



# Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



## Scribe Report for run #1741 – 15<sup>th</sup> June 2019

Hello, Bonjour, Guten Tag, Mingalaba, Sawasdi, Hola fellow **Hashers**, and welcome to the Scribe report for our latest Saturday Hash outing at Ban Lipon (under the pylons). The guilty parties (Hares) for the day were **Singha**, **No Hope** and **Fungus**, and the occasion was attended by a healthy pack of one hundred elite, not so elite, and walking wounded partakers. (Maybe 'healthy' was the wrong word there!)



This was the first run after the super successful **2019 AGPU**, held at the Expat back on 13<sup>th</sup> June, and therefore the first event for new **GM Wilma**. Butt [sic] since he has scurried off to the land of bacon and Lurpack butter, the task of **GM** today was ably performed by Joint Master **Butt Plug**.

*(Incidentally, after the original committee ruling to change the date of the AGPU this year, please note in your diaries that **future AGPUs shall be held on 2<sup>nd</sup> Thursday of June** – so arrange your holidays, weddings and funerals to accommodate this!)*

### Starting Circle and Run



**GM** opened the proceedings, and called the hares into the circle to brief the excited hordes.



**Fungus** gave the Horn to **On The Game** – does that mean she is a ladyboy? (Not with these delicate feet! Ed.)



**No Hope** gave us the run instructions in the manner of a kindergarden teacher, and in reply, we all chorused Pylon – number - one, Pylon – number - two, after which point we would pick up multi coloured paper and blue paper. Soon after, the blue paper would take the short cutters off to the left, whereas the runners would continue on multi coloured for their more arduous route.

He added that one part of the route was marked with yellow tapes on either side, and ominously hinted that it would be very wise to stay between the tapes!! Also chickens and young cattle are en-route, so we should exercise care and common sense – someone suggested the use of a condom!

The rain had started, and threatened to accompany us on our journey, but mercifully stopped before the start of the run, and so we had a sublime afternoon ahead of us.

Personally, to save further wear and tear on my gently throbbing knee – (everyone say “Awww”), I took the short cutter’s route through rubbers and palms (I had a similar experience on Bang La Road once, as I recall !!) Anyway, I digress. My route was pleasant and flat, and the only point where a change of underwear was required was coming face to face with spiders of the Fuckinus Giganticus Genus (I knew my Latin would be useful one day) – and some people fell foul of their “fishing net” quality webs.

I did pass the yellow tapes at one point, and some false trails, but overall enjoyed a good walk / jog and got back to base within seconds of one hour exactly. The runners had a very different experience.

### **The Main Circle**

There’s a saying round these parts which says

“When **No Hope** is laying a trail, the Hashers shall go for a sail”

(actually, I just made that up! – but he does like his water features!)

**Butt Plug** called “Circle up” at 17:37 and informed us that he was **Stand-In GM** for one week, and hinted that he might as well make a meal of it – no pun intended.

He had heard that the walk was very good, but he had completed the run, which was tough, but also very good.

He called the hares into the circle – **Fungus**, **Singha** and **No Hope** – all sporting their yellow shirts, and said that reports varied between 6 and 8 Kms for the run. He gave them down downs.

Next he gleefully announced that he could now do something which had not been done for a long time, and called **Jaws** into the circle. Now that **Jaws** was demoted from “Divine Being” to a mere mortal, he could now be ordered onto the ice. **Jaws** protestation that his haemorrhoids were acting up, and that his arse was like a blood orange was shouted down by the masses, and to chants of “ice the cunt” he took his place on the ice. **Stand-In GM** complimented **Jaws** on his “not quite year” as GM, and he did his down down to rapturous applause.



Next in the circle was **Manneken Pis** who was immediately iced by **Stand-In GM**, who was taking full advantage of his powers this week.

**Stand-In GM** called for upcoming events, and **Poo Ying** deputy gave details of the event next day (Sunday) at 3:00 p.m. at **Paper** and **JC**’s place.

