



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1785 – 25th July 2020

Pre Circle and Run



The pre run / walk atmosphere builds up as we close in on the 4 o'clock start time. There's the **registration** desk where, very appropriately, wearing masks and pointing a gun-like weapon at people's foreheads, they rob you of **80 THBs**. Then, what's that I see – an ice cream seller!! At 10 THB per scoop – Ben and Jerry, Walls – you're charging way too much!! There's an amazing food stall, where you have the opportunity to increase your body weight by 5 Kilos by tempting you with bulging pies and pasties, and healthy sounding cakes – before you even start the run – if you so desire – and I do – so I did !!



So maybe next week there will be a Roller Coaster and a Ferris Wheel to entertain the crowd, which this week consisted of 84 of **Phuket's** survivors of CoVID-19 plus 4 **Wirgins** and 6 **Visitors**. The location this week is **Cherngtalay Soi 1**. And your **hares** (and your **hares**) are **Urine Trouble** and **Not Long Enough**, who, aided and abetted by **Fungus**, explained to the **Wirgins**, the **history of the Hash Horn (Campari this week)** and his **checking chimes**,



purpose of Pink Paper, and other excuses for me to show off my **aptitude for aliteration**. (I'm going for the Nobel prize for literature this year) [*In your dreams Humble Scribe – Ed*] Whatever!



The **walk** (and part of the run) was through picturesque jungle with lakes and waterfalls, and the paths were tarmac / concrete some of the time – albeit at 45 degrees to the horizontal (or indeed to the vertical!) – and after the recent rain showers were covered in that green algae usually meaning slippery slopes. At one point, a scream from a girl (or maybe Jaws) warned me of a massive web stretched across



the pathway, and right bang in the middle was its resident massive spider, which gets bigger every time I remember it (every half hour since! – but I think the therapy is helping!)

The Circle



GM called Circle up, and summoned the Hares. He thanked the hares for their work, and congratulated Urine Trouble on his Virgin Hare, and hoped he had learned a lot from the experience. – down down...



As they left, a cement truck came through the circle – so GM called the hares back into the circle, this time to punish them for position of the Laager site. You can't win with this guy. [*and rightly so Humble Scribe – you need rules – Ed*] Creep!!

GM called in the **Hash Horn Campari**, and said to grab a beer. **GM** was about to thank him, then noticed his two dogs had followed him into the dog-free **circle** so he added a second beer as punishment. Here's to the **Hash Horn**. He's true blue ... down down....(That's a punishment huh?) [well, eventually **Humble Scribe**, it will manifest as liver damage – Ed] I hope so.....

In the absence of **Lucky Lek** this week, **GM** announced “**Announcements**” (but it just wasn't the same – this whole section was a big disappointment for me – come back **Lucky Lek** – we miss you)

Mister Fister was keen to tell us about this Tuesday, when the first **Kamala Koma** outing since lockdown will be held. He said there is no bus, but instructions are on the **website** how to get there, and the restaurant for the **On On**. Jiggly Jugs was called in as part of the team. [what more do you need? – Ed] here's to the **Kamal Koma** team, they're true blue...down down

GM asked for any **Canadians** – and **Too old to Fuck** entered the arena. **GM** said that in Canada, under the new laws of social distancing, there is no longer any kissing or sex allowed. So if two people are close, there must be a wall between them and they can use the “**Glory Hole**” solution. **Too Old To Fuck** was relieved that he did not have to demonstrate this!! down down.....

GM called in **Steward Chaser Murkury**, who has nominated **Buttplug** as **Steward** this week. Right from the start he showed us he was the boss, and he threatened us that next person caught chattering will be the **steward** next week – surely a fate worse than death!!

