

Postman Plug

It was a wet evening at the end of Jan
When Postman Plug loaded up his van
Even though the rain did pour down
Poor old Plug still had to do his round

But, tonight's delivery would be a special mail
As Plug was would be setting a hash trail
So, instead of carrying a sack of letters round
He would be taking a bag of plain or ground

Into the wet night he went with many bags of flour
Throwing it at the ground, at 60 miles per hour
And when he'd finished his loop of the town
He went home for his tea and a sit down

He waited until Hashy time of seven o' clock
To put on his hash clothes, shoes & socks
Then he walked up the road in the wet & cold
To so if other hashers had been so bold

Postman Plug explained to the rest of the pack
Where to go & when to come back
Then off they ran, across the road & up the hill
Trying to warm up to avoid a chill

Past the Leisure Centre and towards the church
Left at the square & then we had to search
All around we looked to find a way out
At last, the trail was found, we were starting doubt

Down a track, and left onto a path into the dark
Scraping our legs on nettles, thorns & bark
Slipping & sliding, we struggled to keep upright
Oh how we must have looked a funny old site

Postman Plug had based the route for the trail
On his daily round for delivering the mail
So we were surprised to find at the next check
That the trail left the town and crossed a beck

Over the gate & into the cabbage field
I hope the farmer wasn't hoping for a good yield
The mud on our shoes was beginning to tower
As we trampled his crop to stay on the flour

Up to the corner, then turned right around the edge
Up the hill now following the hedge
When we got to the top we turned right again
Our enthusiasm for this field was starting to wane

We headed along the trail back to the gate
Where we found Plug had stood to wait
While the rest of the pack had to do a lap
Postmand Plug went for a mid trail crap

Back into the town we went in the rain
Following the trail along pavements again
But just as we thought we were nearing the end
Plug had us going along the street & round the bend!

Round the bend and towards Plumtree
The pack spreading out, for all to see
And as we headed North back into the peace
We wondered if the trail would ever cease

But on the right there was a sign for a path
Plug pointing it out to avoid our wrath
Over the stile and look in the loam
For blobs of flour and a possible way home

Up the hill, over the stile & up to the track
I think we finally found our way back
Running along next to the football pitch
Taking care to avoid falling in the ditch

The next check made us take a guess
Over the road and behind the BGS
Though the path was getting more slippery
As the tread on our shoes was getting less grippy

Across the field to a check on a track
Left would go out & right would go back
But what about the trail across the course
Let PE find out if its the source

Down the track to the road & a signpost
Turn right for Keyworth & left for the coast
Running down the main road, the speed rises
For the 1st back is there going to be prizes ?

Follow the trail down Keyworths' side streets
Now were back on Plugs daily postman beat
Here he spends his days humping round with his sack
At last we see the tavern & we've made it back