



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1784 – 18th July 2020

Pre Circle and Run

Pre circle was called, for **Saturday Hash** Run number 1784, this week being held at Chalong Hills, at a former beauty spot (till we got there) called **Murkury's** Ditch for reasons known to **Murkury**!! 84 of us had ignored **Fungus's** GPS details, and instead, correctly followed the **HHH** signs to be here – including 4 **Wirgins**, 2 **Visitors** and 1 **Wisiting Hasher**.



Hash Horny (oops, Freudian slip there!) for this week was **On The Game**, who gave us all a quick blow [*stop that Humble Scribe – keep it clean – Ed*] That's what she said too!!



The **Hares** were named and shamed – so take note for any injury claims / doctors bills – or indeed to be praised for giving us a good day out!! They were **Jungle Balls**, **Clitmas Pussy**, **Murkury** and **Manneken Pis**, and after warning us not to damage the blue plastic pipes, sent us on our way.

All I remember was the incessant yapping of a hundred dogs, and some precarious vertical up and downs – can the **Hares** please cut steps in the hillside and install bannisters if at all possible next time out?? I clocked about 6KM, which means I put in an extra 1KM on the numerous **falsies** laid by these **bastards** [*they are only doing their jobs Humble Scribe, so apologise – Ed*] So am I!! To be fair, I found the walk challenging and enjoyable, and afterwards picked up some useful information from **Bjorn To Run** and **On The Game** about my next pair of shoes!



The Circle



GM called **circle** up, and the attentive audience fell silent in anticipation. (No they didn't – they totally ignored him, and he had to threaten some with the dreaded **ice** if they didn't shut the fuck up) [*language Humble Scribe!! – Ed*] Fuck off! [*Oh, are we in a mood this week? --Ed*] Maybe...

Our **leader** called for the **Hares** to be paraded before their victims, and he reprimanded them for ignoring his published directive that when **GM** is up ahead, there shall be no '**falsies**' on the **trail**.

(I have to say this was said with tongue firmly in cheek, showing his capacity for humour? (He's not just a funny accent folks !!) Tongue in cheek reminds me of the look I get from girls in bars as I cruise past at my top speed of 5 Kms per hour) *[I think the tongue in cheek gesture means something quite different when girls do it – anyway, get on with it – Ed]* Whatever... thanks to the **hares** – they're true blue...down down...



Hash Horn, the awesome **On The Game** was called for next, and then followed an argument about her not being given enough **pink paper** to carry out her duties. I missed the next bit because of the deafening shouts of 'ice' 'ice' – personally, if there is any doubt, I blame **Fungus**!! *[I'm worried about the number of photos featuring On The Game this week **Humble Scribe** –Ed]* My scribe – fuck off!

GM called for **Lucky Lek**, who shouted **Attention**, then **Anullments** (not necessarily in that order), then slipped silently back into the jungle (he lives in a 3 story tree house with private pool and jacuzzi) *[Our lawyers insist on my telling you that is not true – Ed]* Really??

Lesser Dipshit bounded (well, I say bounded, maybe ambled) in to tell us it was 'Founders Birthday' and **Sir Dubai** (who founded the Saturday, and all other **Phuket Hashes**) is 84 years young. The **Hash** chorus sang him (in his absence) a rousing verse of 'Happy Birthday you Cunt' – he's true blue – down down – pass the tissues.

Bum Scraper and **Cum Scraper** and **Campari** (oh oh, Cantare oh oh) got dragged in next. **Campari**, he say he wanta to invite everybody to the **bike hash** tomorrow because eet ees to be held in **JC's** casa. He say never een twenty years he hear of such a theeng and the **ceercle** will be very funny! Weel be a mix of concrete and jungle – so 3 o'clock at **JC's** house !!

GM called for any run offences, and **Fungus** called in **Assterix** and **Matching Drapes** to recount how she was walking past a muddy puddle, and **Assterix** aimed his vehicle to shower her with shitty mud. **Fungus** voiced his approval for such action, here's to the French prick, and **down downs** were dished out.



GM called in **Fat Bastard** and **Just Perfect**, and told how he was shouting instructions while navigating a particularly muddy part of the route – something about who is washing your shoes – didn't catch it – just an excuse to show this funny photo !

GM called in the **Hares** to question their experience (**Manneken Pis** grovelled back with "not as much experience as you, oh **great one**") **GM** was complaining about the amount of paper which seemed to lead in every direction at once!! All part of the "deliberate" strategy was **Jungle Balls** reply. Down down..

Mister Fister called in **Piss Drinker**, and told us that a recent earthquake in Papua New Guinea increased its Richter Scale figure today when **Piss Drinker** fell flat on his whatsit, and broke his thingy (**Mister Fister's** attention to detail is much better these days!), he cried like a baby, then got up and finished the **run** – he's **true blue** – down down..

