



# Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



## Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1768 – 21st December 2019

### Pre Circle

### The Run

The run this week was attended by 136 of us, ignoring professional advice once more to risk our lives in the jungles of Phuket. I'm reminded of the song by the Bloodhound Gang, who sang "You and me baby ain't nothing but mammals, So let's do it like they do on the Discovery Channel" – although I suspect they were thinking of more than a gentle stroll in the forest!!

I thought the route was very good this week – well done to Doctor Fucking Jekyll and Not Cleaver – just the right combination of climbing, levelling out to catch your breath, more climbing, more flat bits. And the stark red rocks of the "Red Mountain Golf Club" area – hence the name – always give me the impression of "The Land that Time Forgot" and a chance encounter with a dinosaur is never far from my mind. The upward climbing was made 'easier' by steps cut out for us – the downward parts were a little tricky, but the recent dry spell meant it was not too slippery. I hope others enjoyed it as much as I did – I know a couple of the 'Visitors' are now converts to Hashing – you know who you are!!

### The Circle



**GM** called **Circle Up**, and for the **Hares** to come forward for a **down down**. He reminded the **Hash** that we have to decide later if it was a **good /bad run** today. It puts a bit of purpose and responsibility into our otherwise meaningless lives!!

So **Not Cleaver** and **Doctor Fucking Jekyll** had their first one of the day, the latter was impersonating Santa Claus, making him look even more sinister than usual, – more than one **hasher** commented that no way were they sitting on **his** knee!!

Next up, **Hash Horn Top Off** was dragged in, kicking and screaming (not really) for a well deserved down down.



A call for recognition next, for **Soi Dog** and **Billy No Mates**, for their organising the **Kamala** and **Patong bus pick up** / registration, and ensuring that as few people as possible are left behind to die in the jungle after the circle closes (well, it is dark by then!!) They're true blue.....

.. and as a treat today, **GM** unveiled a plentiful supply of meats, potatoes and other goodies, so we can all queue up and empathise with the folks attending soup-kitchens back in our home towns. Today's sponsor – Soi Dog [I think that was supposed to be a joke – it was chicken and pork – honest --Ed]



**GM** asked for any **run offences**, and **Gorgeous you Wanker** brought in someone who had committed a **Cardinal Sin** (now there's a good **Hash name** for someone!! – and I know just the one!) by training for the **Hash** – stripped to the waist, and practising his running. Down down for him – let that be a lesson!!

**Fungus** then gave a complicated tale about himself, **Mister Fister** and **Manneken Pis** having a tumble on the run – but meanwhile, we were wondering why **Manneken Pis** was wearing a mini skirt and looking nervous – was something going on here??

**GM** told us that **Butt Plug** was worried today, (“shitting himself” was how **GM** eloquently phrased it) as the paper and **Hash Horn** were on board the bus from **Patong**, and might be late – he's true blue.....



**GM** called in **Not Cleaver**, who in turn brought **Doctor Fucking Jekyll, Pole Position, Barbie Doll, Late Arrival**, and told them off for getting paralytic last night, and making the paper-laying a slow process this morning!! The quietly spoken Brummie lad then also told us of a close encounter with a cobra that day.



**GM** called in our 3 gorgeous **Hash Flashes** to thank them for preserving the best **Hash** moments and views (and I don't mean **Manneken Piss's** arse on the ice) for posterity. So **Tequila Slapper, Ya Ba and Tumble Dryer** – take a bow – they're true Blue.... (and **Humble Scribe's** weekly tribute to the arts would not be the same without free access to their amazing photo library – thank you ladies!)



**GM** called in **Mister Fister** to entertain us.

He called in **Always Wet, Gay Pigfucker, Fungus, Top Off** for a short quiz, where, unusually, they were timed – and more unusually – had to take a drink for a wrong (or no answer) *[that will never catch on – Ed]*

**Q:** Some months have 30 or 31 days, but how many have 28 days? **A:** They all do....down down

**Q:** If it takes 8 men 10 hours to build a wall, how long for 4 men? **A:** No need – it's already built!.. down down

**Q:** You enter a dark room with a match, an oil lamp, newspaper and some kindling –what do you light first? **A:** The match!!... down down

**Q:** An aircraft with 200 on board comes down, right on the border between USA and Mexico *[so it must be a Boeing 737 Max – right? – Ed (too soon?) ]*. Where do you bury the survivors? **A:** You don't bury the survivors! ... down down Well, that was fun? It was almost like an excuse to give people free drinks – wait a minute!! I think I am catching on to this **Hash** thing!!

