



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for Saturday Hash Run #1744 – 6th July 2019

Greetings from the land of power cuts, and thanks for the nice feedback from the one person who read last weeks report (maybe I should include cut-out 2 for 1 offers for Family Mart – discuss!)

I trust you all survived the latest run / walk up at **Ban Para** attended by a mighty band of 127 stout hearted – and stomached -- yeomen (you know who you are!) The **hares** for today were **Saint Blow Job, Butt Cycle** and **Fungus**

Starting Circle and Run

The **Start Circle** was called to order.



Runmaster Fungus nominated **Top Off** as this weeks **Hash Horn**, and after a quick demonstration sent him packing.

Saint Blow Job passed on his innermost secrets of today's run. This was a new **Laager** site for us, and we are to treat it really really well. He told us sternly that he had already shot 2 people dead for dropping cigarette ends on the ground.

He further warned us that there may be Durian fruit lying on the ground, but, under pain of death, we were not to touch any of them, as this was harvest time for the locals. To be fair this was good advice, as we all know that the stink that you acquire when you eat a Durian fruit has a half-life of 50 years before you are allowed to set foot into a hotel or rental accommodation again.

[Did you know that this “**King of Fruit**” is dependent on a small nocturnal bat to get pollinated, and because it only comes out at night, it is often called the “**Farang Bat**”. (is that true...Ed.?) Actually, the pollinating bit is true, but, oh all right, I made up the last bit)]



For the benefit of the **Virgins**, he explained the intricacies of the **Multi** and **Blue paper**, and then we were off, dogs and all, on what was a lovely route bouncing through rubber plantations, crossing streams, and a few ‘**falsies**’ thrown in for good measure. At one point, where about 40 of us were checking checking, I heard **Not Cleaver** shout ahead if anyone was “**on paper**”? The reply came back “no, yes” prompting comments such as “he used to be indecisive, but now he’s not so sure” and “well, that’s a definite maybe!” I think the **Front Running Bastards (FRBs)** had similar problems, and we kept bumping into them on the walk. I took just over the hour for the walk, and loved every minute – including the falsie additions.

The Main Circle

Jaws, wearing full **GM** regalia, reminded us of the excellent jobs done by the **Stand-In GMs** over the last 3 weeks – **Twice Nightly** and **Butt Plug**. He called them into the circle, and **Butt Plug** walked, and **Twice Nightly** hobbled in for lots of compliments and well deserved down down.



He then welcomed new **GM** for season 2019-2020 **Wilma**, who entered the circle sporting bright orange hair, and a dress from the latest Paris Neanderthal Collection.

Jaws solemnly discharged his (no, not this time) duties as previous **GM** by handing over the **GM** jacket, Hat and God-like status to **Wilma**, and was therefore officially demoted to “human” status once more (some might say sub-human – I couldn’t possibly comment – Ed.)

The hat was not a good fit over new **GMs** hairstyle – maybe a **GM** fascinator can be designed for him? – and down down went the hat again!

Anyway, he began by apologising for not knowing many **Hash** names (well, he’s only been hashing for 20 years) so, in case he fucks up on mistaking names, he appointed **Piss Drinker** as his whipping boy to get pissed instead. He thanked **Jaws** (the human) for his sterling work over the last year – here’s to the ex **GM** , he’s true blue – down down



GM called **hares** into the circle – here’s to the **hares** – down down, then he used **Fungus** to demonstrate the new “punishment” when on the ice – a customised Health and Safety hat with built in double down down cups which you drink through a straw (handy for the many building sites springing up round Phuket!!)

Next, he summoned all the new **committee members** in for a down down (did you see me hiding at the back?)



Secret Agent Dick Gobbler (SADG) into the circle. He called for the hobbling **Twice Nightly**, and made her feel really good by saying she had fucked up big style, slipping on a rock at the stream, and then behaving like a real pussy – here’s to the pussy, she’s true blue – down down

GM called in **On The Game**. She summoned the **Hares** to say she thought a certain part of the run, apart from some paper blowing about, looked like the hand of man had never set foot anywhere near it!! Well noticed!

