



SCRIBE REPORT RUN #1961

Saturday 11 May, 2024

Hares: J.C., Murkury & Fungus

phuket-hhh.com



This is your leader!

So here's yet another run hared by by our most senior hares JC and Murkury requiring an ambulance to haul away a hasher, meaning that if someone was to get Hash Shit it would likely have been one of them, which didn't happen when our corrupt Runmaster Manneken Pis shifted all blames for all points and issues over to Fungus-- who called it a Witch Hunt as the seat was hung around his neck!

JC set the tone by warning runners to be extremely careful not to fall from the massive rounded boulders they needed to cross because the fall was 7 m to one side and 8+ m on the other—but if they should slip to definitely not grab the vines on the way down because according to the locals the poisonous leaves can kill you. However Fungus had stretched knotted line low to the boulders with a couple side-stays for anchors so all but Manneken Pis made it across without incident who hugged and crawled across each hump, under the knotted line. Real Tinmen / Maraud stuff there MP, makes us proud.

The ambulance, some say from GRAB, arrived to cart off SHART who had arrived at the laager very clearly heat exhausted, bone white gushing sweat. We got him seated, gently cooling him and slowing his pant when for some reason there became an

absolute rush of 10, maybe 14 people surrounding Shart, all claiming knowledge and tricks and solutions taught by parents, grandparents and witch doctors. Soon Shart was on his back, then on his belly, then one side, then twisted by his legs back onto his back with Campari straddling him calling down to all what was to be done. Soon Shart's feet were in the air like an astronaut getting each foot massaged as a bag of ice was placed against his chest. Unbelievable, bedlam—Hash Quack simply walked away as a bucket of ice water was being fetched. When the ambulance did arrive there was Shart, sitting in a comfortable chair getting both feet and his neck massaged.



Locals call this *bai lang chang*, (leaf of elephant area?) Highly toxic, no remedy, intensely painful 7 hours, extremely painful 5 days. A rare treat for runners to see!

Run offenses mainly concerned hares picking a laager site where the road getting here scared some people into not coming (fuck'um), on to having deadly boulders surrounded by more deadly vines that could kill runners, a run only 3.3 km but loved for the straight up and straight back down trails. There was no question about it being work out!!

We had routine welcoming and departing recognition and one incident of new shoes. When it came to closing the circle Berthless Boatie was called in as a Murkury lookalike to stand with JC and Fungus. Manneken Pis did a fair job of shoving around various blames because someone had to get Hash Shit. One by one the weight seemed to slide toward Fungus, confirmed by the circle yelling Hash Shit, Hash shit. Fungus explained to the visiting hasher, who thoroughly enjoyed the day, it was a sign of love. Right!!



ON ON, Scribe Fungus ([more pics](#))