



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1746 – 20th July 2019

A hearty **Hash** Welcome to this week's **scribe** report – keeping **Phuket Hashers** worldwide up to date with what they are missing here! We have readers in areas as far flung as **Rawai** !! The **run** this week was at the **Ban Bang Jo Phanason Estate**, and despite the monsoon rain being into its fourth day, was attended by a plucky 93 men, women and children, suitably attired in snorkel masks, and armbands.

[now now **scribe!** I've told you a million times about your exaggerating...Ed]

And the **hares**, (and the **hares**) this week were the mighty **Murkury** and the notable **Not Long Enough**.

Pre Circle and Run

GM called the **Pre-circle** to order. He imagined that it would be nice and dry for the run today (It was soon proved that he has a wild imagination!)



He called **Top Off** into the circle, and presented him with his **555 run shirt** – impressive – down down



GM ordered **Fungus** into the circle, where he announced that **Doctor Evil** was the **Hash Horn** today. His instructions were to give three short blasts for checking. Will he remember that? (read on to find out) Here's to the **Hash Horn...**

...followed by **Hares** in the circle. **Not Long Enough** gave the run instructions – multi paper, then short cutters on blue. The route was to head further into the estate, ----- I'll bet the Property Developer for the Phanason Estate was getting excited – he has never had so many viewings!



I headed off with the walkers and dogs. I was chatting to **4 seconds** early on the walk – and I have since heard that he has become the latest victim of **Dengue** fever – get well soon matey.

The route was through rubber plants, and would have been more pleasant if not for the relentless rain pouring down on us. We came across fields which had been transformed into lakes, and instead of a paper trail, perhaps marker buoys might have been more appropriate! But hey – nobody said this hashing life was going to be easy – what doesn't kill you makes you stronger ... [ok, don't go on, it's only a bloody walk /run...Ed] I enjoyed it – really!

The Main Circle

GM called **circle up**, and gave an announcement about the upcoming **committee meeting** on Thursday 25th at **Patong**. Then he said that he had noted complaints about yappy little dogs running freely about in the circle, causing people not to hear the punchlines of the jokes and other disasters. He produced an aerosol spray [*not to be confused with the 'bum guns' in the toilets here – that's spelt differently!..Ed – too subtle for some of you?*] then painted a circle round the circle and declared it a **no-go zone** for dogs. This action was met with cheers of approval from the soggy gathering. He added that if a dog entered the circle, then their owner would be iced! More yells of approval!! He also produced a leather muzzle if more drastic action was required. “Is that for the owners??” asked **Hawaiian Hoe**.

GM called in the **Hares**, and said we will find out later about the run, but meanwhile they're true blue – down down

Then he called in **Fungus**, and appointed him as **whipping boy** [boy??....Ed] in case he messed up with names – something which is bound to happen. In fact, seconds later, **GM** asked **Fungus** why **Top Off** did not have the **hash horn**, and when **Fungus** explained (slowly) that the **Hash Horn** today was **Dr Evil**, he was iced and helmeted for his insolence. [a bit harsh I thought...Ed]

GM called for **Kaiser Bill** and **Pebbles**, and told us that a few of us were running with our children (good to see second – and third generation hashers!) and, of course **GM** was way ahead, and waiting for his boy to catch up, but others had been overtaken by their kids. Here's to the father / sons who can't keep up.....



Mister Fister called in **Butt Plug**, and asked him if he had ever been shot? He had not. He was told “that's the only time when you are allowed to scream like a banshee – not when you get bitten by a fucking little spider!!” **Butt Plug** said it happened 3 times – no excuse!! Here's to **spiderman** – he's true blue...



Fungus was called in, and explained about the new experiment with **Hash Horn (Dr Evil)** giving 3 toots on the **horn** when checking. He didn't quite get this, and spent the whole run beep beep beeping all the way – can't fault his enthusiasm – he's true blue.....



Ruthie into the circle – she called in **Lesser Dipshit** and others, then explained that she was here with visiting hasher **Nipples Kamikaze**, but while he did the “run” she took the “walk” option, and met some amazing guys on the way. Here’s to the hash walkers – they’re true blue... She then sat on the ice with **Nipple Kamikaze**. Someone asked her about her boyfriend, and she replied “He not boyfriend – he customer” which drew mixed gasps from the circle.

