



# Phuket Hash House Harriers

"A Drinking Club With A Running Problem"



## Scribe Report for the Saturday Hash Run # 1745 – 13<sup>th</sup> July 2019

Welcome reader, to this weeks' thrilling instalment in the long running saga (clever huh?) about the ageing farangs of Phuket and their carers. This week, the show starts on an idyllic island in the middle of **Nai Harn Lake**. A cast of 123 people – some gorgeous, some quite scary, have been flown in to put themselves through physical hell (or wherever their religion has its nasty place).

This was an all-**French** affair this week (and the French know all about affairs!) and the **Hares** were **Who The Fuck Is Alice (WTFIA)**, **Heru**, **Kiss my Ring** and **Tony**.



### Pre Circle and Run

**GM** called **Hares** and **Runmaster Fungus** into the circle. To keep the French theme, **Fungus** declared **Tootsie** as le **Hash Horn** for this week, and since the **Hares** had forgotten to lay pink paper, he would be running, blowing the horn, and spreading pink paper. A quick test of the horn, then it was 'Toot Toot' Tootsie – goodbye' (one for the older ones there – i.e. most of us!)



**WTFIA** dressed as a caricature **Froggy** with his **Beret**, **Gilet Jaune**, **Tricolour** flag and drinking from a bottle of wine (what? No onions hanging from a stick over his shoulder?) gave the run instructions including warnings of no paper till 5 Kms out into the run, some paper, some pink ribbons. Then we were off – let the walking / running version of the **Tour de France** commence!



Lovely day for a walk – so I did just that. Off the island, turn left towards the beach, along the beach (mm – nice views – and the sea was lovely too!) first hill climb up to the road – get breath back, then off to the jungle again for another climb – up and down some ancient stone steps. Then – quelle surprise – a nice **wine stop** to replace the wine we had sweated out so far – down down.

Then a nice leisurely walk down the road? Ooh la la, non, non, non it was back into the jungle, this time a bit wet and slippery, finally exiting on the Eastern side of the lake. A few cuts and bruises – I hope **King Klong** was OK – I saw blood pouring down his arm! Overall, most enjoyable – loved it!



## The Circle



**Fungus** asked the circle to be upstanding for **GM, Wilma**, who cat-walked into the circle dressed to kill (a dinosaur?)

**GM** called in the **hares** for a well deserved down down. Then **Hash Horn** was thanked for a job well done.

**Manneken Pis** was promoted to the rank of **Whipping Boy** to the **GM** – to accept the rewards/punishments for any fuck-ups by the **GM** – what a hero!

**Lucky Lek** entered the circle, signed a few autographs for fans, announced “**Annulments**” bowed to his adoring audience, and left again.

Information was given about the **Poo Ying** run next day – unfortunately the wrong information about the start point – until it was pointed out and corrected to **Born Loser’s** house.



**GM** called in **Rooms to Let 50 cents** (after getting her name wrong couple of times – down downs for **Manneken Pis**) He was completing the last part of the walk – a particularly slippery downhill stage, and helped **Rooms to Let 50 cents** down to safety. She of course saw it the other way round, and begged me not to include this in the scribe – so I won’t. (oops!)

**Fungus** called **Tootsie** into the circle, and informed us that, as he reached a roadside barrier, **Tootsie** told him to go ahead, but then blasted his horn right in his ear – so here’s to someone who has earned **Hash Horn** for next week too!



**GM** called **Secret Agent Dick Gobbler(SADG)** into the circle. He reminded us of last week, when the parked car blocked the exit from the **Laager**. **Hares** into the circle. He understood that the **hares** made it clear no parking in the **Laager**, and to leave it perfect. But he noticed two concrete posts were missing.

**Fungus** said that red tape was across the entrance, and – call **Butt Plug** to circle – said that his son and someone else took the red tape and ran off into the jungle with it – so it was their fault! (Na na nana na!!) However we have a photo of someone removing the posts – so we will blame him – (seems like blame anyone except Fungus to me..Ed.) ---down down.

**Not Cleaver** was not happy (how unusual!) “What a wanker **Fungus** – blaming 2 seven year olds for a parking problem – get on the fucking ice!!” He then proceeded to rant about “The Maze” incident last week (See last week’s scribe report..Ed.)

**Manneken Pis** entered the circle, identified himself as the **Steward Chaser** – and told **Not Cleaver** that he did not remember appointing him as **Steward** this week!! – here’s to the wannabe steward...