**Invisible Man** pointed out to **Stand-In GM** that the traditional Virgin welcome had not been afforded last week, but they were present this week, and so Elaine and Kevin could be welcomed properly. This was duly done, and they were both soaked to a chorus of “they’re no fucking use to anyone..”

(**Stand-In GM** called **Fungus** into the circle, and told the Hash that **Fungus** had “trained” **Invisible Man** to perform the Virgin Initiation ceremony, and that the ‘lifelong knowledge’ passed on was “to make sure you soak the women’s tits”).



Next, **Stand-In GM** called for any visitors to present themselves. **Downer** from Sydney (what a fuckin shithole said **The Blue Harlot**) declared that the hares were lying when they said the run was flat. And **Skunky McCracken** from Guam said cheers to the Phuket Hash for getting him through it safely.



Next in the circle was **Lesser Dipshit** who presented “50 Runs” t-shirts to **Dog’s Bollocks** and **Ballbuster** and gave them congratulations and down downs.

New member ‘**Alfie**’ was summoned for his down down. When asked to tell us all about him – he said he runs and has fun, so the jury is out for a Hash name for him – but suggestions were **Slope Dodger** or **Boring Cunt**.

**Stand-In GM** introduced the Steward spot this week as someone we all know and hate -- **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler (SADG)** who bounced into the circle and called for the Hares. He said there had been some tricky shit out on the run, not least the giant spiders every second or third tree – and **Fungus** stated that it was not easy getting them in position. Also despite wading through smelly shitty water, it was a good run and so they had their down downs.



He next called in **FA Cup, Manneken Pis and Once Weekly**, and recounted his humiliation in being overtaken by **FA Cup**, but also his shared passion for the run with **Manneken Pis**. Down downs ensued.

Next he recounted how **Gorgeous You Wanker** has serenaded his wife, and he tried to copy him – but this lost a bit in the translation?

**Paper** and **Twice Nightly** into the circle. **SADG** reminded the circle that there had been many fuck-ups at the **AGPU**, including **Accident** walking 10 yards from Expat with his pants high, and he filled his boots, and also **Paper** and **Hawaiian Hoe** needing resuscitation!! Down downs.

Next he told the circle he was amazed at the sexy horny Facebook sites of **Pole Position** and **Twice Nightly**, and that it was spoiling his concentration on his bitch at home!! (can he get any more politically incorrect??)

Next up **Gone Already** and **Fussy Pussy** plus all the old fucks who have appeared in super movies filmed here – **Gorgeous You Wanker** and **Jaws** – appeared in Killing Fields and Casualties of War and others (not including “Jaws”the movie!). Our latest younger stars appear in a new ghost movie screening on 20 th. **SADG** then explained to **Fungus** the difference between making love to a ghost and making love to a goat!! (remarkably accurately!!)

He then requested **Stand-In GM** to pass on the 195 page Hash Bible of crude and dirty songs to **Wilma** on his return, stating that he hoped for a return to the days when **Sir Bollox** used to regale us with Hash songs. [I am starting to question if my new job is really the fast track to my dream job on the New York Times that they promised me at the **AGPU** when I was cajoled into accepting it – after several beers!]

The **Virgins** were recalled to circle, and subjected to a rendition of “Balls to your partner” by **SADG** followed by down downs.

**Stand-In GM** gave a down down to **SADG** for an excellent steward spot – well up to his expletive-ridden low standard.

**Stand-In GM** called all new committee members to the circle, and praised them for giving their time to their allotted tasks. He said their names are now enshrined in history, and their images would be carved out on the sea-facing side of Monkey Hill by a local sculptor discovered practicing in ATM Bar in Chalong. (sorry, fake news! I made that last bit up! – but thank you guys)  
Down downs were the order of the day.

More **AGPU** offences – **Fungus** called **Jaws** into circle, and reminded us of his **AGPU** rendition of “My Way” including falling off the stage and crawling on the ground – all done during a bout of hiccups.

