**The Hash Trash 2022 Almyrida**

**Tinkerbell**, **Confusionist and Mrs Robinson** summoned us to the beautiful Island of Crete, to be welcomed by friendly locals known as Cretins.

After landing at Chania airport, a swift 50 Euros taxi ride delivered us to Almyrida, our base for the festivities. Somewhat worrying that nobody had heard of the venue, but eventually we found Almyrida Studios. Favourable first impressions of the studios, albeit with not the greatest of beaches. That would be remedied with the delivery of 50 tons of Blackpool sand, and the efforts of a noisy digger at 6am next morning.

We decided on a short walk to get our bearings, only to be dragged kicking and screaming into a taverna occupied by the usual suspects **Bromide, Precious** and the **Cooperman** clan. **Cooperman** was introducing his young granddaughter to the delights of Greek beer. ”Don’t tell your mum.”

Dinner at one of the local tavernas, with an array of fresh fish, joined by an array of fresh hashers. Unsurprisingly it did not seem like 3 years apart. With this lot, as usual it seemed like we had seen each other yesterday.

Next morning, a short walk for breakfast in the more salubrious Almyrida Beach Hotel. A terrific buffet with great variety – top class.

Spent the day tossing it off by the pool at the Almyrida Beach, where we had to hire an enormous white conical fan to ensure a cooling breeze.

Dimitry’s was the recommended spot for dinner, with reasonable food and great company as the number of hashers increased. We celebrated UK nurses day, with thanks to a great representation of such medical personnel on our Hash. Bless you guys, for helping us get through that Covid crap.

You would think that one of the safest places to be during the pandemic would be living with a **Witch Doctor**. Not so**, Bionic** caught it twice.

Although most had come direct to Almyrida, some took advantage of optional diversions on route provided by the hares.

Some of the Irish contingent had had taken the Confession option with a night of spiritual peace in a Monastery. Here you could have a night close to God and have your virginity restored. Next morning, duly fitted with industrial grade elastic bands they headed off to Almyrida. The confessions hadn’t actually been heard, because they wouldn’t have made it to the hash before it finished.

Some had taken the Greenland stop off option. Here **Santa-Jaywalker**, assisted by his two elves **Mother Superior** and the un-hash-named **J\*\*n**, was handing out wonderful delights in green bottles to those who had not been naughty but nice.

We gathered next morning for the Hash, and the Hares instruction was delayed while **Funnel Lips** completed her ablutions. Both the run and the walkers trail were to be A to B trails, with **Pinky** to nursemaid the walkers.

It was a scenic walk through lovely olive groves, with a few hills to negotiate.

There were great views, with snow visible on the mountain tops. Thankfully we didn’t get that high.

We were briefly joined by a dozen local hunky runners, much to the delight of the lusting **Sausage and Gorgeous Gussy.**

**Jaywalker** proudly tells of his home brewing prowess, **Mother Superior** benefitting from free samples had been a bit wobbly, not knowing it was a 15% Imperial Russian Stout.

We were joined this year by a second Walsh on the run - Better looking by far with a marked resemblance to Sadaam Hussein.

The water stop arrived just in time as a few were starting to wilt. As usual there was a choice of clear or coloured water. Alcohol abuse as **Mother Superior**’s can of beer hit the floor. **Precious** stuck a can in his pocket to keep his testimonials cool on the next stage of the walk.

A few wilted hashers were offered a ride in the car to the On-After. This was politely declined having seen **Maneater**’s driving skills during a 12 point turn.

A well marked trail predominately using Goat droppings directed us to the On-After venue. We were made welcome to the Heliosyas Taverna by friendly owner Vangelis.

**Mother Superior** organised some beers after borrowing some cash. **Oompah** was unimpressed, apparently any beer less than 8 degrees is too cold. No he wasn’t joking, he is German after all. After delivering a suitably warm beer, **Mother Superior** was for the first time in 65 years called ‘a good boy’

**911** proudly tells of her daughter’s singing exploits on the cruise ships. Strangely there is a limit to how much dancing one can do whilst singing at the same time. Oddly likened to one’s inability to rub one’s tummy, whilst patting one’s head. Don’t try this at home.

A lunch consisting mainly cheesy dishes was delivered by Vangelis and his team.

We welcomed **Woffler** and **Pinky** to start the Hash proceedings. **Precious** was promoted to beer dispenser. Putting him in charge of the beer was somewhat risky.

