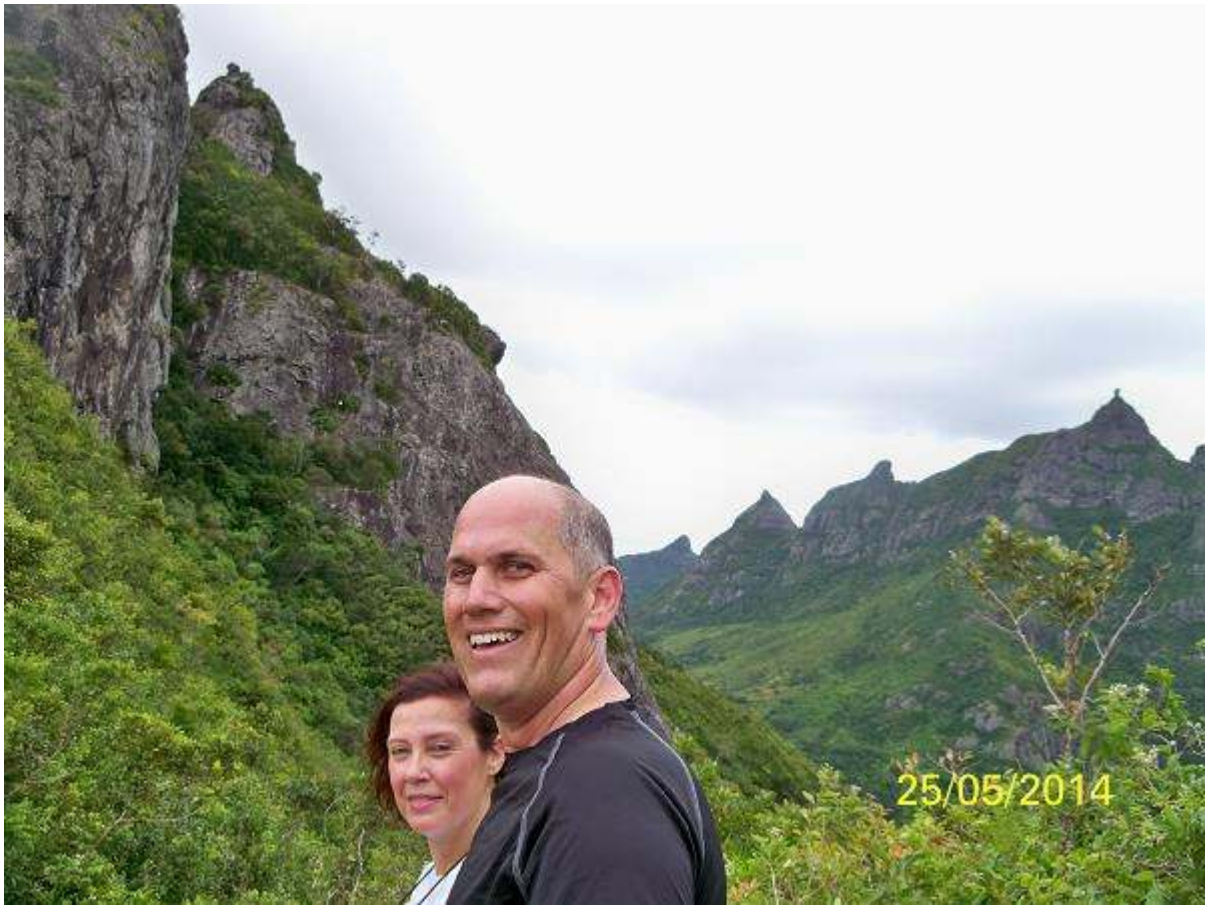
Hash # 673

Beau Bois

Hares Jim & Dodocop

A slightly drizzly morning saw us gathering at Beau Bois for a new adventure into the wilds of Mauritius, slightly cooler than it has been for some time so it may be worth remembering a jacket for the next month or two. A good mix of up and down, flat and hill, waterfall, stream, forested paths and sugar cane roads and a particularly fine view point contributed to an excellent walk/run.



