



# Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1761 – 2nd Nov 2019

## “The Day of the Leeches”

Instead of a song lyric, this week I’m inspired by this typical title (OK, I’ve just made it up!) for a black and white ‘B’ film from the 1950s or 1960s (remember them? – I used to get in to the cinema matinee for a jam jar!!), *[I think you have now lost a few millennials from your readership –Ed]*, as **Fussy Pussy** proceeded to tell me in great detail that this weeks’ venue is famous for **leeches**, and before today ends, I could be sucked dry – a prospect which I might normally quite enjoy – but this time it would be my blood!! So watch out for the squishy vampires.

Before I get into the **scribe** proper, I’ve been asked to bring a couple of things to your attention dear reader – so please read on :

1: Last week, a lot of **Hashers** (nearly half of us) did not pay heed to the **Hash** golden rule to **STAY ON PAPER** and this resulted in many of us ‘**walking the run**’, and getting back to the **circle** much later than planned for. So walkers, **please, please, please** observe where the **Blue Paper Splits**, and **follow it!** It might not seem important for most of us who are old and grey and nearly dead anyway, but there were several (accompanied) children also lost in the darkness last week, and it would be sad if we lost them, so robbing them of their future divine right to die from being run over by a runaway taxi, or a heroin overdose (often called ‘natural causes’ in Thailand) *[I say, **Humble Scribe**, can we get a bit more cheerful – Ed]* OK, sorry, I’m in my Halloween macabre, ghoulish humour mood! Woooo!

2: The **Laguna Triathlon** (and therefore, our marshalling tasks) is just over two weeks away (November 23<sup>rd</sup> and 24<sup>th</sup>) and we need to go up a gear, and volunteer (see what I did there!) We still need lots more names, so it’s time to sign up all available **Hashers**, your friends and relations – even your neighbour, who has been wearing that same damned T-shirt for 3 years (free T-shirt if you sign up).

Check out the details at the official **Hash Hareline** page at

<http://phuket-hhh.com/hareline.php> (scroll down to the dates) and also, get much more details on our ‘duties on the day’ from **Fungus**’ webpage by following this link

<https://phuketdir.com/phukethashhousevolunteers/>

So, dear reader, I’m back in the room – locked in with my bottle of single malt whisky, plenty of cigars, and a determination to get this weeks’ **Humble Scribbles** up there for all to see on the Worldly Widely Webly *[well, get on with it then – Ed]* OK, OK – I need inspiration.

## Pre Circle (that’s before the run!)

**GM** called the **Hares** to **Pre-Circle**. A lone **Fungus** appeared, and told us his two other co-**Hares** were still out doing the finishing touches. **JC** was in charge of the walk, and **Not Long Enough** was still out solving some barbed wire problems. So, meanwhile, the **Hash Horn** for today is **Doctor Evil**, who demonstrated the three toots checking signal. **Fungus** warned us that the **run** today was very twisted, and it was vital that we **stay on paper** all the way – do not get off paper – else you will spend hours finding your way back! How prophetic our **Runmaster Fungus** can be at times – as we were all about to find out!

## The Run

Well, how can I put it – or where can I put it? *[I have a suggestion – Ed]*. Our route today, had us exploring Ban Manik – Anthem Wakepark, and started through a lovely green undulating field – like a golf course fairway observed **David**, a visitor from **Holland** – although strangely not dressed head to toe in **Orange**!



There was even a bridge over the river early on, but this only served to give us a false sense of security for what was to come. Most of the way we had an audience of groups of buffalo (the breeding ground for the **leeches**) with puzzled looks on their faces, as 83 brightly coloured Hashers swept majestically across the plains. It was good to observe these horny animals – and the buffalo were quite interesting too!!



It did get messy! With several stream crossings – sans pons *[just say ‘without bridges’ **Humble Scribe** – stop showing off the only two French words you know – Ed]* who! **Moi?** d’accord! The slippery river banks and rapidly disappearing stepping stones gave most of us soggy socks and shoes, and also some St Christopher style offers to carry damsels in distress to the opposite bank. Some of these trips ended in tears – but mostly tears of laughter! After all, this is the **Hash** – nobody promised us a nice dry flat walk in the sunshine.



(Actually, the **Hares** do promise us this every week – the lying bastards!)



Then someone took a wrong turn and started ‘**walking the run**’, followed, Lemmings-style, by half the **Hash**, resulting in lots of late comers (something I have been working on recently – I just picture **Gorgeous You Wanker** just as I get to... *[enough of that talk **Humble Scribe**, there could be children reading this – Ed]* oops! I came in following lots of **blue paper** and enjoyed the day very much, even though at one hour and twenty five minutes, I was one of the early comers *[don’t go there – Ed]*



Some witty **Hasher** (grey hair, late sixties, gentle Scottish accent) suggested that people came back late on purpose so they would miss **Gorgeous You Wanker’s Steward Spot**. Much too cruel – I couldn’t possibly comment.



