

Old Gets Report. Two this week. Two anonymous, first from "Two Old Gits" and another from a very observant Hasher. You can get away with nothing on the Hash.

1. Hash this week at Wimborne Football Club and the Hares are Fursty Ferret and K9 for the main and Finna looking after the mini . It's freezing so we are keen to get going . The main quickly disappears never to be seen again and the mini spreads out so who's up front we don't know cos we are at the back with Finna who is laying extra dust for any latecomers . It's an easy walk more or less flat all the way , the stiles are user friendly, there's a bit of shiggy here and there and there's nothing else to say except that it was lovely terrain and a joy to be there . Thank you hares .

The Apres was a bit special as it was the Valentine Hash . Sharon got renamed Specsavers but we can't remember why and nobody cares anyway . Then we had a Valentine quiz which was won by someone but we can't remember who . Shitzu organized it and said we could mark our own sheets so whoever won it probably cheated anyway . Then there was a husband and wife quiz . We can't remember who won it but we do know that Geriatric and Jane came last . They got all the questions wrong but then they've only been married for 57 years . The cake raffle followed and then an auction for a superb chocolate teddy bear .

All in all a super day and thanks to everyone involved in the organisation .

Two Old Gits

2. 12Feb2017, Wimborne Fußball Club – no no, you pleb, Wimborne TOWN Footie Club where a season ticket costs less than just one Arsenal game. Brass monkeys on arrival; still pretty damned cool on departure. So hats off to the brave souls in shorts – of whom more later. French Mistress has been to la belle France for French practice and French lessons – they left her knackered and on crutches. Good news is that she is on the mend.

Seems that Greek God likes to impress. He went to Denia, Spain, Mediterranean Coast, Costa Warma for winter sun. The weather gods didn't accept GiGi as an equal and sent down the first snow in 150 years and a three day storm. The Guardia Civil took the obvious solution: deport him. That was why he attended this week. Don't ask to see his passport, he's still embarrassed about the deportation notice in it.

We circled: down downs were mercifully short and sweet. Of note, Dragon celebrated her 600th birthday.

Our visitors' list was mildly impressive: we were graced with the presence of Rumpelstiltskin, GM of Avon and Kennet. Hashers, this is one seriously fit

dude, not only wearing shorts, but doing such silly things as press-ups to warm up. Do not emulate – this sort of stuff is a serious health risk. Just drink more beer. Perhaps Avon and Kennet need more practice at down-downs.

Taliban Tommy and Chunky also braved the weather to give us a ‘blue’ show, though today’s was just their knobbly knees, blue with cold. Normally no less brave, K9 had wisely decided to wear leggings, but on closer inspection, it turns out that he really was ‘on the bones of his arse’ – the shorts had worn through and needed a ‘modesty patch’ on the bum and the leggings were just dire necessity for the sake of decency.

I’m meant to provide commentary on the Mini, but given the overlap with the main, will try both. First and foremost, the shortcutter. When challenged as to why the Main was going one way and Tom Sainsbugs was going the other [i.e., with the mini], his jocular riposte was, ‘You’ve got to use your loaf,’ rich coming from a Grocer.

We got to Pamphill School, founded as recently as 1689 – honestly, where is the sense of history? On passing the thatched pavilion for the cricket ground there was a check point: the Mini had to do the unthinkable, actually check out to see which way it led. The thought processes associated with these old hashing skills nearly led to mental breakdown; PN, Mouse and Poppet were the guilty parties, they ‘hovered’ hoping and waiting for a [male?] lead. The bold Chunky stepped both into the breach and along the path; the gurdy-wirlyies were safe.

Bianca kept passing people, no idea why, perhaps she had secret trysts arranged along the way as pleasurable ‘divertissements’ to make the run more enjoyable. Anyway, she and Dirty Squealer passed the Mini for the 5th [or was it the 7th?] time when, lo and behold, there was a circle of dust, a check point to the uninitiated. The dutiful DirtyS did what any good hasher should do, check it out, up the hill and through Bluebell Wood. Did Bianca follow her? Did she heck. Bianca left DS to her fate, choosing instead to fall in with the Mini who were off course anyway.

After ‘Old Fools’ Lane’ there was a Main fish-hook – an appropriate location for this. The bold Ram and his visiting boy scout were caught short. So what did the brave Ram do? Fake it: ‘Let’s wait for these old ladies to go,’ quoth he, and when the wimmin had safely traversed the style and gorn and he adjudged sufficient time had passed, back on he went, not completing the fish-hook at all. The cad, the bounder! How dare he not go all the way back, and worse, showing such bad practice to the boy scout, one of Shitzpoo’s best, all innocence and naïvety.

As ever, we traipsed through a churchyard. Gates did his usual: having acquired the hash name by being last through the gates, he carefully checked

the list of gravestones. Reassured by NOT finding one with his own name on it, he knew that he was safe to continue with the hash.

And yes, it was 'Valentine's Day Hash' so we had to do all the lovey-dovey crap on return. Grocer and Mama Cass celebrated nearly 1000 years of wedded and bedded bliss. Pierced Nipple did an excellent 'Mr. and Mrs.' show starring GerryAtrick & Calamity, BlowUp Doll & Lonely [Ranger] and Dribbler & BlowJob. GA and CJ may have been married since 1832, but still knew naff all about each other. BUD and Lonely clinched it, intimately aware in oh so many ways. The shocker was DeathMarch: he and BlueSox were found guilty of holding hands and other serial offences near kissing gates.

Shitzoo had an intelligence test cunningly disguised as a quiz. Most failed; our one Mensa member, Turnip Tony, won with just over 51%. Ver boy dun good. Suggest that the rest of us/you go back to school – maybe that 1689 one.

Oh, and btw, appreciation to all those who baked the cakes and to the generosity of those who bought tickets. GiGi does get a mention in despatches for his generosity.

On On to next week's hash at St. Leonard's Hotel.

Return to base