



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1764 – 23rd Nov 2019

I fall for it each Saturday – I obediently copy the GPS location from the website, for that week's **Laager** site, but because it isn't on a tarmac road with streetlights, and next door to a Family Mart, it doesn't fucking 'exist', and so I then get led a merry dance up and down dead-end sois, and through people's living rooms (new carpet, was it – sorry about the Honda muddy tyre tracks – and right back at you too fella!) This week was no exception, so accept that the only way to do it is to follow the written instructions – and look out for the **HHH** signs. This works every time!! – and you don't need to start your journey three hours early – bonus!
[That was a public information broadcast, brought to you by "The Reach Around" Ladyboy bar]

Pre Circle

GM called up the **Pre Circle**. Step forward the **Hares – The Mighty Quim, Who The Fuck Is Alice, Heru, Cockhead, Cockhead Junior, and Runmaster Fungus** – come and meet the people who will be suffering all next week after following your trails today!! – and it's a big **Hash** this week – **167** – that's right – **167** – can the local hospitals cope with that, when it all goes wrong? **Fungus** called for this week's **Hash Horn On The Game**, who gave us a **Toot Toot**, and went off with her little bag of pink checking paper.

WTFIAlice used his mastery of the five English words he knows to send the **runners** off on multi coloured paper. The **walkers** awaited their fates with baited breath, multi coloured, then blue paper for one kilometre, then multi coloured – whatever..... (**but legal requirement**)

The Run / Walk

The route this week was in **Rawai**, and I was wondering where the **Hares** could possibly find an area not being built on – so I was thinking maybe, cover the remaining undeveloped fifty metres, then drop in to **Wilson's** for a Tahini / Turmeric / Avocado smoothie washed down with a Latte with added Grass Fed Butter (Tibetan Yak butter is my favourite) [*who are you trying to kid Humble Scribe – you are Scottish, and therefore tight as a duck's arse – Ed*] That was a trifle harsh, but my point is that **Rawai** is very trendy these days, and is where the free spirited flower people hang out – allegedly! (Don't want any more big fat tourists spoiling the 'view'!!)

Imagine my surprise! After a bit of incline, we passed the obligatory **waterfall** [*very nice, stop for a picnic – Ed*] then for what seemed like an hour solid we were going up – that wasn't a hill – it was a fecking climbing wall! Never, in the field of human conflict has so much uphill been followed by so little down again [*you had to get that Churchillian misquote in Humble Scribe, didn't you – Ed*]

Gorgeous You Wanker was in fine form throughout, with his constant cries of **On On**, and his own personal memories of when this used to be flat land before Tectonic Plates and Continental Drift kicked in – oh happy days!

The Circle



GM called **circle up** at 5:30, and called in **The Mighty Quim** for an important announcement (anullment?)

The **Hash Choir** serenaded him in with the USA National Anthem. He announced that today was his 59th Birthday, and the Choir switched to 'Happy Birthday you Cunt'.



GM restored normal order with a down down for the **Hares** – all 20 of them – they’re true blue. Next up was **Hash Horn On The Game** for a watery down down (she’s always in training that girl).



Lucky Lek was called in, and enthralled the circle with his ever increasing vocabulary of big words “Attention, unbelievable, unforgettable – **anullments!**”



Enter **Browniebox**, a welcome visitor from the **Dubai Creek Hash** [that’s the one which named you *Humble Scribe* isn’t it? – Ed] Yes it is -- best I get a flight arranged!

Anyway, he bounced into the ring to tell the world about the **Dubai Creek Hash Two Thousand Run** celebrations to be held in **Dubai** (doh!) in **March 2020** – or is it – did he fuck that up? Chants of Ice Ice Ice.

