

**Hash 540 .. Stoke Fleming .. Hares: Big Bird & AliG**

**The Best Hash of the Millenium**

'Twas a month before Christmas, when in the Green Dragon  
Not a Pullit was stirring (she's on the gin wagon);  
The beers were stacked on the bar with care,  
In hopes that the hash soon would be there;  
The villagers were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While hashers put torches up on their heads;  
AliG in his slippers & Big Foot in his cap,  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,  
When out on the street there arose such a clatter,  
They sprung from their bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window they flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutter and there saw the hash.  
The moon on the sea did twinkle & glow,  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When, what to their wondering eyes should appear,  
But a long trail of flour, oh how queer!  
With two little old hares, so lively and quick,  
We knew in a moment we must run at a lick.  
More rapid than eagles their coursers we came,  
And they whistled, and shouted, and called us by name;  
"Now, Piddler! Now, Goolie! Now, Doris and Pushit!  
On, Wet Spot! On Big Bird! On Meavy and Loppit!  
To the top of the road! To the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the cliff-tops the coursers we flew,  
And to the bottom, before BSE knew.  
And then in a twinkling Flowery Twats was back,  
He, Troughie and Jailer had found the cheat track.  
As Shortie was running, and was turning around,  
All of a sudden she met with the ground.  
Big Foot and Traffic did stray from the trail,  
And she stopped for directions (being a female).  
On our return to the pub, Troughie took to RA-ing,  
With a glass full of beer, he was gently a-swaying;  
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,  
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And we laughed when we heard him, in spite of ourselves;  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave us to know we had plenty to dread,  
He spoke a few words, then with lots of glee,  
He named a triathlete the name 'Double D',  
And singing a song us hashers know well,  
And downing our down-downs (our bellies did swell!)  
He sprang to his car, to his friends gave a whistle,  
And away we all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

By Pushit (with a little help from Clement Clarke Moore)