As is tradition, he called in the **Hares**, and told them to grab a beer, but then pointed out that usually vehicles passing through the **Laager** site will earn a punishment beer for **Hares** – but today – in the space of two minutes – we had two big fuck off cement mixers – so the **punishment** beers were doubled. Here's to the **Hares** – they're true blue

About this time, a mini half-height **ice** block was deposited in the circle – and **Jaws** shouted “who ate all the ice” (almost a joke there – ice – pies – get it? Oh forget it)



Steward called in the **GM** to congratulate him for doing a grand job, including running the **beer truck**. However, when he started this he had a bevy of lovely girls serving us. Now, apart from the unquestioned beauty of his lovely wife, his crew has been replaced by young men – so what is he trying to tell us??



Top Off was called into the **circle**. Apparently when he returned after the run he was swaggering and declaring to everyone that he had won – and as you all know, there is no racing or coming first on the **Hash** – it's a big no no!! Here's to the bragging bastard – he's true blue.....

Mr Fister had been doing the Internet of things thing of 25 pushups for 25 days, to get fit and make aware of mental illness. But he missed one or two days, so they need to be made up – so as a complete contrast we want an unfit, metally deficient person – **Manneken Pis** – step forward – plus **On The Game** to do 25 pushups each to make up for the two days that **Mister Fister** missed...down down





Steward next assembled a team of the finest brains in the land – **Fungus, Urine Trouble, Jiggly Jugs** and **Jaws**, and proceeded to ask them 5 general knowledge questions about events of the last 4 months.



The only one not to answer a question was **Fungus** – so on the ice with you (and all your degrees) In fact – here’s to a few degrees below zero – he’s true blue...

GM recalled **Buttplug** to have a beer for his **Steward** spot – here’s to the **Steward...** he’s true blue



GM called for any run offences. **Manneken Pis** called in **Campari**. Over the years he told us, we have had some awful **hash horns** – some couldn’t blow the **horn**, some didn’t know how to lay **pink paper**, but today with **Campari** – was ok for the first part – then when we reached the check where **Mister Fister** fucked up – or as **Manneken Pis** puts it – where the fat cunts leave us for the walk. Soon he got ahead, then we didn’t hear the horn again because he didn’t want us to know where he was. So here’s to the **hash horn** who doesn’t want to blow – he’s true blue....

Campari came back in to tell us that he was running with **On The Game**, and up ahead was **Manneken Pis** wearing only mini shorts, and his private bits were spilling out – so I don’t know about run offence – more like **run offensive!!** Here’s to the offensive runner ... down down...



GM called in **Jaws**. He called in **Sir Bogdiver** and **Saggy Balls**. He told us that these two are committed **Hashers** but that we don’t see much of them nowadays. So when he went out today, saw the slippery trail going up and remembered the last time when he broke his arm, so turned around. These guys have come down from the North today to participate, after 200 yards, saw the slippery trails, said fuck that, and came back again. He said he only mentioned this because they made him feel good. Here’s to the strangers from the North – they’re true blue....



GM called in **Mister Fister**, who called in **Not Long Enough** and his son and friends. He put **Not Long Enough** on the ice for sending his son and his mates out to rescue some lost people. So for irresponsible parenting he got a chorus of “he’s dumb he’s dumb he’s really fucking dumb...”

Gorgeous entered the **circle** to tell us that many years ago, **Bogdiver** was a bit of a gentleman and a hero of his, and so **Gorgeous** had bestowed on him his **Knight of the Realm** title “**Sir**” **Bogdiver**. He’s true blue....



GM called in **Jungle Balls** to recall a four way check today where the usual suspects were involved. People were checking here, there and everywhere – all except **Mister Fister**, who was 20 yards along the route – did he know something? I was confused....



Invisible Man came into the **circle** with the **Best Story of the Day**. Two people confused him earlier when the lady came to his table, registered with him, paid him 200 THB and asked him which way to go. She was all dressed in her finery – didn't look like she had come for the walk – and he asked her if she was doing the **walk** or the **run**. She replied that she didn't want to do either, and that she wanted to see the **elephants**. **Invisible Man** said “what are you talking about?” and told her that he had nothing to do with **elephants**, and she demanded her money back. So he had to give her money back – he's true blue.

