



SCRIBE REPORT RUN #1840

Saturday, 15 January, 2022

Hares: Who The Fuck Is Alice & Triple Cripple

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You'd think two years as GM would be enough, but no, today Wilma took the reigns once again as GM for-the-day as Not Long Enough was home doing covid isolation, as were two of our on-site registrars Invisible Man and Jaws. However, not being daunted by covid news today's pack was substantial, and following last week's police bust many were even wearing masks. Well done PH3. We gotta recognize and thank Su Su Nona for handling today's check-in by herself and keeping hashers distanced while registering.



Our hares did a standard *French* run meaning pretty much everything didn't work properly thus bringing the standard conclusion of Hash Shit. To begin with the hares placed the laager in a 100% sun-drenched field of dry grass and holes. Then, the trails they laid had checks and falsies so close together that within minutes front runners were headed down both the out trail and the in trail, each group followed by about half the pack. This resulted in half the pack meeting the other half of the pack somewhere around mid-point. Naturally some in each group changed affiliation, and direction at the convergent point resulting in some runners,

and by now some walkers, doing half the trail twice, once in each direction, while a few did the entire trail in the wrong direction. It's quite possible that no one did the entire

trail the correct direction. There was a looping false just out of the laager resulting in a few walkers being back at the laager 10 minutes after departing!

Even after the hares were awarded Hash Shit their *clouster-fouck* of a day didn't end. Just after the hares departed the laager after the circle was closed then the land owner showed up claiming no one had asked for his permission to laager here.

We had 4 or 5 virgins join us and took their ice-down welcome in good spirits. One, with a nice surplus of cleavage spent several minutes pulling chunks of ice from her bra. Fungus beamed and many smiled.

We had several women visiting from the Chiang Mai Bunny hash do some sort of skit in the circle that no one understood; probably arranged by the hares. Somehow a *sin bin* of ice water was produced and Rusty Hook pulled from the crowd to sit within while a Bunny Hasher sat on him for some rock-and-roll action which Rusty Hook was too numb to feel. Manneken Pis commented that the picture will likely end up on facebook and RH will be divorced in a week.



Returning hasher Bobby Suks, now all but blind, was called in and welcomed back. Later Ice Arse got Bobby Suks back in along with the hares before crediting BS as the person who most likely laid the paper today as it was absolutely everywhere. Welcome back Bobby Suks.

Hash Shit rang loud and clear from the circle even before the Runmaster had called the vote, so Hash Shit it was—and Campari was happy.



Stand-in GM Wilma closed the circle just as the laager began to cool down as the sun set.

ON ON, Scribe, Fungus

