



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1773

Saturday 25 January, 2020

Hares: J.C., Murkury, Jungle Balls & Clitmas Pussy

phuket-hhh.com

Getting to the laager a bit early showed signs of being Chinese New Year. Large Red Chinese globes were strung across the laager and tables were being set up here and there, something was coming. Even parking was controlled with vague words as to why. Gorgeous had his truck back this week but the registration tables he'd asked Wilma to carry and bring today. Wilma, no way, he's the last guy to arrive, even after the runners have left, even without the horn!

And then GM Wilma arrived and parked to one side of the laager before unloading tables and chairs which he then humped across the laager to where he could have stopped his truck. No one could quite understand this but since Wilma was singing, not saying anything, and not wanting help, then obviously he was content, so we watched him.

The run itself was brilliant, with everyone having their own version of the trails they took. No two stories were alike and no two agreed. Prince Charles led everyone on a shortcut that turned to be longer (and higher) than the arguing-in-the-jungle Assterix, who was right. Paper was laid everywhere, literally and physically. Some of those out searching would hit a trail with paper leading left & right, but at the same time other runners would do the same a hundred meters away. With adding in blue paper, some fresh and some old, and blue chalk directives pointing odd directions, soon the walkers were joining the runners moving fro and to, many voting out loud as to whom they trusted the most to help them get back. The resulting Etch-A-Sketch pattern laid out all over the place kept further dividing the pack between the unsure and the more or possibly less unsure. Since my small group had the horn we at least laid a bit of pink at key intersections for anyone trailing behind. Runners and walkers arrived back to the laager from every direction possible. Maybe even more.

Chinese New Year was under way at the laager. Tables dressed out with spit-roasted pig, potato salads, pickled beats, pickles and breads all set to tuck in to. The pre-circle feed was on and people were in.

The circle opened with a quaintly set table in the middle of the circle, as you would find at a sidewalk cafe, set with candles and plates, steak knives and forks with Wilma facing Secret Agent Dick Gobbler, who announced and welcomed in the Chinese New Year, the Year Of The Rat, by proudly sharing a BBQ'd pair of rice rats on skewers. With gasps from the circle, that seriously hushed for this occasion these guys fought their individual battles with steak knives and forks before realizing skewered rice rat is something you tear apart, unless that is, if you've already chopped it up for bone-in dining as they do. As soon as they'd made some headway at gnawing a morsel or two they got up and approached the circle which actually pulsated away from the offered plate like a magnetic field. There were a few bold and adventurous ones that took on a bit of a bite while many said they had *tried* rat, of course followed by *but I didn't care for it*. The Thai girls were all saying *ARROY MAK MAK!* Ya gotta love it.

Announcements brought in Mr Fister to tell people to read the website, that brought a heckle from The Blue Harlot that got MF fired up, putting TBH on the ice and giving him the Beer Hat for making fun of someone only trying to help someone else do their job. (MF is probably not the best guy to rile.)

Run Offenses provided the hares with a free-flow chain of beers. They suffered it well, in fact JB was seen jumping up and down with excitement as woeful tails recounting over-crossing trails, clusters of mass confusion, finding people sort of wandering, without any paper, in ones and twos, all making their way through the jungle trying to get back before dark. SADG got in Assterix and Tequila Slapper for all the trail-blocking between selfies and a dangerous dog just daring anyone to try passing. GM got in SADG, Once Weekly and Pole Position for showing up in a Sky news program promoting the last Laguna Triathlon, even air time mentioning the excellent road marshaling. Well done PH3. SADG couldn't stop bloating and boasting, even standing on his toes to look taller at having been on TV. What a shame he can be sometimes. And poor FA Cup.

GM got a group of Thais in for a hair comparison and new shoes. The hair was close, one guy's to Wilma's that is, and since the shoes were slotted a cup was allowed. Top Off was iced repeatedly and given the Beer Hat. It's unfortunate that with these character types the beer doesn't serve to warn them but actually makes them behave worse. Not buying Top Off beers can help.

Steward Manneken Pis got the hares in for managing to have no one complete the entire run on paper. Because having no steward means MP will do it himself he got in all those he'd gone to: Jaws but no as he only has little Johnny jokes, Repressed One saying no because he can't offend the parents of the kids in his school, The Blue Harlot because he can offend everyone but we call on him a lot. MP says Not Cleaver is only good if you need a long circle, Not Long Enough is either too gone or not gone enough, and Julie Andrews (welcome back) declined because he *doesn't know anyone anymore*. The result was a vote by all agreeing that Repressed One can offend parents. He's steward next week. And a brand-new father, congratulations.

Jungle Balls stepped in for a bit of stewarding. He called in Lucky Lek and Gorgeous to help with some history on naming. Lucky Lek always calls Gorgeous in as "Georgia", not because it's a pronunciation issue, and not for something to do with the USA, but something to do with Russia. Because Gorgeous' accent is so impossible for LL to understand he says it's like being in Georgia, Russia because you can't understand anything they say.

Virgins were brought in and iced. One said she wasn't expecting that. Really?

Departers were invited in for a down down and a song, FOYCs.

Run Shirts Bung It In was awarded her 25-run shirt and teased into offing the old and donning the new with the help of SADG. Perfect. Mr Muncher received his 25-run shirt and Sonja was given her 25-run shirt and a hash name, Normandy Soup which got in Who The Fuck Is Alice to describe the menu item as a bowl of soup and a blow job. Apparently the soup is optional. Drunk & Disorderly brought in "Rory" for her hash name, which, with some help, became Snag A Pussy. Welcome to the hash.

Darkness fell over the circle as GM Wilma brought in the Hares for the verdict. Before runmaster Fungus could get going the circle was viciously calling for Hash Shit, the question was whom. Silence or small rumblings were heard as the seat was held above each head, that is until Jungle Balls.

And so our first Hash Shit of this new decade, the first Hash Shit of our New Year, including the Chinese New Year is now held in history as being Jungle Balls.

Great food, great Rat show, great trails (even some with paper), great circle. Circle closed.
Scribe, Fungus