



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1769 – 28th December 2019

Pre Circle

GM called circle up, and brought all the new guys, **Virgins** and **Visitors** to get their instructions (closest thing to Health and Safety you will get today!) **GM** explained that the purpose is to get us all back to this site in one piece (yeah right!) **Hash Horn** this week is **Repressed One**, and he demonstrated the controversial three toots for the checking points. And we were off.....

The Run (Climb)



Everything was on a grand scale this week – 6 **Hares** – 17 **Virgins** – total 150 participants. Venue was Chaofa West up top of Chalong Dam and Reservoir (looking more like a reservoir since last time – it actually had water in it!) The **Laager site** is probably the worst in the world, being on a 45 degree slope, with people tumbling off their seats and rolling down the hill (as demonstrated by **Too Old to Fuck**) So the **Hares** were iced for not levelling out the site beforehand.



The walk / run had the full complement of climbs up and down, with a few stream crossings and nice waterfalls. I want to give a shout – out to the 10 Guys from **Oslo** area Norway, who decided to join us today – and took part in the **Virgin Initiations** later on.



The Circle



GM called all the **Hares** (and there was a lot of them – so it's going to be difficult to pin the blame for a bad run if that happens!!) and **Hash Horn Repressed One** into the circle for well deserved down downs – they're true blue

Lucky Lek announced “**Annulments**”



Manneken Pis came forward to tell us about the “Hair of the Dog” **Tinmen run** on New Years Day. Some of us had noticed **Manneken Pis** had fallen on his ass at some point, and so the **Hash Choir** chanted “**Manneken Pis** has shit himself – do dah – do dah”. (This continued for the duration of the **circle**, and generally set the standard for the “humour” level today)

Lesser Dipshit addressed the circle with some sad news about recent deaths of local **Hashers**, and the circle members stood up in salute to them – absent friends – they're true blue



It was a really noisy bunch this week, and I missed a lot of the high level discussions going on in the circle [I don't think you missed much **Humble Scribe** – Ed] **GM** called in some **FRBs** (Front Running Bastards) to give their impressions of **Top Offs** paper laying skills – what paper someone asked?

Impedimenta Maestro **Justin Beaver** held up a key which had been found – no one claimed it, but **Go Go Trump** probably wishes she had been paying more attention, as this was in fact her house key – as she found out later that night.



Sick Fucker entered the circle to entertain us with some community singing. “Are we gonna have a good time?” (Monday is a wanking day, Tuesday is two fingers day, Wednesday is a rude day, Thursday is a drinking day, Friday is a Fucking Day, Saturday is Hashing Day, Sunday is a day of rest) Chorus: “Doodle di do di do --You bet your arse we are!”



Not Cleaver called in **Manneken Pis** and **Who the Fuck is Alice** to give them a good slugging off.



Bullet Rash called in **Clitmas Pussy**, and told the hash that, this time of year, everyone greets him with “Merry Clitmas” so he wanted to show the world what a **Clitmas** looked like (I think – don’t write in about that!)

JC came in to tell us (at length) about an insurance company having paid a claim for a **Hash** accident and he handed the money over to **Dick Gobbler**. About 20 of **Dick Gobbler**’s creditors immediately jumped on him, ripping his clothes off, and laying claim to their share of the money!!



Lesser Dipshit accused **Not Cleaver** of illegally wearing a T-shirt bearing the name of “**Testicle Tom**”. **Not Cleaver** explained he was left the T shirt in his will, and was proud to wear it in his memory on occasion [that’s a bit morbid –Ed]

The Blue Harlot told us this true story. A guy goes out Christmas Eve to a florist to buy flowers. Are you after anything in particular asked the florist? Guy says hopefully “a Fuck would be good”



Male and Female teams were recruited for **La Lasagne’s Steward Game Spot**, involving golf balls and chopsticks. (Don’t ask – but you can’t fault the enthusiasm!)

The girls won (of course!! –that happens a lot here)



Manneken Pis told the circle he had some inside information on the **run** this week. Apparently, **Who The Fuck Is Alice** planned this week’s run to be at **Nai Harn**, but when he went to recce the site he found that the land owner had barricaded it up – so that is why we are here today.



There were 17 ‘**Wirgins**’ this week (including our 10 **Norwegian** friends) and at least a dozen are lined up for the ‘**Wirgin**’ **Initiation ceremony**. They were all ‘ice watered’ to the massed **Hash Choir** song “why were they born so beautiful” – welcome to the **Phuket Hash** guys.





GM put all the **Hares** on the ice for various run offences, as the circle descended into mayhem, and I didn't catch anything that was happening!! We serenaded the Norwegians with "Fuck off you cunts" as they trooped off single file waving back to us. Hope you enjoyed your day.



GM called in the **Returners** (all 10 of them) for a welcome back down down – some familiar faces there – hi there **Anal Grapes** – back from Canada – **Sam Song** – back from Bangkok Hospital – **Rotary Wanker** – from way back – they're true blue – down down

.....but what's this – **GM** spotted rule 6 (no **sex** on the **Hash**) being broken by **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler** and the lovely **Barf Wader** – so, on the ice for that fine pair (and also **Barf Wader** and **Dick Gobbler**!!) *[now now!! – Ed]*



GM distributed some **Run Reward** shirts, but it was getting dark and noisy and I was getting hungry, and also needed to wash off the blood from my wounds sustained today *[oh you hero – Ed]* I know.

At last it was time for the **Hares** (and the **Hares**) the **Hares** (and the **Hares**) *[ok –we get it --Ed]* The **chant-ometer** was wheeled in on its ornamental gun carriage for the **public vote**. The cases were put forward for each (**Good Run** and **Hash Shit**) and **Good Run** registered highest. But **Fungus** invoked a little known rule which kicks in when some people have been lost on the run – which happened today (Russians, I believe – sorry Mr Putin). This means an automatic **Hash Shit** to the **Hares** – sorry guys !! *[what? Even for Russians? – Ed]*

GM declared **Circle Closed**

This was the last **Saturday Hash** (and hence **Scribe report**) of 2019, so I wish you all a **Happy New Year for 2020** where all your wildest dreams shall be fulfilled.

Thanks for reading my musings dear reader, and thanks to the **Hash Flashes** for great photos.

Catch you all next year, your **Humble Scribe**, **Ejackyoulate :-)**