At this point **Twice Nightly** reappeared to tell us that her leg was sore, but her mouth was OK.

Fungus re-called **On The Game** and his **co-hares** (ooh, we are getting posh nowadays! Not heard them called that before!) and proceeded to confess that there was an area on today’s run which **Saint Blow Job** had named “The Maze” (once you were in, there was no way out!) They had got all mixed up, tried to cover up the mistakes, tried to lay a new trail, but **On The Game** was right – not even the **hares** had visited that part – here’s to the **hares**, they’re true blue – down down



Not Cleaver asked for the ‘fucking’ **hares**. Firstly no-one would take responsibility as lead hare (causing more venom from the Birmingham softly spoken one) He said there was confusion over blue paper on the left, when the **hares** said on the right – did we all go out on the ‘In’ paper or ‘Out’ on the In paper! The **hares** suggested he spend less time talking, and more time looking for paper (it’s getting bitchy now – I’m loving it!)

Not Cleaver continued (as he does) and said he was a bit late coming back in, and called for **Singha**. He told us that **Singha** doesn’t like crossing bridges (a bad experience on a previous run) and so they had to go an extra 22 fucking miles to find a safe crossing place to get **Singha** over that stream today!!

(to be fair, that bridge was a bit springy – Ed.)



GM called in **Campari**, and told us that hees dogees wasa having zee problems on zee run today, and he had to carry zee leettle one half the time – here’s to doggee hashers – down down.

GM called in **Saint Blow Job**, who told us that when they were doing the recce (checking the place for suitability to you non-military types) there was lots of Durian lying about, and the friendly locals kept offering him some. He had two lots of it, then found that the other two **hares** had turned down the kind offers. When he got home, he was quite ill, and spent some time on the toilet (polite version) – so here’s to the durian refusing **hares** –down down.

[Incidentally, I read that Durian fruit heats up the body, and you should not drink alcohol with it. Several deaths per year are reported throughout Asia from this!!]



Not Cleaver back in – called in **Four Minutes** and her bemused youngster **Akimbo**, and proceeded to berate the poor lad for daring to play music on the run. He then politely suggested using headphones – actually **Not Cleaver** doesn’t do ‘polite’ – he gave him shit! – here’s to the noisy **hasher** – he’s true blue –down down

SADG into the circle – called for **Paper** and **Google Ass** with their respective doggy companions. Today, he told us, **Papers** little “fat fuck” got upset with **Google Ass’s** dog, but his big strutting posh pedigree thing took a bite out of **Paper’s** dog’s ear – and made it bleed. Now, continued **SADG**, the moral of the story is, when a human (like **Jaws**) gets bitten, then maybe one or two people are concerned. But when a fucking little pussy of a doggy gets bitten, then 10 people run to help it!!

So fuck the people with dogs – they’re true blue – down down.



GM called **Campari** into the circle. He called in **Marco Polo** and **Patrick**. He said he a notice them way behind a heem, then suddenly they zooma pasta heem, then he catcha up weeth them again, and they stop to have zee ceegarette and play dee museec – zen I no see dem aftera zat – zey gotta lost aftera that.



Fungus then pointed out that these two guys had arrived late, took their time getting ready, followed the horn, did the route, and still got back 10 minutes before **Campari** – here’s to the young guys – they’re true blue

And get **Campari** on the ice – down down

[It seems to be “Let’s pick on the youngsters” week on the **Hash** – Ed.]



GM called in **Not Cleaver**. He called in **Pole Position** and **Scrubber**. It was **Pole Position’s** birthday, so she was serenaded by the massed choir to that lovely ballad “Happy Birthday you cunt”.
(you can’t have too many pics of **Pole Position**)



Scrubber was in charge of the shirts for the recent **Iron Pussy** Birthday run, and got the wrong run number on the shirts. So **Not Cleaver** gave them down downs in his inimitable style “Here’s to the Birthday girl, and the stupid cunt who cant count” – they’re true blue.....

GM told us what we all wanted to hear --- **Lucky Lek** is the **Steward** spot today. The much loved character of the **Phuket Hash** burst into the circle, and entertained us with his antics including his advice for durian fruit lovers – he eats it under the tree – sensible, understand?

