

## Fisherman's Rest, Aveton Gifford

Hares; **Fester & Wednesday**

Harey assistants; **Morticia & Gomez**

OK here it goes ( i promise all those who read this will regret it) these are the words from a virgin word smith and apart from being slightly dyslexic (thank god for spell check) and a pet hate for writing anything at all, please be grateful that i have even got this far. Well done to **Screwloose** for her virgin words last week and a cynical thanks from me for setting the standard so high for me follow this week.

Now, the not so serious stuff ie the hash. Having taken a little advice from **Traffic Jam** on writing the words, i was told to tell a lot of lies and do a lot of name dropping along the way, so here we go.

A hot sunny evening in Aveton Gifford the hash gathered in the car park the cool breeze bringing a welcome relief from the hot summer sun , we were all called to arms by **Pullit** our GM and visitors were made welcome and virgin's were ~~de~~floured, (cant remember if we had any virgins but mention them just in case).

With no more waffle from the Gm the hares were invited to give us the details of thier well prepared hash, now call me a cynic but I never know why we bother with this bit, there is always shiggy, always hills and usually to many of them, marks are never where they say they are and if they tell you it's 3 miles you can bloody well guarantee that it will be five. And as for well prepared it was more like it sounded like a good idea at the time "lets send the suckers that way, that will surprise them a nice steep hill". Sorry i am being too cynical. The hash commenced i fine style everyone glad to get moving on this lovely evening. We headed out across the recreation area picking up the trail quite quickly, where we went from there i have not got a clue and will not try to pretend otherwise. Apart from we went up and down many times and got very muddy in the process ( sounds quite fun ). After a few of those notorious hills we eventually came to the long short split (remember what the hares said 3 for the short and the long is just under 5 miles, **bloody lies**) the longs took the long split and the shorts took the short split which I have to say made perfect sense, us shorts disappeared into the darkness without of our long friends to do all the checking. **Wet spot** and **Goolie** were forming the all new knitting circle a the back, **Wetspot** complaining he did not want to come this evening and he was only there to support **Goolie** on the Help The Aged Week, a nice gesture indeed in this season of good will.

Shiggy and plenty of it, very satisfying for the hashers with mud fetish, there were lots of surprised shrieks and and girlish screams at the first unsuspecting pile of shiggy. Not sure if the shrieks were from the female fraternity or some of our newish male hashers wondering what they have got there selves into. Thankfully for me the gossip mongers were out in force collecting the usual snippets of information. The big revelation of course has to be **Pullit** with her knowledge of everyone well hung and in her own words "I know one when I see one". Having pressed **Simon** for some further information about the hash all i got was a complaining "I was to busy trying to stand up" comment, but i have to say a comment that i would have expected more from **Troughie** and his hashing endeavours that evening. More on that in a minute. **Big foot** was complaining it was to short I think he was referring to the hash. Back to the shiggy for just a moment, **Sniffer** took to it like a duck to water, according to **Wellard** she was impressing everyone with surfing skills on the mud. **Wellard** went on to complain that the shorts always had too much shiggy and too many hills, I think he is in need of some Dutch hashing. According to the gossip from **Meavy, Orable** carried out a crude sex change operation while straddling a stile now we can only assume the motivation for this is, if you are not well hung **Pullits** words not mine then why bother at all just put things right while straddling a stile. Now i know i lied about this being a hot summers evening and the more observant of you (that of course will not include **Troughie**) realising that is was in fact a bloody cold, wet, and very windy one, the last thing you would expect to find in these conditions when arriving at the top of a steep hill completely knackered, soaked to the skin with a good splattering of shiggy for effect, would be 3 ~~blondes~~ in pristine condition no evidence of mud, sweat or any other remnants of hashing, they simply must have just arrived by taxi and to add insult to injury were found to be having a conversation about there make-up and hair which would have been more fitting in a salon as opposed to a wet and windy hill on a winters night. This surreal experience was witnessed I believe by **Wellard** we wish him well and hope he was not traumatised to much by the event. The 3 ~~blondes~~ in question were **Shorty, Rabid, Damp Patch** we can only assume that the same taxi took them back to the pub. Time for a mention for **Jelly Baby** not that she done anything, did not even do a check, but she always gets a mention and did not want her feeling left out this week.

Back to the pub. We all arrived back within an hour windswept and wet, but there were a couple of exceptions, yes some 2.5 hours later **Hue Cry & Shorn** make it back to the warm confines of our drinking establishment, our very experienced hashers had got lost. The other exception for want of a word was **Troughie** who must have arrived some 2.5 hours earlier and consumed the equivalent of 6 solo down downs and by the time we arrived, I quote **Simons** comment from earlier that he was to busy trying to stand up. Amongst **Troughie's** gang were a gathering of Summer hashers who found this evening a little too wintery, they are for the sake of doing some more name dropping, **Nutcracker**, A guest appearance of **Don't mention the holiday Poacher**, and no excuse **Compo, Jailer** i guess must of found one of his usual short cuts to account for his early arrival. Others worth a mention are **Vidaloo** for being powerless, **Worst Lay** for watching **Gary Glitter** being sucked into a bog and last but not least **Jelly Baby** simply because I have not mentioned her for a least a paragraph. Down Downs were a punishing 2 yards of ale and **Goolie** our R.A did a fine job of insulting us all and picking on the the less fortunate members of our group to consume the ale, the Down Downs were awarded to **WetSpot, Wednesday** who out drank **Wetspot, Fester, Orable** poured most of it down his shirt, **Pullit** who refused the offer of ale and nominated **Suzy Wong** who finished the first yard in style putting the others to shame. Yard no.2 commenced with **Shorty** followed by **Gary Glitter** who if not stopped would have finished it all, **Damp Patch, Pepys, Comes Early** tried to fill her cleavage rather than drink it and the guest appearance of **Don't mention the holiday Poacher** finished the the remainder of yard 2 like a true hasher. Our thanks to the Landlord and the staff at the Fisherman's for there good ale and warm hospitality. ON ON to the Green Dragon. **Slipstream**.