GM called **Fungus** to circle and **Ruthie**, then **Mister Fister** and **Oh Yeah**. I think it was a battle of the **Filipina** gals – something about the older and the newer – anyway, down down..



Fungus in, called in the **hares**. He said that he had emailed the **hares** a couple of days ago to point out that the directions to **hash** signs were ok one way, but nothing to indicate directions from the other. The reply from the **hares** was “only **Kamala** people come that way – so fuck ‘em” --- here’s to the **hares** – true blue



Fungus back in – I think new shoes was his **run offence**. Anyway, onto the ice. – here’s to the new shoes – down down

The rain was getting heavier, and we were getting heavier too (soaking up the rain and beer!)



GM called in all the ex **GM** s into the circle, for our admiration and hero worship – well ok, for a beer at least! I can see **Jaws**, **Lucky Lek**, **Manneken Pis**, **Who The Fuck is Alice**, **King Klong**, **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler**, **Flying Dickhead** and **Murkury**

GM told the assembled ‘royalty’ that he did not have the chance to say anything when he was appointed this year’s **GM** since he was not in the country. So he was giving them all down downs for being ‘**Old GM s**’ [He does have a way with words does he not?...Ed] – and made sure they

were given ‘**King Klong**’ type full measures. **Nipple Kamikaze** was inspired to burst into a poignant song about getting older – and only gang banging twice a day now. – reflecting perfectly the lifestyle of these ‘**old GM s**’ --- here’s to being an **old GM** – down down

GM called in **Lucky Lek** for his now legendary task to announce “**announcements!**” (to thunderous applause)



GM called **Shagarazzi** and **Campari** in to circle to tell us about the upcoming **Bike hash**.

.....but before they could tell us all about it, **GM** spotted an offence – someone talking in the circle!!!



GM ordered **4 minutes** and **4 seconds** onto the ice complete with double down down helmets, for talking in the **circle** – as an example to us all! They proceeded to slide about on the ice block, and appeared to be re-enacting sections of the **Kama Sutra** at one point!

Shagarazzi finished his update with a plea for “anyone who has not been on a bike hash, should buy a bike and come along – because it’s fun fun fun”. So, first thing tomorrow then?



GM asked **Mister Fister** in to **circle**. He then asked all the **Filipina** ladies to come forward – oops, out come **Ruthie**’s best features! He then asked **Coppersan**, **Butt Plug** and **Rampant Rabbit**. I think it was just an excuse to get **Filipina** girls in the **circle** --- here’s to the **Filipina** chicks – they’re true blue

Steward Spot



GM summoned **Ejackyoulate** into the circle for a soggy soaking **Steward Spot**. He came on, looking resplendent in his **Scottish** kilt and “**see you Jimmy**” hat (I think you are being a bit biased, as you are also the **Hash Scribe** this week – oh, go on then – fill your boots..Ed) He’s a proper gent, so he called in the **Hares** to thank them for their hard work with a well deserved down down....

Ejackyoulate then shared some recent experiences.

He remembered being in a bar last night talking to a lady. He asked her “If I can tell you the names of your children, their dates of birth, your philosophy on life, and names of your ex-boyfriends – will you give me a blow job?” She said “If you can do all that, then yes I will” He winked at us and said “Fucking stupid tattooed bitch!!”

At the same bar, a guy came round selling things – as they do over here – and he admitted he must have been a bit pissed by then. He hazily remembered paying 10 thousand Baht for a baby stegosaurus dinosaur, and bringing it home. He woke up this morning and found out it was a cat with a fucking bar of Toblerone glued onto its back! (--A few titters of encouragement – keep going!!...Ed)

He addressed the circle, and said he wanted to get serious (good luck there!) He told us that in the last year, 77 countries had experienced at least one death from terrorism, and this has caused several countries to raise their **WAR READINESS STATES** up to a higher level. He said he would give us some examples:

First up were the **French**, and he called in **Who The Fuck Is Alice** and to grab a beer.

He said the **French** have **Normal Peacetime** alert states of “**Riot**” and “**Burn Cars**” (and, by the way, these fucking Yellow Vest rioters had better take a few days off next week, or it will be very confusing who wins the ‘Tour de France’ cycle race !) [topical joke – I like that ... Ed]

He continued, The **French** Government has raised its terror alert level from “**Run**” to “**Hide**”.

