



SCRIBE REPORT RUN #1955

Saturday, 30 March, 2024

Hares: Ultimate Fucking Cunt, Bjorn To Run, Lucky Lek, Polish My Crabs (VH) & Fungus

phuket-hhh.com



Heaven for Hare Lucky Lek is 11,000 bottle caps to check for winning numbers!!

Ultimate Fucking Cunt (UFC) put together a team of the energetic and the old. Bjorn To Run (BTC) and his meter-plus long castle-busting machete searched and cleared jungle that stood no chance and virgin hare Polish My Crabs (PMC) cut his teeth on haring with snakes, spiders, thorns and angry bees—rousted from their ground nest by BTC who showed all of us how to fly, scream and draw blood escaping them. Lucky Lek cleared the various permissions, giving food with UFC as an apology for intruding while all the time busy collecting edible leaves, tubers and fruits.

UFC set the idea of running everyone down the beach 800 meters before returning 700 of those on a trail just above the beach. Not Long Enough, who knows the area, decided to screw the instructions to use the beach and climbed up to the trail, hitting the paper for the return, but decided to run it anyway to escape the sand. Great thinking until he hit the end of the paper, which was a falsie anyway before returning on the same trail. However, runners and walkers seeing and hearing the horn with NLE began to go every direction on both the beach and the trail. Shit happens.





Putting a run together is a whole host of tasks starting with a laager. UFC picked a grand one in the south end of the Naiyang bay where only Tinmen have laagered in the past, mainly because of the challenge of getting a run loop there, which UFC's team did. So, runners and walkers got a sand & rock beach, a trail above the beach with incredible sea views and a nice hill crested with a rubber plantation. Descending the inland side of the hills took runners along switchback dirt tracks ending in old rice paddy fields blackened with char spots of recent burning and a few staked-out grazing cows. As the trail approached the beach the runners trotted through the sand edging a deep, swift moving tidal creek before breaking onto the beach for a good long run-in to the laager.

The timing for the walk and run worked out with nearly everyone arriving back at the laager about the same time. All but the confused seemed happy. Beer helped.

GM Invisible Man opened the circle that was as wide as the view forcing the GM, and others, to continuously turn while talking. The view won on that one.

Run Offenses came and went, returners were welcomed, virgins properly ice-drenched, departers sent off and steward Jaws rewarded with laughter.

How could this be anything other than a Good Run, which it was called. Well done UFC. Give us another run as good as this one.

Circle closed.

ON ON, Fungus

