



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1791 – 5th September 2020

Pre Circle and Run



It's **Saturday** again, and this week, 88 normally sensible people (led by 3 or 4 crazy ones) are gathered near **Kata** viewpoint (**Dick Gobbler** – that's **Kata** viewpoint! – got it?)

GM called for the pre-circle to take our positions on the chalk marks. [*is that true **Humble Scribe?** – Ed*] No! Moving on...

GM called in **EjackYouLate** for his own personal briefing after his 'near death' experience on the **Timmen** run on Wednesday. He said "Apparently we are supposed to follow **paper** – now they tell me!!"



Runmaster is **Fungus**, **Hares** are **Manneken Pis** and **Campari** and **Hash Horn** this week is **Top Off**, who demonstrates for the **Wirgins**, the secret 3 beeps of the **horn** when checking. [*well, it was a secret ! – Ed*]



Manneken Pis warned the 'unfit' ones to stick to the walk today, and that the run will be bumpy!!

The walk was reasonably arduous, and not as short as the hares told us (Rule number 1 of the **hash** – never believe what a hare tells you – they are lying bastards!) but I won't complain, as **Piss Drinkers** little son



was romping along just in front of me – so it couldn't be that bad – yes? Very picturesque route, wide paths, lots of rubber trees, with an added bonus of a beer stop at the secondary viewpoint – **Black Rock** – down down.....

The Circle

Our revered **GM** brought the **circle** to some kind of order, and forced beers into the **Hares** grasping hands. Here's to the **Hares** – enjoy your moment because all good things might come to an end with the **Hash Shit** vote at **circle** end. [*I thought that was the whole point of a circle **Humble Scribe** – it has no end – Ed*] Oh, we are in a pedantic mood today, are we not? – and it doesn't have points either!! At this point (sic), the **Hares** tried to influence the vote by chanting "great view, great view!"

GM noticed that **Top Off**, the **Hash Horn** had already left the scene, and so called in **Runmaster Fungus**. Here's to **Runmaster**, who lets the **Hash Horn** go before the start of the **circle** – he's true blue...

Lucky Lek swung in to the **circle** on a **vine** and demanded silence from the rabble. (He didn't get it) He gave his customary rendition of "**anullments**", then roughly grabbed a **moist poo ying** from the **circle**, and swung back to the jungle on his vine, to have his evil way with her. He's true blue...

GM pre warned us that a situation was developing with the out-station run, (and also warned incessant chatterers that they can continue from the ice if they wish!) and then called in **Go Go Trump** to tell us more. She started by saying that we all love **Fungus** so much that we have postponed the **out-station run** so we can attend his run that week. This was, of course not true. *[you had me there – Ed]* She told us that close to one hundred people had already signed up for the ‘joy in Khok Kloi’ weekend – which is amazing!! BUT, unfortunately, according to an official statement, **Phang Nga** is closing down its province for the month of September. She is meeting with officials next week to shake her eyelashes and flutter her booty (I think that’s what she said), and persuade them otherwise. So things are on hold, and we should go with the flow – more news next week – watch this space – and other like expressions. Here’s to the gal taking on **Phang Nga** single handedly for us – she’s true blue – down down...

GM called in **FA Cup**, who delicately shrieked for quiet, and proceeded to tell us about the **Iron Pussy** on Thursday next week in **Kathu** area, with bus pick-ups from all round the world (well, nearly!) Here’s to the **Iron Pussy** spokeswoman and her gals – they’re true blue....

GM called for **run offences**. **Fungus** called in the **Hares**. I think he told us that if you arrived here a little early today, you had to wait, then follow **Campari** as he put up the direction signs all the way to the **Laager site** –here’s to the late navigators for this week – they’re true blue...



Manneken Pis into **circle**, calling for his ‘Brokeback mountain’ friend and **co-hare Campari** (oh oh, Cantare oh oh oh) He a come on zee Thursday to see him about zee arrangements thisa week. He aska eef I haf zee paper, as he has zee signs. **Manneken** says ok, I go to **Patong** for **paper**, and you take care of the **signs**.

