



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1754

Saturday 14 September, 2019

Hares: Fungus, Where The Fuck Is Fagen (VH)

& Sam Song (VH)

phuket-hhh.com



As I turned off Chaofah Fah West in the ‘Grey Bullet’, the sky overhead looked grey, heavy and full of the joys of September in Phuket. Immediately, I knew it was only a matter of time before this great expanse would drop its burden, and soon soothing rain would drench the surrounding area. But what would become of today’s run? Would the hare’s efforts be in vain?

These thoughts made me smile, for I’ve always loved hashing in the rain with its mud slides, raging torrents and musky smells hanging in the air.

The larger site chosen by the hares is one of the best on the island, perched on a raised area overlooking Chalong dam. It’s the perfect vantage spot to breathe in the cool, filtrated jungle air on one side and admire the juxtaposition of interlocking hills and the man-made dam on the other. I’m sure all hashers would agree with me on the tip-top quality of this site, so long may it continue!

After getting the run underway, the trail rapidly took an upward trajectory, forcing runners and walkers alike to work hard and breathe deeply. This steep incline continued unabated for about thirty minutes, raising the collective fitness of Phuket HHH to dizzy new heights...well perhaps not. But, that said, it was dam fine climb in the coolness of the rainy season.

What goes up must come down as the trails penetrated the lower reaches of hanging clouds, giving the run a mystical effect in places. Down and down the trails plummeted,

even in some places, rough and rocky in others. With slippery vines and leaves under foot for most of the decent, the hashers needed to take care to avoid a nasty fall. The front runners arrived back at the larger after 45 minutes or so and were closely followed by the rest of the pack and the walkers, so well done to the hares for keeping the pack together.



Trail Hazards

At this point of the day, as predicted, the heavens opened and rain blasted the masses, making the circle rather tricky.

Your scribe's paper drenched in seconds and made scribbling down details impossible. But for those of you who missed the action, there was, of course, plenty of down downs, fun and frivolity; and at the end after much prevaricating, Fungus, the lead Hare for the day found himself guilty of crimes against hashing. Hash Shit was called by the masses. For your scribe this was a good run, but hey what do I know. I'm just a gimp with a pen and an active imagination.

See you all next week for more Hashing.

ON ON

Repressed One, *wet* scribe for the week!!

