



Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1820 – 3rd April 2021

Pre Circle and Run



GM blew the horn for the **Pre-Circle** briefing, and our solo hare – **Prince Charles Fucking Tosser** attempted to give 87 of us the information vital to get us safely round his route this week. Bless him, he tried his best, but when faced with so many of the world's best piss takers – its hard work!



He sounded like he was listing the prizes on a TV quiz program – “there’s barbed wire” (ooooh) – “there are elephants” – (aaaah) – “there are dogs” – (yeah) – “there are trails you have never been on before” – (wowowow) – “so don’t daydream or you will miss the turns” – “it’s a lollipop walk, so turn left after the gate” – (whooooo) and it’s quite short – only 40 minutes or so” – (awwww!) – off we went with a trumpetty trump, trump, trump, trump [*now there’s a name you don’t hear very often nowadays – Ed*] Yeah – I kinda miss him – joking – joking!!



A couple of minutes into this weeks’ walk / run, I was suffering deja vu of the highest order! Shock horror – I was on the exact same route as for that fateful **Tinmen** run, a few months ago, where I ended up lost in the jungle, in total darkness for three hours, with no food or water for about six hours – leaving me (genuinely) traumatised, and thinking my end had come!



“Stop fucking whinging” – “you survived” – “get over it” – “what a pussy” – these were some of the sympathetic

offerings from my fellow **hashers** – and they were the ones who had attended the **Samaritans** training course! [*sounds like money well spent – Ed*] I can happily say that the walk took us round some new areas, and the weather stayed fine (if anything, a little on the warm side!!)

The Circle

All safely back, and in pretty quick time, we were back into our first world problems, like **Spunk on the Bus** locking **Go Go Trump**’s keys in her car, deciding where to get pissed tonight, trying to find a shady spot on the circle – impossible today! – [*what exciting lives you guys live – Ed*] But soon, **GM**’s horn blast brought the rabble to order, and it was **Hares** to the **Circle** (this week solo hare **Prince Charles Fucking Tosser (PCFT)** – thank you, your majesty!) for a well deserved down down – he’s true blue.....



Next up was **Hash Horn – Rusty Hook**. **GM** checked that everyone had heard the **horn** today – and got the predictable reply of “what **Hash Horn?**” Likewise with the pink paper “what **pink paper?**” [*a job well done then – Ed*]



GM pulled Lucky Lek away from charming some snakes out of baskets to announce his renowned announcement “**anullments**”. Suitably rewarded, he stripped down to his expensive American lingerie, and blended back into the jungle.



Piss Drinker, Swollen Colon and **Na Hee Man** were next to show off their abs to the expectant crowd – but mainly to tell us about the **Wirgin Tinmen** run at the North end of the island this coming Wednesday, bus times, and the funeral times for those who were not expected to survive this hard run.

GM summoned **Invisible Man** and **Jaws** to thank them for re-organising the task of registration, and to congratulate them for only being 4 thousand Baht down this week. *[a big improvement – Ed]* (seriously though, **Invisible Man** is training up **Jaws** to take over the weekly registration, so he can hand over this demanding task after two years of dilligent attendance – well done **Invisible Man**). While we are on this topic, can I remind readers that the post of **Humble Scribe** is also up for grabs to someone who fancies proving that the **Pen** is Mightier than the **Sword**, by producing a weekly catalogue of near truths and out and out lies about the antics of the legendary **Saturday Hash**. I will, in turn promise to read it occasionally! *[well that must be getting some people thinking – Ed]*



Jaws told us about something which confused him *[lots of things confuse Jaws these days – Ed]* Hey, I do the insults!! *[sorry – Ed]* He recalled talking to **Achilles** and telling him he did not remember him getting his **Hash** name. “He doesnt have a **Hash** name” said **Fungus**, and was **iced** for spoiling **Jaws**’ story. So the quest started to find a hash name, settling for **Achmed the Saviour** (because he had saved **Doodlebug**) – welcome to the **Hash** – buy a **Hash shirt** – he’s true blue – down down.....



