



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1759 – 19th Oct 2019

OK **Phuket Hashers**, I'm confused? Did we lose a fellow **Hasher** over in Nepal recently? Is it the lure of that unique flag made of two triangles? Or is it an urge to climb a hill, get short of oxygen, and gasp for breath? – because I was doing that after two minutes of the run today!! [Saved yourself a fortune in accommodation and plane fares **Humble Scribe** – Ed] Anyway, in the next couple of weeks, the **Hash** are sending not one, but two separate search parties to **Kathmandu** and **Everest Base Camp** – so – bring him back alive guys!! [and don't forget the postcards! – Ed]

Pre-Circle and Run



Today's **Laager** site was an idyllic setting up in **Kathu** – like a “village green” just in front of **JC's** house – with views to die for. And quite nicely looked after, since **JC** has started nailing locals to a tree every time he finds any rubbish dumped on it. [cruel but fair – Ed]



GM called **Pre-Circle** up to set out today's agenda. He called **Runmaster Fungus** to nominate **Hash Horn** for today. After a couple of polite refusals, he collared **On The Game**, who demonstrated her lip skills on the **Hash** embouchure [small pause while most people **Google** that, except **Alice** and his ilk – Ed]



GM asked the **Hares** (this week's taskmasters were **Murkury**, **Clitmas Pussy**, **Jungle Balls** and **JC**) to describe what lay ahead of us. **Jungle Balls** said it will be a **flat walk** – and said it again with emphasis on the **WALK** part. (Needless to say it was the usual level of truth to be expected out of the mouth of a Hare, as my heart was beating out of my chest after the first five minutes of the “**flat walk**”) He then warned the **run** competitors that their bit was quite tough.

He went round the **Circle**, wagging his finger to all as he went, and told us that **ALL** dogs must be on leads because of the killer chickens hiding behind the trees up on the hill. (Extra reminder to **Paper** – shouts of “she doesn't own a lead!”) Anyway, **run** is on **multi-coloured**, and **walk** will branch off onto **blue** – up the hill – go – go – go..... and we were off on today's adventure.

Five minutes into the **run**, and my heart rate was up to 144, and my activity tracker was auto calling for an ambulance. At the top of a ballbuster of a hill it did level out somewhat, and in fact from then was very enjoyable – a picturesque route -- the slopes were not too slippy, and the streams were easily crossed. Thinking this was all getting back within my comfort zone.....but.....



A couple of Kms from the end of the **walk**, the **Hares** surprised me with a sequence of upward climbs, causing me to pant heavily once more (reminiscent of **Bang La** road with my pal **Bo** last week), and utter the odd death threat to all **Hares** in general – and their descendents! [so nothing personal then? – Ed] Then back down ballbuster hill, a quick wash and change, a welcoming bottle of **Leo** [other beers are of course available – Ed] and settle down to enjoy the **Circle**.

The Circle

GM called **Circle Up**, and **Hares** in for a down down – they're true blue.



GM called for **Hash Horn** – but she had **Gorn** (see what I did there?), so **GM** called **Runmasters Fungus** and **Murkury** – the latter got a quick verse of his “turtlehead” theme tune from the **Hash Choir** – into **Circle** and ordered them to do a down down for embarrassing him by her absence.

Lucky Lek was invited to the **circle** for his now legendary announcement of **announcements**.



Secret Agent Dick Gobbler and **Campari** gave the **Hashers** zee gen about ze **hash** ov ze bizyckles next day, nice anda flat weetha fantastico views. We make a some meestakes before, but zees time vee set very nice, and you vill love thees run! [is that your best Italian accent **Humble Scribe?** – Ed] Si!



*Next, **Fungus** bounded into the circle, with an energy which belies his years, clipboard in hand, and proceeded to update us about the Hash's 28 years service performing marshalling duties for the annual Triathlon race being staged at Laguna on 23rd / 24th November. He is hoping to recruit 33 volunteers for Saturday duty (23rd Nov) and 110 for Sunday duty (24th) – and he has signed up 50 already today!! As a 'bonus', if you miss the Saturday Hash because of this, then you earn a free run credit – AND you don't have to look at Who The Fuck Is Alice and Mighty Quim's ugly mugs! Send your details to Fungus – details on website – (it's a good little earner for Hash funds – so do your bit!)*

GM called for **Justin Beaver** to hand out info sheets in 10 languages on the upcoming **Garden Party** down at Chalong on 10th, with full details on registering and how to get there. [our social lives just get better and better – Ed] Here's to the Garden Party organiser – he's true blue....





GM asked for more **run offences**, and **Fungus** called **Masarap** in – not for a **run offence** – just because it normally costs him a lady drink to stand next to a gorgeous girl – he gave us a lame story about her power running up ballbreaker hill, then, because that wiped her out, she had to walk slowly down the other side – she got that a bit wrong – she’s true blue.....



GM called in **Jungle Balls** – he called for **Paper**. Despite his special warning about dog control this week, he had spotted **Paper** with her three dogs – and not a fucking lead on any of them! (His words, not mine) So to really piss her off, **Jungle Balls** prepared a double down down of non-alcoholic water for **Paper** to suffer on the ice – she’s true blue.....



GM called **Mister Fister**, who called in the visiting relations of **Baldylocks** – especially the little ones, who ran the whole route and each had top ten finishes – congratulations to them both – give ‘em a Toblerone [I think there is a Swiss connection there –Ed]

Murkury called in **Lucky Lek**, and compared him to the ‘locust girls’ last week stripping the area of its olives [see last week’s scribe report – Ed] but **Lucky Lek** explained that this was the **Thai** way, and they cannot resist collecting the jungle’s healthy, tasty offerings. His excuse was rejected, and he went on the ice – he’s true blue....



