

Hash 1104 – Nov 2nd 2008 – Haz and Haricot's Gaff

The weather was brill, so cod must have been smiling on us as we set off in search of the hash venue. Being a dab hand at map reading we found the plaice quite easily and parked in the lane behind someone's turbot diesel and there wasn't too much whiting around before the off. I paid our dues which included 2 previous weeks "There's that sick squid I owe you Not The Full Schil Ling" I said. There was an early down down for the less than frequent visitors and unfortunately it was cold fizzy Tetleys, I couldn't sea bass anywhere.

We were soon on our way with the promise that we wouldn't have to flounder in the mud too much and it would be a flatfish trail. I was soon off down a blind halibut it was the wrong ray. "Witch way is it" came the cry from someone. "Eel show you" said Gobber as Persil disappeared on a sole mission to find the trail. "Wahoo I've found it" he cried. The front runners stretched their mussels and looked quite fresh so had obviously not been out on the wrasse the night before running up large barbels. We had to get our skates on to keep up with them.

The hash halt saw most of the hashers appear although some had gone off on their own trail being rather shellfish. Others were more understanding "Poor soles" they said "and look at Bypass trying to get down that steep slope she could easily snapper achilles doing that".

The trail ended back at chez Haz and Haricot before our feet had started to hake too much. They put on an excellent party in their new premises with an a ray of wonderful food. John was a latecomer and grouper who wanted to know the way in. Dopey had just gone in so I said "over there John - dory just went through".

The excellent food was laid out in the back room of the premises, which looked ideal for a skittle alley with not much room for dancing although you could have done a conger there if not the hoki cokey. The fish soup smelt and tasted superb.

"Hash Huss" said Heavy Breather as the down downs were starting and we had trouble herring what he was saying. Droop got his usual one. "Make sure you fillet to the bream" said Tantrum seeing that the glass was at least a gill short. "That's 3 weeks in a roe I've had a down down" said Droop angling for some sympathy "That's pollacks - don't carp on about it" said Tantrum. "I'll mullet over" said Droop, then clammed up. The young whipper snappers on the hash were not koi in coming forward for their down downs after that.

We all agreed it was a brill hash and party and what a great plaice they had. Doc, our resident sturgeon, agreed "It was an elver good dace entertainment".

The run got 69 and the pub netted a lot more than that.

Next weeks hash: Falmouth Arms, Haddock