



SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1774

Saturday 01 February, 2020

Hares: Singha & No Hope

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Lots of comments could be overheard as the circle closed about what a great day it was, with fantastic trails, many of which were new for the runners, followed by a great circle, some clever stewarding and some funny run offenses.

Wilma arrived in the nick of time with the horn and the much-needed check-busting pink paper. In preparation for the GM not arriving in time runmaster Fungus had already arranged for Dr Evil to blow the horn. Fungus had some "stashed" pink paper and when Dr Evil asked what to do about the horn Fungus asked him how loud he could blow his nose. Not to be outdone, DE blew his nose pretty loudly, and some people backed away a bit. OK says Fungus show us what a check sounds like. It was damned disgusting. Hopefully he didn't use his nose on the horn.

As the hares started off the run No Hope said he wasn't risking the front runners not being able to count the pylons then over running the trail as happened the last time we were here. So, quite properly his advice was to run until you see paper. Too much education in the front runners pack to be sensible.

Not far into the run, at an early check, there became a growing pack, all milling about as paper wasn't being easily found. Expanding their direction of search when Fungus and Ultimate Fucking Cunt finally did hear the horn they were so far away that a *somewhat visible* shortcut became their answer. It wasn't. UFC, not knowing Fungus, and being out of range of the horn, suggested turning back a couple of times. That didn't happen and UFC spent the next 40 minutes directly behind Fungus acting as his body guard. The upper loop of the run trail was continuous vines and thorns and roots and overhanging stuff that Fungus could get through pretty easily but UFC is a *big* guy and had quite a workout, kissing the trail a couple of times. He's a hasher!!

GM Wilma opened the circle getting the hares in saying that he personally thought it was a great run. Next in was Hash Horn Dr Evil who accepted a down-down, bowed, drank it and loudly blew his nose. GM got in Lucky Lek in who got in Manneken Pis to announce the Tinmen. MP had nothing to announce since the hare Not Long Enough has been silent and 3 beers quickly went away for down-downs. Clever. A reminder was given for the coming 3-day Out-Station Run May 2nd. Don't miss it!

Julie Andrews came in as **Steward** and correctly got the hares in for a thank-you down-down saying he thought the trails were quite nice. Next JA brought in Manneken Pis and promptly put him on the ice. MP sat and pulled off a shoe thinking this was the *expected* new-shoe offense, which it wasn't but JA thanked him for the reminder. JA brought in all the Brits, Eu'ers

and Scotts for a song: FOYCs!! Next in was Flying Dicked who appealed to GM Wilma that he shouldn't be required to sit on the ice by a steward. Appeal lost, so on the ice he sat. None of the ex-GMs stepped in to remind that only an ex-GM could ice another GM. Rule #6 thing.

Run Offenses brought in Fungus to recognize Dr Evil's nose blowing willingness and Ultimate Fucking Cunt for being his body guard then Murkury as co-runmaster, Gorgeous, both hares and Any Time. Fungus then pulled several handfuls of stuff from from his pockets and began a very short tree identification experiment based on their fruit. Can any of you tell the difference between a *date* pod and a *palm-oil* pod? It turns out that for years the date-palm laager we've been using in is oil palm. No Hope pointed out that at least everyone got here!!

The **Virgins** were called in and given a proper icing. Unfortunately for 2 of them having a lot of exposed cleavage the circle became quite vicious calling for even more ice water, which, of course, seemed the proper thing to do, and was. Welcome to our Hash!

Returners were welcomed back and extra notice given especially to Any Time who makes the effort coming up from Malaysia for a 1-day just to join our hash. (Oh yeah, and to see Longtime who stays here.)

Just In Beaver joined GM Wilma for passing out earned run shirts. Tumble Dryer was called in to help Dr Fucking Jekyll change into his Run-300 shirt, with a little too much time spent checking DFJ's chest hair. Julie Andrews was called in for his 222-Run shirt, all the way from Germany. Congratulations.

Late **Run Offenses** had Jaws get Lucky Lek in for stopping all along the trail to handle phone calls while checking his sheets of lottery numbers. It's all about priorities.

Paper was called in for celebrating her birthday followed by JC being reprimanded for forgetting Paper's birthday. No worries said JC, I forget it every year. HBYC and here's to the loving couple, down down.

The circle wound down with Swollen Colon getting the hares in for using the same trails SC had shown to Tanupura and which they then put signs along with arrows the entire way. Clever hares these boys.

With daylight still with us GM Wilma got in the hares, runmaster and current Hash Shit holder Jungle Balls. Fungus could only say good things about the run and called for a vote; the circle responding with a united GOOD RUN, GOOD RUN and so it was called. Holding the seat above JB's head Fungus called for anyone wanting to call for Hash Shit, which brought one response—from Jungle Balls as the seat was dropped over his head.

Good Run is was and GM closed the circle. Not only was the day great, but the traffic was most cooperative for the long journey home for many.

OnON,
Fungus, scribe