



SCRIBE REPORT OUTSTATION RUN #1908 in Phang Nga

Saturday 06 May, 2023

Hares: Wilma & Little Toe

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The troops gathered at 2:30 for the official 2023 Outstation photograph.

I better get this in writing because, like Woodstock, with all the alcohol and weed that was consumed at the PHHH 2023 Outstation, most of us probably won't remember it. The official theme for the weekend was "Back to the Stoned Age" where we honored the hippies and the rockers of the 60's and 70's. Lucky Lek kept us in a purple haze with his mobile weed shop, offering 50% discounts to the participating derelicts.

First of all, let me say the venue could not have been more perfect. Katathong Golf Resort and Spa, aptly nicknamed "The Valley of Dreams", is located an easy one-hour drive northeast of the Sarasin bridge in Phang Nga.

Once a working tin mine, the resort is now an 18-hole championship golf course resort, surrounded by lush green mountains – enough area to keep even the most hardcore hares happy with trail choices. There was something for everyone – waterfalls, hiking trails, biking trails, golf, swimming pools, spa and more. Unlike other Outstations, we were all able to stay at the same resort, occupying all 48 beautiful hotel rooms (some with jacuzzies on the balconies), plus another 20 villa rooms set aside for hashers with dogs and children (no comparison intended). The staff was incredible – helpful at every turn. A big shout out to Khun Au and her staff. Even a control-freak like Go Go Trump finally gave up and let the staff handle all the check-ins. They did a great job, and Chef Kevin did an excellent job keeping us fed all weekend. The Thai buffet on Friday night and the International buffet on Saturday night were both delicious. He even had a breakfast buffet egg station in the mornings – have it your way!

A few anxious hashers got off to an early start, checking in on Thursday. Su Su Nonna and What Da Ya Mean were the first to hit the golf course. Free Press showed up with her matching bike and car, and Crack-a-Bonner dragged long-lost Big Keyunt up for the night. We've missed you B.K.! Wilma and Little Toe showed up, and Go Go Trump rounded out the early birds for a nice, quiet dinner.

The hoards began to arrive Friday afternoon and collected their Welcome Bags with room key, itinerary, free welcome beer tickets, and their official 2023 Phuket Outstaion Run shirt. Yes, Outstaion was misspelled – fire the proof reader! She was too dazzled by the cartoon of Butt Plug on the back of the shirt!

The golfers (there were quite a few) waited patiently for Jaws to arrive – who by the way, forgot his golf clubs at the resort Sunday when he checked out! He was feeling no pain Saturday night!

Next, quite a large contingency of Bike Hashers slowly gathered at the lobby entrance, and finally took off in the rain. Poor Shagarazzi jumped out of his car, left Shag Her Arse Off behind to check in to the hotel, scrambled to the lobby bathroom to change into his cycling clothes, but the group left without

him! To their defense, he was in that bathroom for quite a while. It must be hard getting those tight, little cycling shorts on in this Thailand heat!

The less ambitious of us gathered around the swimming pool prior to Butt Plugs Groovy Welcome Party starting at 4:30. Golfers, bikers, swimmers, and chillers merged onto the patio, and the bullshit began. A lovely Thai buffet started at 6:30, and Wilma's efficient beer truck family kept us all well plied with alcohol.

Our multi-talented GM did double-duty as Quiz Master, and lead us through three grueling rounds of 60's and 70's music, movies, and events trivia. The 4th and final bonus round came out of left field, and asked us to identify provinces in Thailand! Pity the tables with no Thais! As it was, there was a bit of confusion when the Turtle Heads thought they had won, when in fact, the Psychedelics had won! How did that happen??? Let's blame it on the bottle of Fireball at the Turtle Head's table! The Psychedelics got 16 free beer tickets for winning! 16!!!! The celebration lasted long into the night.

Saturday morning started off with more golf, cycling, swimming, and chillin'. As Jaws pretended to be King Charles, giving the royal wave from his balcony in a low-slung towel, swimmers frolicked below amongst hula hoops, frisbees, beach balls, and frogs retching bubbles. That was Jaws right? This lowly writer found it impossible to verify all the absurd stories she heard during the weekend!

GM Butt Plug blew the horn at 3:00 to circle up. Wilma and Little Toe sent the pack out to choose between a walk, a creative run with signs offering three options for distance, and a pretty horrendous ball buster. Yours truly cannot offer details at this point as she stayed behind to take pictures at the creek – and subsequently fell in! It is noted that Na Hee Man was the last ball buster in, and Manneken Pis was a close second-to-the-last. There were many run offences to be shared in the circle though, and an awful lot of ice sitting!

The circle would have gone on all night, but we had a party to get to!

The patio was quickly turned into a 60's nightclub with psychedelic lights, groovy posters of The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Creedence Clearwater Revival, The Beach Boys, etc. The tables were decorated with sun flowers, Top 10 Billboard music lists from both the US and the UK for each year in the 60's – and each table had two bottles of Australian Shiraz aptly named *Outstation*. A wonderful International Buffet was set up, and Why Not Me performed a beautiful traditional Thai Welcome Dance.



After dinner, Why Not Me did a quick change and returned with three other Dancing Queens, and got us all up on our feet to do the twist. Why Not Me, Creature From the Blue Lagoon, Seaman Stains, and Goody Goody Moron looked fantastic in their custom designed flirty skirts and flowered tops.

Speaking of fashion, Rusty Hook was a riot! Where did he get those long flowery pants?? And they still weren't long enough! And that hair! – which I saw on a number of heads throughout the night. Paper had them both on by the end of the night, with the pants pulled

way up under her armpits, and they were still too long! Obviously, the men were quite turned on my Rusty Hook – I caught at least Manneken Pis and Jaws making out with him several times! Any others???

I asked Su Su Nonna where she got her cool bell bottom pants, and she said her closet! Scary! Ejaculate was definitely going for the laid-back surfer vibe, and B.C. always looks like the consummate stoner hippie. Invisible Man was a cross between Frank Sinatra and Al Capone in his nifty fedora. What happened to him? – did he pass out? Substandard looked awesome with his long, beautiful, copper hair, and Five Hundred Baht was channeling Twiggy. I could go on and on – everyone looked great!

Peace, Love, and Happiness prevailed through the night with the musical tunes of Collin Hill, and our very own phenomenal Open Plug! What a great treat Pinky! And did we dance! We even saw Gorgeous and No Cup on the floor! Mr. & Mrs. Pis (Manneken and Bunnyken) couldn't keep their hands of each other! Frees Press and Anna – you've got the moves girls! And of course, Bunny Hop and Good Job always tear up a dance floor!



It must have been a successful party, because the Hare of the Dog run the next morning was the smallest gathering ever seen at an Outstation! Blurry-eyed and stumbling participants headed home Sunday afternoon, hoping for a few days of sobriety and recovery. There are so many stories to tell - but what happens at the Outstation, stays at the Outstation! Exceptions will be made during next week's Saturday circle. I'm sure there will be plenty of tales told!

One last note, I want to thank Butt Plug, Wilma, Little Toe, and Crack-A-Boner for helping put this gig together. And thank all of you for coming. It's always a good time wherever and whenever you gather. Over and Out – Peace, Love & Happiness!

ON ON, Scribe, Go Go Trump

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