



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for Saturday Hash Run # 1742 – 22nd June 2019

Location : Cherngtalay (behind the NEW Kajonkiet School)

Marhabaan, Ni Hao, Tere, Ciao, Kamusta to you all (do I detect a theme here?), and welcome to another eagerly awaited rundown (see what I did there?) of our last Saturday outing. It featured the Haring “skills” of **Fungus** and **Not Long Enough**, an exciting new **Stand-In GM** and the participation of 94 of our Nation’s finest (not sure what – insert a word of your choice!)

Start Circle

Strictly speaking, this week **GM** stands for Grand Mistress, as our stand-in for **Wilma** (still hiding in LEGO Land) was **Twice Nightly**. She made the **GM** uniform look very sexy – something **Jaws** never managed to do!! (until he declared 40 Baht beers, and we drank too many – or was that just me? err....moving on...)

GM opened the starting circle and called in the hares **Fungus** and **Not Long Enough** for the run instructions.

Fungus brought the circle to order, and assigned the task of **Hash Horn** to **No Moral Compass**, and explained to the salivating hordes that the “Horn’s” job was to lay purple paper to mark the correct route at “checks” and “false trails” after the **FRBs (Front Running Bastards)** had done the hard work and sorted them all out. – oh, and to blow the horn occasionally!

Not Long Enough addressed the runners, and said that, under a new “planet saving” strategy, their first four or five indicators would be orange painted plastic **bottles** leading them onto their multi-coloured paper trail. Also some yellow tape marked a perilous cliff edge – so not for jumping over! Walkers would save the planet by following some orange plastic **bags** onto multi-coloured paper, then Blue, then come back on multi-colour. (How can plastic bottles and bags helpshut up Ed.)

The Route

Again this week my aching knee caused me to travel the walking trail, which for the most part, was very picturesque, with well trodden wide paths running alongside babbling brooks. My only “Holy Shit!!” moment was when a hyper excited (but observant) young lady screamed “SNAKE”, pointing to the creature coiled along a branch overhanging the trail. We all slowly limbo-danced under it, and made good our escape. (Striped ones are ok – yes?)

There was a bit of up up up on the outward trail, and, surprise surprise, about the same amount of down down down coming back – this time with a deal of slipperyness to negotiate returning to the Lager site. Also it was quite a short trip at less than 40 minutes !

I arrived back to see **Tulips** fixing some minor cuts and scrapes to his arm, but the “Big Fuck-Off Injury Award” (**BFOIA**) for the day must go to **Kaiser Bill**, who was in pain with a very big hole in his shin, and he hopped off to the local clinic for treatment.

The Main Circle

GM called Circle Up, and called in the **Hares** and **Hash Horn**, said nice things about the run, and forced them to have a beer. ...they’re true blue....

Next up **Lucky Lek** who, I think said “**Announcements**”

GM called in **Campari**, who informed us of the Bike Hash next day. He said the Hare for thees eesa **Manneken Peez**, but he gotta Dengue theesa morning, and isa off to hospeetal. He aska for someone to do zee paper trail, and veel check on his bike tomorrow. It veel be ok I'm sure!

Next up **GM** called **Singha** to brief the circle on the **Kamala Koma** route and pick up points, and he told us he is the **Stand In GM**. ...he's true blue....

GM called for Virgins into the circle, and three innocents duly lined up – well, two innocent young lads from Kazakhstan, but also **Cuckoo Nest** from **Oman** – wearing a t-shirt with 1700 runs on it? So on knees, with hands behind back, they were subjected to the heart-stopping iced water, to the melodic accompaniment of “they're true blue” and “why were they born so beautiful...”

Enter **Lesser Dipshit** with his run shirts. This week **Pussy Taste Cock** earned his 25 runs, and **Marco Polo** 50 runs. Chants of “take it off, put it on” ... they're true blue... down down.

Fungus was called in for a special “50 Hare” t-shirt, and **GM** called in extra help from some ladies to get him properly dressed. Shrieks of delight followed, and Fungus was almost embarrassed.

GM appointed **Gay Pigfucker** as her “whipping boy” to take drinks on her behalf, but he has to drink in the style of **Iron Pussy**, and shake his ‘booty’ at same time. ... he's true blue... down down. --his dancing down down got admiring looks from the female runners – and some others!!

GM called for Returners, and 8 guys had returned from the six corners of the world –including Norway and Senegal – to back where they belong. ... they're true blue.....down down..

Visiting Hashers were **Fuck a Wallaby** from Angeles City and **Squirtmaster** from Nanchang Hashes.

--- oh, and it's that 1700 run man **Cuckoo Nest** from Oman again ..they're true bluedown down

GM called **Woodpecker** in for a sort of “**Stewardess**” spot (should be drinks all round from a trolley – yes??)