Apparently the dates are from **Thursday 26th through to Saturday 28th March 2020**, and you could go crazy and add the **Intergulf Hash in Bahrain** to your itinerary the week before (**19th to 21st March**). Then, back in **Dubai**, there are **pre-lube events / runs** from **22nd to 25th March** leading up to the **2,000th run** celebrations. Full details on the **CH3 Dubai Creek Hash website** about costings, including supercheap (for Dubai) rates to stay on the **Queen Elizabeth 2 Cruiseship** – which just happens to be permanently moored there. He was put on the **ice** with his down down by **GM** – then he melted into the crowd near the beer truck, to get more pissed – as he does so well – **Dubai’s finest!!**



Clitmas Pussy announced her **Full Moon Birthday Hash Pool / Run** event at **Clitmass Pussy and Jungle Balls** modest 10 bathroom apartment – ok – villa complete with swimming pool (so 11 bathrooms then, really!), on **Sunday 8th of December**. Need to know numbers for catering. Cost will be **300Baht**, including food, and a beer truck will be there, with cheap beer! Next week, **Piss In Boots** will be taking names and money off you – so come prepared! The **run** starts at 6:30 so get there before then, and wear



something bright and light as it is a **Street Run**. Party on round (in?) the pool till **Jungle Balls** gets pissed, and tells us to get off his land! There is a suggestion to wear white togas, and make it a toga party – infamy – infamy – they’ve all got it infamy! [do you have a quote for every occasion **Humble Scribe?** – Ed] Yes!



Fungus called in **Where the Fuck is Fagin, Sam Song and Piss Drinker**. Then he had a ‘Senior Moment’ and asked **Piss Drinker** what he was doing in the **circle?** He gave us our final update about the **Triathlon** next day. **Sam Song** is handing out maps, T-shirts, Car passes (has emergency number on it if we have a problem with the Police). Pick up your bag of goodies on the day – lots of ham and cheese, tuna sandwiches, potato chips?? (you mean crisps **Fungus!**) courtesy of **Wilma**. **Sam Song** and **Fagin** have stepped in and put a lot of work in to make this work – they’re true blue – down down. (and we have achieved the required 90 volunteers – well done **Phuket Hash**)



Mister Fister into circle – **Kamala Koma** run coming up on Tuesday – nice run ending on the beach, so can have a swim after it. Not a hard run – **Mr Wanker** walked it (on **Mr Fister's** shoulders) All the pick up points are on the **website**.

GM aska for ze **Campari** into ze **seercle**. He tella ze people about ze **bike hash** next day. Near ze **Tonsai** waterfall, and ees nice flat run, and you weel enjoy mucha. All ze details on ze **weba sitea** – don'ta forgetta your bikea!



GM called in **Fungus** and **Invisible Man** to perform the **Virgin** (or **Wirgin** – in Thailand, as **Hawaiian Hoe** pointed out – and he knows about these things!) **Initiation Ceremony** on the 14 **Wirgins** we have today. They have got off their couches from all round the world for this ritual humiliation, and five minutes of fame – take a bow **Corinne; Dominique; Etienne; Franck; Geir; Jean Paul; Marie; Marit; Mikial; Pierre; Rabbit; Sabrina; Sarha and Vid**.

Hands behind back – no hands – countdown 3–2--1 go – why were they born so beautiful – welcome to the **Phuket Hash** guys (well, the first 7 of them at least) – now go buy your **T-shirts!**

GM found a guy who made the **run** in his flip flops today – and had no accidents! And there were a couple of new shoes **run offences** – a young lady of **France** and **Piss Drinker**. While drinking their smelly cocktail of mud and beer from their shoes, our **Mademoiselle** from **Armentieres** became the inardvertant first winner of **Fungus's** newly invented Wet T-Shirt contest!



GM called in the **Hares**, and asked the **Hash** to think about the **Hash Shit / Good Run** vote later on, when the **chant-ometer** gets wheeled out – they're true blue – down down.

Top Off was iced for some reason, and **Mister Fister** recounted a “dumb and dumber” conversation between **Top Off** and another **American** – a case of the pot calling the kettle black?



