

Three Weeks Before Christmas...

A Hash Poem in Honor of the 2004 Blava Hash Christmas Party

Tw'as three weeks before Christmas and all through the halls,
Not a creature was stirring, not even Glo-Balls.

The harriettes were tucked in asleep in their beds
While a happy Free Willie fondled their heads.

When out on the trail there arose such a clatter
I ran out of the pub to see what was the matter

When down by the Danube, what should appear:
Twelve former hashers...and all in hash gear!

“On Cheeky, On Hot Flash, On C.U.N.T.
On Multiple Entry – No, you can’t stop to pee!

“On Maple Mountee and Wankomat – wait!
Wild Orchid and Pollinator...why were you late?!”

I said, “Wait, this must be a dream of some sorts--
Look there -- XX Rark is wearing new shorts!

“I had a few beers in the circle, I think.
But Dances with Dusan here? What should I think?”

“It’s no dream,” said Madame, “We’d have been here much faster,
But we got extra down-downs from No-Mercy Master.

“We came to salute the great job that you do,
Glasshoppa, Slowfukya, and Little Bit, too;

“Blava Duck, Bunny Dip, Vindoboners all,
For setting the trails in the spring and the fall.

“We toast you from Sydney, Prague, St. Louis and Yap,
(We hear that it’s nice, but the beer is real crap).

“As the Ghosts of Hashers Past, we’ll be with you in spirit.
As for buying you drinks, though, we don’t want to hear it!

“Now we’ve got to get going – please hand us our pack.
We’re buying a few Slovak beers to take back.”

And off in the distance, I heard Sweet Transvestite
Shouting, “Hashy Christmas to all, now have a GREAT NIGHT!”

Vesele vianoce!!!!

--Madame, Just Petr, and Mademoiselle