



SCRIBE REPORT RUN #1841

Saturday, 22 January, 2022

Hares: Swollen Colon

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Permissions are for pussy hares, or so claims today's only hare, who's haring partner, not even a hash member, remains in hospital after falling over a small cliff. Permissions are for pussies said Swollen Colon while explaining his dog was shot in the head and killed earlier by an irate land owner while laying paper through his fenced and gated property. Since the gate was partially open SC said he felt he needn't ask permission (the dog's not speaking). This, BTW, is the same property where in years past the owner has brought out his gun to both intimidate and shoot at people. So, up and coming hares, keep in mind that permissions are for pussies. Later, however, there was a positive run offense suggesting that we ask Campari bring his dogs here and lay a run! Cheers!!

Today's run area has had a massive face lift since we were there last. Gone was the forest, trees and streams. This great area we've used for years is now pushed and shaped by bulldozers as a massive new development starts up. Exiting the laager the run started with a sheer drop over a 2 meter bank causing a 7-minute delay for all but the front runners. Fortunately Gorgeous held onto a tree and used his walking stick to help lower many of the walkers helping to unblock the jam. What a guy.

Run offenses were minimal today but shoe offenses substituted nicely. Ultimate Fucking Cunt ratted out to Fungus that his virgin guest had new shoes and that the virgin that Cock Taster brought also had new shoes. Naturally UFC was called in for ratting

out a friend so off came his friend's two shoes which were filled with beer for UFC and his guest to drink from. The same was for Cock Taster and his virgin, both got nice shoe-sloshed beer down downs. Then new shoes were spotted on Manneken Pis so Who The Fuck Is Alice was called in to further dirty the shoes before swirling several glasses of beer within for MP to drink. Then Once Weekly ratted out Twice Nightly so both were brought in so each could enjoy a shoe of beer. Well done rats!

Wilma got in 8 people who were all wearing shirts having his picture on it before promoting shirt sales to the circle, clever impedimenta is he. GM Not Long Enough commented that the only way Wilma would come in before him was as a picture on a shirt. Obviously racing on the hash continues.

Swollen Colon called in a British couple for naming telling a true story that they'd been in Bangkok and while she shopped he went whoring, looking for anything he could get for 500 baht, which turned out to be nothing. After meeting his wife later and walking hand-in-hand past one of the street workers he'd approached earlier the worker said "see what you get for 500 baht". She is now named 500 baht, welcome to the hash! The virgin who'd just drunk from his new shoes was called in and with a similar face was named Prince Andrew and another new member named On Her Back, details not given.

Our stewarding turned into a recognition of stewards of the past as 18 former stewards were called in for down-downs while those that have never done a steward spot were chastised a bit and encouraged to help out. Several hands went up and next week we'll be hearing from steward Rusty Hook.

Good Run or Hash Shit became the question as Runmaster Manneken Pis read off some of the offenses: cliffs, bulldozed land, missing forests, guns and shooters and lacking permissions. However, current hash shit holder Who The Fuck Is Alice came today bringing along a *new* hash-shit seat painted gold and adorned with beads and flowers. Since he'd gone to such huge efforts to create a personal Hash Shit seat the circle kindheartedly agreed he should retain it. Good Run, Good Run & circle closed.



ON ON, Scribe, Fungus

