



SCRIBE REPORT RUN #1827

Saturday, 23 October, 2021

Hares: J.C. & Murkury

phuket-hhh.com

PH3 Returns to Hashing

PH3 hit the trails on the run for the first time since our AGPU back in July following a 12-week gap. Paper helped a restaurateur interpret Phuket's restrictions such that we could have our beer truck in the parking lot and “sort of” gather for a few beers after “exercising” in the jungle. Well done Paper, Cobbler, Lucky Lek and Not Long Enough—the GM's the one responsible should things go sour. Nothing like starting off with a crisis, welcome to our new GM's first run.

GM Not Long Enough sounded the horn calling “circle-in-5” that timed perfectly with the emerging bright sun pushing off the final rain right on time. The hares gave details, the horn was demonstrated and the laager drained of runners and walkers.

Attempting to open his first circle the GM yelled several times that his voice wasn't strong and the way he'd be running his circles was pretty much without management. Well, it was working as everyone stayed happily wrapped in conversations. However, it needs saying that even when GM had some sort of control there was a group of particularly loud tall guys leaning against a truck at the edge of the circle, even distracting the GM to join them. None of the less-tall people seemed to be doing this.

Our circle was penned in by cars and trucks because the restaurant wanted us *sort of hidden*. This worked out well by preventing departers from sneaking away early, that is until Fungus' steward spot when someone moved right car and undid a plug of cars already queued up to head home. Fungus tried to stop this yelling *close the gate*, which didn't work and no one cared for what Fungus was saying as the laager drained away.

The hares had put together a run looping over some recently opened trails between Mosquito Lake and the pastures towards Ban Bang Niew reservoir (Manik dam). Since our last time here machinery has graded old trails into roads and the locals have stripped undergrowth away leaving hillsides groomed like a haircut. So, a well-done needs to go to the hares for giving some *newness* to our first run in 3 months!

GM had a work sheet for his queue, which he referred to until it somehow disappeared and his disorganization lost the connecting links to the dots of tasks. The circle pretty

much didn't care because they were still pretty much having fun as they were. The aforementioned tall guys even invited the GM to join for a puff and a laugh, which GM did until he realized he had a circle to manage.

Lucky Lek stumbled around announcing announcements and several were made. No one cared. The GM brought in departers mainly because it was a dot he remembered from his lost “queue” list. Pretty much no one cared and if queried probably wouldn't even remember it happening.

In more-or-less random order GM NLE got virgins iced and sporadic run offenses given as someone remembered something. GM had a “lost” list of people to put on the ice explaining PH3 was paying for ice not used enough. Then he'd call someone to cool their butt for some reason or none, and some for quite a length of time. One such victim was Repressed One who sat on the ice with beer in hand as GM called in Hash Quack Invisible Man to make a special announcement. Standing over Repressed One IM announced that as Hash Quack he would each week be presenting information on safety and health issues so that we could better be prepared for that sometimes inevitable event.

Repressed One had a certain frozen-butt sort of look, still holding his beer when Hash Quack pulled out a laminated sheet of diagrams and text, holding it up for all to see saying “today's presentation would be on seizures”. As he leapt into his first sentence the buzz of the crowd drowned him out as they worked to figure out if they'd understood him correctly or maybe this was the steward spot. A quite frustrated Invisible Man loudly asked if anyone had ever heard of seizures to which Repressed One said he'd heard of “seizures salad”, which the crowd loudly liked more than the laminated sheet. Quick on the heels was someone yelling they'd heard of “Julius Seizure” at which point Hash Quack concluded his safety announcement. As he left the circle, laminate in hand, a chant grew for “get a nurse, get a nurse”. It's an anxious wait we have for next week.

Fungus opened his steward spot calling in the Speakeasy non-hashers for a down-down saying GM had asked for help giving away as much beer as possible because the Hash had too much money, and that if Fungus could do this then the GM would tell the new Runmaster to fuck off and that Fungus could hare as often as he wanted so Fungus took the next 2 weeks and 22 down-down beers consumed.

Feedback as the day wrapped down was that it was thoroughly enjoyed. We had a great laager site overlooking a lake, parking liked circled wagons, sun-chased rain and beautiful wet trails. People were happy to see each other again even some only now able to get *home* to PH3. And to great surprise Not Long Enough's non-managed method made sense as the many mini-circles of conversation merged in and out with his. Well done GM.

ON ON, Scribe, Fungus