



## SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1715

Saturday 15th December 2018  
Dr Fucking Jekyll, Murkury, Alcoholic  
Kathu - Red Mountain Golf Area

Trying to persuade Hashers to take on a guest scribe spot is like trying to convince a nun that a blow job will bring her nearer to the kingdom of heaven. The same look of disdain clouds over their little Hash mushes as they wish that the purveyor of such ill-tidings would just fuck off and leave them in peace. **Billy No Mates** reckoned he had no mates, so why should he bother writing to nobody. And **Wet Wet Wet** insisted she was a numbers person and not very good with words; though she was cruelly exposed when then asked for the solution to the Quadratic formula  $ax^2+bx+c=0$ . Best excuse was from **Too Old to Fuck** who said he was dyspensic. Anyway ... we digress ...

### The Run

**Dr Fucking Jekyll** gleefully announced two entirely separate runs. The runners headed off back toward the main road and took a left only to scale and then descend one huge mother-fucker of a hill. The Scribe took the thinking hashers (oxymoron) blue paper option which led the pack out on tarmac, left at the end of the second lake, across a stream and up a 15 minute climb on mud steps hewn, as was confirmed by the man himself, by the very own fair hands of our diligent hare **Dr Fucking Jekyll** (who obviously needs to get a fucking social life then). With the heavens opening up to freezing rain, the right turn from the barking-dog farmhouse was transformed into one slippery descent. Nice bit of tarmac run to home. Alleluyah!



Illustrious Hares



Another Hill



Great Scenery



Golf Anybody?

## The Hares

Enter **Dr Fucking Jekyll**, **Murkury** and **Alcoholic**, the latter being a Virgin Hare after 27 years of PH3 hashing. Better late than never. As aforementioned, **DFJ** must have taken a shovel with him on the reccies to hone out some pretty nifty toe-holds on the blue paper ascent. Well done, guys!

## Scribe Crisis Continued

**Invisible Man** called out for his forthright claim in Report 1714 that “front running bastards are all morons”. Try telling that to M.I.A. **Master Baker** who fell of his bike last week having failed miserably to perform a wheelie. So, with scribe volunteers as rare on the ground as good looks from this week’s hares, GM **Jaws** stamped his authority on the proceedings and right royally decreed that **Who The Fuck Is Alice** would scribe for Run 1716. An interesting choice considering that **WTFIA** little understands the true language of the Gods ... and nor can he write it. Stand by Google translate. Should be interesting.

## Virgins, Retardees and Awards

**Wankenstein** was so besotted by his protegee virgin April Sala that the silly old sod actually knelt with her for the icing ceremony. He seemed to snap out of his trance when ice was applied to his arse. About 15 retardees of which those with pasty pale skins had obviously just returned from a sojourn in the UK. **Wankenstein** was called in for 50 Run shirt award but the Dutch biscuit was taken by **Flying Dickhead**’s 1100 runs who must now join **Dr Fucking Jekyll** in the contest for “Who Needs To Get A Fucking Life” of the year award. Interesting yet, at the same time, disturbing to see **Always Wet** darting into the circle to relieve **F.D.** of his old shirt. The word “foreplay” is obviously not part of her lexicon.



## Other Stuff

The rain had converted the circle to a mud-bath so it was unfortunate that **Ya-Ba** chose today to drop the hash flash camera. Normal service to be resumed ...etc. **Blue Harlot** exhibited his new car and should, following hash tradition, drink from the car ashtray ... which, of course, don’t exist anymore. So **B.H.** drunk from his dog’s piss-pot instead. **Lucky Lek** calls in a no-namer who works in the municipal offices; **Under The Table** is, therefore, an appropriate Hash Handle. One of the registrars inked **Oyay**’s run tally on her right buttock. 77. Had they inked a “7” on each buttock she would have amassed 707 runs. **Blue Harlot** tells of meeting ocularly challenged **Lemming** in a coffee bar. No matter how much sugar he put in his coffee it just didn’t taste sweet enough. Then **BH** spotted the little mounds of sugar dotted around the table. **Barbie Doll** gave a great (and tuneful) rendition of “Yesterday”. Josh No Name got to drink from his new shoes.



## Steward Spot

**Nut Cleaver** started by donning a yellow jacket just to make **WTFIA** feel at home. **WTFIA** responded by throwing the waste bag across the floor and lobbing a make-do Molotov cocktail at the GM. Two words spring to mind: Revolting French. Many jokes from **Nut Cleaver**, but perhaps best is that **Semen**, a tight bugger, went shopping with **Grumbling Bitch**. She's found what she wanted on the cheapo, bottom shelf of the shop. As she bent down, **Semen** was shocked. "You're not wearing any knickers!" **GB** replies "That is true, darling. But you don't give me any money and all my underwear is worn and has holes. I have nothing". **Semen** swears under his breath and fishes a 20 baht note from his pocket. "Here," he says, "buy yourself a comb and smarten yourself up!" One more from **Nut Cleaver** ... what's the difference between a car tyre and 365 used condoms? One's a Goodyear and the other's a Great Year. Nice spot, **Nut Cleaver**.



Revolting French



Get a Comb



A Very Confused Wankenstein



Steward Nut Cleaver

## Runmaster

Nobody ever thought this would be voted a bad run. Hares **Dr Fucking Jekyll**, **Murkury** and **Alcoholic** gave us two separate runs ... well thought out ... the hewing of steps to facilitate climbs ... sub-hour run .... great scenery. The only downer was the mud-bath circle, resulting in a glimmer of hope for Shit incumbent **Not Long Enough**. Sure enough, **SAD Gobbler** elicited a Good Run from the mob and all was at peace with the Hash.

## On On!

### Tight Fit

Sous-Scribe Without Portfolio ... and Without any Bastard Volunteers for Stand-In.

[www.phuket-hhh.com](http://www.phuket-hhh.com)