



# Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



## Scribe Report for Saturday Hash Run #1743 – 29 June 2019

Greetings, Ahoy, Yahsoo, Jambo, Sabaidi, Fit Like, and welcome to the latest treatise describing a day in the life of a bunch of people who don't have a life (this week, 103 of us) – so I guess that includes me. Well, that's not a great start is it? – two lines into my report, and I've got you all feeling suicidal (I am obliged to say that other methods of ending your life are available, including falling off your bike, which I also experienced this week....)



Your **Hare** this week was to be (or not to be) **Who The Fuck Is Alice (WTFIA)**, but he has chosen to conduct his tasks remotely from his Summer retreat in La Belle France. (French people have retreats everywhere – it's in their nature – oops, moving on...)

In fact, the **hares** for today were **Heru** and **Tony**, two fellow Fr(henchmen) of **WTFIA**.

### Starting Circle and Run

Stand-In **GM** this week was **Butt Plug**, who was in fine voice, and informed everyone within a twenty mile radius that **Circle** was Up. Runmaster **Fungus** was summoned, and appointed **Not Long Enough** to be **Hash Horn** this week. **Fungus** informed us that **Not Long Enough** is usually one of the **FRBs (Front Running Bastards)** but he was not very well this week.

The **Hares** were called in to give running instructions, and then we were off on this week's adventure. Us walkers started our upward route by squeezing through a padlocked gate – so we were already branded criminals in Thailand for 'breaking and entering' private property!

The route this week for walkers and runners alike was quite arduous, and heavy breathing was soon the order of the day – something I am quite used to, living near to a high season beach in Southern Phuket – mmm, pause for reflection – now now, stop that!!

### The Main Circle

**Stand -In GM** called Circle Up at 17:43. The **Hares** were duly called in, and **GM** thanked them for their efforts, with a beer – down down.

Next, **Hash Horn** was called in, and **GM** asked about his performance. **Fungus** said he had fucked up only once – badly! --down down

**Lucky Lek** graced the circle with his presence, announced 'annulments' (I think), bowed to his fans, and left the circle.

**Lesser Dipshit** came in, and gave us information on the **Tinmen** run on Wednesday, which has Froggy's as its meeting point. It promised to be a good run.

**GM** called in **Twice Nightly**, and told her that her **GM** spot last week was well received by the **Hashers**. He liked her appointment of a ‘whipping boy’ and wanted to do a similar thing himself this week, with **Piss Drinker** taking his place (complete with ‘**Iron Pussy**’ style down downs, and involving a Hula Hoop – don’t ask!) when the **GM** messed up – which he promised to do !!

**GM** called for **Virgins** into the circle – only one this week – and prepared him for initiation. [I should explain that the circle this week was positioned at an angle of 30 degrees, and very stoney ground (which is where most of my jokes fall!)]



**Always Wet** came forward with a towel for **Virgin** to kneel on, and was rewarded by **GM** for her act of kindness, by being put on the **ice** (no sympathy from the tall hatted one!) **Virgin** was duly soaked to the tune of “why was he born so beautiful” --- down down – welcome to the **Hash**.

Next in line were **Returners** – including **Bubblegum**, **Rooms to Let 50 Cents** – coming back to the **Phuket Hash** from Australia, Philippines and all places in between --- down down



Next, **Lesser Dipshit** called **Gerbil** into the circle. He informed the rapt audience that **Gerbil’s** Hash number was 36, so she had joined back in the “horse and buggy” days ! She was presented with a special run shirt having attained **1,000 runs** – wow!! – down down

**GM** called for **New Members** (reached 5 or 6 runs with PH3), and asked the circle to think about **Hash** names for them at future meetings.

**GM** told us that his **Steward** spot – **Repressed One** – for today had let him down – some pathetic excuse about having a baby. He then tried almost everyone to find a replacement, and finally, scraping the barrel, brought **The Blue Harlot (TBH)** into the circle – cue thunderous applause from the expectant crowd (tenuous link to **Repressed One’s** Lady – or not!)



**The Blue Harlot (TBH)** called in the “fucking” **Hares**, and proceeded to call them lots of bad names, for setting a 25 minute climb which left us all totally knackered! But thanking them for the effort put in – here’s to the **hares** --”they are bastards through and through” – down down

The French connection with the **Hares** this week reminded **TBH** that UK's buffoon prospective PM (not **GM**) Bojo had called the French "turds", and so his first meeting with Msr Macron should be interessant – non?



**TBH** called **Energiser Bunny** into circle, and reminded her of when they were in their campus bakery last week. **TBH** was approached by a young mother who asked "are you taking photos of my daughter with your iPhone?" **TBH** replied "I was, but it's not what it seems". So she asked "what is it then?" to which he replied "It's a Samsung Galaxy" – down down for E Bunny....

**TBH** called for **Bluey** and **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler (SADG)**, and recounted how he was in a bar in **Patong** last night, and asked the barman "What is the WiFi password?" He replied "You have to buy a drink first". So **TBH** splashed 120 Baht on a Heinekin, then asked again "What is the WiFi password? The barman replied "I already told you, it's 'You have to buy a drink first'. Fits of laughter ensued, with people falling off their stools, and rolling off down the hill (**GoGo Trump** don't deny it) – down down for **Bluey**



**TBH** recalled the olden days and remembered one of **SADG**'s girlfriends. She was so filthy, such a dirty old slag that she had a higher sperm count than he did. **SADG** nodded in agreement, did his down down, and departed the **circle** to sympathetic applause.

