



# Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



## Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1776 – 15<sup>th</sup> February 2020

**Humble Scribe** reporting for duty, after some weeks holidaying on **The Palm** in Dubai – oh, the pleasures of the **Palm!** (I've also heard that said referring to **Phuket!**) [*Now now, **Humble Scribe**, was that your attempt at irony, so the **Americans** won't understand? – Ed*] Might be! And what's that noise I hear? 'Tis the sound of twenty five dogs barking and yelping around me – oh yes, I've missed that!! I was also reminded of the low ground clearance of my **Honda Click** when negotiating the dirt road up to the **Laager site** today, and so I shall start saving now for the day I have to hand back my bike rental, and pay for an all new undercarriage! It's good to be back, really it is – you ain't heard nuthin' yet !!



### Pre Circle

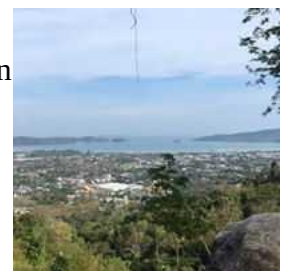


Chaofa West – the Ridge Above PTT [good title for an **Agatha Christie novel** – Ed] **Lead Hare** this week is **Prince Charles Lookalike Fucking Tosser** (henceforth known as **PCLFT**) He possesses encyclopaedic knowledge of this area, but (I'm guessing, to share any potential blame) was aided and (not) aided by **JC** (and son) and **Fungus**. His audience of 118 passionate **Hashers** (including 2 **Wirgins** (it's a Thai thing!), 8 **Visitors** and 5 **Visiting Hashers**) respectfully chatted amongst themselves as he gave the instructions / safety brief for today [*now you know how these **Flight Attendants** feel – Ed*]

He told us there were many dogs out there, so keep your dog on a leash if you don't want to feed it to the local pack. The **walk** is about 3 kms but complicated [*true – Ed*] and the **run** is double that, but straight forward [*not actually straight forward, as that would take you into the sea – oh you will work it out – Ed*] The **GM** joined us at this point?, and asked **Runmaster Fungus** who he was giving the **Hash Horn** to this week. **Fungus** appointed the lovely **On The Game** to place her lips on his instrument, and demonstrate the checking sound of three short blows [*I'm warning you **Humble Scribe** – keep it clean! – Ed*] OK, OK!

### The Run (Climb)

Great location in the heart of bamboo forest, overlooking **Chalong Bay**, with Big Buddha guarding us. The walk had me dizzy with its twists and turns, and the pathways all seemed to be 45 degrees slopes – and some steps cut out of the steep down slopes would have been nice. Come on **Hares**, you have to earn all these down downs you are going to get back in the **circle**. But I enjoyed every bit of it – good run.



## The Circle

GM blew his three minute countdown to **Circle up**, and we were into the intellectual part of the day [now I know you are taking the piss, **Humble Scribe** – Ed] (Don't know what you mean?) GM called the **Hares** into the circle for a well deserved **down down**, and told the **Hash Circle** to start deciding if today was a **Good Run**, or if **Hash Shit** was a proper verdict, and to bring any **Run Offences** to his attention. Next in for a **down down** was **Hash Horn**, to shouts of **Good Horn** (mainly by **Fungus**, to be fair!) **Lucky Lek** next came forward, and after some reference to a Ladyboy?, announced **Anullments** :-



That was **Mister Fister**'s cue to give us the "**Full Monty**" on the **Poo Ying Hash Run** next day, and to give his mini-me **Mister Wanker** a speaking part in the proceedings – a **Steward Spot** in the near future? Too soon?

(On reflection, maybe the expression "**Full Monty**" is more fitting to be used for **Iron Pussy** events – from what I have heard – only rumours though – don't quote me on that! – can I come and watch one? – I'm joking !)

Next up was a heartfelt appeal from **GM**, because of our dwindling choice of **Laager sites**, expansion of construction sites, and some others not allowing us back, for the **Hares** to revisit **Laager sites** soon after a **run**, and ensure they are in a clean state.



GM called in **Not Cleaver** and his **co-hares** for next week to give us an advance telling off about next week's venue **Red Mountain**, that while on **Recce** this week, the **Hares** were approached and told by **Management** that no cars were to be allowed on site (except the **beer truck**), and specifically no smoking allowed, on pain of death, then being banished to a faraway land to consider their heinous crime. [A trifle harsh punishment there **Humble Scribe**, and I suspect you have exaggerated the actual truth – Ed] Whatever!



