



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1786 – 1st Aug 2020

Pre Circle and Run

We are in the rainy season. We know that – but, trouble is, the last two have been dry rainy seasons, and so we have been tricked into thinking it's no big thing. This weekend, we were left in no doubt what it can be like. The **hares** this week told us (**JC** is a master of the understatement) – “we have issues out there!”

With floods and trees down all round **Phuket**, many people could not even exit their home drive-ways to attend this week, and so our depleted turnout was down to 62 brave – or foolish? – participants left to sink or swim in the nice and flat, picturesque area of **Mosquito Lake**. [*Now there's a name to get the tourists queuing up? – Ed*]

We started off quite sensibly leaping gazelle-like over the muddy bits – trying to keep our shoes clean!! -- but after a while we didn't care anymore, and were wading knee deep through the rivers of mud – avoiding the bulls – picking off the leeches – fighting off the crocodiles [*I think you made that last one up Humble Scribe – Ed*] Maybe – anyway – Bear Grylls, eat your heart out!!

The **Kruvit** restaurant kindly allowed us to use their car park as an excellent **Laager** site on the promise that there would be no more than 15 cars, and we would spend a fortune at their place after the **circle**. So 50 – or pretty close to 50 cars later – plus nobody went near the restaurant!! Are they still talking to us?? I'm thinking that might be the last time we will be at that site for a wee while!

The Circle

GM called **Circle Up** for one of the soggiest **circles** in living memory [*that doesn't say much for this Alzheimer's Club outing – most of them can't remember what they had for breakfast – Ed*]



GM called in the **hares** for their obligatory down downs – **JC**, **Saggy Balls** (maybe change his name to **Soggy Balls** today), and **King Klong** – none of them a day under 90 years old!! A birthday was being celebrated – it doesn't matter who it was as none of them can remember how old they are anyway – so a quick chorus of **Happy Birthday you Cunt**, and they all

wheeled off on their zimmer frames (specially fitted today with “tractor” treads to deal with the rising water level)

I think **Lucky Lek** muttered “anullments” and we were duly informed of the upcoming **Tinmen** event, which will be long done by the time I get my shit together and get this classic offering crafted and published onto the **website**. [*Ooh, published are we Humble Scribe?? – not going to your head is it?? – Ed*] If you are good, I might give you an autograph!!

Saggy Balls was summoned into the **circle**. **GM** informed us that he went out to lay a bit of the trail, and managed to get lost. Here's to the lost **Hare** – down down – he's true blue

Manneken Pis complained that for two weeks in a row, the **beer truck** has not put the block of **ice** in its rightful position, so better late than never, the **ice** appeared in the **circle** – but not the big block we are used to -- I think my fridge produces bigger cubes than that!!

GM called for **Run Offences**. **Mister Fister** had one, and called in **Manneken Pis** for a roasting. It concerned last week when **Manneken Pis** put him on the **ice** [*see last weeks' edition if you are really bothered – Ed*] So this week, out on the **run**, **Manneken Pis** had tried one way – not correct – so he had tried another route, and said not up here. He tried **Manneken Pis's** again and it **was** the correct trail. Ooh sorry he says – didn't go far enough!! So **Manneken** gets his **Karma** and on the **ice** with him. [*a popular decision with the mighty horde – Ed*] ... down down down

Invisible Man into the circle. Calls in **Repressed one** and **Captain**. **Captain** gets put on the **ice** for declaring himself the winner – when will they realise the **hash** is not about winners and losers – it's about the taking part (**and losing!**)

GM called in **Jiggly Jugs**. He told us that she came late today, and because she didn't want to get her pretty shoes all muddy, wanted to run on the road. So here's to the lady **hasher** and her precious shoes – she's true blue ... down down

Manneken Pis called in the **hares**. He said he had asked them before the **run** today if it was muddy out there, and they all said **not**. (Surely he has been in this game long enough to know that **hares** are lying bastards!) He then asked them to explain that after crossing the pineapple fields, we were up to our knees in mud. **JC** said it wasn't his fault if they got lost. Here's to the idiot **hares** – they're true blue – down down..

Mister Fister came in to tell us about **Rampant Rabbit** getting chased by a **bull** – and there's a video somewhere to prove it.



Campari (who oh, cantare who oh oh oh) he had been searching his car for the keys for half an hour, running round in a panic – phoned up his missus, who told him she had given them to the beer truck to hand over to him – Do you really want to hear this? [*This will all form part of the folklore of the Hash in years to come **Humble Scribe**– Ed*] You don't half talk a load of shit!

Campari, he say that thee bizee ladees, they no see him arunning arounda, to handa over ze keez!!

