

Hash number 944 from The Mermaid, Porth on 20 November 2005

Hashers: 31.

Dogs: 4.

Hare: Einstein's Stupid Bitch.

It was a cold, bright day; one to make hash skiers yearn for the waiting slopes of Europe or America. How the slopes will feel about it when hashers actually arrive will be another matter. It was to be ESBs last hash, and he promised an easy dry one for which Horny Flasher was grateful, being a little poorly. Ballcock arrived on his bicycle, having cycled from Grampound and narrowly avoided annihilation by PMT overtaking him on the last leg. A tall, thin hasher wore an inflatable stars and stripes hat completely covering her head in honour of the hare and his homeland.

The check was in the car park entrance, and everyone, for some reason, presumed that the trail would be inland, except PMT and Hooker who found the trail on the coast path. So, PMT called the whole of Newquay after her, as only she can. It was reported that there was plenty of calling up at the front.

Latex and Horny Flasher followed along at the back, and, being aesthetes that you all know we are, bemoaned the insensitive development of the area in the years since our respective childhoods. Horny Flasher started on about the photographic potential of sand ripples on beaches in this area, and then shut up, realising that he was talking to RA1, and fearing a down-down. We all regrouped at a hash view. It was stunningly beautiful, as long as you didn't turn around.

There are a lot of bungalows in this part of Newquay. Some are definitely lovelier than others. We saw quite a few of them. Then we crossed a busy road where we could easily have reduced our dog count. And then it was off to the sports centre which was alive with people playing rugby, getting ready to play rugby, watching rugby etc.

And then more bungalows, one of which was Einstein's. This was the hash halt where we were treated to all American branded goodies. There were some nice cheesy biscuits, beer in bottles with screw-off caps - to confuse the English - and several flavours of crisps. You could also have something which enticingly proclaimed that it contained mechanically recovered chicken. Has anyone ever seen a mechanically recovered chicken? Slippery sat against a wall, huddled against the cold, with Scrappy close by and looking appealing, yet no one spared

any coins for the price of a cuppa. We lingered a long time here. Everything had to go, and Einstein seemed concerned that we might go on back too soon - a most unusual worry for a hare.

Back at the beach, Hooker and others did an on-in to the cold sea, while the rest of us were only to glad to change and get on-in to the warm pub. The Mermaid was more attractive inside than out. One of the waitresses, not having a fishy tale, was given a high score out of 10 by a male hasher who didn't otherwise score as far as we know.

Down-downs were enlivened by the comedy duo of RAs Latex and Hooker arguing about procedure and fighting for the limelight.

Marks for the hash: 5000.

Marks for the pub: 99.

Down-downs awarded:

ESB for being hare.

Haz for spreading his crabs in The City or selling dog fish to somewhere posh in London or something like that.

Sam for animal cruelty - neglect of a horse.

Liability for being coy about the new shoes so generously bought by his in-laws, and wearing his old ones to the hash, so, he had to drink from one of these instead.

Bypass for misguidance.

Steve for neglect of Harriet. He let her sock fall off in the car park where it was found by a more caring hasher.

Dopey for being late.

Snow White for drinking London Pride somewhere where perfectly good Cornish real ale was available.

ESB again for leaving us. He was given a present and a kiss by Hooker. The present was a Celtic design pack of bookmark, pen and

snuff box (ESB being a snuff user). He was reported to have said that only Americans know how to jerk meat properly. This was possibly about meat preserving. Anyway, he may yet reappear briefly for a final hash - like the opera singer bouncing back into view momentarily, after having tragically taken leave of this world by throwing herself from the balcony upstage. I believe ESB plans to leave contact details before he goes, so if you were looking for someone to project manage the building of that wine cellar or underground garage you always dreamed of, now's the time to make sure you keep in touch.

On, on!

Horny Flasher