



## SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1767

Saturday 14 December, 2019

Hares: No Hope & Singha

[phuket-hhh.com](http://phuket-hhh.com)

After calling in Mr Fister and On The Game for contenders for Hash Horn, and not getting the resounding cheers needed, both were dismissed by Runmaster Fungus as he called in GM Wilma, handed him the horn and asked for a demo on what a shortcut sounds like because we all know that Wilma practices the shortest distance method a fair amount.

Runners were off and into a loop laid out by master hares Singha and No Hope that took everyone through scrub bush and rubber, streams, mud-holes & pasture, cattle and buffalo and even the perimeter road alongside the runway of Phuket airport, which surely alerted airport security when from the tower, across the runway some 30+ oddly dressed people emerged from the jungle seemingly charging the runway, only to disappear back into the jungle several hundred yards later. Typical to these hares this was to be a good run, which it was.

On top of a good run our hares gave us a laager site that had enough motorbike through-traffic, not to mention aircraft climbing out of their takeoff, to ensure they had plenty of down downs for the interruptions. Someone was overheard saying the 100 baht paid to one local certainly was paying off. Gee, I guess that was No Hope. Singha eventually stayed seated as GM or No Hope carried the beers to him to keep his hips from wearing out getting up and down.

Our steward for the day could be described as something like the Grim Reaper in red but actually turned out to be Santa Claus who appeared carrying a big sack over his shoulder and dragging in his Little Santa Helper: FA Cup. So began a tirade, a performance, a 2-act play of sorts as Christmas was played to with gifts and sung to with a choir.

Soon Claus and Helper got 4 couples in: Once Weekly & Twice Nightly, Listen To Me & Drunk And Disorderly, Jungle Balls & Clitmas Pussy, Urine Trouble & Piss In Boots, lining up the guys on the left and women on the right. This Christmas skit involved having the girls blow up a balloon, hold it in their mouth then picking up a colorfully wrapped potato between their knees then running to their guy, put the blown-up balloon into his mouth before running back, potato still clenched between thighs and knees then sitting down to yell directions to their now-blindfolded guy who was holding a pole from which a glass of beer was suspended for the sitting woman to drink—no hands.

Only vast quantities of wacky tobaccie could produce this holiday treat like this very special Christmas performance.

Run Offenses got rolling with Wilma getting in the front runners for not calling when they found paper following a check causing him to shortcut with the horn. Repressed One stayed in to call in SADG, Manneken Pis and Fungus as he caught out SADG waving MP & Fungus forward while holding a finger to his lips for silence. MP furthered the crime saying Fungus usually calls out "I'VE GOT ONE" but only after passing about 3 clumps of paper, sometimes 4. This isn't so he can be sure, it's to gain an extra 100 meters. Bastards, all three!

Invisible Man & Fungus were called in to handle the Virgins, which brought in one lone guy. Since he didn't speak English Invisible Man dropped to his knees to show the virgin the process, for which Fungus then also placed beers in front of Invisible Man, then iced them both. Invisible Man will do anything for a Down Down! What a sport!

Mr Fister got in Mind The Gap for her birthday song of HBYC. Twenty-two, right?

FA Cup got SADG in telling of him waking up screaming in the night that he'd lost his teeth, which were duly found under the pillow. Probably a Tooth Fairy thing with SADG, or possibly an alcohol thing, or that wacky tobaccie again...

Since pictures aren't posted to add a bit of color to these notes here's some of SADG's Christmas stewarding content, a colorful picture of its own.

## **Christmas Carol**

Melody - Silent Night

Sodomy, masturbate, fellatio, copulate,  
Round the world and Hershey highway,  
Fornicating in the hay,  
These are tricks that I lo-ove  
These are tricks that I love.

Condom, prophylactic,  
Spermicide does the trick.  
IUD's and birth control pills,  
Pull it out and let it spill,  
These will make it safe,  
These will make it safe

## 'Twas The Night Before Christmas For FA Cup And Me

'Twas the night before Christmas, and God it was neat.  
The kids were both gone, and my wife was in heat.  
The doors were all bolted, the phones all turned off,  
It was time for some nooky, by hook or by crook.

FA Cup in her teddy and I in the nude,  
We had just hit the bedroom and reached for the lube,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a cry,  
That I lost my boner, and FA Cup went dry.

Up to the window I sprang like an elf,  
Tore back the shade while she played with herself.  
The moon on the crest of the snowman we'd built,  
Showed a broom up his ass, clean up to the hilt.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a rusty old sleigh and eight mangy reindeer.  
With a fat little driver, half out of the sled,  
A sock in his ear and a bra on his head.

Sure as I'm speaking, he was high as a kite,  
And he yelled to his team, but it didn't sound right.  
"Whoa Shithead, whoa Asshole, whoa Stupid, whoa Putz,  
Either slow down this rig or I'll cut off your nuts.  
Look out for the lamp post, and don't hit the tree,  
Quit shaking the sleigh, 'cause I gotta go pee."

I was donning my jockies, to cover my ass,  
When down the chimney Santa came with a crash.  
His suit was all smelly with perfume galore,  
He looked like a bum and he smelled like a whore.

"That was some brothel," he said with a smile,  
"The reindeer are pooped, so I'll stay for a while."  
He walked to the kitchen and poured him a drink,  
Then whipped out his pecker and pissed in the sink.

I started to laugh, FA Cup smiled with glee,  
The old boy was hung nearly down to his knee.  
Back in the den, Santa reached in his sack,  
But his toys were all gone, and some new things were packed.

THE FIRST THING HE FOUND WAS A PAIR OF FALSE TITS,  
The next was a handgun with a penis that spits.  
A box filled with condoms was Santa's next find,  
And six pair of panties, the edible kind.  
A bra without nipples, a penis extension,

And several more things I shouldn't even mention.  
A fuck ring, a G-string, and all types of oil,  
And a dildo so long that it lay in a coil.

"This stuff ain't for kids; Mrs. Santa will shit,  
So I'll leave 'em here, and then I'll just split."  
He filled every stocking and then took his leave,  
With one tiny butt plug stuck under his sleeve.

He sprang to his sleigh, but his feet were like lead,  
Thus he fell on his ass and broke wind instead.  
In time he was seated, and took reigns of his hitch,  
Saying, "Take me home, Rudolf . . . this night's been a bitch!"  
The sleigh was near gone when we heard Santa shout,  
"The best thing about pussy is that you can't wear it out!"

### **JINGLE BALLS (VERSION TWO)**

Melody - Jingle Bells

Dashing through the sand, almost in the nude,  
Santa's bollocks glow, how nice to be so rude.  
The bell at the whorehouse rings, he's reserved a cracking tart,  
She always wears his picker out and climaxes with a fart.

CHORUS:

Jingle Balls, Jingle Balls, shag 'em all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to fuck on the eve of Christmas Day,  
Jingle Balls, Jingle Balls, Santa isn't gay,  
Oh what fun it is to shag on a one-horse open sleigh.

Santa's on his way, his pants are round his knees,  
He's got his end away, and Rudolph isn't pleased.  
Up on the whorehouse tiles, his cock begins to swell,  
The whore plays with his piles, and jerks him off as well.

CHORUS:

Jingle Balls, Jingle Balls, shag 'em all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to fuck on the eve of  
Christmas Day,  
Jingle Balls, Jingle Balls, Santa isn't gay,  
Oh what fun it is to shag on a one-horse open  
sleigh.

And it's not even Christmas! And here's Tumble  
Dryer telling Fungus what she thinks of him.

OnON  
Fungus

