



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report Run # 1724- Saturday 16 Feb 2019

As the GM seems to think his glorious reign is mentioned twenty-two times in the Scribe Report this week it



will be mentioned ONCE, yes- ONCE. So much for delusions of grandeur.

A pack of 136 turned out to see what was in store for them at the popular laager site of Red Mountain. What would Hares Dr Fucking Jekyll, Pole Position and their Chauffeur have in mind for us? Would it be round to the left or round to the right? With the pack jostling for position and half of them getting it wrong off we went to the right, discovering paper after about 900m of tarmac as promised. Up into the hill and a bit further on the short cutters split down to the left whilst the intrepid Runners stuck to multi coloured paper and higher up the hill.

Buttcycle managed to lead a large group of back runners off paper before finally declaring there wasn't any but most of those he had in tow shortcut down to the shortcut instead of regaining the hill. As seen in the picture the



shortcut was interesting- at one point short cutters were appearing from three different directions- one even swimming down the lake. Best guess is DFJ did not lay that bit. All the runners seemed happy but had struggled due to a Hash Horn who is not overly keen on blowing and pinking, leading to confusion at a couple of points. (Scribe Comment: My personal vote is for Topoff as Hash Horn- he is consistently at the right position in the pack as he has given up front running and apart from one brainfart the other week marks checks and falsies well. There needs to be a bit of consistency with the Horn but I digress).

Amazingly, the GM had his admin sorted and the circle started early. He had forgotten which number the run was but as no one really cares anyway it didn't matter. The Hares were called in and thanked for their efforts, especially as they had left their sickbeds to lay the run. This explained why PP was walking around dressed as a nurse prior to the run- breaking some of the older members out in a sweat before they had even left the laager. Initial feedback on the run was quietly confident. Returner Lemming successfully navigated his way into the circle along with Headless Chicken. Fungus was iced for one of many occasions on the day for failing to keep his trap shut.

6 visiting Hashers from Penang (or as one of them referred to it the 'REAL PH3') and one from China preceded the Virgins. Due to the confusion and chaos over the next 5 minutes, it was decided by Bullet Rash and the Scribe that



Anal Grapes



should be

stripped of his Canadian

citizenship and made an Honorary American for managing to balls up such a simple process. Canada will get the recent Saudi teenage Asylum seeker in return as a 'one in, one out' policy.

Having managed to take a break from running his business on the phone Mannequin Pis came in as an early Steward. He promptly thanked the Steward Chaser for picking him, as his main job was to ice Julie Andrews. Unfortunately at the time of the circle JA was somewhere over India, headed back to Austria. The Steward Chaser was then presented with the glorious award of 'Cunt of the Day'. Hares in next and MP commented on how the older Hares seemed to have a testosterone overload at the moment, trying to outdo each other with Tinman style challenging hills. No wonder DFJ was hobbling around before the run with his knee giving him gyp. (Slow down chaps- we want you Haring for many more years so find yourselves some flatter areas). French cunts in next for something to do with a bet and football but if you don't follow kissball it went over a few people's heads. Evidently, MP made a stupid bet when pissed ant Katoey Lover, Transporter and Tootsie are going to drink his place dry next Saturday. Jungle Balls followed to be the butt of more football trivia but again if you weren't there you won't get it.

In with the Rusties next for their efforts last Wednesday- or not as it transpired. It turned out the Hares didn't do a single recce and let Secret Agent Dick Gobbler lay the run for them. Having expected a jolly jaunt it turns out they crossed from Kathu to Patong and were not impressed. SADG had wanted to turn up at the start of the run to brief the



ladies but FA Cup wouldn't allow it.

Instead he was waiting at

the end in his own rather fetching little red dress (eyebled please). This tale was provided on her return from the event by a drunken Bunnyken Pis who is sadly absent from the Hash these days- turns out Mannequin Pis is fed up with her beating him on the runs so he makes her work Saturdays. Top Off was called in for starting the run late (more on that later) carrying out a brilliant shortcut to catch up, only to find he had shortcut onto the shortcut- massive fail. Mannequin Pis finished up with a tale of Buttplug and his girlfriend on the sofa. Torn between which channel to put on the tv Buttplug asked her 'football or porn'. She replied- 'porn- you already know how to play football'. A beer spitter to end the spot on a high. Well done to our consistently funny and entertaining Steward- a shame about the ears.

On to numbered runs and Kentucky Fried Piles was awarded his 50-run shirt. Following comments about it being



50 laagers, he retorted that

'it's a dirty job but someone



has to guard the Beer truck'. To cries of 'take it off, keep it on' KFP stripped off to display the latest in Anti-Fungus apparel, much to the circle's delight (and relief).

Back to a bit of Admin and Lucky Lek in for Announcements- most will have happed by the time you read this as LL was busily engaged in financial transactions with the GM's Mrs (that's his story and he's sticking to it).