**TBH** continued his assault on our morals and sense of decency with a recent survey he had read about, where 1,000 women were asked what was more important – length or girth? Apparently it's neither, it's Consent! (That one has a degree of intellectual appeal to it, so we'll let it pass) He revealed a breakthrough from Durex – a new condom with anaesthetic cream inside to keep you "going longer". **TBH** of course, uses it differently, turns it inside out, and avoids waking anyone up!!

He recalled **Energiser Bunny** to the circle, and they talked about the school field trips every 6 to 8 weeks. (Well, we didn't know what to expect here! It couldn't get any worse could it?) They were on the bus, and **TBH** tapped a young girl on the shoulder, and said "excuse me young lady, you have some sperm on the back of your jacket" She replied "no no, it must be yoghurt or something", to which **TBH** said "It fuckin' isn't darling, I don't ejaculate yoghurt!" (so it can get worse – but lucky for you, these were the cleanest ones!!) ---- more rapturous applause.

**TBH** ended his **Steward** spot with a deeply philosophical thought for the day ---

I see schoolkids today, he said, dressing like whores. Then down Bang La I see whores dressing like schoolkids. I'm confused – I don't know if I need more sweets or more money!

He exited the **circle** to cries of "more, more" after being thanked from **GM** and given a down down.



**GM** called for any **Run Offences**. **Not Cleaver** called in **Master Baker**, to confess to bribing him to slow the walkers /runners because he was breathless after the big hill.



**Secret Agent Dick Gobbler** popped briefly back into the circle, to offer support for **Fungus** in the form of “ How can the worst **Hare** in the history of Hares be a Fuckin’ **Runmaster**” (oops, maybe that wasn’t the best compliment he could have made – never mind, **Fungus** )

**Jaws** confessed that he had not left the **Laager** today – so reviving the old tradition of “**The Laager Lout**”, which had almost died out in recent years – mainly because the participants had actually died out in recent years (pause for thoughts of absent friends – ok, moving on....)



To share the shame for such a confession, he dragged in, kicking and screaming, his fellow **Laager Louts** for today – **Putin My Ass, Fruitloops and Kaiser Bill** to top up with another **down down....**

**Jaws** called in **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler**, and reminded the circle that **SATG** has a potty mouth (he swears a lot), and this goes back to when he was a young boy. **Jaws** remembered a true story (yeah?) about **SADG** when he was a little lad of 11 years.

**SADG** told his little 4 year old brother he would teach him how to swear. He said watch me at breakfast time, and copy me. They go downstairs to breakfast, and mum asks them both what they want to eat. Mini **Dick Gobbler** says “give me some coco crunchies you bitch” Mum gives him a smack on the ear which knocks him off his chair. Mum turns to little brother, and asks what he wants to eat. Little brother looks up at mum and says “ I’m not sure, but I don’t want fucking coco crunchies!”



**Fungus** was next in the circle, and called in **Campari** to demonstrate to the sloping circle howa he makesa wheestle noise every sixa steps to keepa his leetle doggy in step with a him. here’s to the herding hasher, he’s true blue ...down down



Next up, **GM** calls **Always Wet** into the circle. He explained that he brings the beer truck to the **Hash**, and that **Always Wet** owes him about 5 thousand Baht, for putting off his customers by sitting, in a wide legged pose at the top of the finishing climb. (as shown)





The next two were called into the circle to demonstrate the inventiveness and originality which our lovely hash members are capable of :- First the gorgeous **Masarap** shows a vest conversion of the **AGPU** tshirt, then **Master Baker** shows his version of the shirt – this time



with all the Scandinavian flags reinstated (above the **AGPU** lettering) – clever stuff huh??



**GM** called in **SADG** to increase the foul language count (not enough swearing this week). So he basically called **Twice Nightly** and **FA Cup** into the circle, and told us his pervy thoughts about them. here's to the hot girls, they're true blue ... down down

**Not Cleaver** entered the circle once more, this time to point out that we were sitting on a 30 degree slope – all except **Paper**, who had found herself a huge pot-hole in the road, and was sitting nice and flat deep inside it.



**GM** called for **Departers** – **Gorgeous You Wanker** said that he should be in this group every week, as he could never be sure at his age .... (you can't fault his logic, this man is pure genius.. or pure something – nobody quite sure what's in his hipflask!!)

Anyway, about 8 of them down downed to the romantic ballad of "Fuck off you cunts..."

**OK**, time for the massed choirs for their renditions of ...and the **Hares** .... and the **Hares**. Verses old and new boom out across the valleys, putting the fear of death into every living thing for miles around.

**Fungus** asked the decision of the masses about the run, and who was taking responsibility for it.



Meanwhile **Tootsie** got **Who the Fuck Is Alice** on his iPhone, and the mood of the crowd changed to **Ice Ice Ice**, which **Tootsie** satisfied by putting his iPhone on the ice (with **WTFIA** on screen)



By this time, the chants of **Hash Shit** were resounding round the **Laager**, and so it was only right that **WTFIA** should be awarded the **Hash Shit** award in his absence (I think they call it “on Strike”)

**GM** closed the circle, and we all went home happy in the knowledge that justice had been done

See you next week

**On On Hash Scribe**