



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1772

Saturday 18 January, 2020

Hares: The Mighty Quim, Dr Fucking Jekyll, Not Cleaver
Scribe: Fat Bastard

phuket-hhh.com

Run 1772 kicked off from Bang Wad Reservoir. **Mister Fister** was busy modelling his recently new running shoes from Nepal, if you didn't get a chance to have a look or hear how good they are, I wouldn't bother making the effort. **Piss Drinker** lived up to his name by directing Hashers to register with registrars at a table that didn't exist ... "oh they must have moved when I was not looking"!

Then total confusion crept in, "WHERE IS THE GM?", NO HASH HORNBLOWER, NO PINK PAPER AND NO INSTRUCTIONS FOR VIRGIN HASHERS ... this could only lead to one thing, not all Hashers are going to make it back in one piece today.

Piss Drinker was accompanied this week by **Mother Trucker** (his son Thomas), to make things easy **Mother Trucker** was to be carried in a backpack on the walk. However, things are never easy on a Hash, so to help with stability, **Jungle Balls** with the assistance of **Fat Bastard** loaded **Piss Drinkers** backpack with several large rocks, its always good to have friends on hand.



During the walk and climbing up hill, **Piss Drinker** commented to **Mother Trucker**, "I know you have put on weight but this backpack is not as comfortable as it used to be! Remember **Piss Drinker**, we (**Jungle Balls**) did it for your stability and in the interest of scientific research ... to see if you could carry the rocks throughout the Hash Walk without noticing, which, I'm pleased to report you did and results will be sent to NASA.

On On's were called throughout the run, even more important than ever, as there was no Hash Hornblower or Pink Paper breaking falsies, with the one exception, **Manneken Pis**, who was heard shouting out, whilst on the phone "yes, we do ... PINEAPPLE

RICE” ... “Yes, we do SPAGHETTI”, besides causing confusion to virgin hashers, this would also explain the craving later for pineapple spaghetti in the circle.

On return to the Laager Site, it was good to see the **GM** had arrived and was in one piece and ‘Circle Up !’

In true tradition, the Hares, **The Mighty Quim, Dr Fucking Jekyll, Not Cleaver**, were rewarded for their efforts with a “ Down Down”. Run Master (**Furry Fungus**) called in **Dr Evil**, who would have been the Hash Hornblower for the day, unfortunately, the **GM** had the horn! **Dr Evil** will save his blowjob for another day.

Manneken Pis announced, on a sad note, two Hashers have recently passed away “**Kiss my Ring**” and “**Incontinent Maigret**”. **GM** raised the toast to our departed friends/Hashers. Further details of their funerals will be posted on the Hash Website.

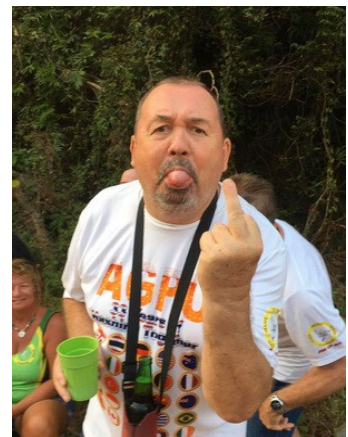
Once Weekly commended all the Hashers that had run earlier in the day round the Bang Wad Reservoir for the Auz Red Cross Bush Fires. There may have been more Hashers, but unfortunately, last weeks announcement by **Top Off** gave the date as Sunday and not Saturday. **Top Off** was thankful for **Lesser Dipshit** pointing this out before **Once Weekly** had finished what he was saying and therefore, avoided the call for ICE ICE ICE ... silence fell within the circle and tumble weeds rolled pass as **Lesser Dipshit** made it eventually on and off the ice. **Top Off** has been saved for another day.

Go Go Trump announced the dates for the next Out Station, weekend 02 May, 2020, more details to follow in due course.

Fungus called in several new lads to the Hash and explained to the circle, these lads were caught throughout the run taking selfies, particularly of a “good looking bull” (his words, not mine), upon which, **Fungus** did his best impression of a small bull charging towards the lads (not for the faint hearted to see!).

Tequila Slapper called **Jaws** to the circle. Apparently **Jaws** is always insisting to have his photos taken in various positions, cries of “pervert” are heard from the circle, to which, **Jaws** gives the “One Finger Up”. A fool to himself, he is rightly made to sit on the ice (not for the first time today). Before **Jaws** has time to leave the circle, **Keyhole** has him back in.

