

HASH NEWSLETTER 23RD DECEMBER 2012

(with apologies to anon)

Run no 1334

Hares Grommit and Ol'Chicken

Old Plough Inn, Shortlanesend

No of hashers 29

No of dogs 3



God rest ye merry hashers, let nothing you dismay.

Oh no I forgot it's Grommit and Ol' Chicken on this day.

That they have a hash for us to lead us all astray.

Oh tidings of discomfort and woe, discomfort and woe,

Oh tidings of discomfort and woe.

To Shortlanesend in Cornwall the blessed hashers came,

Unto a certain hostelry - the Plough was its name.

They paid their dues and for the hash were game,
However they will never be the same!
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe, discomfort and woe,
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe.

About the hash briefing the hares could not agree,
So we set off with little feelings of glee.
But we made a good start and felt we might just be okay
Little realising it would take all bloody day!
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe, discomfort and woe,
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe.

We came upon a village green bedecked with decoration.
Is this the way we asked Ol' Chicken in anticipation.
She looked confused and did not recognise the location
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe, discomfort and woe,
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe.

Grommit had decided that the hash was not for her
And driven her car to the hash halt not too near.
We couldn't find a bloody star to direct us to this stable
So tried a mobile phone to guide us to the table.
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe, discomfort and woe,
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe.

We went miles out of our way nearly to the wind farm
Until Tantrum decided that this was a cause for alarm.

So we on'd back and begged for some direction
From anyone who passed us by with any hint of navigation.
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe, discomfort and woe,
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe.

LBW was heard to complain that blobs were few and far between
And some hashers to get back to the pub were far too keen.
The intrepid ones continue, though, to a feast of sandwiches and crisps
And to the pub returned a good hour after all the rest.
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe, discomfort and woe,
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe.

Now as it is the season of good will and tidings glad
We thank our trusty hares and said a good time was had.
Limpit is delighted that it will make his hash look really slick
Although it is probably good that he is aided by our Nick.
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe, discomfort and woe,
Oh tidings of discomfort and woe.

Down -downs

Hares Grommit and Ol'Chicken

Crap Jokes - Knobby's Nuts

Pig Abuse (she was dreaming of crackling whilst others were admiring it's cuteness and she's a vegetarian!!)

Slapper - dog abuse

Haphazard - jumper on inside out last week/

Naming of:-

Sian Hedges - Lap Dancer

Justin Auchincloss - Large Portion

Scores for the run 9.11 (complete disaster)

Scores for the pub 199

Seriously thanks to the hares - it was Ol'Chickens's first and Grommit was poorly but they still turned out to set it in appalling weather.