So this morning, instead of coming together (pun intended) to site, **MP** messaged **Campari** to meet up here at the (fucking) **Laager** site. **Manneken** had the **paper**, and asked **Campari** where are the **signs**. “You no tella me to bringa zee signs” Heree’s to zee forgetful one – he’s true blue.... (**Campari** he no have a exacuse, and is a speechless – maybe for zee first time!)

Piss Drinker called in by **GM** to explain why he did the walk today. He came without his missus, but brought his son and went straight to the **beer truck**. He explained to **GM** that he was going to explore the gentle art of walking, and drink beer all the way round. Here’s to a fine example of **responsible parenting** – he’s true blue...

Any more run offences? **Manneken Pis** into circle, calling sweetly for his **co-hare Campari**. He told us about **Campari**’s compulsive need for nice clear trails – even the falsies – apparently he comes every day to clean the jungle – here’s to the clean **hare** – he’s true blue...

Dick Gobbler called in, closely followed by the **Hares**. And he’s angry!! He tells us that we all know **Manneken Pis** is a crazy man, but this was not a (fucking) **Tinmen**, and for a (fucking) **Saturday Hash**, 45 minutes to the **Laager** is a good run. So after one hour and ten minutes the first runners arrive at the viewpoint – that qualifies for **Hash Shit**, and if the **Hares** did not have beers there, then **Dick Gobbler** would have done bad things to the **hares** (my words, not his – because there were too many “fuckings” and “cunts” in his – oops!) Here’s to the **hares** who are not learning the rules – they’re true blue.....





Jaws lurched into the **circle**, knocking some little kid flying from his seat, and gave the walkers perspective on today's outing. Forty five minutes into the walk, and having his second coronary on the hill, he was cursing the **Hares** for setting such a hard walk for a **Saturday hash**, then he came out at the Black Rock Viewpoint – and there, before him was **beer**, so at that point the **hares** turned into **angels**. Here's to bribery and corruption by the **hares** – they're true blue...

Jungle Balls into **circle** – also angry, because by the time he reached the viewpoint, the **beer stop** was all closed up!! Here's to the early closing bastards – they're true blue...

Gorgeous and **Campari** into **circle**. **GM** told us that **Gorgeous** likes to be here very early, and the rules are that signs should all be in place by two o'clock. Nothing for **Gorgeous** to follow, so he was on his way home at two thirty, when he met **Campari** putting up the signs – here's to the very late signer –he's true blue...

Murkury was called in, and called in **Jaws**. He reminded us that there were several non-Hashers at the viewpoint, especially a Malayan Lady sitting on the Black Rock. **Jaws**, ever the subtle gentleman that he is, loudly proclaimed so she would hear, that last time he was here, he pissed all over the rock. Here's to the Malay tourist fan – he's true blue...



Jungle Balls into circle (to read **GM's** joke) Calls in **Fungus**, then looks around for a horse. **Piss Drinker** fits the bill, and has to get down on all fours. A mate calls a Horse Breeder to tell him that he has sent someone to see his horses and he's a dwarf with a speech impediment. So he arrives, and breeder asks if he wants to see male or female horses. "A female horse" says little man, so he gets shown a prize filly. "Can I see the eyes" asks the vertically challenged chappie. Gives the eyes the once

over. "Nice eyes, can I see it's ears?" he mumbled. So he shows the dwarf its ears. He mumbles "Nice ears, can I see her mouth?" Dealer was getting a bit pissed off, but shows him her mouth. Then he mumbles (what sounds like) "can I see her crack?" The breeder grabs little guy and rams his head up the horse's fanny, then pulls him out and slams him on the ground, coughing and spluttering. Little man mumbles "perhaps I should rephrase that – can I see her run around a little bit?" Some confused titters ring out, and **Jungleballs** calls in **GM** to grab a beer for subjecting us to his joke. **Piss Drinker** got a chorus of "he's the meanest, he's a horses ass" The're true blue....