GM called in **PCLFT** who, with **Ejackulator** had sponsored today's **run # 1776** by presenting commemorative named **run shirts** to all **Hares** still active on the **Saturday Hash** who had participated in 10 or more **Hare** activities, and after much winking and tears, extended the freebie to **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler** and **Top Off** for their "almost there" totals of 9 **Hares** – to cries of Ice the Bastards [cruel but fair – Ed]



**Mister Fister** called in **On The Game** and **Master Baker** to clarify their conversation about how to blow while still running. Turned out to be a misunderstanding involving the **Hash Horn** – oops! They're true blue – Down Down

The **Hares** assembled in the circle, and **JC** proceeded to educate the **Hash Circle** in the intricacies of carrying out **PCFLT**'s instructions for his part of the route laying, as written in crayon on a very basic map. So enthralled were the **Hash Circle**, that they sung the down down song, and **Not Cleaver** brought a chair out for **JC** as he was clearly going to be there for some time. Basically, the message was not to involve **Fungus** if possible!







**GM** called in **Ice Arse** and **Jiggly Jugs** to act out a romantic Valentine Day flower giving event – on ice – a format which could have been snapped up by Netflix, were it not for **Mister Fister** bringing it all down to **Hash** level with his rendition of “left leg over my shoulder, right leg over my shoulder, mumble mumble mmmm, mmmm, “ They’re true blue – down down..



**Manneken Pis** called **La Lasagne** into the **circle**, as a shining example of a victim of a drink too many on the **Iron Pussy**. But there was a Happy Ending [*don't go there Humble Scribe! – Ed*] It's not what you think! – she is the only person we know who has managed to negotiate the **fine** down to a manageable level. She's true blue – down down (with water?)



**Top Off** was called into the **circle**, and he called in a group of **FRBs** and complained to them that they asked him to go checking out a non existent trail – and when he turned round after 100 metres, they had all gone!! Then visiting **Hasher Stiletthoe** (out of Beijing) commented that he just needed to follow the noise of **Top Off's** running commentary on terrorists in Mumbai – for which he was **iced!** (Life is cruel – huh!)



**Lucky Lek** was called into the **circle**, said something about the Royal Family I did not hear, and left again – he's true blue...

**Swollen Colon** came to the support of **Top Off**. He said he is always being picked on, and recalled being in a restaurant with him, and someone asked them how they felt after the 9 / 11 attack? He didn't do himself any favours by replying that him and his pals were really upset that day because they had lost 14 of their best guys in the attack. He's true blue – down down

**GM** called **Stiletthoe** back in for a **down down** – he's true blue...

**GM** called in **Lesser Dipshit** who brought in the **Hares** because he had a tale to tell about this week's run involving – guess who? – yes, **Fungus**. **PCFLT** had told him that **Fungus** was out laying the paper when, oh dear, he's supposed to turn left but turns right, and proceeds to lay a **falsie** trail for 1.3 Kms. **PCFLT** came to the rescue and sorted it out. So **Fungus** fucked up again, and **PCFLT** sorted it out – they're true blue – **down down...**



**GM** called for **Jiggly Jugs** (and got them). He also called in **Not Cleaver** and **Jaws**, and put both on ice. (By this time, a second slab of ice was in place, so they had one each!) **Jiggly Jugs** summoned several other offenders onto the ice, and told us that instead of cleaning the **Laager** sites after a run, they just stand here after hours getting pissed instead. [*interesting Humble Scribe – Ed*]



**Secret Agent Dick Gobbler** bounded into the **circle** – he had something on his mind! He is a big traditionalist, and as far as he knew, the **Hash** was started by a group who were interested in **running, smoking doobies and drinking beer**. He brought the **GM** into the circle and told him there was no way he could stop long term **Hashers** from their long term habits, and that next week he will lock himself in his vehicle and re-enact the Cheech and Chong episode where the car cabin fills with smoke from his doobie – loud cheers from the **circle** members!

There was then a bit of an argument about whether smoking was totally banned after all – or just for us to clear away the evidence afterwards [..and?? – Ed] Don't look at me!!

**Top Off** came in to do his **Steward Spot**. He started off with run offences, and put a load of people on the ice who had impeded his progress on the run, starting with **FA Cup**. He was then interrupted by the baying **Hash** mob who were not impressed by several sets of vehicles crossing the circle and, of course, blamed the **Hares** for having the **Laager** site in the wrong place! He asked for people born under Aquarius – but only one person admitted to this, and similarly under the starsign Pisces. **Fungus** said that only Chinese people know when they were born and he did not know his starsign [*I thought everyone knew their starsign* **Humble Scribe** – Ed]

He called the **Hares** into the **circle**, and he told us about his **Virgin** run all these years ago with **JC** as **lead Hare**, and his next run was a **Tinmen run**, also with **JC** as **Hare**. How innocent and naive he was back then, shocked by the name calling, excessive drinking, and **Hash shit** – but he's ok with it all now – but his point was, apart from now loving it all, was his appreciation of the hard work of the **Hares** – they're true blue – down down.