1 Jim & Alison enjoy the view

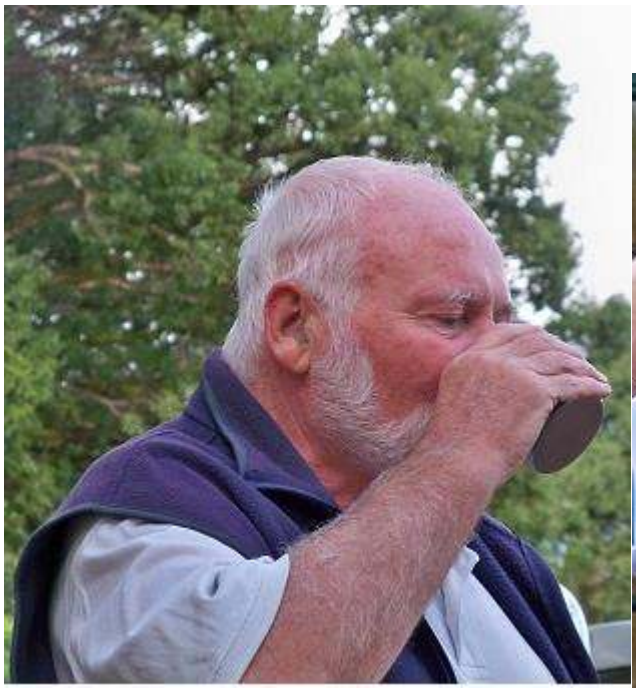
The circle was somewhat delayed by the late return of a couple of the hounds – more on this later – which meant that a couple of the virgins had disappeared before it began, however we did have the pleasure of being introduced to Vincent, Surgar, Devina and Selvaran from Mauritius, Jennifer from Swaziland and Bernard from France. Hope we will see you at future runs.

Second timers Phil & Rose were inducted with the traditional down- down and hares Jim & Dodocop congratulated in the usual manner on a trail with a bit of everything.

Didier, having been awarded the Banglestien, gave a good performance of how a down-down should be done.

RA Jim, reunited with his stick, proceeded to punish the sinners – the first seven being hauled in for having muddied their derrieres on the trail. I have to confess that my preferred method of locomotion down a steep slope is on my well-padded behind but I suspect the other six had ended up accidently on their posteriors. Due to being one of the seven, I neglected to get all the names of those involved.

Leslie, loudly protesting his innocence was convicted of mis-breaking a check and thus sending some of us off in the wrong direction, and Alan, the public man of science was castigated for not knowing that magnets do not stick to plastic. No wonder education today has gone down the pan!





We then discovered the reason for the late return of Dodocop and the harriettes was they had been raiding local trees and gardens of a quantity of fruit and vegetables. The RA ordered all hashers to surrender any plunder and was aghast to find 3 watermelons, 5 pineapples, 27 citrus fruits of various kind, 12 apples, 15 carrots, 93 guava de chine, 3 buckets of watercress and a pumpkin among the loot. Yes I know I'm a terrible liar but it makes for a better story doesn't it?



2 The Fruit Pickers

The dodo and the cowbells were on holiday again this week and proceedings were winding down when the GM made the surprise announcement that he was stepping down whereupon we all threw ourselves on the ground weeping and wailing, rending our clothes and begging him not to leave, until Alan proposed Jim as acting GM seconded by Leslie and we all got up feeling remarkably foolish.



3 Outgoing and Incoming

As a last gesture the outgoing GM decided to reward his Cherished ones with a final beer and we delved into barbequed sausages.



4 The Cherished Ones

I promised the GM that I would reveal how I got my hash name so as he maybe leaving these shores and will not read the hash trash again and anyway I'm handing back to Isis for the next hash, I will disclose that it was bestowed upon me for composing the following sonnet after a couple of particularly trying hashes and a quantity of Nicaraguan rum. If there are purists out there please don't bother to tell me that it is not in iambic pentameter or that the rhyming is incorrect. It is quite obviously a Shakesbeerian sonnet not a Shakespearian one so I can write it any way I like.

Sonnet to Hashing

Oh do I love thee hashing? Delight me with possibilities.

Compel me to walk for many miles, far beyond my abilities.

Urge me up a rocky hill and splatter me with shite

Stand me on the precipice, though I do not like the height.

Throw me in a cow-pat and cover me with grime.

Scrape the skin from hands and knees. It happens all the time.

Drench me in a downpour, as the thunder peals.

Make me trudge another mile, with blisters on my heels.

Take me down a beaten track; smear me with its dust.

Force me to take a down-down, if you really must.

Drag me through the clinging sand, whilst in the sun I burn.

Lead me to the frosty beer, which I forever yearn.

Oh do I love thee hashing? It must be truly said

When the options are considered, I'd prefer to stay in bed.

On On

Shakesbeer

PS: You don't have to learn this but if I can borrow a printer I may be distributing copies of last trash's song at the next hash.