



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1757 – 5th Oct 2019

“Welcome back my friends to the show that never ends” – the words from the Beatles’ Sergeant Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band were singing in my head as people welcomed your **scribe** back after my two months away from Phuket. Thanks, and it’s good to be back.

This week’s **run** took place up in the North East of our Isle – in the very picturesque Ao Po area, where we were made victims of the sick and cruel minds of our **Hares** for this week – step forward **No Hope** and **Singha** [wow! You didn’t waste any time getting back to being Mr Nasty – these are nice guys – Ed] Whatever! Quite a reasonable **turnout of 104**, with more and more people returning from their trips away from the wet season (which has not been very wet!!) This was a new **Laager site**, with a fresh supply of poultry and livestock for our ever growing pack of yapping doggies to feast themselves on – **you** try to explain to our canine friends that we are celebrating Vegetarianism this week!!



Early Circle and Run

GM called the **pre-run circle** to order, and told us this was a vegetarian **run** – not sure how that translates – maybe we should have been all dressed as carrots? Anyway, **Fungus** ambled into view, and appointed **No Moral Compass** as **Hash Horn** today. He informed any **Virgins** to follow pink paper, and got **Hash Horn** to demonstrate the three toots of his instrument at **checking** points on the route. Next up were the **Hares** (...and the **Hares**) [not yet! -- Ed] **No Hope** told us that the run loop was on multi coloured paper all the way and had an awkward (for awkward read deadly dangerous!) stretch of 25 metres, but there were plenty of hand holds. [**No Hope** also does a lively trade in Life Insurance on his **Hare Runs** – Ed] **Short cutters** should either split off on the blue paper, or just follow the multi.

And we were off – starting through nice pleasant area of rubber trees. The rain which had been in evidence on our journey here, stayed away – but it had already done what rain does to a **run**, and there were a few tricky slippery slidey additions to the route. I saw a few victims of the slippery slopes (I managed to skewer myself falling back on a thick branch) Early on, some people decided that this was a little too risky for their limited insurance cover (**Jaws**, you know who you are!)



Circle Open



GM called the rabble to order. He pointed out the great selection of vegetarian food freely available for us, and it went down well with the Hashers. I did enjoy some of the veggie-posing-as-meat options, guessing it must be single use plastic done on a 3D printer – or something!!

GM also announced a special price of 10 Baht for beers this week – but only for Heinekin Zero per cent.



Anyway, **Hares** in the **circle** for down downs – here’s to the **Hares..** also **No Moral Compass** and **Mister Fister** into **circle** for **down downs**, for jobs well done.



On the Game was negotiating one of the slippery slopes, when **Master Baker** came hurtling past her and pushed her aside – down down.....

Someone pointed out that the **vegetarian** theme of the **run** was not taken as seriously as it could have been, as several cows (made of red meat!!) were spotted a little way into the **run**.



FA Cup into the **circle**, where she called **Run Offence** on **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler** for wearing **new shoes** on the **run**. Due to the muddy conditions today, the shoes were in a pretty shitty state by this time [so good spot from earlier! – Ed] She took great delight in pouring at least three **down downs** into his **shoe**, and sloshing them all about until we were all throwing up – and we didn’t even need to drink it!! I had to look away as **SADG** chewed his way through the mix – yeauch (I just invented that word!)



Next in the **circle** was **Clitmas Pussy**. She was calling a **Run Offence** on **Urine Trouble** against the sweet innocent **Oh Yeah!** Apparently [allegedly – lawyers are never far away! – Ed] when **Urine Trouble** came off the **run**, he bent down on his knees, and in the process, his shorts ripped open, and he showed his “last turkey in the shop” to the unfortunate **Oh Yeah!** **Clitmas Pussy** pointed out that this, in itself was ok behaviour for the **Hash**, but this was **vegetarian week**, and he had exhibited his ‘**Meat**’ along with his ‘**Two Veg**’ – which was a big No No! (Oh Yeah! Had a good laugh!!) ---- here’s to the flasher – down down..



Fungus was summoned to the circle by **Invisible Man**. At the start of the **Run**, **Fungus** was spotted going the wrong way (we’ve all been tempted over here – but you know what they say “If you don’t reach around”....) [that’s quite enough of your disgusting digressing, **Hash Scribe** – get back to the subject in hand – oops! -Ed] **Invisible Man** continued, that **Fungus** had assumed (wrongly) that it was a clockwise route, and he proceeded to hide in the bushes for a long long time till the **FRBs (Front Running Bastards)** started to pass his secret Lair (not secret from **Invisible Man**). He waited till **Not Long Enough** went past (who said “what the fuck are you doing here?”), and joined the race – about 600 metres from the finish. Here’s to the short cutting short cutter – down down...