Invisible Man brought in a folding chair which looked a bit (a lot) past its sell by date. **Gorgeous** popped up to tell us that he loaned this chair to the **Hash** about 10 years ago, and he also keeps it in tip top condition with his Scottish engineering skills. Cruel comments about it being part of his front room suite They're true blue...





Jaws came in to give us some one-liners [*that's what's been missing from my life – Ed*] Don't be facetious – it doesn't suit you!!

“when I was born, I was given a choice – a big pecker or a good memory – and I can't remember which one I picked” Cheers, guffaws...

“My wife is a sex object – every time I ask for sex, she objects!” more cheers, laughs

“Impotence – nature's way of saying ‘No hard feelings!’ “ **Jaws** is going well – he has the crowd in the palm of his hands

“definition of panties – not the best thing on earth, but next to the best thing on earth”

“Three stages of man 1) Tri-weekly 2) Try weekly and 3) try weakly “ [*as a spoken joke by Jaws, this last one was a disaster – but thanks to the written scribe, it can now be appreciated by all – Ed*]

He continued “I tried phone sex once, but the holes in the dialler were too small” [*well, that carbon dates that joke to before 1983 – Ed*] Thanks to the effect of 60 TBT beer, the crowd enjoyed that one too! (or they think it is still 1983?)

“what's an Australian kiss? – same as a French kiss, but down under!!” groans – he's pushing it now “what are the three biggest tragedies in a man's life? Answer Life sucks, job sucks and wife doesn't!” Enough, enough, already – Here's to **Jaws** – he's true blue...

Campari – he come into zee **circle** – he wanta to beat **Jaws** at hees own game – weeth a leetle **Johnny** joke! Someone pointed out the European Union decision from a previous case, and so his joke has to be a “leetle **Giuseppe**” joke! Anyway, teacher at school, he say to zee class that they has to theenk of a strange, very uncommon word. Next day, leetle **Giuseppe** write zee word ‘cycle’ on zee board. Teacher, he say what eez strange about zee word ‘cycle’? Leetle **Giuseppe**, he say hees seester, one day she tell us that she has missed a cycle, and her Father, he go crazee, her mother, she lose her senses – and zee neighbour – he kill himself!! (after taking advice from a **Blue Harlot** comment, I've rephrased it slightly to make sense – as there was a bit of confusion at the time! Honestly, I feel like a fecking United Nations interpreter sometimes!) Here's to leetle **Giuseppe** – he's true blue.....

Enter a lad with story of how he answered his son's question “dady daddy – where did I come from?” So he answered as follows: “Eleven years ago, me and your mum planted a seed. And your mum, she loved that seed, and watered it every day, she sang to it, till it turned into a beautiful flower. Then we cut that flower, dried it – then we fucked without a condom!” Applause all round – **GM** told him to grab a beer – here's to a good storyteller – he's true blue...

Murkury into circle to nominate **Steward** for this week. He told us it is **Flying Dickhead** – who is not here [*see how being Steward strikes fear into people Humble Scribe – I remember when you did it once – that must have been up there with getting lost on the Tinmen? – Ed*] Too soon, too soon, the nightmares have not abated yet! – and it certainly increases your laundry bill for the week!

Murkury told us that **Campari** (**Manneken Pis**'s ‘friend’) has a story.



Campari calls in **FA Cup** and **Dick Gobbler** and he tell us that this eez zee spider season. On the recce this morning, heem and his ‘friend’ **Manneken Pis**, they take out 20 spiders!.

So **FA Cup** and **Secret Agent DG** were in a zee jungle recently, and a spider goes up her leg and inside her! They try many theengs but spider no come out. So, trip to Bangkok hospetal to see zee specialist. **Dick Gobbler**, he say, tell me doctor, what I need to do? Zee doctor, he say, no, I need to do thees, but you can be present. So he put **FA Cup** on zee table, sweetch offa zee light, then put zee light down there to attract zee spider. But no come out. So doctor, he say he need something for zee spider to grab. **Dick Gobbler**, he say, maybe a stick? No no says zee doctor, something softer – need to be a dick. OK, says **Dick Gobbler**, I do this. No no says doctor, I am zee specialist, I need to do eet – but you can be present. So doctor go slowly inside **FA Cup**, witha zee dick, then back out again – but nothing grab hold. Then he says he needs to go again. Proceeds to give **FA Cup** a right good banging, shouting “I need to kill it, I need to kill it” And that’s why they no go in zee jungle any more. (thank god that’s over!!) Here’s to doctor **Campari**, and FA Cup and Dick Gobbler – they’re true blue.....