A couple of brief mentions (because I can) – a shout out for **Tulips** and his **dog**, which was wagging its tail with glee all day – enjoying a rare outing on the **Hash**. And for our lovely **Traci** visiting us from **Vancouver Island** in **BC**, who ‘soaked up’ all the punishment today, loving every minute, and declaring herself now ‘hooked on **Hashing**’ – they’re true blue.



## The Circle



Much later than usual, **GM** called **Circle Up**, and summoned the **Hares** for their **down downs** – here's to the **Hares** – they're true blue. He explained the lower numbers today because a few **Hashers** had chosen to stay in Phuket bars to watch England lose to South Africa in the Rugby World Cup (bet they are wishing they had come **Hashing** instead now!) – and that several walkers were still to come in yet – including **Lucky Lek** and **Hash Horn!** – a bit worrying – better have another beer – that's better!!

**GM** called in **Fungus**. He reminded us that the purpose of **Hash Horn** is to be out front, sorting out check points, and leading us home – but this week he is nowhere to be found. **Fungus** was put on the **ice** for his bad choice of **Hash Horn**.

**GM** called for **Returners** – but not many, as most of them were still out there too. More **Hares** on the **ice** for losing **Hashers**!!

**GM** got all the **Italians** in, and gave a telling off to most of them for staying very quiet out there, except one young lady who shouted **On On** because it was the only English words she knew – she's true blue – down down down....



Next up was **Campari** who, I think volunteered to drink from the new shoe of his partner, and **GM** took great pleasure in describing where the shoe had been today – in shitty streams and muddy fields – as he mixed a couple of beers in with the bugs (and leeches) – cocktail style!!



**GM** asked **Steward Chaser** – 400 year old man – **Manneken Pis** to introduce this weeks' **Steward** – who coincidentally is also 400 years old – the man – the legend that is – **Gorgeous You Wanker**.

He told us of one time he was **Hash Hare**, when they were filming “**Casualties of War**” movie. He fell in the river, and only managed to stop at the precipice – otherwise he would have been the first casualty of the ‘casualties of war’ filmset.



He went round the circle, pulling in unsuspecting individuals for **down downs**, encouraging the **Hash chorus** to sing less than complimentary songs to them. He has an eye (and maybe something else) for the ladies, and had some nice things to say about them. He brought in **Go Go Trump**, and told her off for ‘The Donald’ putting a whopping tax on **Scotch Whisky**!!



He called in his friend **Repressed One (RO)** from **Northern Ireland** ( the occupied counties corrected **RO**) – he's true blue. And he was impressed with the **Italian** turnout this week – they're true blue..

He called in **Hash Virgin Traci** from **BC** – I notice a link with them both there – but **Traci's BC** is British Columbia, and **Gorgeous's BC** is a time when he was young -- when dinosaurs roamed the earth – when men were men, and sheep



were afraid – a time he remembers fondly! *[you are going ‘off paper’ again **Humble Scribe** – Ed]*  
Sorry! **Traci** was introduced today by **Nothing**, and **Gorgeous** called for him – but he was temporarily missing. So **Traci** had to do **Nothing**’s down down too – she’s true blue...double down down down...



A couple of more **Virgins** – one from **Mauritius** prompted a general Geography discussion, and another – **The Flying Dutchman (David)** got us talking about singing sensations – all got **down downs** and welcomes to the **Hash**. And so ended **Gorgeous’s Steward Spot** – well done in bringing so many diverse topics and people into the **circle** – we love you – he’s true blue – down down down...



**GM** called in **Manneken Pis (MP)** and **Twice Nightly** – and compared them to ‘Beauty and the Beast’ after **MP** showed her a short cut, and it got a bit messy.



**GM** asked for any **Run Offences**. **Manneken Pis** called in **Twice Nightly**, and told the – let’s call them this weeks’ ‘**Hash Survivors**’ that her boyfriend was lost and maybe dead out there on the **run** today, and so she is officially back on the market again. Loud cheers from the male division of the **circle**...

**Paper** told us how she carried **Woodpecker** over the deep crossing so she didn’t get wet!! – down..

**GM** called in **Butt Plug** and told us he was suffering from a hangover today, and spent half the day in his truck cab with his feet up snoring like a horse. – he’s true blue...