Hares in the **circle**, and a selection of our **Wisitors / Wirgins**. **GM** told us how frustrating it was for our visitors today, as they were looking forward to getting closer to **Big Buddha** by climbing higher – sorry guys – not even close – blame the **hare**!

Never mind, we got a song from **Gutter Guzzler** from the **Detroit Michigan Hash**

Down down down your beer, drink it for your crime, stop complaining about the taste,
there is no jizz this time!! Very classy – he’s true blue...



Manneken Pis in the **Circle**, and he called in **Campari** (whoa ho, whoa ha). So **Manneken Pis** tells us that **Campari** (whoa ho, whoa ha), he ees always zee happy one in zee gang. But notta today – a couple of Kms out on the run today, he is telling everyone that he eez notta happy – he say he fuckeeng seek weeth thee **hash**, and he eez going to start up a **hare** school to a teech people how to **hare** properlee!! He’s true blue



Hares and **JC** in **circle**. **JC** is feeling the heat today, and reminds us when we used to use the area over there in the trees, which gave us shade when we gathered before runs – and kept us cool on the **circle** afterwards. Today we are overdosing on vitamin D He’s true blue.. **Fungus** jumped in to the **circle** to insult our **Royal Hare** even more *[off with his head – Ed]* He said it took longer to read the directions on the **website** than it took to get here – and he was sure we all wanted to know the time of sunset for today *[was that an American trying his hand at irony? – actually it was all quite informative – thank you PCFT – Ed]*

Our hare **PCFT** wanted to pay compliments to our **Hash Horn** today, as there was part of the route through the rubber trees where he went to put pink paper down – but everyone else short cutted that bit!! – so well done **Hash Horn** – he’s true blue.....



Other run offences followed – **Na He Man** complimented his heavy smoker pal **Swollen Colon** on his choice of route (I think his description was **Fucking Cheating Bastard**). **Manneken Pis** put **Bunnykin Pis** on the ice for binning his favourite shorts – “you looked fucking stupid in them” she said. He replied “and you don’t think I look fucking stupid in these!!” he said



pointing to her choice of shorts for today!! *[they love each other really – Ed]* They’re true blue.



GM calls in **Go Go Trump**, and she proceeds to tell us what a state we come back from the run in. She told **JC** he should give himself a shake, like his doggies, and she even got up – **yes, she got up** to give a very sweaty **Invisible Man** her seat before he fell down! Then she poured her water bottle onto the seat to show us what it



looked like 5 minutes later. I don’t know if she knows what we do out there? She’s true blue.....



GM called in **Who the Fuck is Alice (WTFIA)**, and told us that, last week, it was several hours before we got **WTFIA** back to normal after he got a little lost on the **run**. So, as a reminder that some of us are not 30 or 40 any more (even though we still think we are!!)



GM asked for all **over 75’s** to grab a beer and strut about in the **circle** until they got tired (after about one minute, three had fallen asleep!!) **GM** showed his caring side (so he does have a caring side?) and said that maybe **hares** should be advising them whether they should give the run and / or the walk a miss on some weeks, and they can all pile onto **Go Go Trump’s** chair instead. This way – and if they also survive **CoVID 19** – we will still have them with us in 10 years time. We have a very caring **GM**, and here’s to our aging **Hashers** -- they’re true blue....



WTFIA was funny and devious and back to top form when he performed his mixologist talents on a couple of victims after being caught with **new shoes** on the **hash**. Tastes like **Stilton** said a previous victim of this punishment – so here’s to **Rusty Hook** and **Piss Drinker** (who even went for a second helping) – they’re true blue.....



GM called in **Sex Pistol**, who he had chatted with, on his five or six outings on the **hash**. Today, he had turned to **GM** and said “oh, who are you?” Here’s to the **hasher** who needs glasses after a beer or two to recognise people – he’s true blue...



