



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1819 – 27th March 2021

Prologue

How nice to be back after several weeks of hiding behind my sofa – well, I did get a bit of a scare when I got lost in the jungle above **Karon**, a couple of **Tinnens** ago!! Being at that magic age however, that renders memory of **recent** events hazy, I can now venture out in public once again, and it will be a couple of years down the line when the finer details of my nightmare return, and I go back to waking up screaming in the night!! *[That was a bit melodramatic was it not – Ed]*
What was?? *[Oh, never mind – Ed]*

So, when I say nice to be back, I am referring to the walky / runny part of the **Saturday Hash**, but I am finding that publishing the writey / scribey thingy to a weekly deadline, and to a standard I can bear to read and sort of enjoy myself is almost as scary as my getting lost in the **jungle** every week. I hereby declare the very responsible task of "**Humble Scribe**" as "Up for grabs to the highest bidder – and by way of interview for the post, if you have read this far today, then I think that you more than qualify". *[Well, that should get them queuing all down the soi – Ed]* Don't mock Sir – I hear there is already a very able person waiting in the wings – and I have the tissues ready for the handover. *[Too much information there – Ed]*

Pre Circle and Run

Probably one of the best Laager sites we have, although the approach road could do with some of its ruts levelled out – **Campari** – sort eet for nexta time!! Even some old vintage cars parked up to get us talking about the good old days, and a high floodlight for when it got dark later.

Pre circle up, **Hares** in, listen up barked **Fungus** – Oh, I've missed him (not) -- **Jungle Balls**, **Clitmas Pussy** and **Manneken Pis** had been released early (for good behaviour) to give of their time and effort this week to **Hare** a gay romp *[or yomp for our Military personnel – Ed]* in the region of the flora and fauna a little ways South of **Kata Viewpoint** – also confusingly known as **Karon Viewpoint** – and for that we thank them from the heart of our bottoms.



After scaring one or two **hashers** with some fake **Horn** nominations, **Fungus** decided **Bunnykin Pis** was to be **Grand Order of the Blowjob** for the day, and she demonstrated her prowess with three blasts from her lips. He gave the usual paper instructions for any **Wirgins / Wisitors** present today. **Manneken Pis** had some extras for the runners – barbed wire, crossing the main road, and some strange caricature of **Top Off** which would have a drastic effect on the first person to spot it out on the trail!! **Jungle Balls** gave the walker information – a split for choice of short / long walk and the **HHH signs** leading us through the farm. Then we were off on today's big adventure.



The theme tune for today would have to be **Perfect Day**, by Lou Reed. Perfect weather, no **falsies** en route, all deviations left or right well indicated, superb viewpoint at **Blackrock**.

My lucky escape, coming down the tourist path from the viewpoint was when I was caught with a double vine trip, and would have done myself some damage, but there were three guys coming up the pathway, who were perfectly placed to catch me!! Wow!! **Clit Zipper** had been filming all the way but had just switched off his camera – he said it would have been an amazing sequence!! Sorry mate – he was so disappointed!!



The Circle

I got back from my (long) walk just after 5:35, and had just missed the call for **Circle Up**, and first of many down downs for the **Hares**. A few **run offences** were brought up, including **Cockhead**, and **Fungus** even called in **GM**.



GM called in **Manneken Pis** who called in **EjackYouLate**. Allegedly ze **French** girl had phoned him about some confusion on the trail, and handed the phone to **Ejackyoulate**, who told him they were on the walk, and must be on a **falsie**. When asked whereabouts they were, he said there was a tree trunk in front of them. **EjackYoulate** protested that he was quoted out of context, but too late, the **hashers** were amused! Here's to stating the obvious – he's true blue...*[got you there – Ed]*

GM called in **Cockhead** again, and told the **hashers** how he had marked a hole with an old banana tree, and apparently this was a silly thing to do – he's true blue – down down...



GM called **Repressed One** to come forward. He called for **Spunk on the Bus** to come forth (again) to answer the charge of Absolute Decadence on the hash, by his bringing a fully operational lounge to relax on the circle. He was declared guilty as charged by the **hashers**, and also one degree over the limit on **Invisible Man's** temperature gun – and so **Spunk on the Bus** was **iced** – here's to the lazy one – he's true blue – down down..



Top Off came in to the circle to object to 'idiot instructions' from the **hares** concerning the number of times he had to cross the road. He, in turn was called in by the **hares** for his top finish, but then for going back down the path and **gloating** on other finishers – a cardinal sin on the **hash**, as we know – and also for being an idiot – one of these arguments that will go on I fear – we have not heard the end of that one – here's to idiots – they're true blue...



Jaws came forth next to complain about our "**perfect hares**" who had spoon fed him today by pre-laying the **pink paper** to prevent any confusion – and so leaving **Jaws** with very little to work out for himself – to be fair – not a bad thing. They're true blue – down down...



Campari (whoa ho) called in **Manneken Pis** to continue their now legendary on-off public feud, this time involving **Campari** – he's dog – and an alleged encounter with what sounded like a "white pig" surely not the fabled **Moby Pig**, a legend in these parts? Probably not – they're true blue.....