Our own lovely **Hash Flash Tequila Slapper** had a bad day, and recounted her witnessing someone relieving himself – I think he asked for an enlargement copy!! then, she was shoved out of the way by **On The Game** – shouts of ‘**Ice On The Game**’ for assaulting a committee member – and then when snapping another runner, they turned the wrong way. Next week is another day **Tequila!!**

Fungus in the **circle** to recognise an achievement by **Who the Fuck is Fagin** attending a run up North ! he's true blue – down down... (**No Hope** tried to get him run-offenced for his new crocs, being worn with socks – nice bunch of guys us!!)

Jaws in the **Circle**, called in **Flying Dickhead**. **Jaws** recalled **Flying Dickhead's** skills in sliding down sheer cliff edges from 30 years ago. Today however, early into the **run**, down he went – first time ever – and got a painful jab from a sticky up pointy tree stump for his trouble (I know how you feel mate!) --- **down down...**(or in this case **Up Up** ouch!!)

Fungus back in the circle – and **GM** called in **Aleksandr** – a visitor – a giant of a man from, I don't know, maybe Russia, wearing a **UFC** (Ultimate Fighting Championship) cap. **Fungus** says “get that fuckin' hat off in the circle” – this was followed by an audible gasp from the **Hashers**.



GM tells **Fungus** to put him on the ice, and empowered by **GMs** order, on the ice goes this man mountain. (already three people have phoned for ambulances!!) **Fungus** puts a drink in each of his giant fists, and warns people to keep 50 metres back (remember the scene in King Kong when explorer Denham exhibited Kong in New York – oh come on it was only in 1933, most of you **Hashers** remember it!) The mood eases – he seems to be taking it better than I thought!

Enter **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler** into the **circle**, who grabs Goliath's hat, and tells him that his new **Phuket Hash** name is “**U**” **Fucking Cunt** (UFC) – he's true blue...down down

He did not understand too well, but seemed to latch on to the “**C**” word, so we might see him featuring on the **Phuket TV News** later. Well done Aleksandr – you good sport!! Anyway, I felt that **Fungus** and **SADG** grew a pair today, and deserved their down downs.....



Lucky Lek popped his head into the ring long enough to say Annullmentz, sign some autographs, then limousine back to his private jet.

Then followed the instructions read by sexy lady for the Woman Only **Iron Pussy** pick up points, and orders for all girls to leave their husbands at home and come and enjoy.

GM passed on news from committee members of a Sunday Garden Party to be held on 3rd 10th (updated to 10th) November in the Chalong area, starting about 1;30 p.m. It is going to cost around 500 Baht per head including food, music, beer and wine (sounds excellent value) – just transport to sort out yourself. Will be down at Chalong Beach – a Restaurant which is not open, but has all the facilities? and under cover is available if it rains – lots of parking available. Details not fully finalised yet, so more news about it on next Saturday Hash – don't quote me on this quite yet....



Enter **Murkury** to the **circle**. He reminded us of previous embarrassing situations when schoolkid offspring of **Hashers** have sung the **Hash Birthday song** at school. Well, **Murkury** – and others – were dining out last week at an up-market dining establishment, and a large Russian gent was celebrating his birthday. Much to **Murkury's** surprise – and pride – the voices of **4 Seconds** and **4 Minutes** were heard at a nearby table serenading our Russian friend with the **Hash Birthday** song. So well done our **Hash serenaders** – keeping traditions going – they're true blue...



The shout went up “dog on the ice” GM ordered Paper onto the ice with a beer (or two) for her little dog’s indiscretion. Comments about her just feeling thirsty and having trained her dog to jump up on the ice are too cruel for Hash Scribe to even think about. Oops, did I write that down – naughty me!!

Steward Spot

The **Blue Harlot** entered the inner **circle**, and started to run round and round, faster and faster. Soon it seemed that he was running horizontally round the circle, using our faces as the track – like my cat used to do in the living room every evening about 7:00 p.m. [you are digressing again **Scribe** – Ed] (well, I get bored!)

He had been press ganged by **Maneken Pis** earlier that day to fill a hole in his proceedings. So he did that, and still had some time left, so decided to tell us a story or two from his life experiences.



He called in **Clitmas Pussy**, **Sunny Side Up** and **Always Wet** just because he could. He told us that **Clitmas Pussy** and **Always Wet** meet up for coffees every week to catch up on the latest chat. Last week, **Clitmas** (if I may be so bold) was waiting for her friend, who arrived a little late. She said hello, and asked “did you come on the bus”? **Always Wet** replied “Yes I did, but I made it look like an asthma attack!”

His attention turned to **Sunny Side Up** (and who blames him) and he told us that he overheard her telling the girls that she sometimes

fakes an orgasm. “Well”, he said, “let me tell you girls – we don’t fucking care!”