He then proceeded to give us a perfect demonstration of the futility in rehearsing anything with a **Hash** member – if it was more than two minutes ago, then they have forgotten everything that you told them – a form of athletic amnesia [I know you like your 'alliterations' **Humble Scribe**, but I don't see a connection between 'athletic' and '**Hash** member' – Ed] Good point!!

He announced that he was waiting for money from a sale, and so was **really poor** nowadays. An uneasy silence followed, with **Mister Fister** muttering under his breath “I give **Jungle Balls** one job to do, and he cocks it up!!”

**Jungle Balls** turns up and remembers his line “How Poor?” – and gets iced for his bad timing!!



**Mister Fister** recalled when he was poor (“How Poor?” shouts **Jungle Balls** from his icy sin bin – now over compensating!!) when he was poor, the only time he smelt good food was when a rich person farted. We were so poor “How Poor?” that we had to jerk off the dog to feed the cat ! (groans of disgust from the **circle**) So poor “How Poor?” that our mother breast fed us till we were 40 years old (more groans, shouts of “Dirty Bastard” some physically sick!)

He told **Jungle Balls** to go away, and put Father Christmas on the ice – maybe because he was missing his home environment? However, he insisted on doing it bare-bum style, drawing comments like “I just saw **Rudolph’s** nose!” Not a pretty sight!



**Mister Fister** continued “So poor” (How Poor?) and so cold, our dad used to suck a peppermint, and we would gather round his tongue. But now times have changed, and he has children of his own – time for **Oh Yeah** to send his kids in to run round **Santa** on the ice – at least an arm length away ‘coz this **Santa** is not one you leave a mince pie out for!! And as he watched them unwrap their presents on Christmas day, he heard the following:-

But folks – no one expected this!! as into the circle trooped our very own collection of Chippendale Studs dressed in sarongs [*is that saright word for them? – Ed*] Then before our very eyes, they whipped them off, and serenaded us with that old romantic Christmas ballad :

(Chorus, all together)  
Santa Claus you cunt  
where’s my fucking bike?  
I’ve unwrapped all this other junk  
There’s nothing what I like

(*Chippendale 1 – Steve*)  
I wrote you a letter  
And I’ve come to see you twice  
You geriatric wanker  
Where’s my fucking bike?

(Swing your partner, by the elbow)

(*Chippendale 2 – Manneken Pis*)  
If I wanted a pair of fucking shoes  
I would have fucking asked  
This cowboy suit and ping pong set  
You can stick right up your arse

(*Chorus, all together*)  
Santa Claus you etc.

(*Chippendale 3 – Rampit*)  
You went and mucked my order up  
It’s enough to make me spew  
It’s not just me that’s pissed off  
My sister’s pissed off too



(another swing of the elbows)

*(Lady Santa Deano)*

Santa Claus you cunt  
Where's my fucking pram?  
You promised me you fucking cunt  
You know who I am



'Coz I'm the little girl  
You made sit right on your hand  
Never mind your "Ho Ho Ho"  
Where's my fucking pram?

*(Chorus – all together)*

Santa Claus you etc.



*(Chippendale 3 – Secret Agent Dick Gobbler)*

Next time I go to see him  
I'm going to punch him in the guts  
Set his fucking reindeer loose  
Kick Rudolph in the nuts

*(Chippendale 2)*

Hey mums and dads just check his breath  
and watch his bloodshot eyes  
Don't listen to him boys and girls  
'Coz he tells fucking lies



*(Chippendale 1)*

He's a pisshead and a pervert  
He's not even fucking bright  
'Coz that fucking wanker  
Forgot my fucking bike

*(Chorus – all together)*

Hey Santa Claus you etc

I wrote you a fucking letter  
And I came to see you twice  
You geriatric wanker  
Forgot my fucking bike!



