



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report Run # 1722- Saturday 02 Feb 2019

Prior to the start of the run the GM sadly announced the passing of Guido 'Disparu' Roothaert during the week. Disparu was a well-liked elder statesman of the Hash who did not tolerate fools gladly. With a wicked sense of humour



and sublime outlook on life it was always a pleasure to be in his company. Despite ongoing health issues he never let it get in the way of his enjoyment of the Hash- often pushing himself to the limit. Details of his funeral will be announced in due course. Our condolences to Miss Aparu and his family. RIP.

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On to the run and what the Unholy Trinity of Murkury, Nothing and Not Long Enough may have in store for us. The approach to the Laager found Doodlebug bumperless at the bottom of the very narrow access and the bus only just managed to scrape around the corner at the top (literally, on the way back- fortunately we didn't bring the wall down).



Off went the Runners and Short Cutters

to the sound of Jungle Balls' horn to the first check. Canny non-front-runners noted Tequila Slapper silhouetted on the skyline at the second check and simply bypassed them, stumbling across Ejaculator and Gay Ray semi-hidden in the bushes in the process. Yet again dogs were getting underfoot (notably Campari's Rat and Bumscrapper's Dalmatian- which nearly got castrated by a high flying boot if I'd been quicker) and there could have been some nasty accidents. Dog Owners really need to get a grip of their animals before someone gets hurt. Just after the first wire it turned out Jungle Balls had morphed into a shaven headed front runner so the horn was finally able to keep up with the pack.

Just after the Short Cutter's split the Scribe took a cunning short cut of his own, paralleling the Runners without going up the hill. Unfortunately the parallel led to an over grown hill nowhere near the actual run. Tits for Brains had followed the errant one and we spent a not so pleasant time in the bushes for about 20 minutes before eventually

regaining the paper. On returning to the Laager it transpired that those who actually had the nouse to stay on paper totally enjoyed the run and the effort the Hares had put in chopping through large areas to make a path through.

Tick tock went the clock and when the GM finally started the circle his grip of the pack was (un)noticeable. With so many people these days its like herding cats trying to get things started- a little bit of respect in future please. The



Hares were called in and then Nothing was kept behind to finally be awarded his Junior Jedi 25 Hare shirt. Well deservd after all the half years he has lived here and the effort he has put in.

Returners followed, including Car Fart and Long Cut who used to be classed as rich bastards when they first started hashing in Phuket as they had one of the few cars on the hash. There was another long term Hash Returner present but he was too busy flogging his book to register. On to the 10 Virgins and, despite it being a simple process, two Americans and one Canadian supposedly running it managed to balls up the whole process.

Numbered 25 run shirts to Blue Shit and Anal Vice, followed by Secret Agent Dick Gobbler iced for verbal diarrhea and dissing former GM Tootise over his 'gay' haircut. It turned out Tootise was in as a proxie for his mother as she had gone shopping instead of hashing. In actual fact she hadn't and was presented with her 200 run shirt. On being



asked who had named Who is Fucking Who the Fuck is Alice Tootisie proudly announced it was him. For those not in the know Tootsie is WIFWTFIA's son. With the longest name ever printed on a shirt she now has something nice to wear when she really goes shopping.

On to Run Offences, the majority of which entailed getting off paper and trying to short cut through the shoulder high grass. The worst offenders were Mannequin Pis who was encouraging others to run as he fell flat on his face , and Wilma, who nearly garotted himself at one point. Mannequin Pis and Bollywood were also punished for rabbiting on their phones on the way round the course. Thai Connection were in next as the Hash had lost Lucky Lek. Amidst fits of giggles, mainly from Cobbler, no one actually knew what had happed to the Unlucky one. Hopefully he has turned up safe and sound.

Piss Drinker then came in as a Virgin Steward and got off to a great start by remembering to get the Hares in (something that seems to fall by the wayside these days). He then got Jungle Balls in for dobbing him in to get the



Steward spot. La Lasagna was called in to demonstrate the dog pouch and it was commented on that these were the nicest three puppies the Circle had seen in a long time. There was some stuff to do with Rugby, an invasion of the circle by an errant bike rider and more punishments for the Hares. A great spot by the Virgin Steward.

Paper was called in to celebrate her birthday, accompanied by JC shouting out 'don't you sponsor 30 baht



beers ya bitch' and Nahee Man was iced for rubbish stroke jokes over Rampant Rabbit's recent pre-Birthday wobble. Anything for a free beer! The Outstation Team was called in and the GM encouraged another 30 people to sign up- mainly because he has ordered 120 t-shirts. Mannequin Pis followed this by calling in Regisssssssssssssssssssssssss to be granted the Hash Name 'Little Johnny'. For those of you that didn't know Regis is the French version of the Little Johnny 'jokes' so beloved by the GM.

Fungus then came in to request that Steve Lantz, who passed away last year be granted a Hash Name, having completed 18 runs. You may remember the run in his picture when he returned dehydrated after two hours on paper-



to resuscitate himself with beer- a true Hasher. Steve had planned to come back to

Phuket to retire but died before he could head back. It is planned for his ashes to be scattered in Phuket so he was appropriately named Hashes to Ashes. RIP.

Nahee Man, always keen for free piss, was brought in as he had finally had a friend (Lexie) turn up on the Hash after 25 years. This was followed by the tale of 3 drunk drivers within the Hash, the moral of the story being DON'T DRINK AND DRIVE. The 5 visiting Hashers and 2 Departers were called in and off we swiftly went to the Run Vote (or so we thought).

SADG did a mini Steward Spot on the potential pitfalls of next week's laager site. It transired it was in a Muslim area, 30 feet from a Police Box, on a hill, surrounded by Elephants, on a blind bend on one of the busiest and most



dangerous roads on the island with no parking. For some reason he had stepped in and forced the run to be moved (!!!). This is the Reader's Digest Version- he took almost 20 minutes to say the exact same thing. The more he spoke the more the circle drowned him out with 'Good Run' and as chaos ensued the GM was able to get a grip and close the circle.

On On

No Hope

STOP PRESS: The run on Saturday 9 Feb 2019 will now be held at the Patong Viewpoint- details on the Website.