We were directed to turn off our phones. **Woffler** is embarrassed that all the harriets were using them to take photos of him to lust over until next year.

**Absent friends**

We lost **George Dobson and Flasher**, two true gentlemen who for years competed to have the bushiest eyebrows on the hash.

Also farewell to Wolfgang who became a popular member of our Hash family, through the reunions, not having been in Baghdad.

**Hendo – Alias Captain Chaos, Cherry Boy and Hobbit. Woffler** recalled one of his party pieces which you can all practice in front of the mirror at home. For **Funnel Lips** and I, his attempt to rename her Betty was our favourite Hendoism. We all have a personal favourite Hendoism that made us roll our eyes, but we loved him for them.

**Honey Nuts** is not in the best of health at the moment and our best wishes go to him and **Soup Dragon.**

**Flasher** was not actually Scottish, so **Gorgeous Gussy and Confusionist** called in for also pretending to be Scottish.

It was time to give **Oompah** a down down before he falls asleep, joined by another serial snoozer **Suxit.**

The Hares put in a lot of much appreciated effort to organise this event, and they expect suitable response, **Insider, Suxit, Hussy and Cabbage Patch** in for thinking the Hares are mind readers.

**An\*\*\*w Jo\*\*s** was unable to attend this year, because mummy and daddy hadn’t organised a new passport for him. Have a drink **Meccano Man and Arsonist**.

**Pinky** advises that apparently a tortoise doesn’t drink; extracting what liquid he needs from his food. Personally speaking if we had wanted a Nature Documentary we would have been better inviting Sir Richard Attenborough. However, the **Cooperman** family, who you certainly wouldn’t like to take home as pets, were likened to said meat pie on legs, and invited for a wet one. **Cooperman** is more likely to extract what food he needs from his drink.

Lost Property – Despite **Wofflers** assurance that he had checked that nothing was left behind, he and **Sausage** were grateful to **Pinky** for returning a hanger full of clothes that would come in handy for **Sausage** that night.

There are two airports serving Crete, and you would expect to choose the one closest to the Hash venue. Not so **Meccano Man and Arsonist**, 300 Euros worth of hire car later, they were on the road to Almyrida.

**Flying Dutchman and Boney M** also hired a car but suffered a surcharge when the local fuzz disapproved of his lack of concentration induced by **Boney M**’s head pecking. A visit to the Post office with 90 Euros will eventually see his license returned. Let’s hope the Cretin Post Offices are blessed with better software that that supplied by **Mother Superior**’s ICL colleagues.

 You need to commit the Hash Website to memory in order to gain access to this piece of historic literature. Some haven’t, come in **Jaywalker, Sa\*\*y, Meccano Man, Witch Doctor and Arsonist**.

You need to be properly attired to run on the Hash. A down down will ensure that **Sausage** will not forget her shorts and Hash shirt next time. **Bionic** had been witnessed running in what can only be described as immodest boxers.

With the massive queues in the UK airports, surely they wouldn’t notice one solitary stowaway into the priority lane. Not so **Mrs Robinson**.

What did we think of the run? Not hot enough, not enough hills, etc. etc. Our thanks to the Hares **Tinkerbell, Confusionist and Mrs Robinson**. Also thanks to the support staff; **Madam Jabber, Maneater, Pat\*\*\*k, Pinky and Perky, A\*n Gu\*\*ins.**

**Woffler** impatient that the Rohrdorf - Hash Trash has yet to appear. Does he not know there has been a pandemic and a war since the hash? No excuses **Oddball. Confusionist** enquired what I had written on my bottom. ‘Seen and approved!’

**Cooperman** hands the unwashed Shirt to **Mother Superior** - From one of the great unwashed to another.

Vangelis the Taverna owner offers discount on his olive oil and honey, and he is duly rewarded as he professes his love for us.

One of the Rules of the Hash which does not have legal repercussions these days, is ‘no competition’ Punishment to **Perky, Patr\*\*k, & Boney M,** the self proclaimed winners of the race. Along these lines **Mag\*\*\* Jo\*\*s** had an early sober night before the Hash because she wanted a good workout on the Hash. Volunteers form a queue.

The Hash never forgets. Despite a 3 year gap since Rhordorf, **Woffler**’s memory is faultless. **Gorgeous Gussy** and **Perky** in for disrespecting the Hash by leaving before the end of the down downs.

**Bionic and Witch Doctor** very latecomers as they failed to arrive after their old banger had given up the ghost on route.