Mister Fister once again into the **Circle**. He called for **Cum Scraper** and his **Virgin (Hashing at least!) son**. This was a slightly (but not completely) unusual request to name **Cum Scraper**’s son prior to their trip to **Nepal** – so he could be representing the **Phuket Hash** over there. There was just the one suggestion – but a good one – ‘**Son of Cum**’ . Make it so, as someone famous said – welcome to the **Hash** – he’s true blue – down down...

GM called in **Baldylocks** and his son, wife, grandkids to **Circle**, as examples of the best tradition of **Hashing** – three generations all running today, and all doing themselves proud – they’re true blue...



Manneken Pis into **Circle**, and he shouted for **Who The Fuck Is Alice** to enter, and sent him straight on to the ice – much to his chagrin [ok, ok, so you went to school **Humble Scribe**, don’t show off – Ed] Apparently **Tootsie** (son of **WTFIA**) was the appointed **Steward Spot** this week, but he called **Steward Chaser (Manneken Pis)** at one o’clock today to say he could not be bothered [Ah, mon dieu, a common thing with the French – Ed] So, le dad suffers for les sins of son son. [you are showing off again **Humble Scribe** – Ed] ok, sorry.



And so it came to pass, that **Steward Chaser Manneken Pis** could find nobody to match his own skills of **Stewarding** today – so he **Steward Chased** himself into doing today’s **spot** – cue light clapping and whispers of “oh good!” – and a chorus of “Bullshit, bullshit, it all sounds like....”



[A leettle bit of history here. This month, the original 61 cm bronze little boy statue of Manneken Pis (left) in the centre of Brussels is 400 years old (although the current replica copy only goes back to 1965)]



Our very own Manneken Pis (right) did not have time to pose for this photo, and so HE looks like HE is OVER 400 years old – and not a replica copy!]

He called in the **Hares** for a **down down**, and wished best of luck to the ones heading to Nepal this week.



He called in the **English**, and the **Australians** (altogether sing ..all Australians are born illegitimate...) and then the **Scottish** so we could all eloquently praise our nations’ successes (or otherwise) regarding the Rugby Union World Cup in Japan. He gave us a humorous anecdote about a **Scotsman** going in to an empty bar



– because the **English, Welsh and Irish** are all still in Japan – ho ho fucking ho!! **Down downs** all round

He regaled us with tales of **Pole Position** hitting her head on an overhead branch – it was overhead for **Fungus**, who had just ran straight under it without bending down!! Then, a question about **On**

The Game – she is winning these International competitions, but never comes in first on the **Hash**. Apparently it is because our **FRBs** would cry if they got beaten by a woman!! So she could win anytime, but chooses to hold back. Someone asked **Too Old To Fuck** to help her – she had a flat tyre. He said to her “what do you want me to do – fucking blow into it? Here’s to the helpful one – **down down**. Then he told how he had to translate some notes, which had already been translated – but that lost a bit in the translation. He told us that he was not surprised anymore about things people put on Facebook – food – selfies – problems, but now **Campari** has set up a Facebook account for his dog!! – On the Ice with him (and his dog) he’s true blue

GM thanked **Manneken Pis** for his great job today – at short notice.



GM called in **Fungus** and **Invisible Man** to perform the **Virgin** initiation upon two innocent persons – namely **Janek** and **Brodie** (named today as “**son of cum**”) The **Hash** chorus sang Why were they born so beautiful, they both successfully completed – welcome to the **Hash** – down down down.



Run Reward shirts were next. Take it off, put it on, take it off, put it on.....

Cumscrapper earned his 50 **run shirt** – down down



.....followed by two awesome examples of dedicated **Hashing**, **Scrubber** with 555 runs, and **Lesser Dipshit** with 600 – they’re true blue – down down down



GM called in the **Hares** once more. Congratulations to **Jungle Balls**, who earned his 25 **Hares** shirt today – take it off, put it on – ably assisted by **Clitmas Pussy** – he’s true blue



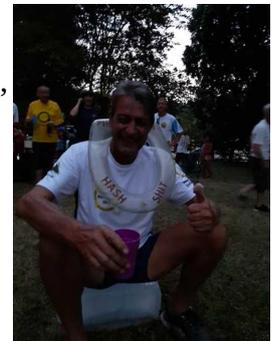


With daylight fading fast, **GM** called all **Departers** into the **Circle** for their farewell down downs – as the **Hash Choir** sang that romantic ballad “fuck off you cunts, fuck off you cunts.....” Enjoy Nepal.

.....and while we are at it, let’s hear it for our plucky band of **Returners** – they’re true blue –down down down.....



GM called in the **Hares** and wheeled in the chant-ometer for the final vote of the day – while the **Hash Choir** crooned their crudest verses of “and the **Hares**, and the **Hares**.....” **Fungus** put the question of **Good Run / Bad Run** to the vote (chant) and the only dissenting voice of **Hash Shit** was that of **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler** from somewhere in the darkness. So by tradition (just invented today by **Fungus**) he was awarded the **Hash Shit** award to carry until (if ever) he is relieved of it – and **iced** by popular demand of the departing crowd. (He may still be there to this day!!)



Circle Closed

Humble Scribe Ejackyoulate (with big thanks to **Tequila** and **Yaba** for pinching their excellent photos)

On On till next week

