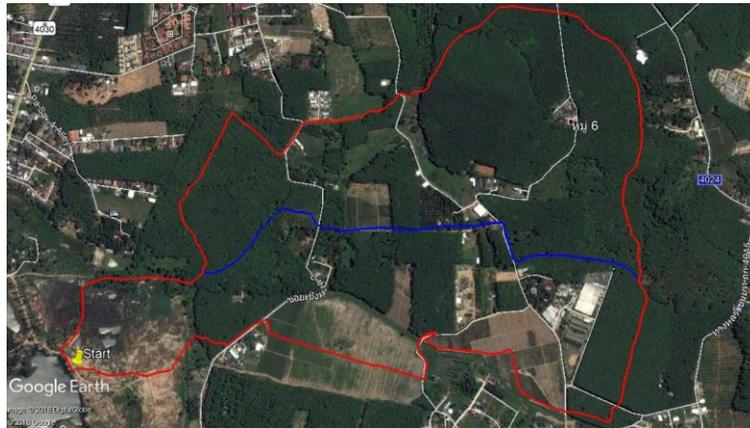


Scribe Notes Homestation Run #1682 Cherng Talay, 28 April 2018



'Beaches, beaches- we no need no steenkin' beaches' seemed to be the theme of the day, although the Laager was plenty sandy by the side of a beautiful lake. A much reduced pack of 40 (the rest seemed to be otherwise engaged) set off in eager anticipation, straight into a bog. Hares Singha and No Hope had timed the run perfectly with both the walkers and front runners coming in together (or so we thought).



A shady run through the rubber plantations turned out not to be the case as the area has just been decimated with chain saws. A 7km (or more in some cases) run and 5km walk saw most people returning with smiles on their faces but maybe that was in anticipation of what was to come.

Stand-ins everywhere on the day- GM Buttplug, Hash Scribe No Hope, Steward No Hope and Hash Flash Ya Ba. The Expat laid on a lovely buffet of hot sausage sandwiches and other finger food, which went down a treat. Many thanks to Woodpecker and King Klong for taking the time to look after us. The GM stated that he didn't agree with stand-ins being allowed to provide B40 beers, so it was to be B30 beers for the rest of the day. Hangover appeared to have started earlier than everyone else though. Normal admin of Hares, Announcements, Visitors, Returners and Virgins



(one) was swiftly dealt with and it was onto the Steward.

The dopey sod had prepared for the spot and knew exactly where his notes were- on the table at home. Not letting a little detail like this get in the way of a good story he cracked on any way. Hares were thanked first, then it was

commented on that Singha seems to attract more women by the week. On one recce he had brought 5 ladies along AND a passing Finn. Klong and Woodpecker were then presented with beer to make up for the lack of numbers on the bus this week (11). Speaking of beer it was noted that GMs seem to be very liberal with B30 beers whenever the current Hares lay a trail, consequently they always miss out. 'Son Nam Na' was the GM's response.

The Steward then apologized that for various reasons he and Swollen Colon didn't Steward more often, which led into another Swollen Colon tale. A few weeks back the Steward had made comment about a member of Swollen Colon's family and The Blue Harlot concurred. Unfortunately they were not both talking about the same member of SC's family- it must be a generational thing.

Master Baker was next in the circle as it was noted that it's very difficult to find news about Sweden. On this occasion there was great news though- Abba has re-formed (we'll save you from the Ikea 'Rosie joke'). It was not just the older members of the circle who instantly burst into song – Buttplug seemed excited as well. The Blue Harlot was also excited but you'll have to read the lyrics to find out why.

At this point Hangover managed to slither off the top of the beer truck, collapse on the floor and stagger into the circle along with his fisherman friend to serenade us with a burst of 'Clocodile Lock' and other Golden Oldies. The Steward finally managed to wrest back control of the circle and decided to quit on a high.



Swiftly returning to the fray the GM kicked off the Run Offences. The walkers had been delayed for about 15 minutes due to Clitzipper not doing a check properly. Murkury commented that if the pink paper (which was available) had been used there would have been no reason to check in the first place. The GM retorted that he seemed to manage OK without it for the first 25 years of the hash. Bullet Rash then complimented the Hares for running the paper around all the puddles in the bog and allowing the pack to stay dry, only to have them plunging knee deep into a Klong 15



minutes later.

Bullet Rash then revealed the truth behind the front runners and the walkers coming in together. It turned out the FRBs had got lost on a check (laid in the same place just 5 months earlier by one of the FRBs- Master Baker) and

stumbled onto blue paper, using it to link up with the run again. Our GM for the day was the first runner in to come in on paper so no 'win' this week boys.

Woodpecker asked the GM and BB to explain why BB had spent an inordinate amount of time before the run with her hands down Buttplug's pants- he seems a bit too happy with the experience. Sweet Pussy was pulled in for here Tarzan and Jane antics on the walk. Gorgeous was punished next for struggling to find the laager in one of the most open, flat area of the island and Tuna Fuckler was congratulated for his dedication to the Hash. Despite having the runs from a dodgy meal the night before he dosed himself up with lomotil and came along any way. Murkury then berated the Songkran Registrars for giving him a ticket but not stating what it was for; consequently he missed out on a towel (we all know it was the water pistol he was sulking about really). Murkury then got the Hares in as they had been heard whinging that they weren't getting enough beer during the run offences.

With loads of beer still to be drunk and the sun not setting The Blue Harlot came in to entertain us. It turned out the (proper) GM had asked him to Steward this week but he had neglected to inform the GM he was not going on the Summer Holiday. TBH then commented on King Klong's liking to travel to new places and find pubs, he was in the smallest pub in the world the other day 'The Thalidomide Arms' (unfortunately it is impossible to recreate TBH's demonstration here).

He then asked visiting Hasher Doggie Style how she got her Hash Name- being Russian it was



typically boring and not the answer he expected. At this stage Tyson got a bit excited and it was off for a cigarette when he finished. TBH then got Master Baker in for having unlawful interaction with ghosts, only to find out MB had misunderstood him and thought he had said goats. Singha was then punished for breaking his condom, to which he retorted it was a common occurrence at his age.

The GM then got all the people who had not been in the circle for a beer (he denied he was trying to get rid of old stock), then dealt with the departures.

Stand-in Runmaster The Flying Dickhead stated that as there was no Hash Shit present there was no other choice than to award Good Run to the Hares. The circle was closed, Hangover was poured into the Beer Truck and we all went on our merry way.



A great circle, a bit light on the singing but a good day was had by all- I'm sure there will be payback by the GM next week when he finds out what we got up to. As always it's not about who wasn't on a run but who was. A superb job



by our stand-in GM Buttplug rounded out the day.

We trust the Outstation Runners had a great time as well and look forward to hearing how they got on. Safe travels.