Manneken Pis called in **Buttplug** and **Repressed One** onto the **ice**. **Mister Fister** came in to help **Manneken** when he told us about the barbed wire. The two **iced ones** were holding the wire, so people could go under it, but half way through it, they started jumping and splashing – and so **MP** and **MF** gave them a taste of their own medicine, and re-enacted splashing them on the **ice**.



Campari (famed dog owner) called back in – on the **ice** – **GM** was on the run today – under the power lines – one solitary cow standing there – and **campari** he starta shouting to stoppa the dogga because he worried that eet weel attack the cow – so here's to the non-dog controller – he's true blue (turned out, the dog was more interested in chasing the goats!!)





Murkury the **Steward Chaser** into the **circle**. He called out some names – got told to fuck off, then called out the proper **Steward** for this week – **Gorgeous**. In came the pride of **Scotland**, and first off, he called **Invisible Man**. He recalled the event last week, when the old lady had mistakenly checked in with us to see the elephants (you can't make this up!) and **Gorgeous** asked if **Invisible Man** had asked her if she wanted put down as a **Virgin** (quite witty, especially as she had her son with her) – anyway, it was then it all kicked off – he's true blue...



Gorgeous promptly left the **circle** to 'adjust his dress' and meanwhile **Invisible man** brought in **Buttplug** to show the **circle** his waterproofs, obviously purchased from the **JayZee / Puff Daddy** hip hop fashion store – very trendy (albeit unintentional!!)



Re-enter **Gorgeous**, dressed in his kilt and "see you Jimmy" hat, singing "Stop yer tickling Jock" and announced St Andrews day has been brought forward to today because of the virus. He told us this week marks the 150th anniversary of the birth of Scotlands greatest ambassador (after Sean Connery) Sir Harry Lauder raconteur, comedian, singer famous for his crooked **hashing** stick. [*the Hash wasn't even invented back then Humble Scribe – Ed*] Oh shut up, it's just a bit of poetic licence!! **Jiggly Jugs** asked him to sing one of his songs – not realising that he had just done so!! [*I do worry about the youth of today!! – Ed*] There was more confusion, as some people thought he said **Harry Potter** !! (I'm a qualified brain surgeon – I can help these people!!)

He marked the occasion by calling in all the **Scottish** reps (short for reprobates) of which [*shouldn't that be 'of whom' Humble Scribe – Ed*] Don't stop me in mid flow – anyway I was one to benefit from a generous nippee for a down down... After the **Scots** were satiated, he invited lesser mortals to taste his demon brew (and very smooth and lovely it was too)



He tried in vain to educate the **circle** with some Sir Harry Lauder facts, but they were having none of it (bloody heathens!!) – it was like dying on stage at a concert at the "Barrowlands" in Glasgow, a fate which has happened to many a pop group and comedian before. They even sung the romantic ballads "fuck off you cunt, fuck off you cunt etc" and "why are we waiting?" I was glad they were getting their Karma with the rain pouring down on them – even Buddha thought they were rather cruel. He called in **Fungus** for talking (insubordination) and **Jaws** for not talking (I think) Anyway – free **whisky** to all!!

So **Gorgeous** told us that **Sir Dubai** (all hail our Master) had appointed him the first **GM** for the **Saturday Hash**. **Fungus** said that was not a fun year! He had noticed that the fourth and fifth **GMs** were also here today, so he called for their carers to wheel in **Flying Dickhead** and **King Kloug**. He told us that the first three or four **GMs** never ever swore while in the **circle**, but the ones who came after have more than fucking made up for it. He brought in our current **GM** for good measure, and toasted them here's to the original **GMs** they're true blue..... And with that, **Gorgeous** was done – well, I liked it – well done to my hero from Tayside.



GM gave **Steward Gorgeous** his down down, and summoned **Steward chaser Murkury** to wish him better luck next time [*that was rather nasty Humble Scribe – Ed*] That's what I'm here for – what you going to do – fire me?? (please!!)



GM raised the subject of poofers, and summoned **Flying Dickhead** and **King Klong**, **Ebenezer** and **Urine Trouble** into the **circle** – where is this leading to?? I'm getting nervous here!! *[get the lawyers here now **Humble Scribe** – Ed]*

GM reminded us that last week, **Urine Trouble** was a **Wirgin Hare** – but there was no T-shirt for him. I'm relieved to say that **Paper** came in the **circle** to do the honours with the 'take it off put it on' (pew!! – that was close!)

GM said here's to the poofers and the poofers helpers – they're true blue *[does he really understand what he is saying **Humble Scribe**? – Ed]* I'm not so sure.....