There are only two levels higher than this, and they are “**Surrender**” and “**Collaborate**”

This rise in their Alert State happened because (another) recent fire destroyed France’s white flag factory – which effectively paralysed the country’s Military capability.

(By the way, it has been proved that the Notre Dame fire was started after 5:00 p.m. – so it clearly did not involve a French worker!!)

He thanked the soggy Frenchmen with “Here’s to the **cheese eating surrender monkeys** – they’re true blue” --down down – and down down came the rain still!



Next were the **Scottish**, and a representative was quickly sobered up to come into circle and grab a beer. (What? No whisky?)

Ejackyoulate said he was often asked what the difference was between a **Scottish** sheep farmer and a Rolling Stones record? One says ‘Hey you get off of my cloud’ and the other says ‘Hey McLeod, get off of my ewe’

Also when asked if anything is worn under the kilt, a true Scotsman will not tell you – but after a few whiskies, he will bloody well show you!

He continued with the fact that the **Scots** (Americans note: NOT Scotch) have raised their threat level from “**Pissed off**” to “**Lets get the bastards**”. We don’t have any other levels – and that is why we have been used on the front line of the British Army for the last 300 years. (Big Cheers!!) Here’s to us sweaty socks (**Jocks**) we’re true blue – down down beer and rain.

Next in line was **Italy**. He looked round and spotted a nervous looking **Campari**, hiding under his umbrella, and invited him into the **circle**. Their war machines are very specialised he said – for example all their war tanks are fitted with five gears – four or of them are reverse!

Ejackyoulate continued with the fact that the **Italian** government has recently raised their Alert State from “**Shout Loudly and Excitedly**” to “**Elaborate Military Posturing**” and **Ejackyoulate** demonstrated their hope that puffing their chests out will convince the enemy that they are really bad dudes, and not to mess with them!

Italy has two more levels available – “**Ineffective Combat Operations**” and their highest one is “**Change sides**” So here’s to the **spaghetti cocks**, they’re true blue – down down

Next in line for **Ejackyoulate's** razor sharp tongue was **Germany**, and he marched some of them into the circle to grab a beer. He informed us that **Germany** has increased their **Alert Status** from “**Disdainful Arrogance**” to “**Dress in uniform and sing marching songs**”. They also have two higher **Alert States**, which are “**Invade a neighbouring country**” and their top one is “**Lose**”. Here’s to the Master Race – **NOT!** – they’re true blue – down down

Belgium was next, and **Manneken Pis** came out from under his umbrella and in to the circle.

Belgium he told us, does not have a government, and so is incapable of having any warning levels. Anyway, they are all on holiday as usual, and the only **threat** to worry them is if NATO pulls out of **Brussels**. Here’s to the **Boring Bastards of Europe** – they’re true blue – down down

Spanish ambassadors were requested, and **Special Agent Dick Gobbler** leapt into the circle.

Ejackyoulate reminded him of the new additions to the **Spanish** Navy – nice new submarines fitted with glass bottoms. This is so that the sailors of the modern fleet can get a really good look at the **Old Spanish** Fleet.

[I can’t believe you are still rubbing it in about the Armada – amusing though.....Ed]



Next he asked for someone to represent **Australia** – and nearly got trampled in the rush – they like their beers them **Aussies**. So we had **Bluey**, and **Always Wet** and a few friends.

The Australian Government, continued **Ejackyoulate**, has raised its security level from “**No Worries**” up to “**She’ll be alright mate!**”. 3 levels remain – 1: **Crikey!** 2: **I think we might need to cancel the barbie this weekend** and 3: **The barbie is cancelled!!** He added that It should be noted that there has never been a situation to cause this last one to be used.

Here’s to the Ball and Chain dragging Aussies.

We couldn’t find an ambassador for the next country, and when asked if they would “stand in” for them, the **Aussies** fled the circle. The **Alert State** in **New Zealand** has been raised from **baaaaaaa** (lower case) to **BAAAAAAAAA** (upper case). They only have one level after that “**Shit, I hope Australia will come and rescue us!**” Meanwhile if it comes down to hand-to-hand combat, they are hoping their training to play Orcs in the Hobbit films will help.

