

## Scribe Notes Run #1660- Ban Pak Plee, 25 Nov 2017

A bit of precipitation saw the lightweights and lager louts absent. The hardcore settled in for a long hard run, departing the laager in waders. The first check caused chaos until Wilma struck paper and the chase was on.

A nice slippery wet run though the rubber and over the hills saw the front runners back in about an hour. It was a bit long for some- it's worth remembering that runs are about the main pack not the racing snakes. Murkury had done a good job controlling his co-hare Not Long Enough or we'd still be out there. On returning to the laager the rain had all but died down and the floodwaters had receded, leaving a nice quagmire for the Circle.

The GM was a bit distracted by the loss of his wife and 'un peu fatigue' but cracked on, with the hares thanked for their efforts. Fungus seemed to implement a bit of a coup at this point, having thanked the volunteers from last week he started on Returners (Jungle Balls, Clitmas Pussy, Nothing and No Hope) and other bits but balked at the Virgin this week as she didn't appeal to him.



At this point it's worth recording a big thanks to Fungus for his work leading up to the triathlon, his efforts on the day and post event- he was still at work at the circle ensuring that those who did volunteer got their beer.

Our visiting hasher Kim Chi from Colorado Springs (Dr Strangelove may be a more apt name) came in for a beer, followed by The Mighty Quim, who had just remembered he was a returner (dum de dum dum, dum dumb!). Yaba dropped her phone in the mud at this point- some ladies will do anything to get the latest phone.

Run Offences started with Houdini naming our Aussie chain smokers Soi Dog and Guttersnipe, following an unfortunate incident the other week that saw them leaving their keys with Gorgeous and not being able to get home.

What we thought was a run offence by Secret Agent Dick Gobbler was hijacked into a (pre-planned) Steward spot. Again there was an attempted coup, with SADG offering B10 beers to take over as GM. A round of 'Fuck off you Cunt' put him firmly back in his place. He got the hares in for a great run but pointed out it was 2 km too long for the old fuckers.



Given the propensity for unwanted sexual attention in the news this week SADG offered an amnesty for past indiscretions, pointing out that in his case bread lasts longer in the fridge than any of his relationships. It was agreed that there was nothing wrong with misconduct and groping on the hash. The Blue Harlot got in trouble with his first g/f- when he met her he asked her if she wanted a seat. He then informed her that his face was free. Mind the Gap was standing in for Minnie Mouse but would not admit to anything- offers from the circle were politely denied. Sick Fucker's first g/f shyly admitted to him that she had been with other men, to which his retort was 'so have I so turn around and brace yourself.' SADG decided that Always Wet's indiscretions would take too long so finished with Fungus, who never gets any sexual attention, unwanted or not.

In an attempt to revive Hash Music SADG got a few fresh faces in the circle for a rendition of 'I like Cunt', followed by a diabolical version of The S&M Man. Come back BC- all is forgiven. A great spot from SADG on a par with what we have come to expect from him.

Wresting back control the GM, who was still wifeless, got No Cup in for her 1400 run (laagers) shirt- the highest number of anyone on the the years and a great effort.



hash. That's a lot of food served up over

Run Offences then continued, with due to slippery dangerous trails and wipe out in front of Lesser Dipshit

many tales of thrills spills and wipeouts stray vines. Master Baker managed to (what was he doing that far back?),

Wilma also managed a spectacular wipeout, 'Supermanning' past an awed spectator, as did Hardon.

Accident and Son of Frankenstein were spotted gambling at the first check and other rule 6 offences took place as well. Due to the amount of extraneous paper (thanks Bike Hash) The Blue Harlot and King Klong got confused on the walk and headed off in every direction other than the one to the laager.



Paper laying earlier the first stream had been a raging torrent and Murkury's dog tried to swim it alone, nearly being swept away, fortunately Murkury had him on the leash (Tyson's Hash name- Dogfish?).

Departers departed and after a pathetic renditions of 'The hairs on her Dicky Dido' (singing is quite poor at the moment- show support for the Hares) the commented on a shit laager site, a nice walk and Fungus was standing in for Jaws as Hash Shit (he's so probably just getting in some practice) and Good tired pack then left the laager for hot showers, and



Runmaster Fungus proof rivers. the Hare next week Run was called. A more beer.

Some people panicked over the Magical Mystery Tour on the way back but even the Bus Driver was impressed with the Navigator's new shortcut, and all arrived safe and sound.

On On

Addenda

Reminder: There is a Committee Meeting 1830 on Wednesday 29 Nov at Karon Sea Sand Resort (Topoff's place).