



A Hash Christmas Poem

Tw'as the night before Christmas - oh no it's not!
(OK it was Sunday 16th December!)

Not a hasher was running, not caring a jot;
The dirty trainers were worn by many with care,
In hopes that the hash halt soon would be there;
The dogs were all covered in mud;
While visions of ankles splashed in the flood;
And Porky and Pigpen in their Christmas hats
Spent most of the hash having a chat,
When out on the road there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my ambling to see what was the matter.
And away to the woods I flew like a flash,
Tore through the field as quick as a flash!
Only to find it was not the way to go,
Persil still running on down the field below,
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,
But the hares shouting over 'ere dear!
With the other hashers so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment I needed to be slick.
Blue Rinse under the barbed wire slithered,

At this sight, many quivered.

And the hashers whistled, and shouted, and called Persil's name,

Finally around the hedge he came!

To the top of the lane! To the top of the hill!

Now hash away! Hash away! Hash away till.....

A church rises before us with cars close by,

'Where is the car?' we hear the cry.

So up to this vehicle the hashers flew

With the boot full of food, and Mulled wine too—

And then, in a twinkling, I heard such a racket

The rustling and crunching of each crisp packet.

As front runners were busy devouring food all around,

Over the style the others came with a bound.

They were covered in mud, from their head to their foot,

And Shiny balls and Bogof had a good look;

The bundle of rubbish was flung in the back,

While Droop was still opening his salt and vinegar pack.

His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth was turned right down,

And the wrinkles on his forehead were drawn into a frown.

CD held tight to his beer in his teeth,

And the sweat, it encircled his head like a wreath;

LBW had a broad face and a little round belly

That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of an eye and a twist of the head
Soon we were off to hash with dread;
We spoke not a word, but went straight on with the run,
And the amount of shaggy caused a great deal of fun!
And at last a sight before us rose,
A village and pub that all of us knows
We sprang from the stream, to our team gave a whistle,
And away we all scattered like the down of a thistle.
But I heard all exclaim, before they drove out of sight—
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"



Hash Score: 35 (This was after several higher scores but LBW having problems with numeracy chose the lower score)

Pub - St. Aubyn Arms, Praze an Beeble: 96 (because we're bored with 69!)

Down Downs:

Hares: Pigpen, Porky, Bogoff and Shiny Balls.

Persil - a long awaited reward for falling asleep at Center Parcs after a few drinks - photographic evidence.

Jump Jet for asking the coach to stop 200 yards from his house as he was going to be sick - 'STOP! STOP THE COACH NOW!'

Horny for having a hangover after the jiving event the night before resulting in him STILL not being able to drive to the hash today!

Shiny Balls for wading through the river whilst setting the hash rather than use the bridge.

Furry for 'branching' out!

Droop for having a broken oven and being too mean to buy a new one - anyone interested in having Droop and his dad for Christmas dinner?

Knickerless for straddling! (I've forgotten what so use your imagination!)



On On PMT