Here’s to the sheep shagging **New Zealanders**

[lucky you are heading back to UK for Summer – you are really pushing it nowEd]

Ejackyoulate called for **British Ambassadors** in the circle (we have a vacancy for one in USA at the moment!!) Recent terrorist activity has caused UK to raise their **Security Level** from “**Miffed**” up to “**Peeved**”. Soon they may raise it again to “**Irritated**” or even to “**A Bit Cross**”. The **Brits** have not been “**A Bit Cross**” since the second world war when the Earl Grey tea supplies almost ran out! They have also re-categorised Terrorists from “**Tiresome**” to “**A Bloody Nuisance**” – and the last time the **Brits** issued a “**Bloody Nuisance**” level was back in 1588 when threatened by the Spanish Armada. Here’s to the **Great Britons** – they’re true blue..... Before he left the adoring crowd (oh yeah??) **Ejackyoulate** told us we was looking round a bookshop last week, and the assistant came to help. “Do you have a copy of Donald Trump’s book on his Immigration Policy regarding Moslems and Mexicans?” The assistant got angry and replied “Fuck off, get out, and stay out!” I said “Yes, that’s the one – do you have it in paperback?”



GM thanked **Ejackyoulate** for his **Steward Spot** and gave him a down down. Then he reminded the **circle** that he (I) was also **Hash Scribe**, so had a lot of work this week --- another down down.... (second down was slower – someone shouted “he can’t be a Scotsman taking that long!!)

GM called **Fungus** and **Invisible Man** to the **circle**. They asked for any **Virgins** in the circle, but there were none this week. (They are a rare sight in Phuket at best of times!!)



Fungus called in “**Ruthie**” as **Visitor** – any excuse really! She said she didn’t know what to say, and **SADG** shouted “Show us your tits, and have a beer” – --- and she did!!



Invisible Man called for **Visiting Hashers**. Enter the circle **Prozac Man** from **Oman**, and **Nipple Kamikaze** more recently from the **Beijing Hash**

.....here’s to the **visiting Hashers** – they’re true blue



GM welcomed **Hashers** with enough **Phuket** runs to be named – Karen, from Canada 3 or 5 years here – looking for a job? And Kevin from Portland Oregon – they’re true blue – oops, they started their down down too early – had to have another one !!

GM asked for **Returners** – **Coppersan, Hot Shit, Mister Fister, Oh Yeah**, and others – down down



He next asked for **Departers** – **Go Go Trump, Ejackyoulate** they’re true blue “fuck off you cunts, fuck off” (such a romantic song) [don’t look so happy about it!! ...Ed]



GM said there are some run shirts to be handed out. The first one is to a fellow member of the Flintstone family – **Pebbles** for his 88th run. He’s true blue – down down (soft drink!!)



GM announced another one – this time 25 runs for **Cock Taste Pussy**, who tastefully donned her new shirt – lovely photo by **Tequilla Slapper** she’s true bluedown down

(I just managed to edit out that photo-bombing lass “**Ruthie**” who dashed in to show us her boobs **again**. At some point today, the Hash circle turned into an episode of ‘Love Island’. Funny old thing, I never thought myself a prude, but I think our **Phuket Hash girls** are ten times more sexy – and they don’t need to resort to these antics to catch our eye!! [Hey **scribe**, was that a lecture you just slipped in there??...Ed] I guess so, but I’m gone now for a few weeks, so don’t care anymore!!

GM called in the **Runmaster Fungus** and the **Hares** (and the hares) and the chant-ometer was wheeled in for the big vote of the day (**Brexit** is nothing compared with **Hash Shit**)

Fungus argued the case for and against the run today – laager ok, walkers approved, and when asked good run?, there was only one voice against (**SADG** – you know who you are). So **Good Run** won out in the end.





Final thing today – **Invisible Man** in the circle. He called in ‘all you **American wankers**’, and fell to his knees before them. He said he wanted to worship these people’s forefathers who, 50 years ago today, put a fucking man on the moon. So well done kids from America – you’re true blue – down down

And with that, the **GM** closed the **circle**. ...and we all headed off to steam dry ourselves in various eateries (and drinkeries) around this lovely isle.



It’s been fun over the past 6 weeks, writing up the **scribe report** in my own (insert your adjective here) style. However, I’m off to UK to catch up with my other life for a few weeks, (and attend the 16th **UK Dubai Creek Hash** in Sheffield) I will miss the good life, friends and being rude to you all every week. Enjoy the rainy season, and see you all again soon – On On

Good luck to the next scribe – enjoy

Ejackyoulate