Back came **Not Cleaver** – cries of “sort him out **GM**” – he called in **Murkury**, **Manneken Pis** and **Gorgeous You Wanker** to circle. **Not Cleaver** said he and **Gorgeous** got lost in a bar just up the road, got a little pissed, and he got confused. He admitted he is not **Steward** for today – but he is for the **Poo Ying** run tomorrow. He then backed out of the circle, apologising and muttering “good Run” – the grovelling bastard!! – he’s true blue...

**GM** called **Invisible Man** to circle. He said, at one point **Fungus** was behind him, then **Gay Pigfucker** zoomed past them both, and started up the hill. **Fungus** was bellowing for **Gay Pigfucker** to keep climbing although no paper – and doing all the checking – here’s to lazy bastard **Fungus**....

**GM** called **Jaws** to circle. **Jaws** called in **Creature from the Blue Lagoon**. **Jaws** said he was wandering by the lake, and saw **Creature** running the wrong way. She explained that she had arrived late, and was lost. **Jaws** showed his sympathetic side by informing her she was a fucking idiot, and was in the wrong place completely – here’s to the worst checker in the world.....

**Fungus** in the circle – called in **Title** and **Masarap**. He said that **Title** is a runner, but can be very laid back, taking photos, but when **Masarap** (also a runner) went past him today, he was suddenly inspired to start running again – here’s to a nice butt, and inspiration.....



**GM** called **Tootsie**. **Tootsie** called in the **Hares**. He wanted to share some inside information about the hares this week. (It seems we have a 5<sup>th</sup> columnist in their midst)

**Who The Fuck Is Alice (WTFIA)** apparently doesn’t know his left from right (ne sait pas gauche de droite), and also spent 5 of the 10 recce’s missing at hospital. (gasps from the circle) Next **hare** also only 5 out of 10 recce’s. (more gasps) Next **hare** likes to save the planet, and only puts paper every 1 Km. So there was really only one **hare** this week – but anyway, thanks for the wine, and it was a good run – they’re true blue....

**GM** ordered **SADG** into the circle. He called in **WTFIA**, and he pointed out to the assembled masses that the French theme for today was not authentic, as the French **Hares** (lievres) had served Australian wine at the wine stop – shock, horror!! – down down....



**GM** called **Manneken Pis** to circle. He told us that some of the **Front Running Bastards (FRBs)** were guilty of not stopping at the Wine Stop for a quickie (tirer un coup en vitesse) in case they lost their position in the race. **Tootsie** was the main offender, and so was put on ice with the dreaded helmet of fear – sorry – beer!!... down down

**Not Cleaver** called in all Australians – the perfect cue for the song “All Australians are born illegitimate .... bastards through and through”. Then he brought in the English, and recounted in his calm and collected manner, that the Aussies had turned up on Thursday at his home town Edgbaston Birmingham allegedly to play cricket – and managed – in a one day game – to lose by 8 fucking wickets. The bunch of Aussie wankers – they’re true blue.....

**Fungus** called in **Boner** and **3G** from the Perth (Australia) **Hash**. He complimented them on their organising skills in finding Phuket, and iced them – complete with beer helmets – here’s to the Perth pricks – they’re true blue....

**GM** called upon **Jaws** and **WTFIA** Beer helmets were duly administered to the ex (now human) **GM** s Present (deity status) **GM** was amused with the way these ex **GM** s talk to ex **GM** s and **Hares** – fuck off you old cunt (for example) – then **WTFIA** had a major spillage from his helmet (insert helmet joke here – I don’t have time!)

**GM** presented **Kiss My Ring** with his (yellow) 25 **Hares** shirt (with zero **Hash Shit** – well done!)



**GM** welcomed **Repressed One** into the circle to perform his **Steward** spot – and warned us that some Irish stuff was coming our way. He entered the circle, with his book of Irish jokes in his hand. He said “I don’t wish to be cold, crass, cruel, misogynistic (I’ll bet that was mis-spelled in his book!) or disrespectful to ethnic minorities – but that’s the way I am – so tough!!

An Irishman dies, goes to hell, and meets the devil, who says to him. “OK , you have 3 doors in front of you. Pick one, and that is where you will remain for eternity.” Paddy says “Fair enough” He opens door number one, and inside, everyone is walking on broken glass – no fucking way!! He opens door number two, and sees a torture chamber – people with their testicles in G-clamps – and worse (because some people are known to pay for the G-clamp option) – fuck that too!! The devil says “you only have one door left before you choose” He opens it and sees a gorgeous girl on her knees, doing the business on the most repulsive man known to man – really ugly with festering sores and things. Paddy thinks for a second, then tells the devil “well, if that’s for eternity, then that will do for me” The devil says fair enough, then shouts into the room “OK Suzie, please come out of there” – titters all round from the circle!

