



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1777 – 22nd February 2020

Pre Circle



Early **circle** was called, to introduce the **Hares**, and instruct the **Wirgins** and **Wisiting Hashers** on the intricacies of the run / walk today. So the **Hares** today were **Murkury**, **Dr Fucking Jekyll** and **Not Cleaver**. We were warned that if we left any litter we would be shot at dawn, and our remains fed to the wild eagles and dinosaurs which roam this area. Also don't step on the thousands of new seedlings and new plants. **On**



The Game was nominated **Hash Horn (Fungus** must have some real embarrassing information on her, as she keeps volunteering for this task!)

The Run (Climb)



I chose the walk today, and enjoyed the luxury of nice wide tracks through bamboo and rubber plantations. The route was nicely marked out – apart from at the start, where it was marked out with flour – a bizarre choice, when you saw that the ground is basically chalk anyway!



Apart from that little journey into the realms of delusion, the Hares were mostly kind to us this week, with lovely scenery and manageable inclines, but the descents were made a little tricky by a covering of



loose leaves, making for a slippery down down! [come on Hares, spend some of that registration money on a leaf blower from Home Pro – and a 7Km mains extension – Ed] Towards the end, they took us off the nice wide tracks, and we finished the trail with a spell through the jungle, where we were subjected to Viet Cong type tripwires from the ground vines – I was expecting to be hoisted up into the trees complete with poisonous spears through my naughty bits! (to be fair, I did watch an Indiana Jones film last week – so my imagination was probably working overtime)

The Circle

GM called **circle up**, and dragged the **hares** away from their adoring fans of autograph hunters surrounding them. He told the **circle** to come up with any **run offences** and have a decision about **Good Run** or **Bad Run** or **Hash Shit** by close of circle. Meanwhile, here's to the **hares** – they're true blue...



After reminding us of our need to keep the site clean, and take all our rubbish home with us, **GM** called for the **Hash Horn** – and astounded the gasping crowd by remembering her name – it was of course our resident track champion **On The Game**, who soaked up her ‘**Good Horn**’ praise from the **Hashers**, who know a good horn when they get one! [now now **Humble Scribe**, was that rude? – Ed] No no, just an expression :-) Here’s to **Hash Horn** – she’s true blue....

Lucky Lek enthralled us with his time honoured announcement of ‘**anullments**’ – which, to many of us, is the main event of the circle, and the real start of it all.



Mister Fister bounded into the **circle**, and called in the lady without the **Hash Shirt** or **Hash name**, for no other reason than to distract the **circle** into silence while he made some boring announcements about up and coming **Kamala Koma** hash events – clever **Mister Fister**!

GM told us to mark our calendars with first week in May for the **Outstation Run** (1st, 2nd and 3rd). Not too far this year, but North of the island. Details will appear on the **web site**, as they are finalised. [While we are marking our calendars, remember the **AGPU** is 11th June – Ed]

He also reminded us that our sadly departed **Hasher Kiss My Ring** was being dispatched to the ‘**Heavenly Hash**’ today – ceremony taking place down in **Phuket** that afternoon. And another sad demise of an ex **Phuket hasher** had occurred – ‘**Big Bite**’ who had moved to the Philippines passed away on 5th Feb. So to absent friends – they’re true Blue.....



Anal Grapes came into the circle to ask us all to look out for a latecomer from Canada with black hair. **GM** pointed out that a man with black hair could fit half the population of Thailand, and he brought in some who fitted the description – but they turned out to be **Lucky Lek** and **Repressed One** – so they had a down down anyway. They’re true blue....



Mister Fister came back in to make an announcement that Tequila Slapper’s son had been involved in a really bad bike accident, and was in hospital with 2 broken arms, 2 broken legs and broken pelvis – she may need some Hash support. [photos are by **Tumble Dryer** this week – Ed] (and some from your **Humble Scribe** too)



Philthy Pisshead announced he was leaving the island – and the Hash choir serenaded him with “fuck off you cunt”. He said something about organising a run, and details would be out soon.



Swollen Colon made an announcement about the **bike hash** this week by Mosquito Lake (very inviting!!) His description of a nice flat run was met with a chorus of “Bullshit, bullshit, it all sounds like bullshit to me”. He had a spare bike if someone needed one, and one switched on **hasher** asked how long is the walk? **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler** then pointed out that **Swollen Colon** had not arranged for a **Laager** site, so he had done that, and **Mister Fister** cleared up the confusion by telling us that **FA Cup** was the real organiser!!



GM called for **Philthy Pisshead** (close enough **GM**) to assist **On The Game** for her **50 run** reward shirt.

