



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1783 – 11th July 2020

Prologue

Hello **reader**, please be gentle with me as I dust off my quill, (look away – it's not a pretty sight!!) and ease gently back into my alter ego of **Humble Scribe** for the Saturday **Hash**. *[I'll be looking for improvements – but you can't be any worse than last year –Ed]* Well thanks a lot!!



Pre Circle and Run



The **Laager** this week was located in the exotic (should that be erotic??) Tambon known to us all as **Kathu** – in fact inside the gates of “Tassaban One School” (more about that later!) and close by to the Phuket Mining Museum.



The event was attended by 94 gentle chaps of the Phuket parish, their wives and girlfriends (also known as ‘carers’), fruit of their loins (their children), and other sundry examples of humankind, who had made that most difficult trip – from the comfort of their sofas to their front doors, to be with us today.

We had a great cross section of **Thai** society present – including School Headmasters, some of their pupils, through to Bar Owners – which coincidentally is a common female career path in these parts *[That was a piece of crude stereo-typing just to get that joke in – Ed]* I'm Sorry, was it that obvious?? Anyway – well done to all present today.



GM called the **Hares** and **Runmaster Fungus** into the circle. Just so you know who to blame for this weeks aches and pains, your **Hares** for this week were **JC, Paper, Bum Scraper** and **Cum Scraper**. They duly obliged us with a hasty description of what lay ahead – including unmarked barbed wire, slippery paths and lots of dogs. **Hash Horn** this week was **Mister Fister**, who gave a feeble blow barely audible from 2 feet away. Then we were off on this week's adventure – whoopee!!

There were some muddy puddles to splash through, from recent rainfall, but the weather this afternoon was perfect, and I enjoyed a relatively safe walk with manageable mountains and lots of blue paper to show me the way. As our lone juggler's balls disappeared over the horizon (you had to be there!), I pondered on today's sad news that “Circle De Soleil” had filed for bankruptcy, and was reminded of the old one about the out of work contortionist who could no longer make ends meet *[I think you are going off paper **Humble Scribe** – get on with it – Ed]* Ok, Ok, I thought it was funny !!

The Circle



GM called **circle up** and summoned the **hares** and **Hash Horn** for a hard earned down down. He thanked them for their work this week, and told them that the **Hash** would be voting later on whether it was a **good run** – or otherwise!! – they're true blue....

Hash Horn Mister Fister was thanked for a job well done, and rewarded with a beer – he's a bastard through and through – he's true blue...

GM summoned **Lucky Lek**, who, acknowledging the adoration from his fans, took a deep breath, then announced “**anullments**”

Details about the **Poo Ying Hash** to be held next day (Sunday) followed from **Not Long Enough**, and included vital information like the **Laager** is no longer there, he may or may not be present, but there should be food, and registration and clean up. A definite maybe for that one then?

GM informed the **Hash** that the bus is no longer running, and he hoped that **hashers** would find alternative lifts. He (she?) updated us on the new rules for **haring**, so someone can only be registered for two runs at one time – and you must be listed on the website to get a **hare** credit – and more crucially, you don't qualify for **hare beers**!! All details are on Facebook and the website – so don't shout at me (I'm actually a very sensitive chap) *[yeah – Ed]*

GM called for any **run offences**, and **Lucky Lek** bounded in to the **circle**. He called in **Invisible Man** and proceeded to blame him for forgetting about a hare thing – whatever – he's true blue...



Next in was **Dragonfly**, who called **GM** back into the **circle** to complain about **Run** etiquette these days – no one is calling **On On**. He politely requested **GM** to kick their asses – he's true blue....

Fungus pointed out that **Dragonfly** himself was shouting **On On** every two hundred metres, so no one needed to!!

Mister Fister told us that one time when he blew the horn, **Dragonfly** asked if he was **On**? He then had to explain to him that was the whole f###king point of the **horn** – down down down. Even more embarrassing, **Lucky Lek** bounded in to explain that it was all part of the 'new normal' – so now we know??



