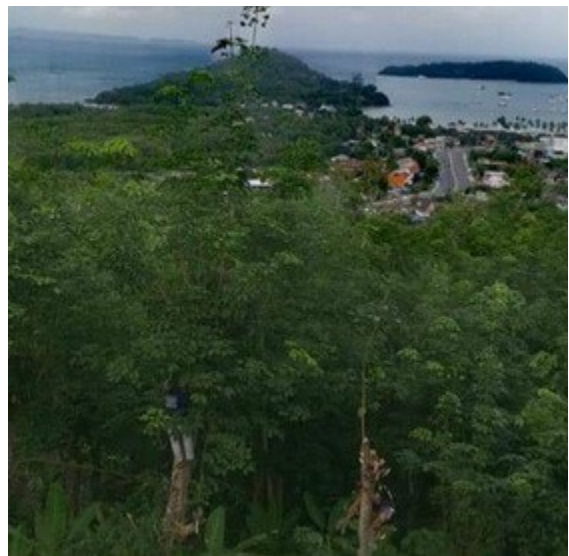
phuket-hhh.com



Having set out for the hash run expecting rain and strong winds, it was a pleasant surprise to have the afternoon turn out dry and relatively cool.

The laager site was exceptional. Flat (always a bonus) with a fantastic view which the land owner enhanced for us by chopping down a couple of trees while we were settling down with our beers. Does this gentleman get the medal for most accommodating land owner ever?

Blue Harlot set a sobering note on the pre-run circle by informing us that Muff Muncher had suffered a heart attack that morning from which he did not recover. Muff Muncher was one of the original Phuket hashers and was remembered by many of the (older) hashers.



The runners set out with great expectations (well, the view had set us up for great things ahead) and we weren't disappointed. Approximately 5.8 km of running along streams, over boulders, down muddy banks and climbing an interminable number of 'bottle steps' which had obviously taken the hares many years to drink and lay, judging by the moss covered bottles. Climbing so many steps meant we didn't have any horrifically steep mountainsides to clamber up, which is always a good thing. Dr Evil did a great job at blowing his horn and the front runners were quite vocal with their shouts of 'On On'. Obviously they had heeded previous attempts at laying shit on them for not being vocal enough.

On approaching the laager I was heard to comment ‘what? We’re here already ?’ Always the sign of a great run.

The laager opened with Not Cleaver being quite vocal in making fun of GM Wilma’s dress sense. Although I think Wilma’s wig, dress and jewelry is quite becoming, I find his big pink donga somewhat disconcerting. Maybe that’s just me.

The GM gave a lecture on NO RUBBISH and the owner of the land specifically asked us to respect this request. As Not Cleaver pointed out, it’s something we really shouldn’t need to be told.

There were plenty of run offenses. Gorgeous was accused of being an idiot. Apparently, while setting up the course, he somehow managed to end up hanging upside down with his ankle caught in a rope which he was, very thoughtfully, setting up to help the rest of us negotiate a particularly steep and slippery slope. Unfortunately there was no photo of this incident as, presumably, the other hares were more concerned with manipulating Gorgeous into standing the right way up. Very thoughtful of them, but next time please get a photo. Here’s how it should be done.

Fungus also copped a run offense for being an ‘abuser’ when he was caught helping Gorgeous remove his clothes. Something to do with Gorgeous being covered in red ants : or so Fungus claims.



Piss Drinker got the piss taken out of him (rightly so) for going to the wrong laager site. Apparently he only lives 10 minutes away from the correct site.

Bluey was in trouble for being found sneakily drinking Heniken Zero beers at a party the previous evening and Jungle Balls was berated for bad parking.

There was also something about all the Tinmen being morons. I didn’t really understand why (??) so just let it pass over my head, accepted it at face value and am duly recording the fact that ALL TINMEN ARE MORONS.

Jaws apparently had an extremely traumatic moment going past the place where he had previously broken his ankle. I’m not sure if he was traumatized by being remembered as the ‘Fat Cunt’, the pain of a broken ankle or the frustration of a lost ambulance. Jaws announced he is now going on a diet .

Breaking News :

Tequila Slapper announced she is going to wear a bikini on the next bike hash. Watch this space.

Wrods of wisdom from Lucky Lek :

‘We live in the future, why we fuck about the past?’
Or something to that affect. Really ? Who knows ?

FA Cup told some very funny jokes. She told a Little Johnny joke about the nature of politics, for which she had to refer to her notes for the punch line, but very well delivered nonetheless. As usual she managed to tell us all something not very flattering about Secret Agent Dick Gobbler. It involved an evening where he arrived home with his shirt covered in vomit and his pants full of piss. All true, no doubt.

There were 5 virgins who actually managed to follow the beer drinking instructions quite well. This is by no means usually the case. Invisible Man appears not to have realized that the male hashers expect (nay, demand !) that the ice water be thrown on the females fronts NOT their backs.

The two visiting hashers very gamely coordinated drinking their beers with PVC arms by assisting each other. This was considered cheating (or at least, using inside information) so they were made to sit on the ice and drink more beer from the beer helmets.

Wet Wet Wet received her t-shirt for 50 runs and very gamely stripped down to her bra to don the new shirt.

Master Baker was welcomed back from his holidays in Sweden. Very glad to have him back leading the way on the run.

Secret Agent had to have the last say. What his point was, I'm not sure, something to do with cricket and the Ashes. Basically all he wanted to say was 'Fuck the fucking Poms!', I guess that was the point.

All in all and excellent run. Thank you to the Hares : Fungus, Lucky Lek, Not Cleaver and Gorgeous you Wanker.



Your Scribe for today,
On The Game