Swollen Colon in next for his personal vendetta by refusing to pay the increase in Hash Subs.



SC reciprocated by introducing



Flying Dickhead to the father of the young man who has been servicing FD's daughter for the past three years (also Dutch so at least they keep it in the family). What a way to find out about one's future son in law (or not, as it turns out- they have split up).

Itchy Bi in as a Fatherly stand-in for Topoff who had sailed past SC on his bicycle on turning into the laager. Top



Off had overshot the junction,



missed the

sign and carried on into Kathu, which explained his late arrival at the Laager. SADG in next to serenade the crowd with 'No more Fucks to Give' after being humiliated at last week's circle. We weren't sure whether it was karaoke time or a



Resignation Speech- time will tell.

Over a bit of confusion as to who was

scribing the run the Scribmaster, this week's Scribe and Hash Flash were thanked for their efforts- serial yakkers the French, MP and the Backstreet boys were then iced for their contempt of the Circle.

Speaking of contempt for the Circle the skies darkened, there was a rush of wind and a combination of The



Equalizer, Dog the Bounty Hunter and the Witch Finder General descended on us for a rant. Mr Noisy-Shouty (Kia and Bar) berated the Circle as to how HE was going to out people within the Hash HE considered miscreants.

(EDITORIAL COMMENT: This is interesting because:

- A. It's the GM's job to make decisions about behavior on the Hash.
- B. We do not have an Inspector of Customs and Revenue on the Hash.
- C. There are correct ways to deal with this sort of issue without getting all shouty over it.
- D. We do not air our dirty laundry in public (that's what the Internet is for).
- E. It's none of his business to make arbitrary decisions about the Hash
- F. We do not need a self-appointed Judge, Jury and Executioner on the Hash- that's the GM's job. COMMENT ENDS)

The GM restored order by telling the second oldest Quasimodo joke history and the circle quickly moved on as they are easily distracted. The GM pointed out that as the Registrars were accountable to him and not the Witch Finder General it had been reported to him that people such as Rampant Rabbit were doing the right thing and staying on the right side of the law. RR paid double this week, as he was too late to pay the other week. It also transpired that Fungus is registering and paying for dead Hashers, as he wants 'Hashes to Ashes to finally get from 18 to 25 runs. (This sort of pissed on the aforementioned rant and rightly so).

Repressed One was called in and harangued for being more interested in racing than blowing and pinking, then SADG tried to change a couple of names to no avail. The GM (who IS the man in charge) correctly pointed out that there was no need to be constantly changing Hash Names- it was not about names being liked or not liked but about them being earned. Speaking of earned Hash Names Gay Pig Fucker was thanked by Fungus for his chivalry in assisting a lady



across some barbed wire. Unbeknownst to the lady in question some obscene positioning of digits was involved in the crossing. Needless to say, GPF let the wire spring back into place before Fungus was able to cross it. Jungle balls managed to sneak in the last offence before the run vote chastising Campari over his pronunciation of Quasimodo and other quadrilingual words. The Blue Harlot was heard at this point to state that Campari's' accent made him pine for a Cornetto (the Brits will get that one)

Finally, onto the Run Vote and a few very pathetic choruses of 'The Hair on her Dicky Daido' while we waited for



Pole Position to finish mangosteen

shopping. Much to the Current Hash Shit holder's dismay a well-deserved 'Good Run' was given'. Well done to DFJ and his crew for their efforts on the day. Interesting times ahead next week as one Runmaster is the current Hash Shit and the other is a Hare. Circle closed and off we went to do battle with Phuket traffic.

On On

No Hope

Just a reminder that next week's run starts at 1600 again as Hashlight Savings Time has been rescinded

No More Fucks to Give- By Secret Agent Dick Gobbler

Last week's coup on the Runmaster- I reply to you all with a song:

I tried, tried, tried, and evermore
I cried, cried, cried, but I can't recall what for.

I pushed, I pushed, I yelled, I begged- I was hoping for success
But the inevitable fact is- I will never impress.

I've no more fucks to give; my fucks have all run dry.
I tried to go fuck shopping but there's no more fucks to buy.

I've no more fucks to give, no more fucks to get.
I'm over my fucking limit, and now I'm in fucking debt

I strived to be a good Runmaster. I played by all the rules but I rarely ever won.

I've no more fucks to give, my fuck fuse has been blown.
I've been hunting for my fucks all day, but they upped and fucked off home.

I've no more fucks to give, my fucks are all depleted
I've rallied my fucking Army but they are defeated.

I run round like a Jew moron to just equivocally fuck
Now I have come to the realization – that I really don't give a fuck.

Oh what a joy it was to type this out!

Edit: turns out he's a plagiarising twat. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vqbk9cDX0I0>