Take it off – put it on – take it off – put it on

These are the cleanest photos I could find of the procedure. (Other ones might be used for the late edition of the **Scribe Report**.) Here's to **On The Game** – she's true blue



Murkury was called in to the **circle**, and proceeded to hand out some down downs.



I didn't really catch the next bit – something about **Butt Plug** running quite slowly on the **Hash** these days, and **Unplugged**, and the poor wee lad gets iced – must be a Thai thing – keeping the youth oppressed so they don't rise up against their masters *[I think you are getting a bit political **Humble Scribe** – Ed]* Whatever!! Here's to son not following dad on the run – he's true blue...

GM told us that **Hash driver** got pissed at a Valentine party, not able to drive next day. Was following him round the short cuts today, and he got nervous about some cows on the trail. But after a while he realised they didn't give a shit about him, so he got brave and did an Olympic sprint past them all. So here's to the quick disappearing hangover – he's true blue....



Mister Fister called in **Steve** – one of our **Wirgins** today (that's Thai for **Virgin**!) and noted his new shoes, and the smelly cocktail punishments were duly mixed and served up for their consumption. Here's to the man with the new shoes – he's true blue – welcome to the **Hash**.





Fungus into the **circle**, and called in one of our **Wisiting Hashers** today – and how difficult he was finding it to get any information out of her. Where are you from? – she was from **Maine** – cue **Na Hee Man** (a fellow **Mainiac**) to come into **circle** for a hug from her. But where have you just come from? Well, a bit **North** of here. How far North? – well, actually we came from **China**. So



here's to the **Corona virus** spreading **Wisitors** to the **Hash** today.

Swollen Colon explained how he got a call from this group of **Hashers** who were stuck in **Phuket**, looking for places to rent, and next, all six of the **Wisiting Hashers** from China were welcomed into the circle for down downs – some wag shouted – “don’t shake hands with them, just wave to them!!” “And keep their cups separate after their down downs” Here’s to the ‘Covid 19’ super spreaders – they’re true blue.....



We got told that everyone in China has a thing on their phone with Green days and Red days. Only allowed out on Green days, and get food, but even then, monitored by the Central Government. So no matter how bad we think things are here, at least in Thailand they don’t follow you everywhere you go! Here’s to the nasty dirty virus carrying **Hashers** from China – they’re true blue



Secret Agent Dick Gobbler called into the **circle**. He called in **Twice Nightly** and **Root** – and the **Hares**. He asked **Root** about the run today, and he said it was complete fucking madness. So here’s to a **shit run** by the **Hares** today....



Na Hee Man into the **circle** wearing his **Marauders** Tee shirt with the ladies bum on the front. He said **Assterix** was at Immigration filling in his forms for his visa renewal, when they noticed he was wearing this Tee Shirt. Next thing he is surrounded by Immigration personnel, escorted off the premises and told to go home and come back tomorrow – without that Tee Shirt! Well done **Assterix** – he’s true blue....

Before he finished, he asked if there was any **Hashers** from Singapore? **Rooms to let 50 Cents** nervously entered the arena. **Na Hee Man** also called in **Swollen Colon**, and they serenaded her with his song ending with Lousy Whore, She’s a girl from Singapore.



Just to make her feel better, the **Hash Chorus** sang her the “bit flat chested, but she’s all right” song

The **Blue Harlot** told us when he wore a **Maraud shirt** for a school seminar once, and he explained the motif with a tale about a strong **Viking** hero on his ship, and his wife is kneeling down to sew a button back on his tunic. He must have got away with it, he still works at the school!

Mister Fister brought some truly dedicated **Hashers** into the **circle** – I think **Any Time** and **Long Time**. His normal weekly routine is a flight to **Phuket** on Friday night, attend the **Hash** on Saturday, then on Sunday morning fly back to Malaysia. This week, Air Asia fucked up, flew to Phuket this morning (3 o'clock Malaysian time) Arrived at **Phuket** airport after an Emirates and a Russian flight had landed, so 90 minutes to get through Immigration. Get here at the start of the **Hash run** – and leave for Malaysia at 5 o'clock tomorrow morning. Now that is what I call a dedicated **Hasher** – He's true Blue – down down.



Anal Grapes was reunited with fellow Canadian Eugene, much to the lack of interest of the circle – but he thanked them anyway for keeping an eye out for him. In return he was told he could keep **Meghan Markle**.



Jaws into the **circle** – and his first observation was the use of flour in what is geologically a chalky area – resulting in multiple **On Ons** resounding from every direction except the correct one – here's to a bad choice of route marker by the **hares** – they're true blue...
He told us things got really ugly at his house last night – his wife took her makeup off – a deserving chorus of boos from the **circle** was what he expected – and indeed, got. – he's true blue

Not Cleaver did a visual reconstruction of three different ladies eating a banana – to the amusement of the circle --- you had to be there – he's true blue...