



## SCRIBE REPORT RUN #1963

Saturday 25 May, 2024

Hares: Campari, Mask, La Lasagna

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Today's hares Campari, Mask and La Lasagna found a new laager turning an old run area into a new one. To complicate things they added a seldom used method of identifying checks by crossing 2 sticks having a dab of dull red paint on them, which went to hell as sticks got kicked and moved causing the pink paper correcting a false to be mislaid sending some runners into a loop, which at least one runner did 3 times and several did 1.5 rounds before coming in on the walk! Hash Shit was in the air. Our horn blower, Peanut, who came in after the circle had started, was given a rewarding down-down then iced for tossing pink paper under a fence that sent runners into the loop. The feeling for Hash Shit increased dramatically.

The trails themselves were quite nice with plenty of sea views as we circled the hill climbing to the high peak called “the rock” with a panoramic view, the dangerous trails of the past to reach there now replaced with cut steps and lashed handrails.

GM Invisible Man got on with his list of duties calling for Run Offenses—there were none. So he called for Virgins and 2 unknowing stepped forward. They were properly put on their knees and iced nicely—or so the circle thought.

Returning to his work list the GM brought in the Returning Hashers asking where they'd been followed by those leaving and asking them where they were headed.

Run Offenses slowly surfaced and once again Top Off made several visits to the ice, once sitting there voluntarily as he had called in totally incorrect people. It's not often one puts oneself—well done TO.

Our Steward for the day was Fungus who reeled through calling in as many hashers as he could for a down-down, some only to get the beer—no reason at all. When 4 golfers were called in having it explained how “expensive” it was getting their wives to allow them to golf one day, Jaws just smiled. He said easy. He wakes Sheba up with a slap on the ass and asks “intercourse or golf course”? She even reminds him to take his hat! Giving all that beer away earned Fungus a “well done” as the beer disappeared.



Proper use of ice...

Improper use of ice...

With fading light and departing hashers Invisible Man called for the close of the day—Hares in the Circle. Hash Shit holder Fungus smiled as stand-in Runmaster Butt Plug ran down the list of offenses the hares had committed—including the most serious—sending him into that loop. There was no escaping it as the chant Hash Shit grew louder. Fungus was given the pleasure of hanging the seat on Campari, which excited Mask to jump on the ice trying to be heard shouting “it was the horn, but it was the horn's fault”.

Circle closed.

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