**Funnel Lips** slipped whilst groping another unnamed harriet, resulting in a visit from the site paramedics and her being fired off to the hospital for 100 Euros worth of treatment. That was not the end of it though, upon returning home she received a threatening letter from the German ambulance service demanding another 70 Euros. No wonder we left the EU. **Funnel Lips’** frequent falls has resulted in **Oddball** having her fitted with an airbag.

Some hashers were literally begging for lost property to be returned in Rohrdorf, and not saved for the following Hash. Come in **Pinky, Funnel Lips and 911.**

 A Hash name for Hash Cash assistant **Madam Jabber**. Duly Christened by **Precious** with a beer down the back of her neck.

New shoes for **Oddball** - A size 12 will hold a pint easily. Joined by Birthday people **Arsonist, Funnel Lips, An\* Gu\*\*ins, K-Nein and Antidote.**

Welcome back to; **Member**, **Crazy horse, Mrs Salmonella, An\* Gu\*\*ins, Bromide and Mag\*\*\*Jo\*\*s.**

The completion of Berlin airport is 9 years late due to **K-Nein** being on the sick.

It is rapidly becoming the norm for loos to be unisex facilities. The thought of all those ladies lined up along a urinal brings a smile. It is no wonder **Mother Superior and Jaywalker** were confused by the old fashioned segregated facilities.

Rumblings of discontent from the ladies who imagine they are unrepresented on the Hash. Is this **Woffler**’s chance to retire and pass the mantle on to a floozy?

The independence seeking poison dwarf Nicola Sturgeon has infiltrated Sinn Fein in an attempt to steal Northern Ireland. Since nobody admitted to being Sinn Fein supporters, all the paddies were called in.

Soon it was time for a taxi or the long walk home**. Insider** moans that **Suxit** always needs to visit the loo at inappropriate times. Guess who was seen emerging from the bushes, pulling up her lower attire, two minutes into the walk back.

The evening was to be spent at a Taverna where we could expect Greek music and dancing. The first bus arrived and left at the appointed hour, a little roomier than expected. Taxi for **Pinky, Perky and K-Nein.**

**Funnel lips** closed the white mesh curtains in the Studio to protect her modesty whilst getting ready. As the Hashers headed for the first bus, **Antidotes** friendly wave to her proved that the mesh was not in fact suitable and she had been flashing her bits to all and sundry.

The second bus suffered no absentees and a few bottles of Mythos helped pass the time.

 We arrived at a busy and popular Taverna, with live music and dancing waiters. They produced giraffes of wine and two flavours of Raki for the tables. The food kept coming, but for some unknown reason they covered most of it with what appeared to be white shite from an albino goat. My hash diet continued.

**Woffler and Mrs Robinson** continued the Hendo tradition of Ouzo all round.

**Confusionist and Tinker Bell**, fresh from their appearance on Strictly Come Plate Smashing, led the dancing for the Hash Contingent.

Back at the Studios, the drinking continued into the early hours with all the usual suspects.

The following night was the ‘wear something white party’, and it did appear to resemble a Klu Klux Klan meeting. After drinks in the bar, we were ushered outside to the nicely laid out tables and buffet.

Before the proceedings began, **Woffler** gained our attention to right one of the worst wrongs in the history of the BH3. How this demure, reserved, angelic harriet had been saddled with such an inappropriate Hash name as **Maneater** is beyond belief. **Woffler** duly rectified this, arise **Organ-iser**.

During the planning with the Hotel, the Hares had been unable to access any info about this year’s attendees. The hotel manage had cited Data Protection Regulations. He did admit that this ‘following of orders’ may have been due to him having spent some time in Germany. He was forgiven with a drink, joined by another Greek, **K-Nein**, who has also spent some time in Germany.

Oh dear what a calamity as poor old **Insider** was locked in the lavatory. **Suxit** had his most peaceful meal in years.

The organisation of next year’s Hash has been awarded to the reliable **Cooperman** and his family of assistants. Do not for one minute think this will be an easy run, because it will be prepared **by Mini Cooper** who is now an Ironman freak. Also taking heed to the rumblings of discontent from the ladies this year, **Cooperman** has already pre-ordered the souvenir attire. T-shirts for the lads and Burkas for the ladies.

So it was goodbye to Almyrida after one of the best reunions ever. Although later in the week it was sad to hear of the death of Vangelis on the World Service.