He continued with one I could not possibly include in a high class journal like this (copy is couriered to HM The Queen every week) He told us he was in **Patong** last week, but had spent most of his readies. He picked up a nice girl, but told her he didn’t have a lot of money, so no boom boom, could he just have a hand job. She duly obliged, and he just had to tell her that it was the best one he had ever had. She told him that she had lots of practice. Ah, he said, are you a bit of a player? No, she said, my dad had no arms. [oh shit – there goes your fucking knighthood – Ed] (saying that, it did go down rather well with the Hash – this man finds our level every time!)

He sometimes get accused of being a racist – well, he’s not! – He’s an ethnic critic.

He was sitting with a group of friends, and they were talking about the most famous people they had met. His good friend, **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler** came up with someone who was the best one by far. He was on a train in Germany, heading to Switzerland, got into a compartment, and sitting there was a very young **John Lennon**. So they spent time together, sorting out the world, then **Dick Gobbler** finally said to this very young **John Lennon** “**John Lennon**, very young **John Lennon**, before you get off, and we go our separate ways, Imagine all the People, Living in the World, and living as one. “ And very young **John Lennon** pulled his glasses down and looked at **Dick Gobbler** profoundly, and said “fucking hell **Dick Gobbler**, I’m gonna remember that, and I’m gonna put that in a song one day” And to this day, there is a song that **John Lennon** composed – it’s in his back catalogue – and it’s called “Some random cunt I met on a train” So here’s to very young **John Lennon and Dick Gobbler** – they’re true blue – down down

The Blue Harlot took his bows and a down down for his excellent, impromptu performance and left the circle to cries of “is that the time?”, ”it looks like rain coming” and “I think I left the gas on!” and of course rapturous applause. Nice one **Blue** (If I might be so bold!)



GM called in **Fungus** and **Invisible Man** to perform Initiation ceremony on Visitor **Pimpawee**. **Invisible Man** was loudly booed for getting soft in his old age – he borrowed a towel for visiting lady to kneel on the stony ground – it was almost a biblical re-enactment, and I’m sure I heard some classical music welling up behind the hill. Why was she born so beautiful .. down down..



GM asked for **Justin Beaver** to bring forward this weeks’ reward shirts. **Tuk Tuk** was first to be called into the lion’s den (or is it the ‘Lion’s Denny’ ?) to chants of “Take it off – put it on” – and received her 50 run shirt. Well done **Tuk Tuk** – you are well on your way. She’s true Blue – down down



Next up, **GM** called for **Piss in Boots** to come forward for her 25 run reward shirt. To shouts of “take it off – put it on” – she did just that – she’s true blue – down down



Next shirt this week was presented by **GM** to **Urine Trouble**, who excited the ladies (and some of the men too!) with his impressive tattoo collection, after he submitted to the “Take it off – put it on “ chants (mainly from **Fungus**!!) he’s true blue –down down down





Next, **GM** called in his favourite couple – because they always like to sit on the ice together. Come forward **GM's** pet couple **4 seconds** and **4 minutes** for their well deserved 25 run reward T-shirts. To chants of “Take it off-- put it on” they both obliged their adoring fans (don't worry 4 seconds – we all hid our eyes !) And a nice link to previous story, a chorus of “Happy Birthday you cunts” rang out from the **Hash Choir**. They're true blue -down down down.



GM called for **Returners** into the **circle**. At last – a beer for your **humble scribe** – it's thirsty work this!! Anyway , 5 of us – you know who you are!

Some **Departers** took to the stage for their down downs – to the sweet tune of “Fuck off you cunts, fuck off you cunts” I missed that bit – bye bye to **Short Circuit** – good luck in China!

No Hope got up for a final rant – it has to be done no? Someone had asked if he had any shit on his co-hare **Singha**, and he remembered a Facebook entry from weeks back when he thought he had lost him, but he was only a few feet away. Anyway 99th **Hare** today for **Singha** – he's true blueand **No Hope** gave **GM** a stern ticking off for missing his reward **Hare** shirt – everyone say aww, poor **No Hope** – and hope your tourettes gets better.

And the **Hares** – and the **Hares**. **Fungus** lined up the **Hash Shit** holder and the **Hares** for this week, and switched on the **Hash chant-ometer** for this weeks vote on **Good Run / Bad Run**.

Good Run got the highest marks on the **chant-ometer**, and so **Hash Shit** remains with current holder.



As the darkness was falling, **GM** called **No Hope** and **Justin Beaver** into the **circle**. **GM** informed us that the **Justin Beaver / Beaver Impedimentia** department has been beavering away (see what I did there?) to get shirt sizes sorted out, and dealing with the backlog of reward shirts, and having to deal with problems with printer at Kamala among other things. So **No Hope** will get his 125 **Hare Shirt** – don't worry – if it's thankless jobs you are worried about, spare a thought for your **Humble Scribe** – let's have some feedback on the **scribe** report – I want to get the “Hit” rating into double figures.

Your Humble Scribe

Ejackyoulate (and big thanks to **Tequila Slapper's** photos for making the report nice and readable by our members with the attention span of a goldfish)