Jaws requested presence in the **circle**, and said the previous topic reminded him of **Clit Zipper** who was invited to step gailey onto the catwalk – sorry – into the **circle** *[fuck me **Humble Scribe** – you are in uncharted territory here – Ed]* Tell me about it!! **Jaws** (clearly having had something stronger than his usual beer) told us that in his youth, his favourite food was pressed ham with pork, from the bakers – and **Clit Zipper** reminded him so much of it – he wanted to lick him!! He then doubled up **Clit's** down down to fatten him up a little (for later??), then after a very strange 'here's to the....' (with very homoerotic references), **Jaws** left the **circle** all starry eyed, and a big bulge in his shorts. Here's to the man with the Brazilian on his chin' – he's true blue...



Moving swiftly on (on). **GM** called in **Good Jobs** and **EjackYouLate** – wow – that's me, for my **50 run** reward shirt. **Good Jobs** very kindly performed the 'take it off put it on' ceremony – thank you! Here's to **Ejackyoulate** – **50 runs** – he's true blue ... down down down..

(to thunderous applause from a fan – I think it was **Clit Zipper**, doh!!)



GM called in **Not Long Enough**, **Repressed one** and **Buttplug**. He then complained about the **front runners** not shouting **On On** if they find a short cut, and don't want the others to know. So here's to the cheating front runners – they're true blue....



GM called in the **Hares** and asked them who had arranged the **Laager site**, because the lady had come over, asking what was going on? Told them maybe 10 or 15 cars only – but a quick headcount even now, shows over 30. So good luck sorting that out **hares** – they're true blue.....



Mister Fister called **Piss in Boots** into circle, and asked what she had told him earlier. She reckoned that **JC** was doing a bloody good impression of **Paddington Bear** – and so he was folks – she's true blue – down down.....



GM called **Rampant Rabbit**, and introduced him to the **circle** as the new **GM** of the **Kamala Koma Hash** – here’s to the new **GM** of the **Kamala Koma Hash** – he’s true blue –down down....

Also, in addition to **Rampant Rabbits** encounter with the bull (video available on the Hash site), **GM** told us with people always complaining if the walk is more than 45 minutes – they need to get back to the beer truck! – **Rampant Rabbit** in the past week, out on the dirt road, didn’t want to do the run, so ended up doing an **18 KM walk** – here’s to the guy who really likes a good **walk** – he’s true blue....



Mister Fister enlightened the **circle** on the unofficial secondary task of **foraging** that goes on during the **hash**, and called in **Bum Scraper** – our **forager of the week!** I think she went off with a banana tree or something in a big urn! **Gorgeous** shouted to the **GM** that foraging on the **hash** is an **offence**, and everyone ignored him. She’s true blue.....

GM asked if any **Wirgins**, and **Invisible Man** said there was one, but they had disappeared – a bit like himself in fact – so now we have two **Invisible Men??** However, there were two returners – **Woodpecker** and **King Klong** – and **Woodpecker** came very close to ‘**new shoes**’ – but talked her way out of it – they’re true blue....



Saggy Balls and the **Hares** into the **circle**. **GM** pointed out that they all have birthdays within days of each other. **Happy Birthday** you cunts, happy birthday you cunts – they’re true blue.



Calling all **Departers** – **Saggy Balls**, **Piss in Boots** – although, when interviewed by **Jiggly Jugs** she didn’t seem to know where?? **Urine Trouble** apparently going to **Kho Samui**,



but **Piss In Boots** going to **Kho Lanta**. Seemed quite happy about the situation. – they’re true blue...



GM called in **runmaster Fungus**, who after an argument with **Manneken Pis** about who was the **senior runmaster**, called in the **hares** for the big **vote**. Comments were made about the **paper** being all washed away, and there were a few calls for **hash shit**, but **Campari** – he a come into zee **ceercle**, and he tell us “howz you can say **hash shit** – thees wazza great fun – nice anda flat – splish splashing through zee water – thinks we enjoy a lot – great run!!” (He’s just a big kid really!!)

In the end, the only dissenting voice was **Invisible Man**, so according to the rules [*Rules??-- Ed*] he was awarded the **hash shit** toilet seat of shame for this week. He’s true blue.....





Mister Fister put **Jessica** on the **ice** for being a smart ass – arguing with **Manneken Pis** – using the wrong word for dirt and rain – it’s mud – not geography – (It’s ok, I didn’t understand it either – I sometimes think I have come to the wrong **Hash!!**)
she’s true blue.....



GM called in **Jaws** as he is the **hare** for next **Saturday run** – and he admits to stealing the **Laager** site from someone – oooh – could turn nasty – he’s true blue....

Fungus in one last time – then **circle** closed – lets go home....

A bit of a crazy mix this week
thanks for staying till the end
Humble Scribe
Ejackyoulate



Cheers Girls !!