She called a couple of run offence – one lady hasher with new shoes had to drink a beer from one (but cunningly placed a cup inside the shoe – clever!) Next was young Russian **Azamat** (or **Yaroslav** maybe) , and his offence was talking on his phone all the way round the trail.

Woodpecker called in **Dirty Dozen** and recounted a boozy tale of forty ladyboys and dancing on tables and lots of willies (I think) ...they're true blue.... down down.

Lucky Lek was called into the circle – and his wife! It was noted that we don't often see them both together.

Woodpecker told us that after **Jaws'** sore bum last week, his wife recommended Tiger Balm. Asked how he applied it, he said he used her finger! Cries of “too much information” ..down down..

GM called in **Once Monthly** (does that include wanks someone shouted!) and **Woodpecker** for down downs **Whipping Boy** was required to perform his dancing down down.

GM called **Paper** to circle and gave her down down with water – to help her liver survive (that was a little cruel)

Not Cleaver called in **The Blue Harlot (TBH)**, and told us he is now 70 years young. **TBH** said he was going to buy us drinks today – he had 4 thousand Baht last night, but he paid for bargirls and drinks, and just wasted the rest --- and the crowd sang sweetly “happy birthday you cunt....” **Not Cleaver** add that **GM** this week was doing a great job – and earned a down down – maybe he is clever after all?

Jaws asked **Murkury** and **Go Go Trump** into circle. He said he found these two hashers on the start of the hill. **Go Go Trump** was staring up into the eyes of **Murkury**, and saying “I don’t do **UP** anymore, I only go **DOWN**” They all got down downs, and **Jaws** asked **GM** for a whipping boy – **GM** said he could use her one!

Fungus bounced into the circle, and called in **Ejackyoulate** (ooh that’s me!!) He asked how many had read last week’s scribe letter (not many) and told the attentive crowd to do so, and encourage me to keep writing it (otherwise he would have to do it!!)he’s true blue.....down down...

Lesser Dipshit called in the **Hares**, and claimed that they were using the **Tinmen** trails and not requiring to do a recce – the perfect excuse to use a big word he had just learned “Plagiarist” **hares**. Not one to take that lying down, **Not Long Enough** got up from lying down, and countered with the fact that **Tinmen** trails were not used today, and **Lesser Dipshit** would have known that if he had actually done the runs! (nice to see the friendly rivalry between the hashers?)

GM called **Not Cleaver** to circle, and he asked for the **Virgin** with the pink shorts to come forward. He showed a big bruise on **Virgin’s** hip, but then told us that, as **Hash Quack**, he had treated the lad much earlier, as he had fallen over before the run started!! The poor little **Virgin** then had to endure lots of nasty comments about his “trendy” haircut (do I detect a bit of jealousy from **Not Cleaver**??)

Meanwhile **Sexy GM** had noticed a lot of interest in our **Virgin Hasher’s** bruised hip, from the young, and not so young ladies forming a pack round him, and invited a particularly keen one to come up and kiss it better. Oscar winning actress Olivia Coleman lookalike stepped up to perform the act (of kissing it better!)

For no particular reason, **Whipping Boy** was required to do his “twerking” down down.

Lesser Dipshit called **Too Old To Fuck** into the circle, and told us how he had done excellent work doing the recce or the upcoming **Tinmen** run without mishap. Then he got on his bike – and fell off down the road – the scrapes and bruises drew gasps from the hashers.here’s to the guy who does great recce’s, but can’t ride a bike without falling off he’s true blue ...down down

GM called the **hares** into the circle, and **Hares Chorus** burst forth with verses of varying degrees of contortionism and merriment. I liked **Not Cleaver’s** “She came to the Phuket Hash, and gave everyone a fuckin’ rash” – pure Shakespeare and the hairs, and the hairs

Murkury asked the baying crowds, who were now worked up into a frenzy, what they thought of the run – two people chanted **Hash Shit**. **Murkury** added that it was a shit laager site, not a bit of flat ground for the circle, but admitted the run / walk was absolutely excellent. So the loudest cheer was for “**Good Run**” So another week for **Jaws** to walk the streets with **Hash Shit**.

Lesser Dipshit asked for this week’s and last week’s **GMs** into the circle. He thanked them for looking after the **Hash** during **Wilma’s** absence, and announced that next week’s **GM** would be **Butt Plug** once more --- rapturous applause --- **Sexy GM** said she wanted two drinks, but could not – but her **Whipping Boy** will have them!!

Sexy GM then closed the circle.

P.S. I don't yet have access to the photos for last week, so will upload a more picturesque version when they become available. (I know that a lot of you are not used to reading things without pictures, so please be patient)

Hash Scribe On On