Lucky Lek called in his **Thai Connection** – all our lovely **Thai ladies and girls** – don’t know why, but any excuse to have a couple of photos of the gorgeous local gals who make our Saturday **hash** such a pleasure every week. Here’s to our **Thai girls** – they’re true blue.....



Piss Drinker brought in some of our **visitors** to the **circle**, who had enjoyed the run today, and described their antics on the run. The two little guys were running up the hill, one was giving a ‘running commentary’ in **Thai**, while the other was running alongside filming him, stopping occasionally to feed the elephants – They’re true blue. And we can rely on **Gutter Guzzler** of the **Michigan Hash** for a nice romantic ballad (this time from his **Shanghai Hash** days) :-

*I was pregnant, I was pregnant, but now, I’m drinking beer,
Bring your Vagina, Over to China, Where babies disappear!! [How Lovely – Ed]*

GM called in our **Steward chaser Murkury**, who nominated **Baldylocks** to entertain us today.

So he started by calling in **Campari** (whoa ho) and **La Lasagne** (looking nice enough to eat as her name implies, in her national dress) For the purposes of this joke, **Campari** is ‘**Father Campari**’ – a priest (lots of imagination required!!) and **La Lasagne** plays an ‘innocent nun – **Sister La Lasagne**’ (much more believable!)



They are travelling by camel across the desert, when their camel drops dead. So they get to talking, and **Father Campari** asks to see **Sister La Lasagne**’s breasts. “Well, I suppose that’s ok” she says. Then **Sister La Lasagne** says to **Father Campari** “I have never seen a man’s penis before – can I see yours?” **Father Campari** says “I suppose that will be ok” She starts to fondle it, and it starts to grow, at which point **Father Campari** says “With this thing I can give life” **Sister La Lasagne** replies sweetly “Well, why don’t you stick it up this camel’s arse, then we can get the fuck out of here!” *[well, I never saw that coming –Ed]* Big laughs from the **circle**, and **Campari** and **La Lasagne** grab a beer each – they’re true blue.....



He then starts assembling likely couples – **Creature, Woodpecker, Gone already, Paper and Bunny Hop (all pictured above)** He tells us that these girls look after their husbands, but he has got a series of tasks to check out how well they look after them!! So in come the husbands / boyfriends and sit in a mini **circle**, and each gets a black bag over him – and the back of the chair to secure him – with his head sticking out!! **(following so far?)** – a few comments from the **circle**, that



some of them may as well keep the body bags on, as they might be needed soon anyway!! *[that was a bit harsh on these fine figures of manhood we see before us – Ed]*



Then the wives / girlfriends (henceforth known as ‘**carers**’) were tasked with shaving and feeding their spouse via an elaborate array of fresh squirty cream, wooden razors, (bring out the real cut-throat razors suggested a bloodthirsty **Swollen Colon**), blindfolds and yoghurt. Excellent props and well thought out. This



brought many minutes of laughs and hilarity from the **circle**, but I felt strangely subdued towards the end as it dawned on me that we could be witnessing real life here – maybe just a couple of years into the future in some cases!! Wow **Baldylocks** – that was a cross between a **fun game**, and a really deep **social experiment** – were you gathering information for a dissertation for your degree? – or am I reading way too much into it?? – discuss! *[Best thing I’ve seen on the hash for a long time – Ed]*

Baldylocks ended his **Steward Spot** by dividing us into the constituent parts of the UK , and showing our ignorance about which parts are included in the different names we call either **Great Britain** (just Scotland, Wales and England and their associated islands) or **United Kingdom** (add **Northern Ireland**) or indeed the **British Isles** (all the above plus **Southern Ireland** and the 5 thousand or so smaller islands scattered around our coasts) This last one is a geographical collective – not a National one. We, of course could not get our heads around this and converted it into a jolly wheeze to the tune of the Okie Kokie, and kicking our legs up in the middle *[we shouldn’t be allowed out – right? – Ed]*