



# Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



## Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1760 – 26<sup>th</sup> Oct 2019

Greetings fellow **Hashers**. Today I shall have great pleasure – but first of all, let's get this **scribe** report done!! [The old ones are the best **Humble Scribe** – Ed]

### Pre Circle



**GM** called the **pre-circle** up, and 93 of Phuket's finest citizens stood, open mouthed with anticipation for instructions for the **run**. [I think that is their normal look – Ed] Our **Hares** for today were **Saint Blow Job**, **Fungus** and **Butt-Cycle**. **Not Long Enough** was nominated **Hash Horn**, as he had only ran 25 Km that morning, so he was at a loose end for something to do. **Saint Blow Job** warned us that the weather last night had left the route rather slippy, so take care, but that it is beautiful out there. He sent the runners off, and kept the walkers back for further information about the **blue paper** route – then we were off on this weeks' adventure....

### The Run



This week, the **Hares** did us proud – it was indeed a beautiful picturesque route in the **Ban Para** area, with something for everyone. I've had a thing about song lyrics recently, and this week brought to mind the 1990s hit by TLC "Don't go chasing Waterfalls", as they were big stand-out features of this weeks' run/walk. (the waterfalls – not TLC – keep up you lot!)



Their inclusion could easily have backfired, as **Thai culture** dictates that at each **waterfall** we must stop and have a picnic, and this could easily have delayed the **Hash Closing Circle** till way after midnight.



However, common sense prevailed, and we just made do with stripping off for a quick **nudie dip** at each one – see what the **front runners** miss out on, when they go racing off in front! [I suspect that this is another of your personal fantasies **Humble Scribe** – Ed] OK, I confess – fake news – but one of my better ones yes?



I think the phrase "**petrified Forest**" also applied to this weeks' location. Some nice concrete paths for going up the hills, but then on some slippy downslopes, if you reached out for support from what looked like a tree, it turned to crumbs in your hand, and several feet of it came crashing down on your head – very amusing for people following you!!

## The Circle



**GM** called **Circle Up**, and **Hares** into the **circle** -- They're true blue – and he asked the **Hash** to think of any **run offences** occurring today. **Not Long Enough** was called in for a down down after his **Hash Horn** duties. **Fungus** asked the **Front Running Bastard Top Off** if he had done a good job (blow job?), and he replied that he never saw him out there. This seemed to be perfectly OK.



**Lucky Lek** called for quiet, and loudly proclaimed “**Annulments**”, before wandering off to strip the jungle of more herbs, roots, rats tails and bats wings for his potions – now available from branches of **Seven-Eleven** near you!!

**Fungus** into the **circle** to give us an update on the **Hash marshalling duties** for the upcoming Triathlon. He said we have 57 names for the Sunday, and urged more of us to come forward and sign up for this worthy cause (at least another 50 of us!) Full details on the website. **GM** said for him to keep up the good work, and insisted he have a down down.... – oh all right then!!

**GM** called **Justin Beaver(JB)** to **Circle**, and reminded us that the **Garden Party** is coming up on 10<sup>th</sup> November, from 1:00 till 7:00 and there will be buses from **Kamala and Patong**. Full details on **website**. Down down for **JB** – he's true blue...

**Singha** told us about the **Kamala Koma Run** on Tuesday (eventually!), and everyone is welcome – buses from **Expat, Aussie Bar** and **Tesco** – some wag asked if that was the fresh fruit and vegetables aisle in **Tesco**? [I think that was you **Humble Scribe** – Ed] Modesty prevents me from claiming that one – and it wasn't that funny anyway – maybe the **Tesco Sports Department** would have got more laughs?

**Fungus** and **co-hares** into the **circle**. **Fungus** told us how they were finishing **setting the run**, and spotted a tree down. So they set the **route** around it, and about a hundred yards further, they realised this was not part of the **route**. Rather than pick up the paper, they decided that was to be a **falsie** – here's to the **Hares** – they're true blue.

**GM** called **Manneken Pis (MP)** to present his **Steward** for today. **MK** said he couldn't see him – that was because it was **Invisible Man** (that's as good as it gets from a 400 year old **Belgian**!!) He further introduced **Invisible Man (IM)** as shy and retiring, and he hoped we would shut the fuck up while he does his spot. **IM** asked **MP** why he picked him, and it was because there was no one else, and he was the last resort – and he hoped he would not to be as boring as **Murkury**.



So with that boost to his confidence, **IM** started by **NOT** calling in the **Hares** first, but brought in the **Beer Crew** – here's to these unsung **heroines** who supply us with a smile and a beer on demand with no word of thanks. They should put up a monument to these **heroines** – wait a minute, is that the?... [don't be silly **Humble Scribe**, you know it isn't – Ed] Sorry, that joke was a bit contrived!



**IM** continued with another variation to the routine. He had a “**little Johnny**” joke, and the normal participant would be **Jaws**, but today – for one week only! – **Justin Beaver** and **Beaver** were substituted as Daddy and Mummy in his joke. So Daddy and Mummy are having a BBQ, and there’s some deer meat on the fire. **Little Johnny** asked what kind of meat they were having, and daddy gets clever and says “it’s what mummy calls me every day”. His little sister shouts out “**Johnny, Johnny**, don’t eat it – it’s an asshole!!”