Jaws into circle to tell us that since **CoVID** we have been trying to keep a low profile with our gatherings – but today, he saw an absolute army of **Police** and **Military** down the road, and anyone who has been drinking is fucked!! So he called in **Not Long Enough** for picking a **Laager** site which is the highest profile ever!! He's true blue...



Mister Fister was called in, and he called in **Always Wet**. He praised her for liking the guys serving on the beer truck. So here's to the girls of the **hash** who now have beer brothers as opposed to the men of the **hash** who are missing the beer bitches. Here's to the honest girlie – she's true blue....



GM called in **JC**, who told us about **Sir Bogdiver** who used to lay trails through mangrove swamps, and had plastic -- and sometimes live – crocodiles on the trail, such was the creativity back then. here's to the good old days down down.... He called in **Flying Dickhead**, who was **GM** when **JC** first joined. He told him when he joined that he was an autocratic **GM** – and he was originally known as **Flying Dutchman**. He kept interrupting the **GM Sir Dubai** on the first **Tinmen** run, and his name changed to **Flying Dickhead**. And at some stage it got messy!

JC called in all the ex **GMs**, and wondered if **Wilma** was the new Putin-Style leader for life, as he has been **GM** of the Bike Hash forever, and is in his second year on the Saturday **Hash**.

*[getting a bit political **Humble Scribe** – Ed]*



Jiggly Jugs entered the **circle**, and called in **Invisible Man**, **Mister Fister**, **Not Long Enough**, **Manneken Pis**, **Urine Trouble** and proceeded to systematically mock their attire in the shorts department – she's true blue..... (and a gorgeous Scottish accent to boot....)

Jungle Balls into **circle** – came out with a different version about **Flying Dutchman's** change of name to **Dickhead**. **Gorgeous** said he named him **Flying Dutchman** – so he should still be called that!! *[oh my God –I can't believe I'm still here – can I go now? – Ed]* OK by me!! -- My arse is giving me gyp, and I'm not even on the ice!!!

Mister Fister called in **Masarap** and why not – I would!!

Bung It In for his 25 run shirt. Then **Lesser Dipshit** called him back – should have been 50 !!

Then **Masarap** (can't get too much of a good thing!) and **Fussy Pussy** for 100 run shirt.



GM called for **Wirgins** – but they left ages ago.

Any returners – wow, they came out the woodwork for this!! [*The Hash has only been back for 2 weeks* **Humble Scribe** – doesn't everyone qualify as a returner – Ed] **Bogdiver, Saggy Balls, Masarap, Jiggly Jugs, Blue Harlot, Soi Dog** – to name but a few.. **GM** welcomed them back to the **Hash**



Any **departers**, asked **GM**? **Bjorn to Run** is departing these shores. Lets send him off the the romantic ballad “Fuck off you cunt, fuck off you cunt...”



GM called in **Blue Harlot** to pass on his joke to the **Cunning Linguists** round the **circle**, and so he proceeded as follows:

No-one has managed to adequately differentiate the meanings of these two words! In a recently held linguistic competition held in London attended by the best around. Clear winner was a guy from Guiana, and got a standing ovation. The question was “explain the difference between complete and finished – in a way for everyone to understand” And his answer was “When you marry the right woman you are complete, but when you marry the wrong woman you are finished. And when the right woman catches you with the wrong one – you are completely finished!” Here's to **Blue Harlot** – he's **true blue**.....



GM called for **Runmaster and Hares**. So now it was time for **Fungus** to wheel out the **Hares** for the last time, and the **Hash-ometer** for the **Hash Shit** vote. --- and the **hares** – and the **hares**.....

Fungus told us there were some dodgy checks out there today, and other things, so if anyone has issues, then this is the time!! S lets hear it for **good or bad run**. **Good Run** rang out in the valley. So lets hear it for **Hash Shit** for any of the **Hares**, and the **Hash Shit** was saved once more.

GM closed the circle about 18:50, and wished us a safe journey home

Thanks for reading this, Dear Reader,
You are now free to get on with your life

Till next week,
EJackYouLate
Humble Scribe

