



# Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



Scribe Report Run # 1728- Saturday 16 Mar 2019

AKA

Komplet Kaos Komes to Kathu Kurtesy of K\*\*\*s

**PLEASE NOTE THAT THE RUN ON SATURDAY 23 MARCH STARTS AT 15:30 (HALF PAST THREE IN THE AFTERNOON) DUE TO THE ELECTION ALCOHOL SALES BAN.**



The 7 P's were clearly missing this week but where to start. Given that the election had been announced weeks ago minds had clearly been distracted by the Outstation Run. No one had thought to bring this week's run forward by 30 minutes to get around the alcohol ban coming into effect at 1800hrs. This resulted in people turning up on time, only to find the GM had kicked off the run 10 minutes early in order to make up some time. To top it off, someone had messed with the Bus Schedule, resulting in an unnecessary detour and stop (if you are not involved with the bus PLEASE keep your nose out of it).

In and amongst the chaos Lead Hare Dr Fucking Jekyll and his acolytes tried to brief the run. As people were rushing around trying to get water and clucking like chickens this proved to be awkward as well. Dr Fucking Jekyll sent the short cutters off on Blue Paper and turned his attention to the Runners- what could possibly go wrong?

Instructions were given out- 'Go up to meters you will find paper going off to the right'- turned out to be the operative word. Despite it Horn would be split between 5 mid-pack runners decided to go off script as usual. Hash Horn was so what could possibly go wrong? Hardon and road like scalded cats, completely ignored the the dam. The picture shows the last we saw of



the road, turn left and after a hundred what could be simpler? 'Simple' being arranged that in future Hash Runmaster Secret Agent Dick Gobbler given to an extremely pissed Hardon the other RUNNERS took off down the instructions and went for a run around them.

HASHERS, led by the indomitable and turned right at the correct point on calling to get the RUNNERS back, to no avail. sensible enough to stick with us but only

On we went on extremely well laid lot of effort into this, along with Virgin Hare Front Runners, 3 km in and STILL no Front encountered another group that hadn't group of short cutters that had hit the merge round on paper. Back down to the loop road depleted dam only to FINALLY encounter the laager having not been on paper the entire least one Muppet would have figured it out!



Bullet Rash heeded the instructions blatantly obvious paper, frantically Not Long Enough was the only one because he had started late.

trails- it was clear that Dr FJ had put a Sweaty Bollocks. 2km in and no Runners. Just after the pond we bothered to listen to instructions- a point and carried on the wrong way and a walk in along a severely Front Runners. They were back in the time- you would have thought at

The circle started as soon as the GM was ready and recriminations were bubbling under everywhere. Hares in and thanked for their efforts- a Virgin Hare shirt to Sweaty Bollocks who has had an interesting initiation into the dark arts of Haring and Dr FJ with a well-deserved 25 Hare shirt in recognition of his efforts over the years. His donning of the shirt resulted in shouts of 'somebody shave that monkey' and other derisive comments. Well done for finally joining the Jedi after all these years- the 35<sup>th</sup> person to achieve 25 or more Hares. Hopefully, his knee will not blow out and he will be able to continue laying excellent trails in the future.

7 Virgins in next, although it was debatable whether or not some were actually Virgins. They all got a beer and iced anyway. Manneken Pis was iced for talking over the GM then Mr Fister and Cumscrapper were welcomed to their 7<sup>th</sup> decade, along with Short Circuit with a couple of years on them- HBYCs. SADG, NLE and King Klong were then questioned as to whether they shared the same hairdresser- or was that Sheep Shearer?

Returners in next: Minnie Mouse (to a chorus of 'Who Ate all the Pies'), Hum Yai and a threesome from Rawai who don't normally come as its dangerous on the bike. Lucky Lek's Annulments followed, with Murkury making the error of starting his with 'seriously' leading to peals of laughter. Just In Beaver received his 50 Run shirt, fortuitously choosing not to model it and Who the Fuck is Alice DID model his 555 shirt, even though he had no clue what it was about. Transporter later attempted to explain it to him again later, to no avail.

Bumscrapper and Cumscrapper on the trail (at least they didn't shit in Murkury's one) as the Dalmatians It's about time the Hash Horn was



were punished yet again for dog offences the circle (the dogs that is), unlike managed to take out yet another runner. issued with a gun.

