



PH3 Weekly Hash Sheet

Since 1984

Miles and Miles In The Land Of Smiles
Respecting the laws of Thailand and the dignity of the people



Scribe Report – Run 1774
March 5th 2018
A-SITE EDITION

Next Run 1775 – March 12th 2018
The Birthday Hares Run
VV, Arse van Hole and Two Time

94 Hashers this week! Hares: The Belgian Team Scribe by: Gangreen

Another Monday has rolled on in sunny, sunny Pattaya which means that we all have to get rid of our weekend hangovers and start all over again at our very own PH3 (Accept No Substitutes and please bring correct change). It really is a 'drinking club with a running problem'. But as our beloved PH3 has started to become very 'geriatric' lately, there seem to be more walkers, Beer Hunters and loaf-a-bouts than actual runners nowadays. It is said that running and other forms of exercise will help delay the onset of 'old timers disease' but if you take a gander around our Hash Family, you can tell immediately that it is way too late to do that running crap for most of us. The age keeps going up and the IQ keeps going down. At this rate, we are going to need an ambulance instead of a baht bus to bring us to the A-site. Instead of beer down-downs, they will be passing out 'shots of oxygen'.

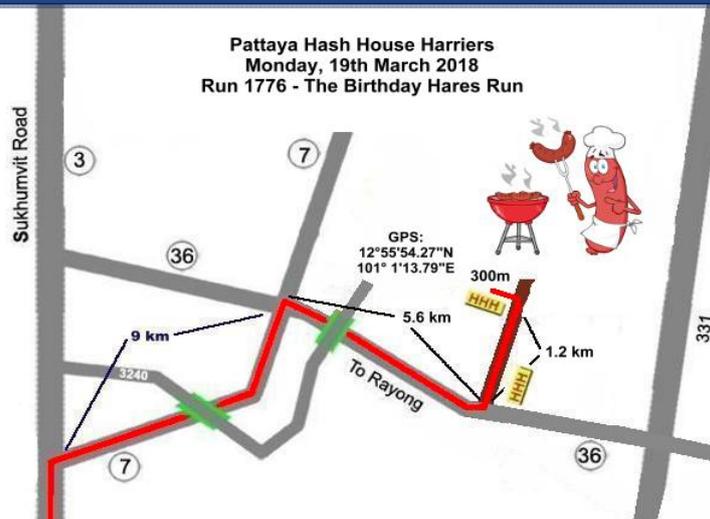
What's a 'douche canoe'? It's a lightweight craft used by douches to move around on the figurative conversational currents to spread their messages of doucheness to new individuals who were blissfully unaware of their existence. It also has cupholders, which is the only redeeming quality of the 'douche canoe'...and that ladies and gentlemen is why I am writing this scribe report today as if it needed any explanation.

My Hash day started of course at the rear of NECROPHILIA (If you want romance then just unzip my pants) NIGHTRIDER's Toyota and portable part-time short time room on wheels. It is usually a very pleasant way to start the festivities just relaxing on those comfy plastic chairs while waiting for WANK-KING'S WANKER to arrive and see just how 'fucked up' he is this week. All I can say is that I do believe that WANK-KING'S WANKER is in the throes of menopause, apparently very cranky and physically uncomfortable, what with hot flashes and the like. Don't worry W.W. once you stop ovulating, you'll start to feel a whole lot better.

I looked over yonder and saw a group of people in some form of a circle and thought that I would mosey over and check it out. Unbeknownst to me, the Hash had started with PUGSLEY and some unknown guy drinking beer from one of their shoes as previously mentioned shoes were of the new variety and had to be christened in the PH3 style. It is always funny to watch when it happens to the 'other guy'. And then it was the Belgians turn to explain to anyone who was actually listening what their run was all about....Surely one person in that group was capable of forming a sentence in English so that we all could understand. I really believe that Helen Keller could have given better run instructions than the "Spanglish" or "Google Translate" that was being mangled by this motley crew of foreigners.