Bring on the mighty **Murkury**, as the **hashers** serenaded him into the **circle** with his **hash theme tune** "**He's a leader, he's a turtle head**" – in his role as **Steward Chaser**. This week he nominated **Lucky Lek** – that legendary jungle dweller, and lover of exotic American underwear *[too much information I think – Ed]* Too late, I'm on a roll here – and also that legend in his own lunchtime – cue drumroll – **Jaws** – silence – ok!!





Lucky Lek called in **Go Go Tun** – think he meant **Go Go Trump!!** – and **Pole Position** – and all manner of gorgeous gals – just because he can when he is **Steward**. I have forwarded his conversation to the United Nations translation department, so I expect something back next week!



He proceeded to **ice** everyone in sight, and he called in guys from various nations to demonstrate how elections work in different countries. So in the West, we get the result next day, through to China, where we get the result a few days before the election!! – they’re true blue..



A couple of naughty jokes later, and **Lucky Lek** had over-run his time, leaving **Jaws** only a couple of minutes to entertain his fans – which, rather cruelly, they seemed quite happy with!!

However, **Jaws** had done his research at “World’s worst Internet jokes” and was determined to get them in, and gave us a quick Chinese language lesson, as taught by **Lucky**



Lek:-

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1)That’s not right | Sum Ting Wong |
| 2)You are a stupid man | Dum Fuk |
| 3)I bumped into coffee table | Mi bang fooking ni |
| 4)Our meeting is next week | Why yoo cum nao |
| 5)Very dark in here | why so dim |

Jaws told us of the days when **Lucky Lek** had his original hash name “**Morning Food**”, and that he was 3rd or 4th generation ‘Tin Mining’ Chinese way way back. By this time the cruel crowd were chanting that old romantic ballad “**fuck off you cunt, fuck off you cunt**”, and had named them after the British comedy duo ‘**Little and Large**’ so **Jaws** decided to cut down his share of the **Steward spot**. **GM** came to their rescue, and thanked them both for a highly entertaining joint **Steward Spot** – and also wished **Murkury** “better luck next time”.



He also said that the respectful silence during **Lucky Leks Steward spot** was interrupted by **Repressed One** and his chum – who talked all the way through it!! They were put on the ice for their show of bad manners. --they’re true blue...



Manneken Pis had picked up on “the **perfect Hares**” nicknames for the **hares** this week, and proceeded to embarrass **Campari** (whoa ho). He told the assembled hordes that **Campari** (whoa ho) treated this part of **Phuket** as his own personal front garden, and that he had personally checked every inch of the route to make sure it came up to his standards. Here’s to the ‘**wannabe perfect hare**’ – he’s true blue.....





GM called in **JC**, who reminded us of a previous great run at this location – great because it also had the fantastic viewpoint, but that time incorporated a very welcome **beer stop**. He sadly therefore had to mark them down for their omission this time. Here’s to the **beerstop falsie** – theyre true blue.....



GM called in **Go Go Trump** and **Dirty Dog** into the **circle**, to do a **run shirt** presentation. There is always a reason for pairing people up for these life changing events, so let us speculate as to why these two are doing this one. Anyhoo, **25 runs** for **Dirty Dog** – he’s true blue.....



Photos this week are being taken by the lovely **YaBa**, and we were about to be told why. **GM** called in **Tequila**, who staggered and limped into the circle – but still managed to make it look sexy!!

Apparently last Sunday she attended the bike **Hash**, and at a careless moment she managed to hit a big stone, go over the handlebars, and break every bone in her body – well, almost every bone. Her arm was bandaged up, and don’t make her laugh because her ribs are not working as they should. She’s true Blue – and enjoying taking it easy this week!!

Oh, and **Spunk on the Bus** was relieved (again) to hear the bike is undamaged!!



GM summoned **Invisible Man**, who, in turn, called for the presence of **Top Off**. He asked the **circle** what star of the media did **Top Off** look like? He got a range of answers from **Osama Bin Laden** to God knows who. Turns out, **Invisible Man** thinks he looks like **Ali G**, [as played by *Sacha Baron Cohen*, who is in line for an Oscar this year – so big compliment – backfired if it was supposed to be an insult – Ed] he’s true blue....



Final action was of course, the **Good Run / Bad Run** vote from the **circle**.

Time to wheel out the clapometer. It was, as expected, unanimously **Good Run** – but wait, we had one dissenting voice of **Hash Shit**, and so, under rule 56b sub para 435n, the **Hash Shit** was



awarded to the dissenting voice – in this case, of the **Mighty Quim** – whom some might say does not always do himself any favours – I couldn’t possibly comment. [getting tactful in your old age **Humble Scribe?** – Ed]

GM closed the **circle** about now, as it was dark and a few people had gone. But worryingly, one person had not yet arrived. None other than “**Who the Fuck is Alice** was **Missing in Action** (MIA)



He was finally traced to an onion allotment [*should that be an onion shallotment – Ed – see what I did there!*] nearby, and promptly put on **ice** to bring his temperature down, then taken to a local clinic to get checked out.

He was later seen dining at **Shakers** with his lovely wife, so recovery appeared to be ok – but we have yet to see if he survived **Manneken Pis**'s food !!



So endeth this week's missive
Thanks for reading it, and your nice comments when we meet up
Your **Humble Scribe**
EJackYouLate

(thanks for use of your photos Yaba)