



# Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



## Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1765 – 30<sup>th</sup> Nov 2019



The Hares have done us proud this week, as our run was to the Cho La Pass (5,420 metres) in the Himalayas. Perched between two snow capped summits, this is the view down the valley – perfectly framing the mighty peak of Ama Dablam! At the peak, a branch of Betty's iconic Harrogate Tearoom serves a most welcome cup of Earl Grey tea and scones with – *[Stop right there **Humble Scribe** – you are making this up – blatantly lying to your reader – Ed]* OK spoilsport, I confess with the Fake News – but I can tell you that two of our brave **Hashers (Baldylocks and Ya Ba)** have just returned from this very location, pushing themselves to their limits, and qualifying as my **Heroes of the Week** – they are **Hashers** through and through -- they're true blue



(The actual run location this week was 2.7 Km East of “Chicks with Sticks” monument – not quite as spectacular as the above – but more convenient for an On On afterwards with indoor toilets!)

### Pre Circle

GM called **Circle Up**, and **Runmaster Fungus** and the **Hares** were called in to get us started. **Fungus** nominated **Bill the Dick** as **Hash Horn** – a surprising decision, as this lovely man takes ten minutes to get out of his chair. To everyone's relief (not least **Bill the Dick**), **Fungus** said he was joking, and nominated **No Moral Compass** to be chief **tooter** and spreader of **pink paper** today. The **Hares** gave run instructions – **walkers** start on blue, then multi coloured, then back on blue. **Runners** on multi coloured all the way. Couple of barbed wire hazards, and up by the lake, a small bridge which can just manage one at a time – that reminds me of this girl I knew at... *[that's quite enough of that **Humble Scribe** – get back to the matter in hand – Ed]* that's funny – that's what she used to say! Anyway this bridge has a bloody great hole in front of it. And then we were off and racing (metaphorically speaking of course, as we all know, the **Hash** is non competitive (**yeah right!!**))

### The Run

Despite a bit of rain en route to the **Laager** (went off just as we arrived) the run was quite solid under foot, well indicated by paper (with one or two **falsies** – maybe **Bill the Dick** was the **Hash Horn** today after all) and took us through some great locations. Early in the walk, we passed what appeared to be local residents tending their allotments, with neat lines of veggies sprouting up. Was that Jeremy I saw, sat outside his shed, working on the Labour Manifesto? “Good luck in the Election next week Mister Corbyn” – “thanks for the daffodil bulbs” Some people buy condos and ski cabins – Jeremy has allotments all round the world! ‘Twas a nice day out in familiar surroundings.

(I wonder how **Lucky Lek** would pronounce ‘**allotments**’? – discuss? )

While I still have your attention **Dear Reader** *[that's very presumptuous of you **Humble Scribe** – Ed]* I have been asked by **Fungus** to remind any of the **Triathlon Volunteers** in possession of our giant **pointing fingers**, to please return them back to **Sam Song** for repair and storing away for future use. Just bring them along to a **Saturday Hash**, and he will take the fingers off your hands *[your jokes are getting more contrived by the minute **Humble Scribe** – Ed]* Thank you – I try!

## The Circle

GM called **Circle Up**, and 126 of us ((including 3 **Wirgins**, 6 **Visitors** and one **Visiting Hasher** – (they can't pronounce the letter 'V' over here)) [*clever use of nested parentheses there **Humble Scribe** – Ed*] turned to see what he was going to enthral us with this week.



Our plucky **Hares** this week were **Bluey**, **Not Cleaver** and **Doctor Fucking Jeckyll**, and they marched into the circle for their well deserved reward **down downs** – they're true blue. **Hash Horn No Moral Compass** also earned a **down down** from **GM Wilma** – looking resplendent as always in her ... (oops – I think I've had enough beers!)



GM took time to remind the circle of legendary **Hare Billy Boy** – sadly departed to that big **Barbie** in the sky – that this was his favourite **Hash Run** – so, to absent friends – down down... then he reminded us that we have to decide later if it was a **Good Run** – or if **Hash Shit** should be administered.

**Lucky Lek** took a break from collecting ingredients from the jungle for his potion recipes to inform his bevy of fans "allotments" – I'm sorry, I'll read that again, "**anullments**"

**Piss Drinker** came in to recruit a couple of volunteers for the **King's Cup** weekend, found some – by shameless bribery with free beers – but because this was not **Hash** business, was iced by **GM**. **Not Cleaver** asked him if there was anything else – like, did he have a car for sale? – I liked that!



There was a reminder for the **Clitmas Pussy Birthday** street run next Sunday, on the 8<sup>th</sup> Dec (see last week's **scribe report**, and the **Phuket Hash** website for details)



**Mister Fister** called for **Manneken Pis** to get on the ice in true **Marauder** style, and also remove his shirt. His delightful partner **Oh Yeah** came into the **circle**, but she seemed to have forgotten the replacement shirt – until it appeared as if by magic from her.... [*I have to stop you there **Humble Scribe** – my kids read this! – Ed*] (Is that because the **Hash Scribe** is on the 'A' level curriculum at **Hogwarts** School?) Anyway, **Manneken Pis** got his 'modified' **Marauder** reward shirt – courtesy of **Scud**

**Fungus** announced **two free beers** for all the **volunteers** from Triathlon last Sunday – I'm up for that...

**Manneken Pis** reminded us that the **Tinmen Run** is this Wednesday in **Chalong** area, and the **On On** will be at Sabai Beach Bar in Rawai. All timings for **pickups** on the **website**...should be fun.... No women allowed!