**Lucky Lek** was still not back from the **run**, so he was not available for his weekly task to announce “**Announcements**” – his traditional introduction to the **Announcements** section of the **circle** *[did you follow that, dear reader? – Ed]* Hey – I do the jokes here, if you don’t mind!!

So **Manneken Pis** told the menfolk that the **Tinmen** will be held at **Nai Harn** on Wednesday, and that **Fungus** is not involved, so it won’t be a **fuck-up** like today. (that was a bit harsh was it not? – but nothing less than what we expect from **Manneken Pis**) Buses will go from **Kamala** to **Patong**, and direct to **Nai Harn** – and **Lesser Dipshit** will liaise that side of things. More details on the **website**, as usual, including **On On** at **Shakers** (Oooh, was that a cheeky plug for your bar in the **circle**?) And with that, he was gone....

**Fungus** did his appeal for the **Triathlon Marshalling** (see the highlighted paragraph at the beginning of this weeks’ **scribe** – and the links to the **website** information)

**GM** called in **Beaver**, and reminded the **Circle** that the **Garden Party** is this coming **Sunday 10<sup>th</sup>** – full details on the **Hash website**, and **Beaver** is available now to take your names and money for this bargain of a lifetime event on the exotic ‘**Costa De Chalong**’ (don’t bother to Google that name – I just made it up to attract the romantics among us, who remember a bit of love on the beach on their Spanish holidays)

The time was now twenty past 6 – it was dark, and a late group of people came in from the jungle – after two hours and twenty minutes. **GM** called for **Fungus** to perform the **Virgins ceremony** – the closely guarded secret **Initiation to the Hash**, passed down through the generations, where, after taking part, men grow a pair, and women get hairs on their chests! [*maybe a slight exaggeration – Ed*]

Today, our victims – sorry – worthy volunteers come from all over the World, and their names are about to go down in the history of the Hash – **David; Fredrik; Gabriola; Giacomo; Jayce; Laura; Nancy; Nola; Ola; Traci**: I feel like I have just chanted a spell!!

A drop of beer, and a load of iced water later, and the **Phuket Hash** has produced another fresh batch of **Hashers** into this world – welcome to the **Phuket Hash** you guys – well done. Why were they born so beautiful, why were they born at all ..... down down...

**GM** called in **Departers** – including **Tequila Slapper** – how shall we survive – hurry back!

**Hares** into the **Circle** snarled an angry **Manneken Pis**, who proceeded to crucify the bunch of cunts (that must be Belgian for **Hares**) who put **multi coloured paper** everywhere except where it should have been at the tail end of the run. He said it all started very well, until **JC** branched off with his walk – then it went downhill (actually it went downhill and uphill, but I think I am confusing the issue) Anyway, the 400 year old man was rather angry – I think our **American** friends would say “**Manneken was pissed**”! He said the first runner back was **Master Baker** in one hour and 23 minutes, and that generates an automatic **Hash Shit**. This should be extended to life for **Fungus** – the only problem being that he loves it, and gives us more **Hash Shit** every week!! He asked if there was any calls for **Good Run**, but the **chant-ometer** registered a zero response.



**GM** declared the **circle closed** (and there were still people out there)

I hope you enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it – and please give me any feedback (good or bad good)

**Humble Scribe**  
**Ejackyoulate**  
**On On**



All hail **Lucky Lek**, who led the last group out of danger after 7 o'clock – well after the **circle** was closed – **our hero**.



Please continue to read on next page for a message from **Flying Dickhead** with useful advice about an **App** we should all have on our phones :---

My Fellow Hashers,

Last Saturday a large number of Hashers got lost on the run. Fortunately they made it back to the Laager in the darkness but we're not going to be this lucky every time. Sooner or later we are going to have a real emergency and we'll have to find the person(s) in trouble. I urge everyone with a smartphone to download an app named **what3words**.

This is a highly accurate location sharing app that is much easier to use than Google Maps. Emergency services everywhere are now urging people to have this app on their phone. The advantages for Hashing are obvious. Before the start of a run you get the exact location of the Laager so you can always find your way back. Or if you get hurt you can send your location to other Hashers so they can come and rescue you.

It's also a great tool when you're Haring. You can use it during reccees to keep track of crucial points of your run and to inform the webmaster of the precise location of your Laager site. The list goes on. So put what3words on your phone, learn how to use it (it's very easy) and we'll all be a little safer out there.

Read all about "the App That Could Save Your Life" here:

[www.what3words.com/business/emergency/](http://www.what3words.com/business/emergency/)

[www.bbc.com/news/uk-england-49319760](http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-england-49319760)

**ON ON! - Flying D.**