



## SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1725

Saturday 23rd February 2019  
Fungus, No Hope,  
Not Long Enough  
Manik Dam

### The PreRun

I got to the Laager site quite early since I needed to find some willing volunteers to help with scribing duties over the next week or so. It was however a rather soul destroying experience being rejected over and over again even though I could perhaps sympathise with some of the excuses ( and if you believe that you will believe anything). However I have to give a big thank you to **Fat Bastard and en Famille** who have agreed to help with next week's issue. From little acorns mighty whatsits may grow.....

I also received some sage advice from one of the refusee's to the effect that if you didn't do such a good job you won't get asked again. I will come back to that again with regard to other press ganged duties on the Hash. Note **Fungus** having his hair pulled by **GM**.



### The Run and Hares

Following the call to order by **GM** the **Hares (Fungus, Not Long Enough & No Hope)** were called into the circle to explain the run. **NLE** informed the run would be on multi-colour paper and for those new to the hash the true trail at check points would be marked by **Hash Horn** with pink (purple, fuchsia) or whatever coloured paper. Big thank you to **NLE** for this useful information since I was about twenty runs into the Hash before I learnt this and quite a few of the other unwritten rules and customs on the Phuket Hash (perhaps we should write them down somewhere!!).



**GM** then raised the question as to who would be Hash Horn this week and suggested the insubordinate **Fungus** for this role. Being the rebellious fellow that he is he passed the horn onto the ever willing **Wilma**.

With everything in place the runners were set off down the track and told to look for a right turn up the hill. Shortcutters were asked to stay back and learn about their own unique and separate run.

So off we went for a few hundred metres or so on a reasonably level track and you could only but think looking at the hill ahead of us that things can only get worse. We found the right turn and were then trundling up the hill on a little concreted track which although steep was actually quite good going. We then got into the usual rough stuff amid shouts of checking and the FRB's coming back and taking us up a scramble on the side of the hill onto a different route.

And then on we went up and up and up with everything getting quieter and quieter, no On On's being called and no sound of the horn. Then in the far distance we could hear a faint sound of the horn which then sounded again maybe a little closer but we were not sure if it was above or below us. However we assumed this could indicate the climb would be stopping and the trail would be doubling back on itself and we would be heading on either a level or downward trail (wishful thinking really). Anyway next we hear the horn very close to us accompanied by Wilma coming up the hill on the same track as we were on and then disappearing up the hill into the distance. This was quite disconcerting for some of us to the extent that **Sir Blow Job** said 'I've had enough of this' and headed back down the hill.

Any how we decided to battle on (this is back marker's talk trying to raise their spirits) and we eventually made it to the top. We then started the descent on very nice concreted tracks covered in fallen leaves making very pleasant going underfoot and with nice views of Sarin beach in the far distance. We did however get to one point where the trail could only go left or right and the pink (purple, fuchsia etc.) paper was definitely to the left. So off we went down the track to the left with multicolour paper at regular intervals until we (actually me only as the others were hedging their bets) realised the trail and paper had run out. Then my 'nice friends' were calling On On above me on the trail that went to the right. It was at this juncture that I thought **Wilma** had received the same advice that I had i.e. Do a bad job and they won't ask you again!!

Anyway the descent did continue – some of it pleasant and some of it very slippery and slidey. We even had to climb up a knotted rope. At this juncture we were more than an hour out and you could sense we still had a long way to go. It was about this time **Swollen Colon** appeared behind me and I asked him 'Where the fuck you have been?' He said he and



**Wilma** had tried to do a big short cut and had come somewhat unstuck. Anyway **SC** and I persevered with the run finally

coming out on an open area devoid of any vegetation with multi colour paper windblown all over the place and no real indication which way the trail actually went (now I think we are at 1.5 hours out). We then managed to find the trail going down the hill and eventually also found the short cutters trail – however not clear which way to go. Some opted to go on blue and **SC** and I followed the multi colour. He got a bit head of me and the next time I saw him he was in the middle of a pineapple plantation. However as I crossed the plantation I realised this was a trail used for the January Tinmen and would lead us eventually to the Dam. However there was not much paper around and what I could see was possibly old paper. Also **SC** seemed to have disappeared as well!! Eventually me and my new friend (**Semen**) got to a road on the other side of the plantation and some people were waving at us from down the hill. We headed down towards them as they were making their way up the hill. However as we got near them they totally ignored us so we guessed the waves weren't for us. We eventually got to the bottom of the slope and then saw the **HHH** sign pointing us back up the hill!. We both thought what Silly Billys we were (or words to that effect) and made our way back up the hill and further on up again to the Laager site.

### **Run Statistics:**

Length of run: 5.6k although felt a tad longer (did it ever!!)

Extra bits by back markers: 1.5k or maybe even more depending on route taken.

Time taken: FRB's – just over the hour; Back markers – 2 hours plus

Impact: Lost souls and less time to drink beer!!

### **The Circle**

I missed the start of the circle due to a tardy performance on the run but guess that the **GM** welcomed in the Hares **Fungus, Not Long Enough and No Hope** for a beer or two whether they earned it or not ( the verdict on that will come out later) I did arrive in the middle of **Twice Nightly's** stint as Steward with a happy bunch of **Rusties** sat on the ground swapping hats. I guess it was some form of ritual they perform on the Iron Pussy and they were very happy to demonstrate to the non-Pussy adorned members of the Hash. Judging by the cheers and applause **Twice Nightly's** performance was well received so congratulations to her for a job well done.

