

Run: 1813
Date: 6-03-23
Hare: Darcy
Venue: Aubrey Cres

Monday night's run has been penned in Shakespearian format!!!


Hark! Attend, ye merry folk,
To Coffs Harbour Hash Notes we spoke,
Of Monday, 6th of March, twenty-three,
Wherein fifteen hashed and dined with glee.

Darcy and Thor, the Hares of the run,
Were scored a seven out of ten,
For their efforts, both in trail and feast,
They were praised and admired by the Hash beast.

Hear ye, hear ye, what news doth come,
Of Simon, charged with a foully deed undone,
For he hath earned the title of "Shit of the week",
And wears a burden most foully bleak.

A toilet seat, 'round his neck doth he wear,
A shameful mark that doth bring despair,
For all who see him shall surely know.
That he hath brought dishonour and woe.

Anal Sunshine, Cumz n Goes, and Luckless returned,
For another round of trails and turns,
And as they drank and sang and laughed,
Their joy was clear, their spirits bright and daft.

Phar Lap did grumble, of the sun's glare,
While Hairy Butler complained throughout the affair,
And Quickie and Hairy Butler, to Hash's delight,
Got a lift in a car, much to their excite.

Awards were given, hats and prick,
To those who deserved it, in a quick,
And hasty judgment, but fair and square,
Darcy got a hat, and Hairy Butler a prick to bear.

Short cutting was the charge, for Quickie to own,
And Hairy Butler for Drama and Salt and Pepper penis's whinging was shown,
And did I mention Hairy Butler got the prick of the week,
For her incessant whingeing, so sad and bleak.

Late charges came, with a phone in the circle,
But 'twas a false charge, by Grey Rooter's chuckle,
So Cumz n Goes took notes, whilst Simon sitting down,
And all around the circle, the Hash did frown.

Bingo was played, with prizes galore,
For the first and third Monday, members to score,
With numbers drawn, and chook numbers too,
Hash was abuzz, with the thrill anew.

Invitation run was announced, with joy and cheer,
Sawtell Big 4 caravan park for the 10th, 11th, and 12th November, twenty-three.
For Frigga's birthday, Hashers to appear,
At Rugby Park, on the 18th of March,
And Thor's to be a great-grand mother.

And Friday's lunch to be at Amalfi Pizzeria at twelve-twenty-nine,
Was agreed upon, with much valour and wine,
And the next week's run, is Metro's,
At the BBQ Crematorium, Hashers to ensue.

And with that, the circle was done,
And the Hash had had its fill of fun,
And as the night drew to a close,
Hashers left, with laughter and prose.

And so, my friends, this tale is told,
Of Coffs Harbour Hash, brave and bold,
Of runners and hares, and charges and fun,
And of the laughter that Hash has begun.

But one last thing, before we depart,
A note that I shall leave in your heart,
Of the Circle, that officially got fucked,
And of the memories that Hash has plucked.

PS Grey Rooter won the bottle of wine, the bastardJ

On On
Cumz n Goes

On-On 
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