



# HAM SHAG

\*\*\*\*\*

## JINGLE BALLS BUMPER EDITION

### Page 1

What could be more appropriate for a December Edition, than a reflection on the Christmas meal? Held at the Ring O’Bells, Widcome on Fri 1 Dec. Hare’sess – Snail’s Nuts.

Well, all turned out well; with no fights, few arguments & no throwing of food – unusual. A good location, excellent Timothy Taylor Landlord ale, nice room & room service (breasts particularly), and excellent food. Some got part of a Christmas pudding,

***but one got a whole one >>>>>***

All thanks to S’sNs who got a justified Down-Down. The evening came to a close with a Secret Santa present sharing: some disappointed with their (strange) gift but others over the moon.



### RUNS

Contrary to my statement of not doing any more run write-ups, I have weakened to do this one.

**Run 1738 from The Rose & Crown - The Larkhall Inn - Bladud’s Head. 6 Dec 23 (Hare – Miner’s Boot)**

This was our first & only (I think) chain run: Cannily arranged by the Hare. Secretly he had arranged for part of the hash to do the first bit; then for another group to join us at the next pub; then the final leg(2) collected at the third pub. However, the route failed to pass the Bladud’s Head where further hashers’s legs were waiting.

The run was of clockwise form that we *may* have done before. Down to the A4, down to the river, and up to the canal. Right along the canal, through Bathwick Estate and across the A4. Down to Henrietta Park, back to the A4 and across Cleveland Bridge. Along the A4 and then up to Lansdown Road – eventually back to the R&C (not along the A4). Back to a pub with 3 lovely beers, awfully kept and disliked by most (all).

\*\*\*\*\*

### PAGE 2 – SPECIAL INFORMATION

#### HASH Handles

Continuing with the intriguing reasons behind (careful of that word now) Hash names: >>>>>>>>>>>>

**The latest naming - of poor Alex, As “Vegan Butt Plug”:** Red Rum included this in her recent write up - *Well, what happened was*..... after drowning in the world’s wettest fields south of Hinton (that’s another story..) I arrived in a dark and muddy field to see an odd arrangement of strange and mysterious vegetables I then realised I had got to a regroup. There was a deep conversation underway concerning what type of crop was growing, guesses ranged from cabbages to giant radishes so **Alex** decided to pull some up to see what they were. As fast as they were pulled up Daisy was gobbling them down. Despite the efforts of the finest minds available in that field they remained a mystery, but as luck would have it upon returning to The Bull a picture on the wall enlightens the group and provided inspiration for latest naming ceremony.

**X-Rated.** This is an anomaly (along with its owner), in that the owner has now got 2 names. The original he is too shy to continue with, and so it fell to someone (\*) to instigate a new name: X-Rated - being a dictionary definition for a pornographic or indecent image.

(\*) Bristol H3 took it upon themselves to create the new name, so ask a Br H3 runner.

---

### **Page 3 – GENERAL BULLSHIT**

No Bullshit in this mag.

---

#### **Run 1737 from Moorfields Bath date 29 Nov 23 (Hare Le Caniveau)**

*The Womble Hash! Underground overground wombling free.*

No sign of the Hare. The Hash started very late as decreed by our esteemed Grand Master (GM) possibly his only power as he faces yet another year as GM. The GM asked for any announcements and Snail’s Nuts announced in a very loud voice that she wanted to give him one, at which point the GM told her she would have to put her hand up first! Everyone was requested to once again confirm via WhatsApp they had read and understood the very complex terms and conditions for Secret Santas gift procedures Chapter 59 paragraph 3.....still no sign of the Hare.

The Hash started by following multiple arrows, The Hare must have taken awhile to find his flour sac... still no sign of the hair. The trail flowed up and down (mainly up and up a bit more) the trail was going underground, going Underground (bet you sung that!) until the first regroup after the Devonshire Tunnel. The missing Hare had now caught the pack. Off we went again obviously UP! At this point it became obvious why the Hare had taken so long as we all crawled at a snail’s pace (it was nuts) up the north face of Lyn Brook steps where Ernie caused much consternation for overtaking the forementioned hasher and showing her up with his three-inch legs as he bounded past her and then proceeded to trip her over with his lead. LSW mistook the second regroup for Basecamp 2 and ploughed on towards the summit only to be called back and severely reprimanded!

Having spent time underground we now zigzagged back overground crossing our tracks and just for a change we went UP! Finally at the summit of Alexandra Park just before oxygen was required at last we started down down. A short stop to admire the City lights and its downhill all the way from here!

The Moorfields proved to be a fitting venue as the Religious Advisor ushered us into the private chapel to conduct his proceedings. First on the agenda was that no one would admit to ever having been here before and everyone thought it was rather nice! The RA then went on with great glee to announce how our newest member had gained his new “hashtag”

Well, what happened was.. after drowning in the world’s wettest fields south of Hinton (that’s another story..) I arrived in a dark and muddy field to see an odd arrangement of strange and mysterious vegetables I then realised I had got to a regroup. There was a deep conversation underway concerning what type of crop was growing, guesses ranged from cabbages to giant radishes so Alex decided to pull some up to see what they were as fast as they were pulled up Daisy was gobbling them down. Despite the efforts of the finest minds available in that field they remained a mystery, but as luck would have it upon returning to The Bull a picture on the wall enlightens the group and provided inspiration for latest naming ceremony.

So dearly beloved we are gathered here in the Chapel of Moorfields to witness the abject humiliation gleefully dispensed by our very own RA who retold the above story and announced that the group had decided upon an unlikeable and rude but perfect hashing name, at which point Shrimp asked what is so wrong with the name “The Vegan Butler?” I told her it was actually “The Vegan Butt Plug” at which point

there was a sharp intake of breath. Which reminds me of the old saying “Butt plugs are all fun and games until you fart and shoot the cat”

L'escargot also received a Down Down for not being able to take Snailnuts anywhere revering back to the earlier incident of “wanting to give the GM one!” To which he witty replied he could but only once...

Those attending and possibly scarred for life on tonight's hash from Moorfields: LeCaniveau, Lightweight, Snails Nuts, L'Escargot, Perky, Miners Boot, Knead, X-Rated, Spiderman, Baguette, Shrimp, Red Rum, Shergar, Clonker, No Shirt, LSW, Mir Salauddin (first timer) and Alex (named Vegan Butt Plug) who said that after receiving such a delightful name he would not be returning!

Look forward to seeing you all at the Christmas Hash Bash on Friday!!

This report is been based on a true story as remembered and embellished for your entertainment by Shergar after a pint or two! *And thank the Hare for a good run and good pub – even after a pint or two.*