The GM then decided to do a bit of advertising on the hash- trying to flog off Hash hats at B500, quickly reduced to B400 when he was ridiculed.

A few quick run Steward saw Dr FJ quite paying not the slightest bit instructions and screwing established that the Hash scattered paper because a) falsies anyway having been he didn't want to wear the understood the financial hash was currently us money by not laying that so he was doubled up. parade comparing different thingies defied belief.



offences as fillers before the rightly berating the FRBs for of attention to the run up big style. It was Horn hadn't blown it or he never hit any checks or off paper the entire run, b) horn out and c) he difficulties (BULLSHIT) the encountering so was saving paper. Nobody bought into We then had a fashion footwear as MP's bootie

The clock was ticking so in with Semen as the Steward. He started with the Hares. then onto the 6 Nations (?) rugby, which didn't make sense as apparently a choice of three teams and a game would lead to one winner. This totally baffled those of us who thought two teams normally compete in a match but it turned out to be something about points I think. Piss Drinker was thanked for comforting Go Go Trump on the Outstation Run by covering her with a blanket when she got a bit tired and emotional (that's his story and he's sticking with it), falling asleep on the beach. Rampant Rabbit was iced for talking and then doubled up for claiming to have had ten beers the first afternoon and never leaving the pool, despite it turning an interesting shade of yellow during his tenure.

To Be a Cunt turned out not to be one as having failed in his attempts to hire a bike headed off to Krabi to get one. Misunderstanding the cabbie and thinking he had said it was 4-5km to Krabi TBAC returned 90km later still bike-less, and missing a few shekels as he did not have the heart to get the driver to turn around. At least he had a pleasant drive. Fortunately we were spared the demonstration of the Invisible man, Piss Drinker, and others version of Drunken Dirty Dancing. The Irish in for a (booze-free) St Patrick's Day on Sunday and Master Baker in for being a 'Champion' runner (and new Grandfather). Grumbling Bitch was caught out making a comment about 'sexy grandfathers'.

Semen finished off with a version of 'The Engineer's Song' (better known by its chorus of 'a-Hum, Titty-bum')-a great spot and well within our forced upon cut-off time.

With the clock ticking, and King Klong looking anxiously at his watch, a few more run offences were crammed in. MP gave the GM shit as he, Fat Bastard, Not Long Enough and a few others had actually turned up on time for registration this week only to find it closed. The GM had berated them in the past for failing to register on time, only to bring the run forward so they were 'late' yet again.

Invisible Man and Minnie Mouse were chastised for new shoes- it was pointed out that she had the expensive ones and IM had the Cheap Charlies doesn't have a boyfriend to buy the was ruefully nodding his head in what he paid for Twice Nightly's



on. The difference is that HE expensive shoes (Once Weekly agreement at this point- don't ask shoes!).

Buttplug had Mr Fister in for wanting to venture downtown the night down but there may be children reading



debating his allowance off Oh Yeah on before on his birthday and how it broke this so no further comment.

At this point the Hares Kaptain Kaos returned with a singing led to the Junior to be a Good Run as he had get it) despite the hiccups not of Circle didn't really get a chance as it appeared to be a done deal. Runmaster (who had allocated running Numpty in the first chaos) to get Hash Shit fell on Fungus trying to divest himself of



were called in and vengeance. A lack of Runmaster considered it 'won' (he STILL doesn't the Hares' making. The to voice their opinions Calls for the other Hash Horn to a front place, leading to the deaf ears, despite the Toilet Seat.

The GM basically gave up at this point as things had just deteriorated into a melee so the Circle was closed by the skin of our teeth and no police presence.

There may have been Departers (Grumbling Bitch and Semen), given the hugs and tears on the bus at the Expat Drop-off but they fell by the wayside yet again. If they have gone come back soon, it they haven't CYA next week.

On, On

No Hope

**Comment:** Apparently, there is a Super Secret Committee Meeting this week but nothing has been announced or an agenda made public. One wonders what they are plotting to do with OUR money as no accounts have been made available either! Hopefully, answers will be available next Saturday.

Edit: The Scribe report will be updated if more pictures become available.