Me? ...I saw REALLY SADISTIC BASTARD and SPAGHETTI HEAD heading down a hill (it was a very small hill) towards a local drinking establishment. Who needs a Hash run when all you really need for some exercise is to try and keep up with these two octogenarian gazelles heading for the comforting arms of some old Thai lady holding a frosty, cold welcoming beer in each hand. It really is a "Hallmark" greeting card moment. The Beer Hunters group is really gaining momentum lately with today's attendance around 10 people. Sadly didn't have time to solve all the world's problems in this sitting but there is always next week to finish to job.

I missed the first part of the circle and FREE WILLY's always Raffle extravaganza (I'll take door #3 Monty) in time for our very own EMPEROR (The Way To My Heart Is Through My Pecker) AIRHEAD. AIRHEAD wasted no time



A-Site Mis-Directions:

From Pattaya Klang, head North on Sukhumvit and take the flyover to Hwy 7. After about 9 km, exit Hwy 7 at Hwy 36 towards Rayong. Continue on Hwy 36 for 5.6 km and turn left (HHH) opposite Bira Race Track. Continue on this road for 1.2 km (HHH) and turn left (HHH) into the dirt track. You will find the A-Site after about 300m.

in icing those pesky Belgian Hares. Even though we all saw their lips moving, nobody had any bloody idea what they were saying about their run. As usual, we just let them rant on for a while, make them drink a beer and then send them back to their main function.... blocking access points to the beer coolers around the rear of the beer truck.

All English transition words and phrases (sometimes also called conjunctive adverbs) do the same work as coordinating conjunctions: they connect two words, phrases or clauses together and thus the text is easier to read and the coherence is improved. Well that's not going to happen here!!! Been trying to read my scribe notes from the last run and it's a struggle....I think it's written in "beeroglyphics" and I don't have a Rosetta Stone to help me out so here are some random thoughts and misty memories.....

It appears that SCAR (Let's get drunk and screw) W/2T'S was a frequent visitor on the PH3 iceberg. Mostly to do with his new bouffant which he claims was in tribute to all the gold medals Norway won at the last Olympics (an Olympic that most of the world gives a rats' ass about). Despite all of the outrageous slings and arrows he had to endure from all of us, SCAR was adamant that he looked 'damn good' flaunting his "Bum Fluff" as our SIR ("Don't Tell Anyone I Fucked You") CHICKEN FUCKER so well put it.

But then we found out that all that fake Norwegian pride was all a sham as STUPID (I Got My Willie Out) KRAUT KUNT bounded into our sacred circle claiming that SCAR was really a Frenchman and had the fake beret and day old baguette to prove it. That was all the evidence (and of course SKK's eloquent babbling) to convince us that SCAR really is from south of the Maginot Line....and in the Hash Court: "You have the right to remain silent as anything you say will probably be stupid anyway".

Pattaya Hash House Harriers – About Us

--- PICKUP POINT ---

Buffalo Bar – Pattaya 3rd Road near Soi Lengke

Every Monday at 3:00. Last Bus leaves at 3:30 promptly.

Run Prices: Male 400B, Female 150B, Children 50B

Please visit our web site www.pattayah3.com

Future Hares, call Hare Raiser Sir Free Willy, 09 90 124 393

Run	Date	Hares	On On
1775	Mar 12	St. Paddy's Day Run	I-Rovers
1776	Mar 19	The Birthday Hares Run	TQ's
1777	Mar 26	Burl Ives and Golden Rivet	Blue Heeler

If you want to be a hare but not sure how, contact **Hare Raiser** and we can help you partner with an experienced hare. Enjoy a great part of hashing – Hare a run!
* Map needed