His next true story involved a very drunk Irishman (getting more believable now!) who was stumbling back from a bar, down a very dark alley. He sees something in the shape of a woman up ahead, who asks him if he wants sex? OK he says “how much?” (not necessarily in that order) Twenty dollars she says. So they get down to business in the dark alley. Suddenly, a policeman appears and says “ello ‘ello ‘ello, what’s going on here?” Paddy stammers “I’m only having sex with my wife” Policeman says “Oh I’m sorry – I didn’t know” Paddy says “Neither did I till you shone your torch at us” Applause applause

There was an Irishman and a Mormon sitting next to each other on a plane. The Steward asks if they want a drink (see, they have Steward spots on planes too!) Anyway, Paddy asks for a double whisky. Next he asks the Mormon what he would like. The Mormon says “I would rather be bum-fucked by a horde of dirty women” Paddy says “ wait a minute – I didn’t realise there was a choice”  
Boos of approval!

Next he asked what our spelling was like, and brought Not Cleaver into the circle (good or bad example?), and asked “What did the dyslexic devil worshipper do?” Don’t know? “He sold his soul to Santa ! “ [get it? Anagram of Satan? Way too contrived for an Irishman!] Another one – “Did you hear about the insomniac, dyslexic, agnostic Irishman ?” No, do tell. “He stayed up all night, wondering if there really is a dog!” [and you thought the last joke was contrived?]

The **Repressed One** continued “Anyone regard themselves as a romantic person?” Enter **SADG** into the circle. Our Irish host said “This is a romantic story. As he looked into her eyes, tears started to form , he started to get weak at the knees, and butterflies in his stomach – and that’s when he realised he had drunk the wrong glass.”

He was over at **Top Off**’s house last night for a meal. At the end of the meal, **Top Off** suddenly burst into song “Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes”. **RO** asked what that was all about, and Top Off replied “ that was the contents of the kebab you just had!”

Does anyone here look like Michael Jackson? He asked. Michael Jackson, a white man, a black man, and a paedo walked into a bar – and he orders a drink. --more approving boos / cheers

They found Michael Jacksons body out at sea – sprawled over a buoy [need to use the British pronunciation for this one..Ed]

What’s the difference between Neil Armstrong and Michael Jackson? Don’t know. Tell me. “One was the first man to walk on the moon, and the other fucks kids” [does the hash have lawyers?..Ed]

**RO** asked how long he had been rambling on for? Someone shouted “since you started”, and another, somewhat predictably shouted “too long”. So he decided to lighten the conversation, and talk about incest. Who else but **The Blue Harlot** into the circle – surely the man synonymous with such subject matter, and life long student of the depraved and perverse lifestyles we all share here in Phuket [I’ve been asked to point out this is not strictly true – speak for yourself naughty scribe!..Ed]

There was this teenage girl, desperate to go to the disco with her friends. She knew her parents would not be too happy about this, so went downstairs to the living room. Her father was there, and she asked “please daddy, can I go to the disco tonight with my friends?” He said “Well, I’m not too happy about it, but there is one thing you can do for me, if you want to go” She said “What’s that daddy dear?” Daddy says “You can suck me off” She replied “What?? That’s disgusting”, and she stormed off upstairs to her bedroom. Soon she was receiving Whatsapps from her friends telling her about the good times she was missing at the disco – so she thought “It can’t be that bad” So downstairs once more, and she said to daddy “OK daddy, I will do it, and give me money to go out with”. He said “Fair enough”, and whipped his little man out, and she started sucking it. After a few seconds she said “Daddy, this tastes like shit!” He said “Yes, your little brother wanted to go out earlier!”

**RO** finished to thunderous applause / shrieks and groans. **GM** thanked him for his **Steward** spot – here’s to the **Steward** – didn’t understand a word of it – but he’s true blue.....



**GM** called one of the **virgins** in, to go on the ice with double down helmet – and why not? Well done you!!

**GM** called all **Virgins** in the circle – August, Mol, Bianca, Connor, Ruth and Gavin? **Fungus** got the unsuspecting victims lined up for the initiation ceremony, and they all got soaked. Hey Presto – instant **Hashers** “Why were they born so beautiful”... down down Welcome to the **Phuket Hash**.