GM called for **Murkury the Steward Chaser** to present this week's **Steward(s)**. And so, for 20 minutes of your life you will not get back – sorry, I mean for your entertainment this week **Mister Fister** and his co-star **Urine Trouble** entered the octagon (sorry, different sport!) to present some good old drinking games. They started by thanking the **Hares**, and pointed out a **senior moment** by **Steward Chaser Murkury** – after he had recruited them as **Stewards**, he reported back that he had found a **Hare** for this week!! First signs of dementia?? Don't be silly – he's way past that stage? *[That was a bit cruel Humble Scribe – Ed]* And your point is? Moving on.....



Mister Fister called in **Invisible Man**, and recounted that on an occasion when **Invisible Man** was a stand-in **GM**, he got upset at the noise level of the **circle**, and changed from his mild mannered reporter Clark Kent image to an a raging torrent of spitting rage and venom (really??) So his task today was to **circle** the **circle** looking for people talking during the **Steward Spot** (a **cardinal sin** in **Hashing** terms) and **ice** them (after spitting rage and venom at them!)



But first, **Jungle Balls** and **Clitmas Pussy** were called in, and **Urine Trouble** told us that **Clitmas Pussy** was getting desperate for a hairdo – but all hairdressers were on lockdown. But **Jungle Balls** does not give up easy (especially after a beer or ten) and he googled how to do it – and more to the point **Clitmas Pussy** agreed to let him cut and colour her hair according to a **Youtube video** – and the result is here for all to see and admire. So if anyone needs a haircut, or dental work, or organ transplant – then **Jungle Balls** is your man – if he doesn't know, he will fucking google it!! He's true blue.....

Manneken Pis did not escape a roasting from **Mister Fister**. Belgian National Day this week – but King Leopold massacring thousands in the Congo, having the highest CoVID 19 death rate in the world this week, and having the 48th smallest dicks in the world – what's to celebrate? So instead we shall celebrate his being here in **Thailand** with us – because we all love him. He's true blue.....



For the first drinking game, the men sat tightly – maybe too tightly going by **Oh Yeah's** screams – behind the women, and woman holds a wine glass of beer in her mouth, then leans back to tip it into man's mouth. The game was repeated 40 times, so we all got to sit behind **Oh Yeah** *[not true – Ed]*



Then 5 **Tinmen** (the usual suspects) and 5 **Iron Pussies** lined up for a schooner race – surely up there in the best of titanic struggles – and was won by the **Tinmen** – but somehow was declared a draw!



Mister Wanker demonstrated his skills with the hulla hoop, and several people were called in to show us that they had absolutely no talent in that department. Finally **Twice Nightly** came in to show us how it should be done – in style. (Is there nothing this girl can't do?)





GM called in **Fussy Pussy** and **Gone Already** – the **Hash's** best dressed couple – for a **100 run** reward T-Shirt She's true blue...

Next in was **Yaba** to present **Baldylocks** with his **222 run** reward T-Shirt – he's true blue.....



Buttplug into the **circle** with **twice nightly** presenting him with his **400 run** shirt

Mister Fister to present **Rampant Rabbit** for his **222 run** shirt. **Oh Yeah** volunteered to make it a day for him to remember.



Invisible Man and **Fungus** came in to perform the **Wirgin** ceremony on 3 of our 4 **Wirgins** today, and welcome them to the **Hash**. Like lambs to the slaughter, on their knees, hands behind back, like Uighurs in Chinese concentration camps [that was a bit political **Humble Scribe** – less of that – **Ed**] thought I would sneak that in to check if anyone is reading this! Anyway, they all got drenched in ice cool water to the tune of Why were they born so beautiful – no fucking use at all – they're true blue – welcome to the **Phuket Hash**.

Manneken Pis called for any people who had used **Fungus's** GPS directions to get here? He said that he had warned people last week not to use it. We have had 8 separate phone calls from people who were lost. So follow the directions and ignore **Fungus**. People who followed it had ended up in locations like **Chalong Dam** and the **Radar Station!!**



Jungle Balls said **Invisible Man** asked him if he used the GPS. He told him that he was the fucking **Hare** so of course he knew where the start was!!



Jaws reminded the circle that it has been traditional for Hash people to collect herbs en route and called in **Bumscraper** and **Yaba**. He said he was coming along the route and spotted **Bum Scraper** bending over – bum in the air – and he asked her to get past. She replied fuck off **Jaws**, I'm farming. Then when he got back he spotted **Yaba** with a big bag of fruit – passion fruit for her husband **Baldylocks**. Here's to the farmers – they're true blue....

Bumscraper and **Gone already** into the **circle** told how he saw a poor Thai farmer being bossed about by these ladies – treating his farm like they were in a supermarket. They're true Blue





GM called for **Runmaster** and the **Hares** – it was time for the **Hares chorus** to echo down the valleys, and wheel out the **hash-ometer** for the **Hash Shit** vote. The vote went in favour of **Good Run** – for so it was !!

GM thanked everyone for coming, and **Circle** was closed at 18:40, and we all headed off to On Ons and returned to our loved ones (or husbands / wives) – till we all meet again next week for another bout of deja vue. But we love it!

Thanks for listening [*Listening?? – that's a good idea – what about a weekly podcast **Humble Scribe?** – Ed]*

See you next week

Humble Scribe

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