Hashers Present Previous Week – 68

200 ABSOLUTELY NO FUCKING IDEA; 112 ANAL CHEESE; 78 ARSE VAN HOLE; 641 BALL RINGER; 10 BAVARIAN BASTARD; 69 BEETROOT HEAD; 422 BELL END; 160 BEN 10; 32 BOW TIE; 140 BURL IVES; 129 CAMEL HUMPER; 87 CASPER; 65 CHICKEN DUNDEE; 142 CRAPPER; 40 CROW FUCKER; 108 DEL BOY; 18 DIARRHEA; 127 DIRT LOONEY; 550 DUCHESS TADPOLE; 1433 EMPEROR AIRHEAD; 169 FUZZY LURE; 337 GANGREEN; 807 GENERAL KIDNEY WIPER; 306 GERMAN SHEPHERD; 137 GOLDEN RIVET; 31 GOOSEY GOOSEY GOBBLER; 31 HARBOR QUICKSTART; 69 HARBOR WHORE; 134 HELIUM HEAD; 736 LADY FLIPPER; 384 LIBERACE; 1091 LORD CHICKEN FUCKER; 168 LOST CAUSE; 89 LOVE BOAT; 39 MAEMOT; 67 MAYO QUEEN; 185 MENSTRUAL DISORDER; 217 MENTAL DISORDER; 139 MISS USE ME; 781 MRS. HEAD; 228 NECROPHILIA NIGHT RIDER; 97 NEXT WEEK; 230 NO MORE CUM; 142 PAPRIKA SMILEY; 29 PAROU PAROU; 68 PINK DOLPHIN; 97 POCKET SOCKET; 53 POLE FUCKER; 86 RAT VON KIEL; 234 ROBBING BASTARD; 84 RUDI VOELLER; 275 SCAR W/2TS; 731 SIR ARSE-A-HOLIC; 758 SIR FREE WILLY; 762 SIR REALLY SADISTIC BASTARD; 918 SIR SPAGHETTI HEAD; 49 SMOKEY TRUCKY FUCKY; 14 SMOKEY'S NANNY; 138 SPECIAL PRICE; 112 SPERM POLLUTER; 475 SQUEEZE MY TUBE; 87 STREET CLEANER; 455 TAMPAX; 81 THE WIZARD; 15 TRAFALGAR; 96 UNSTABLE LOAD; 372 WANK-KING'S WANKER; 52 WHORE IN THE WINDOW;

Returners – 20

83 BANANAS; 174 BARNACLE BOLLOX; 219 BILLION SUCKER; 341 DOESN'T TOUCH THE SIDES; 46 FUNNY BUNNY; 671 G.I. JOE; 81 INVISIBLE MAN; 93 MASTER CHEF; 7 NOT SO STUPID KRAUT KUNT; 92 PHANTOM; 182 PINKABOO; 79 PINKY; 124 PRINCESS BUM BOY; 54 PUGSLY; 276 REAR GUNNER; 83 SHIT ON MY SHIRT; 68 SLACK VAGINA; 233 STUPID KRAUT KUNT; 79 TESTICLES; 160 TINY ANAL TORPEDO;

Visitors (PH3 Total Runs) – 6

15 CANNON BALL - Bangkok Hash, Thailand;
18 NINJA PRINCESS - Pattaya Jungle Hash, Thailand;
15 SILENT PRINCESS - Pattaya Jungle Hash, Thailand;

10 SHITHEAD - Canberra Hash, Australia;
17 NOISY QUEEN - Pattaya Jungle Hash, Thailand;
18 SPLINTER DICK - Pattaya Jungle Hash, Thailand;

Anniversaries – 7

ARSE VAN HOLE was congratulated for 10 Hared Runs.;
LOVE BOAT was awarded her 5 Hared Runs Cap.;
STUPID KRAUT KUNT was awarded his 5 Hared Runs Cap.;
ABSOLUTELY NO FUCKING IDEA was congratulated for 200 PH3 Runs.;

CHICKEN DUNDEE was awarded his 5 Hared Runs Cap.;
SMOKEY TRUCKY FUCKY was awarded his 5 Hared Runs Cap.;
DUCHESS TADPOLE was congratulated for 550 PH3 Runs.;

Next up was **PUG** (Make your daddy happy) **SLEY**. It's been a while since **PUGSLEY** last visited us but this time he was unchaperoned this trip. When queried further about the whereabouts of "The Wife", **PUGSLEY** went all "Witness Protection" on us and started mumbling something about how he "Lost Or Misplaced" her somewhere back in **Canada**. Just remember **PUGSLEY**....."Wives are like grenades.... Remove the ring and "BOOM" a house is gone!!!

