

Scribe Notes Run #1667 Ban Hin Lat, 13 Jan 2018

As the Scribe was absent again (that's four times out of the past six weeks so maybe time for a permanent change?) it's Addenda into the breach once more. A great laager site across from the pig farm saw us in an area we haven't run in for a couple of years (it was noticeable yet again that the Bike Hash had been through though).

The Hares (No Hope and Singha) decided it was about time the front runners were brought to task and set about it with a vengeance. A series of vicious checks and falsies forced the 'fronties' to work hard for their run- Master Baker chocked up 7.6km on what was a 6km course. One walker was heard to comment 'there was a long space without



paper' to which the Hares responded 'so that would have been a check then'. The tactics seemed to work as the front runners came in around the same time as the walkers, closely pursued by the rest of the pack. The in slope was a bit slippery by the time the tail enders arrived, due to the unseasonable weather over the previous few days and few seemed to notice the rope that was in place for them. Smiles all round on return- walkers and runners seemed to have enjoyed themselves.

Our glorious GM was a bit under the weather today, as were a few others but he soldiered on regardless. He swiftly thanked the Hares and rewarded Fungus for his stalwart efforts

this week as the Hash Horn. Lucky Lek's announcements don't matter as they have happened by the time you read this. Returners Floating Corpse and Swollen Bits (the hash still seem to prefer her old name of MDAC though) in next, followed by two of the virgins who had to go without dry t-shirts much to Fungus' delight. A third virgin dressed like a Flintstone was procured so Wilma, quite appropriately provided a table for her to drink off.



Only 2 visiting hashers today- both from Bodrum in Turkey, Butt Butt and Shitter.



Run Offences started with Brian the Virgin and his Flintstone girlfriend (Betty?) in as she had not gone out on the run due to a heart problem. This did not however prevent him from giving her a couple of good sessions the night before. Fungus remained in the circle for laying pink check and falsie paper just the way he lays post-it- infrequently and in small amounts.

Singha followed him with a tale of how it can all go wrong and what you get on the day isn't always what has gone on behind the scenes preparing a run. No Hope had been on a recce the other week that went a bit awry with him walking 18km and getting back to the laager by the light of fireflies. The total amount of that recce used for the run was about 1.5km (on his eventual return it appeared that Lesser Dipshit had done basically the same on the day- wandering off paper and ending up in Layan).

Chastity Belt brightened Lucky Lek's day when she fell over in front of him with her backside in the air- his response 'it's OK- I don't want a ****today'. The GM thanked Bullet Rash for his great stand-in performance as GM, grateful that he had not followed SADG's example of B10 beers which was bankrupting the hash. The GM had also made extensive preparations for Children's Day only to find there were absolutely no children on the run today. Swollen Bits was in next for not telling her friend to wear appropriate footwear so she schlepped around the run, through streams and swamps, in sandals.

Swollen Colon noted that whilst off paper Butt Butt kept shouting "hey Shitter- over here'. He thought she was insulting her until he realized Shitter was her husband. Bullet Rash followed this up with a point about SC that he always brought anyone and everyone to the Hash for a cheap day out and seemed to take great delight in abandoning them. SADG then punished FA Cup for not stocking up on food before they left home, forcing him to stop at every chicken stall on the way to the run.

Lucky Lek was caught out swinging in the trees at the beginning of the run, then returning with a bunch of foraged plants- turns out it was OK as it's his family's land we were on anyway. Finally Fungus yet again as he was with Jaws who ended up in a swamp that nearly swallowed him up. Fungus merely skipped across it with Jaws thundering that he needed to put on weight.

Mannequin Pis was today's Steward, starting with the Hares and then pointing out he did not need 9 reminders about being a steward- he is NOT Swollen Colon. He remarked out that Jaws was a bit concerned about erectile dysfunction- best cure is Viagra for him and a treadmill for Sheeba (that went over a few heads). He also noticed that Ice Arse was beaming away all day, even though Jiggly Juggs was away,. When asked to comment on his cheerfulness he said that JJ and clouds are very similar- once they've gone it turns into a nice day. Fungus was then brought in to disprove a rumour that tall women are attracted to shorter men. Paper next as she got home one night to find JC stating he was sleeping in the spare room. When asked if he was OK he stated that he was fine but fancied a bunk up with another woman he had brought back.



A couple of weeks ago French Maid had asked The Blue Harlot for a pair of fashionable ripped jeans. Being tight-fisted TBH took her out on the motorbike, dumped her off at high speed and said 'there you go- are they ripped enough yet'? Next I had something written down about FA Cup, arses, toilet brushes and some other stuff but I can't read my own writing. MP finished by getting the GM in to play 'Guess my Hash Name'- you guessed it nil pointed out of five. A great spot as always.

Departers Keyhole (and his Rosie jokes) off to the land of Snowflakes and No Hope (off to Sin City) departed.

A point of order was called before the run vote- it was revealed that for some reason Hangover had crashed the



Iron

Pussy run on Wednesday- he will now be known as 'Rusty Cunt'.

Stand in Rummaster TBH got the Hares and current Hash Shit holder Wilma in for the vote. After the half – hearted singing finally got going TBH remarked that you could have heard a pin drop it was that quiet when he asked if anyone was voting for ‘Hash Shit’. Good Run was given and everyone headed home for tea and biscuits.



On On

Addenda