He called in all the **Americans** (N) – his friends – to celebrate the recent 4th July Independence – they’re true Red, White and Blue – down down

Next he called in all the **Thai girls** – and what a lovely lot they are! He said he recommends them all for their cooking and cleaning skills etc. they’re true blue – down down



Next on his list were **Four Minutes** and **Akimbo**. He told us that **Akimbo** was on the yacht, and lost a contact lense. He searched high and low but couldn't find it, so he confessed to **Four Minutes**. She went to look for it and found it in two minutes. How did you find it so quickly he asked? She said "You were looking for a little bit of plastic – I was looking for \$150 dollars worth of plastic!" They're true blue – down down



He called little **Iceman** into the circle, said he was a good boy, and put him on the ice (nice way of showing the love huh??)

He called **Sheeba** and **Jaws** into circle, and proceeded to tell **Jaws** what a lucky man he was....down down down



Then he told the joke about the Scotsman and the Englishman and the pastry – you know the one, quickly followed by the one about the tiger and the dick.

A man was telling off his wife for buying bras, when she had nothing to hide. She said to him "why do you bother to wear underwear then??"

He finished his spot to tumultuous applause, and announced "announcements" as he finished.



GM thanked **Lucky Lek** for his **Steward** spot, then called **Piss Drinker** into the circle. He told us that, as well as all the usual famous faces present today, we had a member of the French Papparazzi – Alain, I think – who cares –down down (Probably find him hanging about in the new Chalong underpass – too soon is it??)

GM summoned **Fungus** and **Virgins** (a dangerous combination at the best of times!!)

Six plucky people – Alain, Aw, Dome, Jeab Jane, Patrick and Saw went through the harmless initiation ceremony (only 3 heart attacks this week from the iced water) Welcome to the **Hash** –down down



One returner was welcomed back into the Phuket family he had so missed, and had his down down (which he had also missed)

It was announced that someone had lost their car keys – and their car was blocking the exit from the **Laager** – so no one was going home today. (he has gone home for spare key!!)
Not Cleaver said the **hares** should be iced for letting him park there !!

Impedimenta



Piss Drinker entered the circle to distribute the special run shirts to **Cradle Snatcher** (100 runs) and to **Baldylocks** (200 runs) Well done to both of them –they’re true blue –down down



GM called in **King Klong** and told him that he was always complaining – it’s not like the good old days!! One of his moans is that the **down downs** are too small – so **GM** made sure his down down was filled to the brim – he’s true blue – down down

GM called for **departers** – and **KC** had his down down while the 3 part harmony crowd crooned “Fuck off you cunt.....” down down



Hash Shit



It was time for the people to have their say (not always a good idea – Brexit anyone?) **Hash Shit** time. **Manneken Pis** was standing in for **Who The Fuck Is Alice (WTFIA)** as current holder of **Hash Shit**.

The **hares** got the crowd chanting “**Good Run, Good Run**”, then **Jaws** took up the opposite view with comments about “a terrible run, really badly organised” until he realised that **WTFIA** was the current holder, and was back in France, and so maybe it was an OK run after all.

So in the end, the chant-ometer gave victory to the hares – and **WTFIA** retains the Hash Shit.

GM called in **The Blue Harlot** to send us home with a joke resounding in our ears. He told us that two dogs were chatting (true story) One said “Hey good looking, you want to have sex?” (these dogs don’t mess about!) The other replied “Yes, but I’m a Bull Terrier and you are a Shitzu – our puppies would be bullshit”

GM thanked all the attendees, and closed the circle, reminding us that next week will be at **Nai Harn** on the island on the lake.

The people parked on the road made their escape, while the others had to wait while someone removed concrete posts from the exit of the Laager, as the locked car was still blocking the way out.



Thanks for persevering with my weekly rant, and see you again next week.
Fresh Durian fruits going cheap cheap – only joking Mr **Hare!**

On On, **Hash Scribe**,
Ejackyoulate (as opposed to **Ejaculator**)