This drew thunderous applause from the **circle** – especially the **Lady Hashers** – who all had their cameras out, and had been capturing their own High Definition memories of this great performance.

**GM** called **Paper** into the circle for her **1,000 run** reward shirt, and the **Chippendales** formed a mini circle round her, and helped her change into her new shirt. (picture of **Paper** above after her traumatic experience!!)

**GM** gave down downs to **Paper**, and also to the **Chippendales** for their brave performance, and to Father Christmas for scaring the shit out of us ...they're true blue... down down .....and a big thanks to **Mister Fister** for his excellent **Steward's Spot**

**Mister Fister** then informed us of the problems encountered by **Oh Yeah** and **FA Cup** in designing a G-String big enough to keep **Dick Gobbler's** immense testicles from public view.

This was too much information, so **Oh Yeah** and **FA Cup** got iced, and it all had a happy ending

– they're true blue ..down down



**GM** summoned **Fungus** and **Invisible Man** to perform the 'Wirgin' Initiation ceremony on some unsuspecting victims – **Danny, Naomi, and Spencer**.

Some iced water, “Why were they born so beautiful” from the Hash Chorus, and they are no longer Virgins – they're true blue ...down down

(Not sure if **Naomi** is still best friends with **Rooms to Let 50 Cents** for putting her through her soaking, but hey – time is a great healer, and welcome to the **Phuket Hash Naomi**.

**Clitmas Pussy** and **Drunk and Disorderly** had their down downs and a chorus of “Happy Birthday you cunts” from the **Hash choir**.



**GM** called in the “Wisiting Hashers” **April May** from USA, **Bugle Boy** from Lion City, Singapore, and **Just Noel** from Tampa.



**Just Noel** asked us “what kind of pants does Mario wear?” Answer is denim denim denim. This was met with a mixed reaction, as singing the theme tune of the Underground Levels of Super Mario Brothers is a new one to most of the Hash – but hey – nice try **Just Noel** – and if you tell us who did your hair, we will get them back for you !! BTW – love the tats [is that as trendy as you get **Humble Scribe?** – Ed] OK, OK, I'm trying!



**Bugle Boy** recounted when he was in a strange bar in town – just him and the barman! Watching tv, and he hears a voice saying “nice shoes”. He looked around, barman doing the dishes, saw no-one! Few minutes later a voice says “nice pants” So he says to the barman “Hey, are you throwing your voice?” Barman says “I'm just trying to get through the day – leave me alone”. OK, then after another couple of minutes the voice says “wonderful tie”. He shouted at the barman “what the hell is going on here? I'm just drinking a beer

minding my own business, and this voice says nice shoes, nice pants and wonderful tie – what's going on?” Barman replies “Oh it's the peanuts – they're complimentary!”

Not bad – cries of ice ice ice from the Hash – and so it was done

Here's to the visiting Hashers – they're true blue ..down down down



Blue **Harlot** told us about him and **Murkury**'s trip to Bang La Road. **Murkury** goes up to bar person and asks "Are you a Lady? Have you always been a Lady? If you are not, can you keep a secret?"



**Mister Fister** called in **Tampa Bay** girl **Just Noel**, and asked her about her travel. She said her plans were to go round the world Hashing. **Mister Fister** asked how many so far? She replied "this is the first one!" [*so not quite in the Guinness book of records yet – Ed*] Here's to the world Hashing girl at her first – and most important **Hash – Phuket** .. down down



**Fussy Pussy and Gone already** called into circle to show their immaculate dress for the circle [*this must be the Dress Circle – Ed*] Hey – I make the jokes here!

Cut to the **Hares** in for **Good Run / Bad Run!** The **chant-ometer** does not lie. Good run declared, and so **Hash Shit** is retained by **Gorgeous you Wanker** for next week

**Circle closed**

Thanks for reading

**Humble Scribe**

**Ejackyoulate**