



SCRIBE REPORT RUN #1867

Saturday, 23 July, 2022

Hare: Not Long Enough

phuket-hhh.com



Our AGPU is on Monday the 25th from 4 PM: dress hash-normal, transport provided from Kamala, food & beer provided so hashers and visitors, come on--be there, it's one great party and the Expat probably have some rooms ready.

Being today's final run before the AGPU rules require the GM be the Hare. Informal rules follow along that the Hare will get Hash Shit. Informality ruled immediately when the runmaster called in the *hare* to tell us about today's run. There will be a hill *Hash-Shit*, there will be some thorns *Hash-Shit*, some wire *Hash-Shit*—the feeling was in the air. We did get hill in great amounts and the thorns even more. What GM didn't say was that the steep hill was where the bad thorns were. To be more clear, not just those long sharp straight thorns on the tough nasty things beside the trail we all hate, this hill was filled with the long, draping, trail choking, loop-forming vines every step of the way with lots of blood-letting. There was absolutely no trail. Later NLE said as he was laying paper up this treacherous hill he kept repeating the mantra of all senior hares: Fuck 'em! He knew he was going to get Hash Shit so he might as well earn it.

Once up to the main down-trail NLE gave us great falsies using the *known* connecting trails, then the mother of all falsies up, except it wasn't a falsie. But it was a mother stretching out 20 runners until up front Thumb In The Bumb said he couldn't see paper leading all but 5 back down to finish on blue. Quite a ways into the blue Wilma manned

up and returned to the climb knowing 5 hadn't given up. With walkers and short-cutting runners all back at the laager, the first of the true runners could be heard coming in from the correct direction, then around the bend came Wilma and Cock Tastes Good in a full-on 120 m sprint to be first as the crowd screaming for each to beat the other. 30 meters out CTG ran out of steam, Wilma backed off and trotted through the circle with a victorious smile. Never under estimate some of these gray-haired guys.



Our circle, lay in the center of the road at the head of Bang Neow dam and got its share of through-traffic, immediately resuming the call of Hash Shit. It's a great location with colorful sunsets and nature, but not nice enough for Good Run apparently. The GM both both drunk and stoned called himself in for self-

congratulation himself for going down in PH3 history for being the GM that brought *legal* weed to the hash. Then he brought in 4-5 hashers that already have shops selling weed, giving them down-downs as second-hand smoke drifted across the laager.

With the weed in control of the GM he basically forgot what he was doing followed by him saying he thought he's already done that, forgetting again. Slowly we worked through visitors and returners and a few run offenses. The circle was already on fire with fun and Top Off kept throwing sparks and gas until finally Wilma got him in. Top Off, you don't hare, you don't steward, you don't serve on the committee. You sit in the circle heckling non-stop, always annoying, always saying the same thing: give him 2 and double him up. Wilma then placed a down-down in each of TO's hands, then got 2 more to double him up. Loved by all it only fired TO up more. All good stuff.



As PH3 winds down this year and opens the next please take a moment to thank the volunteer committee for the work they do behind and in front of the scene. See the fun they have amongst themselves and with the circle and consider volunteering yourself.

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