This next scribble makes no sense at all. It seems that the Hash (yes, our Hash) was arguing over the good merits of **DIRT** ("I'm multi-talented: I Can talk and piss you off at the same time") **LOONEY**. In order to avoid a repeat of this theorem,...HE HAS NONE!!!!

All of a sudden, **REALLY** ("That boy makes me horny") **SADISTIC BASTARD** went all Father Jack Hackett (from the Father Ted TV series) and just started screaming..."Drink!", Drink!..."Drink!". Luckily we have seen this type of behavior before and **RSB** was quickly revived by placing a few drops of Chang Beer between his lips and gums. Quick thinking by the **PH3** response team saved the life of another cranky, cantankerous, old bastard. Thank you, we think.

It appears that **THE** (The Sheriff wore a dress) **WIZARD** has taken exception to the our Hash Award (aka...toilet seat). According to **THE WIZARD**, our Award (now will be called Little Johnny) looks quite tacky and doesn't have the quality patina an award of this stature deserves. He must have picked up his 'antiquing' skills from working all those years in **English** prisons (or as **FREE** (Don't believe that lie I gave you) **WILLY** calls them.... AirBNB). About the only time I've ever heard the Hash talk about 'patina', they were describing the pinnacle of **SPAGHETTI** (My pecker started talking to me again) **HEAD** or **AIRHEAD**'s noggin.

Yes there were awards. But the most notable was **DUCHESS TADPOLE** making an appearance to accept our sincere, heartfelt thanks for completing 550 runs. As **AIRHEAD** was long gone, **TADPOLE** was able to leave her 'bolt-hole' long enough to accept whatever we did, or said or gave her.

Next up...to the sound of most of the cars revving their engines it was **NO MORE** (Honest everybody, I really don't suffer from 'Cherophobia') **CUM**'s turn. What was left of the circle had started to become very, very disgruntled and it was **NMC**'s chore to put the 'gruntled' back in his fellow hashers. You have to give the little fella credit but we all know how impossible it is to perform at peak level when you really don't even like most of the people were still left there and just waiting for the baht buses to leave.

Another interesting tidbit found out was that **REAR** (I never missed a lick) **GUNNER**'s original Hash name was: "**COFFEE, TEA OR ME**". It harkens back to the time when he was working undercover as a stewardess for Quantas Airlines. The **COFFEE, TEA OR ME** name suited him very well as he was a lot more 'prancie' back then but he has really 'butched' up a lot since hanging around with the real men of the **PH3**...I know that I have.

To finish up this drivel I must mention our **SIR CHICKEN FUCKER** who really showed **SCAR** what a real Viking with real gold hair looks and acts like. His performance would have been a little more forceful if his front horn hadn't become a little too droopy. I well know that a Viking's horn at your age does lose quite a bit of the old 'marrow' if you know what I mean. Also, your prostate is probably too far away from your droopy horn to be of any effect as you get more miles on your odometer. I'll do some research on this and mention any results in my next scribe report. After one of the longest farewell dissertations we have ever heard he finally fucked off. I thought **SCF** was suffering from some incurable disease at one point with his maudlin, weepy good-byes.

And now we are coming into the home stretch. All it takes is for **BURL IVES** to sing us the Hare Song (as mentioned above those **Belgies** don't know no English) which leads us into the **Hash Hymn**. Have a quick whiz (leave nothing behind except your footprints and a puddle) and hope that you hit the baht bus lottery and found some like minded drunks sharing the ride home and not having 'you know who' on board.

Sure there is going to be a long hard run today, lotsa' lottery prizes, unlimited supply of cold beer and the companionship of good friends....but the real reason I came out to today's Hash (and I assume most of you too) was to answer the burning question... "Did **FREE WILLY** get those special beer condoms?" If you want to know, you must come out to our next Monday Hash....see ya'll then

On-On ! Gangreen

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And the dignity of the people.**



Keep it Green – Bring your TRASH back to A-Site