



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1750

Saturday 17 August, 2019

Hares: St Blowjob, Flying Dickhead, Tits For Brains

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Run 1750, hared by Flying Dickhead, Saint Blowjob and Tits For Brains saw the ignoble rabble make their way to the depths of the Paklok jungle.

The Lager site, nestled nicely among rubber trees, offered a fine view of the hills and an opportunity for all to be munched by the local mosquitoes. And for those who made the trip, we all know this was not the only munching done on this fine late afternoon as Mercury's dog made light work of yet another defenseless *Gallus gallus domesticus*. For this transgression, the circle mercilessly taunted Mercury, elevating his status to the Phuket Hashes' most notorious dog owner.

Chicken murder aside, the run was going along well for me until I ceremoniously fell on my hoop, ending the day and my chances for front running glory. Alas, on run 1750 it was not to be. That said, I would like to give a big shout out to Flying Dickhead who rescued me from the jungle and drove me back to the lager with care and attention. Hats off to the man!

As the front runners began to arrive back at the larger, I sat like a cripple with an ice bag on my foot observing the action as it unfolded. To my left, a couple of upstanding gents were having the following conversation:

--Wait until you hear this one

- Fire away mate

--Two hookers have just finished for the night and one says to the other 'Have you ever been picked up by the fuzz.'

--'No, say the other, but I have been swung around by the tits.'

To my right, my finely tuned scribe awareness picked up on another delightful conversation:

--Have you ever read anything by Hemingway?

--No, I don't like reading novels anymore. I simply don't have the time. Sure, why books when you have Netflix?

It was at this point I suddenly realized I was surrounded by serious intellectuals, modern thinkers of the highest caliber; these Hashers, I am very sure, could be called upon to solve life's more complex problems. What might I hear next week? Fierce debates about the Riemann Hypothesis? Theories on the usefulness of integrating Hegelian idealism into our quest to find the absolute.

Who know, eh? But one thing is for sure: as the evening began to invade and the rattle of beer bottles filled the cool air, all people around me were smiling.

Run 1750 must hold a record for the number of dogs on the run and in the circle. Swollen

Colon's dogs earned him numerous free beers, albeit aided by Manneken Pis's maneuverings. Dogs, it seems, are a hot topic on the Hash now, what with dead chickens and all the barking some people are coming to the end of their tether. SAD Gobbler, enraged by the canine situation was heard breaking into a fervent rendition of the animal hater classic 'Kill the dogs... kill the dogs...kill the dogs.' This is all controversial stuff I am sure you will agree.

Fungus called in Campari accusing him of over-mothering his dogs on the trail. The latter admitted to the same and took his down down like a man while cries of 'He make-a the pizza!' could be heard echoing around the laager.

The GM called in the Ruskie Pussy Tastes Cock to be his whipping boy for the day and the big vodka guzzler had no problem packing away all beer thrown at him. A group of Hashers beside me felt that the whipping boy should have been Blue Harlet, for he was sprung shitting in the jungle earlier on the day.

--Surely, it should be the Harlet...

--Shitting offenses aren't taken seriously enough these days.

--I'm with you mate. Spot on.

Talking of shit, Lucky Lek started spouting plenty of it in relation to the chicken massacre in the jungle saying, 'You can buy your way out of anything in Thailand!' True enough I suppose, but once again a stark reminder to the one with wings on his ankles to keep his mutt on a leash.

The day's steward spot started with some confusion as Manneken Pis called in Piss Drinker when in fact it should have been Jungle Balls spitting the jokes. Once he kicked the proceedings off all agreed it was a solid steward spot.

The ice saw a decent amount of action for the day with SAD gobbler and Fungus exchanging pleasantries while sitting back to back:

--You're an ugly fuck, SAD Gobler said to Fungus. Tons!

--Thank you very much replied Fungus.

I am sure you will all agree it so wonderful to hear such heartwarming language on the Hash. Goodness, it is almost enough to give me a lump in my throat.

Run 1750 saw three virgins lose their Hash cherry and a host of other hilarities that I now forget.

Even though Murkury slipped away with The Chicken Killer the hash wasn't so easy. Hares in the circle for a few rounds, including one as chickens would sing it, luckless Assterix was called as a Murkuy Stand-in dog owner, who was duly applauded for working to keep his dog's teeth out of children lately, and HASH SHIT rang out in the dusk, and Murkury wears the seat!

Thus, on this note, I must wrap the day up for now.

See you all next week for fun and frolics.

Scribe for the day,
The Repressed One