



SCRIBE REPORT RUN #1830

Saturday, 06 November, 2021

Hares: J.C, Murkury, Bluey

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About Haring, sometimes you win, sometimes you loose. Today was both. Quite in stride with GM's *follow-the-flow just let it happen* style not one of the hares even showed up to start the run. The Runmaster got help calling the hares; things got worse. Bluey's phone was in someone's pocket and rang right there. JC answered and explained he was solving a problem and we should start by ourselves using the *old trail* we normally use, but following blue paper, and upon reaching the end of the run we should also come in on blue. Murkury was at the police station finalizing agreements to drink only water for a while.

Out the runners went, and a good-size group of walkers with kids and dogs. About 600 meters up the *old trail* we normally use there came JC down, laying blue paper and getting ever more pissed off condemning us for doing the run backwards and this was *the most fucked run I've ever seen!!*, which was great as he was main hare. Hash Shit rang loud and clear as the group surged past JC.

Our laager site was a beautifully landscaped garden in a steep-walled gully with a multi-story restaurant almost not visible from the hanging plants. The garden and small parking lot where we laagered had a stream with small



sets of waterfalls, a pond with boat, little bridges and bench seats. Well done needs to go to the owners and business for stewarding their edge of the forest so well.



Run offenses ran fairly strong against the hares including showing up after the pack had set off; by phone instruction sending the pack out the wrong direction and having all the hazard warning tapes on the wrong side of the obstacles. Three senior hares with nearly 300 accumulated harings and 4-months of time were set upon by the vicious crowd.

GM assigned Gorgeous and Piss Drinker to watch out for talkers either side of the circle for immediate icing which kicked off with Gay Pig Fucker followed by the French, and eventually Piss Drinker himself. It's good to see PH3 getting value out of that block of ice once again. Pointing to hanging garments and a rack of clothes GM got in Achmed the Saviour, PH3 Impedimenta, for not only not wearing a hash shirt but also selling Nike gear. Repressed One was iced by the GM for coming in before him, then Wilma for short cutting and getting in front of him on the trail. Stark warnings for other front runners.

Our Steward, Flying Dickhead, called all the ex-GMs in then spoke to the need to volunteer for stewarding or we'd be listening to these boring GMs one more time. FD (an ex GM) then proceeded to bore the circle by calling in the Committee for down-downs followed by the Thai Connection for down-downs before handing a *pah-kamah* cloth to Lucky Lek for demonstrating its myriad of uses like showering, cleaning, having sex on top of, cleaning one's dick and finally hanging himself. All true, and more. However, FD does get Down-downs correct making sure the glasses are completely full.

Great day, Hash Shit to JC, circle closed...

ON ON, Scribe, Fungus



JAWS explaining *Ballast Theory* to Repressed One