Enter the enchanting figure of **Oh Yeah**, who serenaded him with “you're dumb, you're dumb, you're really fucking dumb – if it wasn't for your mother, you'd be a drop of cum” – ending with that pelvic thrust which all members of the **Iron Pussy** seem to have mastered – what do they get up to on their **Hash runs???**

Mister Fister called in **Piss Drinker**, and our 400 year old Hasher **Mannekin Pis**. He was confused how **Piss Drinker** managed to injure his ear today on the run, but **Manneken Pis** came through unscathed – even though he has much bigger aural targets – see photo! Here's to big ears – they're true blue – down down
[That was a bit personal! – I approve – Ed]



At this point, about 8 latecomers came back from their tour of **Rawai**, (does anyone actually do the walks completely these days?) [I do – Ed] Me too! These guys were the missing ‘**Wirgins**’ and so **Fungus** performed round two of the **Wirgin Initiation Ceremony** – they're true blue – welcome to the **Phuket Hash....** --- T-shirt stall is over there.....

GM called in **Steward chaser** (and 400 year old man) **Manneken Pis**, and he called up **Bunnykin Pis** to do a **Steward Spot**. The usual suspects were assembled in the circle for a little competition –

the **boys** (the boys?? who are you kidding??) against the **girls**.



A big mouth was placed in the centre (no change there – that happens every week!) and they all take turns at pressing down on the teeth until the mouth clamps shut on their finger (I can think of a variation to that method of play) [*You are going off paper again Humble Scribe – behave yourself – Ed*] OK.

If the **guy** lost, he had to drop his shorts and get a smacked ass. If the **girl** lost, she got a petite smack on the derriere – is that fair I ask you?

After it was all over, **GM** called in **Bunnykin Pis** – **firstly** to say **well done**, but also to tell us that she had two months to think of her act – but only came up with it **today** at two o'clock!! So --**On the ice** with the **helmet from Hell!**



GM called in lots of today's visiting **Hashers** for their **down downs**, and thanked them for coming.

Jungle Balls iced **Tootsie** for illegal consumption of 3 **Hares beers** [*is that not a case for bringing back the guillotine – non? – Ed*] – well, Chateaufeuf du Pape! Et autre chose! And that's my final word!



Clitmas Pussy called **Always Wet** in for a spot of ritual humiliation involving **carpet burns** on her **elbows**, sustained on an **Iron Pussy** 'run'. She claimed the fifth amendment, but when told she was not American, then she said she didn't remember – but really enjoyed it!!



GM called **The Mighty Quim** in to say something funny! He told us again he was 59. 'More like 69 you old **cunt** ' jested **Not Cleaver** sidesplittingly.

In a change to the normal, he had decided to give **OUT** presents to deserving cases. First was **Butt Plug**, who got a condiment basket (stolen from **Shakers**) with first aid bits. Next benefactor was **WTFI Alice**, who (at the ripe old age of



77 – mon dieu!) had him up laying paper at 08:00hr on his **Birthday** – he's true blue.... With his **Uncle Sam USA hat** and **T-shirt** (and accompanied by shrieks from **Go Go Trump**) he presented a peace medal to **Putin My Ass**, for his participation in the USA elections.

Most of this was done in complete darkness, so I'm guessing most of this:

All **Marauders** were summoned to bare all and dip their **butts** – in the iced water **butt**.

Not Cleaver in for his **333 run reward** shirt –helped by Poe Position I think?

La lasagne and **Fungus** in for his **444 run reward** shirt – they wrestled a bit!



The **Hares** were wheeled out one last time with the **chant-ometer** for the **Good Run / Hash Shit** public vote. **Murkury** took control – so mayhem ensued, and the result was that **Fungus** was relieved of the Hash Shit trophy at last.

Circle closed

Humble Scribe
On On

(thanks for reading it)