**GM** reclaimed the circle and invited the Hares in yet again to enquire about Hashers who had not yet returned from the run. The Hares said they didn't know and went on to say they actually didn't care. Their time will come.....

**Lucky Lek** called the Americans and the Germans into the circle about the raising and lowering of walls in the name of freedom. Apparently the Trumpites believe raising a wall around the 'Land of the Fee' will give them more freedom. **LL** prefers the German approach. Beers all round!

**Blue Harlot** called in **Na Hee Man** and some of the ex **GM's** and gave a short lesson on Phuket **HHH** history and the past role of **Hash Mattress** which was originally conceived to deal with Lady related matters. However in more recent times this role would have a much broader remit (LGBT etc.) and it was felt that this would be something that would suit **Na Hee Man's** skill set in matters of a sexual nature. **BH** also recalled the time when the Iron Pussy was first formed and gave an announcement that it was for ladies only and no dick swingers would be accepted. There was a large hairy biker on the hasher at that time with a deep voice called Chopper Girl who asked whether she (he) could go on the Iron Pussy since she did not have a dick to swing. The Hash Mattress at that time (**Testicle Tom**) was invited to check out **Chopper Girl's** credentials which he

duly did and said it his pussy felt like a bashed in dustbin lid. And with that knowledge **Chopper Girl** allowed to participate in all the Iron Pussy games. Where is Melanie now?

## Anouments

If there were any I missed them and if they are important they will be on the Hash web site

## Virgins, Returnees, Departers Visitors and Awards

**Lots of Virgins** this week. In fact there were so many of them they had to be done in two shifts. Actually not quite like that but more about those who were back in time for the start of the circle and those who arrived a little later!! First tranche were **Chris, Florent, Joe, Leila, Noa and Roberto. Kung** who I think was a guest of **GM** had to do his on his own having been accepted into the higher order of **Backmarkers** and as a result arrived a little late for Tranche 1.



## Awards

None this week.

## Visiting Hashers

Visitors were **Fanny** and **Titanic** from **Malaga** and **Microhard** from **China!!** **GM** asked **Titanic** how she got her name. **The Mighty Quim** piped up 'Because she went down the first time. That earned him a little spell on the ice.'



## Run Offences and Other Stuff

**No Hope** called in **SADG** and made reference to the poem that **SADG** had apparently written and presented to the Hash at last week's run. **No Hope** had discovered that the providence of this poem was somewhat in doubt and revealed that **SADG** had stolen it off the Internet. **SADG** owned up to his dastardly deed and was duly put on the ice.

**Ne Haa Man** called in **Swollen Colon** relating to promotional booklets and then committed himself to the ice. I'm not really sure what it was about but 'heh ho na hee man'

**Mannekin Pis** was boasting about how he was at the front of the pack when he spotted **Tequila Slapper** already in front of him taking pictures. He asked her what she was doing up the hill and she said she didn't know. Sounds like both of them shouldn't be let out on their own.

**Soi Dog** called in **Lucky Lek** and described how she found him on the run with a plastic bag. When she asked him what was in the bag he opened it up to reveal to both **SD** and a bunch of kids that it was a bag full of shit. He was at pains to add it was not his own but buffalo shit which he feeds to his garden. He then started to witter about how organic he was!!

**Swollen Colon** called in **Pinky Vivian** since she had now completed 7 runs and still did not have a Hash Name. **Shapely Shifter** was one suggestion but as she was from the Philippines something in her language would be nice and **Masarap** was chosen (it means tasty or delicious in Talagog) so very apt. Welcome **Masarap!**

**Lesser Dipshit** called in **Twice Nightly** for setting a fine example by collecting rubbish at the Laager site before the run. Hashers were invited to follow her example.

### Runmaster

**Buttplug** came into the circle to explain that since both **RM**'s were disqualified from officiating (one was a Hare and the other is current holder of the Hashit) he had been asked to take up the role by **GM**. With that in mind he called in the current **Hashit** holder, the **Hares** and **Master Baker** the 'winner' of this week's hash.



It was clear to all that the run this week was quite long with **Master Baker** 'winning' in 1 hour 3 mins and **Doodlebug** crossing the line in 2 hours 30 minutes. **Buttplug** advised that in accordance with ancient traditions the winner completing the Hash in over 1 hour means this is an automatic Hashit for the Hares (I think!). So **MB** was allowed to leave the circle. He then focused his attention on **SAGB** and although he is disreputable and despicable for so many reasons it was agreed he probably had no valid input into this particular run (probably too busy setting another Iron Pussy Run).

This then left the Hares – **Buttplug** was clear in his own mind that this run certainly did not feel like a **No Hope** typical run and therefore dismissed him. This then left **Not Long Enough** and **Fungus** to the mercy of the Hash brethren and with no surprise **Fungus** lost (or won!) and is the current Hashit!! When will he learn or is he just a glutton for punishment?

Please feel free to prostrate yourself in front of me if you would like to be a Scribe one week

**On On!**

**Sweaty Bollox**

Secondary Sous Scribe

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