Then **Invisible Man** reminded **Paper** that when he was worried about her driving home after **AGPU**, she had reassured him that she had two people with her – but later he was soon **un**-assured when he saw they were in the back of the car and **Paper** was still doing the driving – oops!!

**Stand-In GM** called **Master Baker** into the circle. At the part of the route with the yellow tapes, **Master Baker** decided to go “off-tapes” and disappeared from sight – emerging several seconds later and spraying out a mouthful of cow shit filled water – down down



**SADG** called **Tequila Slapper**, and recounted how she had taken a tumble at **AGPU** in her stiletto heeled boots and had a lucky escape – phew!



**Piss Drinker** called **Fat Bastard** and **Just Perfect** into the circle, and told the circle how he was gingerly approaching the swamp and looked round and spotted these two. He wondered who was leading who, and realised that **Just Perfect** was gently leading **Fat Bastard** through the swamp – not the normal “Parental Advisory” we expect!! Down down



**Tequila Slapper** was summoned to the circle to explain her **AGPU** tumble. Her excuse was losing count of her whiskies (after 2, her normal limit) --so not her fault – ok,we believe you –down down



**GM** called the latecomers into the circle – all 5 of them, and said that two and a half hours had now passed!! He asked how they got back, and was told “by mini van”. **GM** said they should have completed the run in 10 minutes using a mini van – but was glad they had made it back safely – down down.



**Fungus** called **Just In Beaver** and **Gorgeous You Wanker** into the circle and asked for us to recognise these unsung heroes from behind the scenes. **Gorgeous** had provided the registration table for past years, and **Just In Beaver** had been “beavering” away doing incredible things, organising the bus for Southern runners – so well done –down down

**GM** invited **No Hope** into the circle, and he called for **Fungus**. He said we normally play down **Fungus**’s achievements to preserve his modesty (???) but announced that today was **Fungus**’ 50<sup>th</sup> Hare – to stunned silence – then spontaneous applause for his down down.

**GM** invited **Manneken Pis** to circle, and he called for the **Hares**. He complained that there was blue paper in the pineapple fields and blamed the “inexperienced hares” – very brave!! down down



**GM** asked for **Returners**. **Manneken Pis** said there was none – but there was one – so **Manneken Pis** was iced for making **GM** “look a cunt”. So **You Darling** has returned from spells in Malaysia and UK –down down

**Fungus** asked for everyone who was party to **Hawaiian Hoe** living or almost dying at **AGPU**. There was a big response to this, including “don’t knock my beer over”, flashing boobies at him (normally gets his attention), taking selfies, giving smelling salts, and “I don’t know anything about CPR”. Someone asked if he was still alive (caring bunch we are!!) and **Go Go Trump** explained he had been to Doctor that morning, and advised to see a Neurologist. So when he finds out what that is, he will go. **Go Go Trump** added her praise for little **Mister Wanker** for fanning him, and looking so concerned – lovely!!



**GM** called for **Departers** – anyone leaving us – and **The Blue Harlot** suggested **Hawaiian Hoe**. **No Hope, Just In Beaver, Beaver and Dirt Diggler** had their down downs to a chorus of “Fuck off you cunts ..”



**GM** said time for **Hash Shit**, and **SADG** entered the circle. He called in **Jaws** – current **Hash Shit** holder – and runmaster **Fungus**.

He said there had been issues today – scary spiders every second tree, loads of shitty mud to walk through, and some runners only made it back thanks to a taxi!!

So did the runmaster fuck up?? One or two chanted **Hash Shit**. **SADG** then asked who supported “Good Run”, and got a loud response.



– so the **Hash Shit** necklace stays with **Jaws**.

Circle was closed at 18:36

If you reached this far, then pat yourself on the back – it’s first time you read something all the way through since second grade

Catch you next week

humble scribe On On

