



## SCRIBE REPORT RUN 1756

Saturday 28 September, 2019

Hares: Jungle Balls, Clitmas Pussy,  
Murkury & Manneken Pis

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

Right, here we go again on another semi-hungover scribe ramble. I hope your strapped in folks.

This week's Saturday Hash location felt like we were hanging from the clouds, nestling in the hills between Bang Wad Dam and Chalong. This area is familiar territory for the Hash, but the Hares managed to find a few new trails for the day. Overall, both the run and the walk got the thumbs up from the drunken rabble, and the echo 'good run' reverberated around the deepening darkness.

Manneken Pis, Murkury, Clitimus Pussy and Jungle Balls acted as our Hares for the day, and with so much experience between them, no one expected a balls up, and they were right. The paper laying was precise and abundant, preventing even Phuket HHH's notorious moaners from having a go. Hats off to the Hares for keeping the naysayers at bay.

The award for the most drunken Hare of the day went to Murkury, who felt the full impact of his free beers, and then some. That said, JC and he showed me a creative way back to Ban Wad Dam at the end of the night, which seemed like a good idea at the time. But as I drove my truck over the muddy undulations, I spilled a full beer onto the floor and almost crashed into a chicken coop. Thus, let this be a lesson to all members of the Phuket HHH. If you're going to have a 'Traveler', as our Australian friends say, make sure your driving on tarmac, not a wild jungle luge track with drunken septuagenarians. Another event of note on the run was Tootsie's injury. For some reason he saw a coconut and tried to balance on it. I'm sure you'll all agree this is a bad idea while traversing uneven, steep ground. Unable to fight against gravity, Tootsie fell on his ass and managed to hobble back to the Larger. This fall will see Tootsie out of the running game for some time, and actually might even relegate him to the back of the running pack, marking one of Phuket HHH's most monumental falls from grace: strong front runner to mid-pack struggler to back-of-the-pack hobbler.

Amazingly, the GM beat Master Baker for a second week in a row. Master Baker mentioned that the GM short-cutted on numerous occasions, but this sounds like sour grapes to me. I think it is time Master Baker started training properly for the Phuket HHH as he's embarrassing himself. Will the GM beat him for a third week in a row?

This remains to be seen.

Other shenanigans at the circle included a drunken Hemmingway lookalike from a former Soviet state singing songs about necrophilia and SAD Gobbler ranting about the GM run ethics. For me, though, the best call of the day came from the bearded Hemmingway fellow who when challenged by Not Cleaver on the precision of his language, spat out, 'When was the last time you had a fuck, granddad?' This got the biggest roar of the circle, but you have to question the 'granddad' part coming from a man old enough to have fought in WW2.

All will agree the French – bar Tootsie – were on fire in the circle, and the Steward Spot was the icing on the cake. Out of the darkness, strange contraptions appeared, looking like hybrid creations of Geppetto and Tim Burton. Into this weird stringed, wooden body suit, the French placed beers, and Hashers attempted to drink the beers dangling from strings. Bewildered, SAD Gobbler danced around the circle like a chicken on acid and failed to get any beer down his throat.

Anyway, hats off to the Hares for a dam good run and a fantastic Laager site. A good run/walk was had by all. See you next week for more fun and frolics in the jungle.

ON ON  
Repressed One, Scribe