



SCRIBE REPORT RUN #1865

Saturday, 09 July, 2022

Hares: Murkury, J.C. & Rampant Rabbit

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If you like mud, today was your day. Murkury happily chirped to everyone we had 7 km of flat before a hill bringing groans from under umbrellas and tarps as hashers sheltered from the freezing, driving rain as a fresh front moved through, turning to a light rain just as we left the laager. Every step was a wet one, puddles and mud never ended as we ran back and forth through a large palm oil plantation and a long twisting course along the swampy edges of 2 lakes. Everyone returned covered in mud from slipping and falling. The hill at the end was a newly bulldozed, very steep track up, over and down to the laager. Every step in this thick soupy mud just added weight, exhausting everyone.

The light drizzle for the laager formed up several chatter groups sheltering under umbrellas making anything going on in the circle almost useless. Quieting the chatter became verbal whack-a-mole as the GM and others ineffectively called for silence.

Lucky Lek called in everyone not wearing a hash shirt before giving a run-down of all the reasons why and how to wear a hash shirt, taking his time with our visitor from Belarus to say that no bra was ok, maybe even better, but still a hash shirt must be worn.



Run offenses brought in Jessica and her dogs for a bit of reprimand but with perfect timing and aim one of the dogs did some quick back-kicking of mud splattering Invisible Man making him as visible as a Dalmatian. Manneken Pis was called in for his mud-slope sliding on his butt before going face down in more mud seconds later. One of our virgins learned quite a bit about our hash when he got *confused* near the end and came in from the totally wrong direction, this got him a down-down, which he drank before he should of, which got him a second down-down which got doubled up as he next learned *when* to drink it. Next he was placed on the ice, twice, and given more down-downs. Of course, being a virgin he was placed on his knees before drinking 2 more down-downs, but while being covered with ice water. Welcome to PH3.



Repressed One did our stewarding today working from his phone and leaving the circle pretty dead mainly from the incessant chattering although GM Not Long Enough said RO, being the erudite he is, was sending stuff over the heads of the circle. RO adjusted his aim and hit a couple bullseyes, one being the importance of making sure children have the proper upbringing ensuring their best chance, then saying that personally he'd done his part for his son as the boy was white. Yup, bullseye. Another one had to do with the cold, dead woman's body being discovered with just one inch of warmth in her vajina, which turned out to be Invisible Man's. Another bullseye. And in the rain, and with an unruly circle. Well done Repressed One.

The GM reminded the committee his final meeting will be on Monday so anyone with a constructive thought please let one of the committee know of it.

Runmaster couldn't get the circle fired up to sing so went right to the call, first for Hash Shit. Fungus yelled HS and one other—Egg Shagger, who was called in and reminded that Fungus, being the current holder didn't count so being the sole caller for Hash Shit—Egg Shagger earned it. CIRCLE CLOSED!!!



ON ON, Scribe, Fungus ([more pics](#))