**GM** called in a **Visiting Hasher** and **Bianca** for a run offence. He said the **Visiting Hasher** should know rule 6 is “no kissing at the circle” Here’s to the guy who breaks Rule 6 .... down down down.



**GM** called **Visiting Hashers** into circle. **Invisible Man** – (on the ice!!!) called out the names. Four from **Singapore** (Do they all have to rhyme now?..Ed) **Dripping Wet, Horse’s Penis, Maggot and Numb Butt**. Two from the **Perth Hash** – **Boner and 3G**. **Nipples Kamikaze** from **Osaka Hash** and **Shagpile** from the **Dubai Creek Hash** (now that’s a great Hash..Ed) **GM** welcomed them and hoped they enjoy their day. They’re true blue .....

They entertained us with songs from their respective **Hashes**, and earned another down down from **GM**.

**Nipples Kamikaze**, originally from the ‘**Kinky Fully Moons?**’ in **Oasaka** had some nipple patches to give out to anyone who flashed a tit – men or women. Cue song “get your tits out for the boys”... “I’ve got a song – it isn’t very long (it wasn’t!) .... down down down [and by the way, he had an amazing voice, and a great repertoire of songs – well done – we need more of this!!]



**GM** called for run offences. **Murkury** into circle. He called in **Fungus**, and asked him why he told the **Virgins** he would count down from 3 to zero, the proceed to start the count at One – how are you going to reach fucking zero if you start at one and count up?? .... down down down

**Returners** into the circle. Fig Jam is back. **GM** said it was good to see them back – they’re true blue.....

**Manneken Pis** into circle. **Billy No Mates** had started the run early (or something equally serious) so – on the ice!!



**Manneken Pis** told us that **Repressed One** was asked to do the **Steward** spot 3 weeks ago, but his girlfriend was not well, so he sent an email saying cannot do the **Hash**. I said to him “I really need you to do this soon”. He said OK, fuck the girlfriend I’ll come next week. He’s true blue.....

**GM** asked for **Departers** in the circle, and we said goodbye to **Tulips** for Summer... down down to the tune of “Fuck off you cunts”

**GM** called **Fig Jam** back in for a Birthday song “Happy Birthday you cunt ... down down



**Macfurer**, **Blue Harlot** and **Tootsie** called in by **GM**, who then pointed out the complicated ways that different countries speak their numbers – the French for eighty something is four times twenty then add – oh bollocks – they’re true blue....

**SADG** called **Manneken Pis** and **FA Cup** to get a popularity vote from the circle – who was the most popular?? Turned out it was **Manneken Pis** – so **SADG** then called **FA Cup** a loser (like himself? Yes!) ...down down



**Kaiser Bill** called in for his 333 **run shirt** – awesome stuff, and got the ladies all excited changing into it .... Down down



**Campari** came into circle – called in **Twice Nightly** and **FA Cup** (after fuck-up with her name) and told us they had won a competition, and their prize was anything they wanted from the sexy shop. They started from the first floor, with the little gadgets, and worked themselves up to the fifth floor where the big sexy things were. Anyway, they saw



something they wanted, but what they thought was a huge dildo on the wall, turns out to be a fire extinguisher. Then **Campari** sets off the extinguisher round the circle. Unfortunately, this had the effect of scaring **Campari**'s dog off towards the lake. But the rest of the circle enjoyed it.

A couple of visiting **hashers** enjoyed a photocall with the helmets on the ice, being serenaded in Chinese from the Singapore **Hashers**.



Then it was decision time for the run. Out with the **chant-ometer!!** **Hares** into the circle. One missing already – **hash shit??** **Fungus** considered the situation – we had issues today – like no run directions. **WTFIA** complained that he was given the **Hash Shit** from 12 thousand Kms away (and put on the ice, thanks to **Tootsie's** mobile phone!) **Fungus** started to talk with him, till **Manneken Pis** pointed out that he doesn't understand him!!

So, eventually the loud chants for “**Good Run**” drowned out the silence (not difficult) for **Hash Shit**, and so **WTFIA** was relieved of the **Hash Shit** from his neck. Who will get it next week?

After a parting joke from **The Blue Harlot** which is not worth repeating, **GM** closed the circle, and we all went off to complete the action of getting pissed at various venues round this beautiful isle we call home (getting a bit sappy scribe..Ed) Thanks for the wine – nice touch!!

See you all next week

On On

Ejackyoulate your humble scribe.