Next up was **Mister Fister** and **Top Off**. They caught up with **Top Off**, who was coming back down the track – so they assumed it was a false and headed straight on. After a while someone asked “has anyone seen **Top Off**”? Turns out he was on the track all the time!! Requests to have him iced were turned down after he made excuses!!

Jaws called in **Lesser Dipshit**, **Shirley** and **Not Long Enough**. He recounted how **Not Long Enough** was down below them, and they thought it would be a good idea to make him think it was raining – so they did. Hence the expression “Pissing it down”!! **Manneken Pis** told us he was witness to the whole thing --- down down....



GM called for **Mister Fister** and **Oh Yeah**. **Oh Yeah** was not available, and so he called for **Twice Nightly** – his stand-in!! (He's the king of the swingers – the jungle VIP) Anyway **GM** told us how elegantly **Mister Fister** laid the blue paper, and he must have been taught by **Oh Yeah** *[this loses a bit in the translation – but any excuse for a photo of Twice Nightly – Ed]*

GM asked **Murkury** for this week's **Steward** – and it turns out to be the mighty **Fungus**, who calls in the **Hares** for **down downs...** Then he addressed **Cum scraper** and **JC**, and told them the sad news that under “New Normal” rules, the **Hares** only get 3 beers – down from 5 beers – starting next Saturday!! --- down down....



Then **Fungus** tried recruiting for new **hares**. (Maybe he should not have mentioned the new 3-beer rule!) Then he asked for guys who had done one or two hares, and got **Invisible Man** and **Samsong** in to the circle to grab a beer and get on the ice. (He's got a funny way of encouraging people!!) down down down.....

Next, all was forgiven as he called for appreciation for the **Scribe**. Shit – that's me! I proudly step forward, ready to accept any praise heaped on me. So he puts me on the ice, and says it will sharpen my thinking – thanks a lot!



Now he's on to National Holidays – apparently it's National Nipple Day, so he gets **Oh Yeah** to demonstrate – and because I'm on the ice facing the wrong way, I miss the whole thing – maybe she can show me next week ??



His next victim is that Legend from Tayside – **Gorgeous You Wanker**.

He recounts an experience with his **co-Hare Gorgeous** singing *A Long Way To Tipperary*, but when he finished singing, they were miles off route – so they just used the road instead ...down down...

Another recent cock-up (we do get insight into the razor sharp organisation involved in our weekly runs from **Fungus**) was that as recently as this morning, **JC** found that he did not have permission to use the School **Laager** site – and **Lucky Lek**'s diplomatic skills had to be called in to produce another “perfectly organised” **Hash Run**



GM thanked the **Steward** for his spot, and wished him better luck next time – down down



GM called for **Justin Beaver** to do the **reward shirts** for this week. First off was **Who The Fuck Is Alice** for his **600 run shirt** – ably assisted by **Twice Nightly** and **Creature from the blue lagoon-mm**



Ein Zwei Dry was presented with his **50 run shirt**

and **Lucky Lek** was brought in to present **Twinkle Toes** with her shirt



Go Go Trump was spotted with new shoes – so **WTFI Alice** used his mixology skills in her shoe, she added the **JD**, and got to drink it through a straw – nothing new there then !!



Next, **GM** asked for any **Departers** – and this triggered off a lament from **Campari** – We are all a stuck here – nobody can a leave – we are all a here forever – sounds like a verse from Hotel California (in Italian) – (somebody give him a beer !)

His next request was for **Returners**, and **Dragonfly** and ... were willing recipients of a beer...down down down...



Fungus was iced by **GM** for the last minute arrangements with the **Laager site** – just when he thought he had got away with it – ha ha or 555 as they say over here.

The rain started, and the **Hare** chorus was less than enthusiastic with their renditions this week. The **hash-ometer** was quickly wheeled out to measure the **Hash** vote for the run.

Shouts of **good run** for the walk and **good run** for the run echoed through the valleys, so the **Hash Shit** was not given out this week.

Circle was closed and we all swam home.

Thanks for your attention – see you all next week

Humble Scribe

EJackYouLate