He called in the **French** for some French food jokes. He asked a bemused **Who The Fuck Is Alice (WTFIA)** why he only had one egg for breakfast? **WTFIA** said “It’s half past five” [*no he didn’t* **Humble Scribe** – *you are just trying to get your old jokes in – Ed*] OK, **WTFIA** said “Je ne dinnae ken pas” (translated into Scots) **IM** said “he only has one egg because one egg is an ‘oeuf’.” He added that a **French** cheese factory had exploded, and caused a lot of **de brie**. **IM** was on fire now (like Notre Dame?) and he now had the audience in the palm of his hand, and asked them why **French** people eat snails? – because they don’t like ‘Fast Food’ Thunderous applause, and requests for more **Johnny** jokes!



**IM** told us he likes Limericks, for example “There was a young man from Cape Horn, Who wished he’d never been born, He wouldn’t have been, If his father had seen, That the end of his rubber was torn. – boom boom!

He got serious (well, sort of), and called for 3 people to come forward for **Hash Naming** – but they had all left early – “that’s why they don’t have **Hash Names**” he said – “that was funny” said **Manneken Pis**, and got put on the ice for his cheeky remark – coincidentally showing his lower cheeks to the world in the process!

A man gets on an aeroplane carrying 2 dead rats. Steward (Air) says to him “excuse me sir, you can only have one carry on (carrion)  
A man wakes up in hospital, and calls for the doctor. “I can’t feel my legs” The doc replies “I know, I amputated your arms” (scenes of Hashers rolling about on the ground, slapping their thighs!)



He closed his spot with how man / woman relationships change over the years and called **JC** and **Paper** in to the circle (as perfect examples of our species?) :-

- Age 8 – you put her to bed, and tell her a story
- Age 18 – you tell her a story and take her to bed
- Age 28 – you don’t need to tell her a story to take her to bed
- Age 38 – she tells you a story to get you to bed
- Age 48 – she tells you a story to avoid going to bed
- Age 58 – you stay in bed to avoid her story
- Age 68 – if you take her to bed, that would be a story
- Age 78 – what story, what bed?



Words of approval all round. **GM** gave **IM** his **Down down**, and also, Happy 400<sup>th</sup> Birthday to **Manneken Pis** – the Hash chorus sang Happy Birthday you cunt, Happy Birthday you cunt.....

**GM** welcomed back **Credit Card** after a long absence, and reminded us of when he entertained us with his music – down down...



**GM** called **Invisible Man** and **Fungus** to initiate the seven **Virgins** – **Anna, Dar, Ekaterina, Francesco, Meena, Mick and Nanthip**. One two three, a few bowls of iced water and they are now instant **Hashers**. It's like a human version of Pot Noodles! ...and the **Hash chorus** crooned Why were they born so beautiful – welcome to the **Hash**.

**Saint Blow Job** welcomed **Vicenzo** and **Credit Card** back on the **Hash**.

**GM** called in **Fungus** and **Repressed One**, and all **Hashers** with “cunt” in their **Hash Name**.

**Repressed One** informed us that back in Mediaeval times – (first used in 1544), ‘cunt’ was a faithful and loyal friend – always had your back, never abandoned you, and provided loyal support, even through bad times. Society encouraged being a cunt above all other virtues. So here’s to the ‘cunts’ – they’re true blue



**GM** called for **Manneken Pis**, **JC** and **King Khlong** to give a philosophical view on why they drink beer, as follows :

When I reflect on all the beer I drink, I feel ashamed! Then I look into the glass and I think about all the workers in the breweries – all their hopes and dreams if I don’t drink this then they might be out of work, and their dreams might be shattered. I think therefore it is better I drink this beer, let their dreams come true, and not be selfish and worry about my liver. They’re true blue –down down.



**GM** called in a couple of would-be **Thai Hashers** to attempt the secret ceremony of how to drink a beer with a plastic pipe on your arm. They figured it out in seconds, and completed the act. It was inconceivable that two **Thais** could have worked this out by themselves (no offence chaps – none taken you cheeky farang! – we’ll get you later!) and **GM** found a guy guilty of passing on insider information to them about the secret. He was put on the ice with the extra punishment?of the **helmet** from **Hell**.



– down down, double down.

**Manneken Pis** into the **circle**. He called **Invisible Man Cobbler** and **Super Woman**, and recounted how, earlier, he was in the queue to register, and in front of him they were asking about **Hash Shirts** – then asking about sizes of **Hash Shirts**. This was more than a simple man like **Manneken Pis** could take, and he resorted to his (now) familiar rant at **IM**, (everyone say ahh!) telling him that he should have told them this was the fucking registration desk, and not the fucking **Pedimenta stall** [pure poetry, as always **Manneken Pis** – you were a great loss to the Diplomatic Department -- Ed]

**GM** called for **Returners** into the **circle** – I think they were there, as it was getting dark by then – we need to invest in infra-red cameras to capture the closing bits of the **circle** nowadays. They could be doing anything in there – hmm – ok, I can see advantages there!! Anyway, welcome back **Nothing**, we missed you. – down down down – they’re true blue.

No **Departers** next week (because we all love the **Hash**), so straight on to the **Hash chorus** of naughty rhymes about the **Hares** .... and the **Hares** ....and the **Hares**. Time to wheel out the chant-ometer for the public vote...

It was declared a **good run**, and no **Hash Shit** was dished out.

So, the **Hash Shit** stays with – well, this photo says it all – he wasn’t happy!!



Just before closing the **circle**, **GM** congratulated **Shagarazzi** on his 400 runs – he’s true blue

**Circle Closed**

**Humble Scribe Ejackyoulate**

**On On** [thanks to the gorgeous **Tequila** for letting me use her photos – some great ones this week]