**Not Cleaver** fell victim to an overdose of Paraquat while out doing a **Hare recce**, and someone spotted him walking unsteadily on the road, jabbering like a madman – good call that someone picked up on the very subtle differences from his normal behaviour. Anyway, **Not Cleaver** got a lift home that day.

*[Apparently two herbicides – paraquat and glyphosate, and an insecticide chlorpyrifos are deemed hazardous to health, and were to be banned this week – but now their use has been extended by 6 months – maybe indefinitely – or not – this is Thailand – up to you!!]*

**GM** caught one or two **Hashers** for minor **run offences**, then called in **Campari** for his **Steward Spot**. Hash Choir sang ‘**Campari** – whoa wo’ etc.



**Campari**, he explains that Thailand is very different to other countries and if you run the pharmacy, then you need to be like a doctor. So the most important people in the town is the Priest, the Mayor and the Pharmacist. So there are many jokes about the pharmacy – and boy, he wasn’t joking!!



A young boy – he goes to the pharmacy and asks for one condom – because he hopes to be lucky with his girlfriend. Then he thinks he maybe try for the sister of his friend, so make it two condoms. Then he remembers the mother of his girlfriend has been very friendly too – so he asks for 3 condoms. So he arrives for the dinner that night, and all three ladies are sitting at the table. Then the father comes in, and he goes down on his knees and starts praying for the food, and for God to bless us all, and prayers for everything. His girlfriend asks him why he is religious tonight because before

he told her he is a non-believer. He says to her ‘why you not tell me before, that your father is a Pharmacist’!! Laughs all round the circle.

A girl goes into the pharmacy and asks where the large size condoms are? They are over here – do you need some? No, she says, but can I wait here till someone comes to buy the condom?

Man goes into Pharmacy to ask for the condom. Lady pharmacist (nearly always the lady) asks what size? He says don’t know. She tells him that in the back of the shop, we have a fence with holes in it, and you try each hole till you find the good fit. So he starts with the big hole – but the lady pharmacist, she goes other side of the fence and each time he tries a hole, she gives him good time. So when he comes back into the shop, she says ‘what size condom you want?’ He says ‘fuck the condoms – just give me ten yards of the fence’!!



Then there was the one about the pharmacist selling him a box of condoms, and every one was bendy!!

Then the pharmacist who sold him washable condoms – a bit more expensive, but he says he will give them a try. He goes back next month, but asks for just normal ones. Pharmacist asks if the washable ones are not good. He says yes, they were fine for me, but the laundry complains a lot!!

Then there was the one about the – you know the one! And the one about the whatsit – you know!! Boy oh boy – he knows a lot of condom jokes – I think he is still there telling condom jokes!

**GM** thanked him for his spot – here’s to the Pharmacy Steward – and gave him his down down. Nice one Campari – he’s true blue....



**GM** called in **Who’s Fucking Who The Fuck is Alice** for her **222 run** reward shirt – expertly fitted by husband – she’s true red, white and blue





**Fungus** into **Circle** to present a **25 Run Shirt**, then we need a fanfare for the next one.....



Next for **666 Run** Reward shirt was **Sheeba** – wow, that is impressive – and she was dressed by our previous **GM Jaws**.



**GM** called in **Fungus** and **Invisible Man** for the ‘**Wirgins**’ **Initiation** for **Jim**. (The other two had escaped by then – their loss!!)

Why was he born so beautiful – why was he born at all – welcome to the **Phuket Hash**

**Murkury** wanted to thank **Fungus** and **Sam Song** for giving him the laziest day ever – as his location was not even on the route – they’re true blue

(...and they did an awesome job of organising **90 volunteers** to be in position on time and contributing to making the event a big success )

**GM** added his congratulations to all involved last week in the marshalling – and it looks like we will be asked back next year.....



I think **GM** asked for **Departers** – fuck off you cunt, fuck off you cunt etc

Then he asked for **Wisiting Hasher**, and we met ‘**Boner Valet**’ from mother **Hash South Korea**, but the USA accent was enough to prompt the **Hash Choir** to a chorus of ‘Da da dum dum di dum, da da dum di dum dum.....

getting really dark now – so **Humble Scribe** very confused. Couple more run offences, then it was time to wheel out the **chant-ometer** for the **Hares** public vote

**Hares** into **circle**, and **Fungus** asked for **Hash Shit** – silence! **Good Run?** --- deafening response – so the **Hash Shit** was put away till next week.

**Circle Closed by GM**

**Humble Scribe** thanks you from the heart of his bottom if you read this all the way through, **On On**