GM called **Bluey** into circle, and hands him a pre-prepared joke. Someone asks if we need another midget and a horse? Apparently not!



Little girl asks mum if she can take the dog for a walk round the block. No, she says, ‘coz she’s on heat. What does that mean asks little girl? Go ask your dad – he’s in the garage. Little girl asks dad if she can take Lulu for a walk around the block. She had asked mum, but she said Lulu was on heat, so come and ask you. So dad, soaks a rag with petrol and rubs Lulu’s arse with it to disguise the scent. OK, he says, you can take her, but keep Lulu on the lead and just go round the block. Little girl comes back couple of minutes later with no dog. Dad asks where is Lulu? Little girl replies that she ran out of petrol half way round, and another dog is pushing her home. Loud guffaws all round. **GM** tells him to grab a beer. Here’s to **Bluey** – he’s true bluey.....

Murkury back in to circle, and **GM** called **Manneken Pis** who brought in **Campari** and **Not Long Enough** and **Repressed One**. Lots of talk about taking too long with the falsies, but **GM** completed in record time. But then **Campari** accused him of following the motor bike tracks, and not the paper!! So here’s to the speedy new generation – they’re true blue...



Campari’s dogs – we have them to thank for the new three thousand THB fine for walking a dog on Nai Harn Beach – and on the walk today, his dogs frightened a bunch of Moslem girls out of their wits – thanks **Campari** – you are all Italian Stallion boy – making friends wherever you go – he’s true blue.....

Manneken Pis called in **Go Go Trump** for causing them to move the **Laager** site from the original place to where she was sitting – because she can! – she’s true blue.....



FA Cup came in to tell us how **Dick Gobbler** went to the wrong Viewpoint – **Karon** viewpoint in **Kata** (or was it **Kata** viewpoint in **Karon**?) and boy, can she swear – she has the biggest potty mouth on the **Hash**, as **Blue Harlot** pointed out – their daughter’s first words are going to be ‘fucking’ and ‘cunt’ – she’s true blue...



GM called in **Invisible Man** and **Fungus** plus our two **Wirgins** for today's ceremony. 3 – 2 – 1, some well aimed **icy water**, a few screams, and we have two new member of the **Phuket Hash** – congratulations to **Panukrit** and **Suwimon**, and welcome !!



GM called in **Just In Beaver** and **Beaver** for their run shirt extravaganza. **Su Su Nonna** for shirt.



GM called in **Hares** and **EjackYouLate** (your **Humble Scribe**) GM told us to grab a beer. **Manneken Pis** told the **circle** that the **Tinmen** run on Wednesday started with a few people and ended with not many – and the last man out of the jungle was



EjackYouLate – at nine o'clock – his last 3 hours spent lost – and off trails and in darkness – and he had the lacerations on his legs to prove his near death



experience. GM congratulated him on a good workout that day (**14KMs, with no food, water**) Here's to the lost one – he's true blue...

Runmaster and **hares** into **circle**. Several choruses of 'and the **hares** of her dickidido' later, and it was decision time. **Campari** and **Doodlebug** into **circle** – onto ice, then in **Doodlebug's** case straight off the ice again-- slippery stuff no??



All things were considered, and then ignored, and **Hash Shit** was awarded for all the wrong reasons. Cries of 'fix, fix' and 'that's not fair' were to no avail, and **circle** was closed.

Thanks for your appreciation of my expletive laden ramblings
See you all next week
Your **Humble Scribe**
EJackYouLate