Keyhole was thanking **Jaws** for last weeks steward spot (**Jaws Milton**) and the poem he had read and for keeping him awake at night with the fear of more poetry to come in the future.



Go Go Trump brings **Anal Grapes** into the circle for animal cruelty for carrying a pig under his armpit, not the first time **Anal Grapes** has made a pig squeal in the outback. **Lucky Lek** has been up to his old tricks again and insisting **Go Go Trump** gets him underwear from the USA on her visit next week, as they are bigger in the gusset in the USA, sounds like a case of “all balls no brains”.

Lucky Lek loves things American and **Gorgeous “You Wanker”**, recalls the time **Lucky Lek** got new shoes from America, they were his pride and joy. A friend passed by one day and commented on the shoes and said “how beautiful they were”, **Lucky Lek** took off the shoes and gave them to his friend ... it turned out they were made in China!

Secret Agent Dick Gobbler & F.A. Cup enters the circle, why so quiet and sheepish? They had not paid their registration fee (how long has this been going on for!). The excuse was, there was no one there! From a couple that have done over 840 runs between them ... this was a poor excuse and deservedly iced. Let this be a lesson to you “non payers” out there, you know who you are, although it may take 840 runs to find you!

Rooms To Let 50 Cents called in the IP Ladies and presented the GM with a new wig, as his old wig was looking very dated and well worn. Rumours have it, **Wilma** has been spotted many a night in Patong wearing the wig and has even attended several IP sessions.

The stewards’ spot today was being covered by ex-GM’s, which, they had not been made previously aware of and must be commended for standing in at short notice. **Flying Dickhead** kicked the proceedings off by pointing out that **Tequila Slapper** had sent the walkers in the wrong direction and the “Hash Flash” thought she’d got away with it! **Justin Beaver** was thanked along with many other Hashers for all the work they do behind the scenes and on the Hash day with organising buses, registration, sorting out the Hash shirts, milestone achievements, outstations, etc without this support there would be no Hash.



King Klong recalled the time when **Butt Plug** a few weeks ago, came across some stone-carved warriors that had broken and were lying on the floor. The Hash Flash had managed to capture **Butt Plug** in a compromising position with one of these stone-carved warriors. A demonstration followed with the ice representing the stone-carved warrior. **Butt Plug** is now receiving counselling and cream for the frostbite.

Not Cleaver called in **Bobby Suks** (registered blind) and praised him for getting to Thailand on his own and that this was his 60th visit. **Bobby Suks** was shocked to learn he was not in Benidorm.

Secret Agent Dick Gobbler asks for the registrars to enter the circle (pay back time) or had they gone already. **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler** was most upset that he couldn't find the ladies today to pay his registration fee and suggested they should open after the Hash, which, they said they did!

Secret Agent Dick Gobbler calls in **Midnight Banger** and recalls an incident that happened in Namaste – Nepal. One night in the Himalayan Mountains, **Midnight Banger** decided she wanted to go out and make “Yellow Snow” and got confused as to where she was staying that night and ended up knocking on a young couples door, who were more than happy to let her in and stay. **Mister Fister** and his new running shoes from Nepal, confirmed this, and her Hash name was duly amended to “**Midnight Hooker**”.

Jungle Balls, was pissed off in coming into the circle after **Not Cleaver**. **Jaws** our Poet laureate, responsible for composing poems for special events and occasions on the Hash, was called into the circle and iced immediately for trying to bring some culture to the Hash.

Finally, the clash of the titans were called upon, **Murkury & The Blue Harlot**, to wrap-up the stewards spot. **The Blue Harlot** was as clean as ever with the jokes and **Murkury** named and shamed those Hashers that constantly talk throughout the circle and are a bad influence on other Hashers ... you know who you are, you deaf old gits!

GM thanked all ex-GM's for standing in at such short notice for today's stewards spot.

Virgins were initiated, new shoes christened and departures wished a Bon Voyage.

Despite the GM turning up late, registration closing up early, no hornblower, no pink paper, lack/loss of paper on the run, who the Hares were and last minute stand in stewards, it turned out to be a very Good Hash and a very Good Run.



On On - Fat Bastard