He went on to entertain the circle with couple of things which I didn't hear!!

**GM** thanked **Top Off** for his **Steward Spot** – he's true blue – down down



There was more interruptions from traffic passing through the **Laager**, and more shout from the circle for **ice** punishment for the **Hares**.



**GM** called **Jaws** and **Repressed One** to be iced for talking on the **circle**.

**Repressed one** said he was sniffing his beer bottle, and **Jaws** asked if it was a fine vintage – to which **Jaws** replied “Eau de vinegar”! To the mild amusement of the **Circle**. (and to think, with my journalistic prowess, I could be covering the Iowa Caucus or the UK Brexit instead of this shit!) [*you have to start somewhere* **Humble Scribe** – Ed]

**GM** also called **PCFLT** and **Ejackulator** (eventually) into the circle, where they suffered merciless mocking of their **Hare** shirt's heroic horseback icons of 1776 and all that [*well, I spotted your fine examples of alliteration in the last sentence, and your parody of the famous book '1066 and all that'* **Humble Scribe** – Ed] (thanks – maybe I'm not totally wasted here?) Anyway, **GM** thanked them for their kind sponsorship of the **Hares** shirts – they're true blue – **down down**.



**Na Hee Man** was called into the **circle**, and he called in **Mister Fister** for his excellent arranged trip to **Nepal** last year. But some things had gone unsaid, and **Swollen Colon** had some inside information about the antics of **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler (SADG)**. Over in Nepal, he was making a big fuss, and the lovely **FA Cup** told us that she had been looking forward to the walk down, but her husband did not want to walk anymore, asking for helicopters out. Much protestations from **SADG** but the **Hash** chorus drowned him out with the **Bullshit** song. So here's to the bullshitting hero – he's true blue.



Then **Lesser Dipshit** called **Piss Drinker** into circle, and put him on the **ice**. His crime? It was his birthday next day! Cue the **Hash chorus** “Happy Birthday you cunt, happy birthday you cunt etc” – sung with great feeling!

The twin blocks of ice were being put to good use, with the **Hares** being iced for their position of the **Laager** site on a main thoroughfare, and some less than suitable footwear by couple of others – they’re true blue.....



**Piss Drinker** recalled **Stiletthoe** (out of Beijing – but it may as well be Wuhan because he has now got the blame for spreading the Coronavirus to everyone on the **Hash**!) He was also subjected to the “**Oh Yeah**” war dance “if it wasn’t for his mother, he’d be a spot of cum” – he’s true blue....

**Swollen Colon** called **Twice Nightly** into the **circle** and recalled his fantasy from earlier in the day. At one point we had to cross some barbed wire [*does anyone remember calling it ‘bad wire’ when we were kids – Ed*] Anyway, **Mister Fister** got caught up in it, and he and **Twice Nightly** helped untangle the poisonous barbs from his left testicle. Then it was **Twice Nightly**’s turn to cross the hazard, and **Swollen Colon** was thinking “please get caught in the wire – please get caught in the wire!” Hearty dirty laughs from the male contingent – they’re true blue..



**GM** called for **Hash Wirgins** and **Wisitors**, but they had left early – and so it was **Wisiting Hashers** in the **circle** – **Wet Fuzz Tony** from Abu Dhabi / **Peter Molloy** from New Zealand, and **Stiletthoe**, the popular Coronavirus spreader from Beijing / London They all said they thought the beer was good, so **GM** said thanks, and come back again!

**GM** asked if anyone was departing, and was that **PCFLT** in the line up – getting a bit dark by now, so missing out on the finer details!

**GM** called in **Justin Beaver** for a **High Number run shirt** presentation to **Pole Position** – ‘helped’ by **Not Cleaver**, who appeared to be a little rusty in the removal of her old shirt – but soon got into it aided by the shouts of encouragement from the suddenly enthusiastic male members. [*very subtle Humble Scribe – Ed*] I have my moments!

Anyway, it was time for the **Hares** into the circle for the people’s vote on the **chant -ometer**. The **Hares** got a rousing stream of verses to welcome them into the **circle**.

**Murkury** stepped in to point out a miscarriage of justice from last week, where **Hash Shit** was handed out accidentally. Then it was on with the people’s vote, and **Good Run** was the runaway winner. So **PCFLT**’s 100 percent record of **good runs** was preserved yet again.

**GM** finished the day by announcing that **once weekly** and **twice nightly** were voted the **Hash Valentine** couple for 2020, and with that, the **circle** was closed.

**THE END**

**Humble Scribe Ejackyoulate**  
(Amazing photos by Tequila Slapper – thank you x)

**See you all Next Week**

**On On**