**The Hash Trash – Benahavis 2016**

Well I have confirmed it with my own eyes, **Waffler** is still breathing and the trash will not need to be replaced with an Obituary after all. Accordingly………

So it was off to sunny Spain courtesy of **Meccano Man**, **Arsonist, Insider** and **Suxit.**

The venue was the Gran Hotel in Benahavis, a superb little village in Andalucía, with the odd hill to rival those of Skiathos. Benahavis is known as the gourmet area of Andalucía, and so it would prove. The hotel was a shade difficult to find, being only signposted in small print above the main entrance. Accordingly having over-shot the hotel, we had to turn around at the base of a very steep hill which predictably was to provide the first check back the next day.

We were presented with a superb hotel, and soon, first pint in hand we relaxed in the courtyard to meet up with the returning Ex-Baghdad clan. The Hares rewarded for their efforts with a good attendance with over 35 rooms occupied.

Having registered and received the Hash attire for the following day, it was time to attempt the climb up to the village. This did not bode well for the next day’s run.

So having completed the whole year’s pre-hash training, a nice evening in the plentiful bars and restaurants was had by all.

A cloudless sunny morning greeted us as we gathered for the run. All decked out in red shirts with a yellow solar panel on the back to provide the additional power required to get us up the hills. With the exception of one man in a white shirt. There is always one **Precious** one.

On-On to the predicted Cardiac Arrest hill, with lethal slippery stone covering, for a chaotic check back. Then a chance for a paddle through a river. The pack suitably impressed after slipping on their arses down a hill to be blessed with wet feet for the rest of the run. The hares obviously missed that training video on ‘How to Motivate’.

A good mix of countryside and well-manicured parkland along the run. Bright red T-shirts and luminous yellow caps not the ideal attire for those trying to find adequate cover during comfort breaks along the run. **Cooperman re-**joined the run half way along the track, having found a route around the water crossing.

**Pinky** attention-seeking as usual with injuries to his ankle and a lump on his head, having run into a branch whilst concentrating on blowing his horn. Damn fine bruise it has to be said.

Hares comments ‘not a lot of running going on’ not appreciated bearing in mind we were half way up a hill with a 70% gradient. Waffler showing his age by being grumpy about the tattoos adorning our female hashers.

At the split to the wankers run we were offered the option of Under 25s that way, Over 25s this way. I joined in with the other over 25 stone hashers.

But we survived, and having negotiated the 39 steps up the last hill up to the ON-After venue, got straight into suitable refreshment. Hares to be commended for the On-After venue - The Garden of Eden - careful with those apples.

A professional barmaid had all the beers lined up, so no waiting. A fabulous spread with plentiful top notch grub. **Hobbit** getting giddy – ‘have you seen the menu, have you seen the menu?’ Still can’t understand why he still isn’t named **Captain Chaos** some things are just meant to be. As usual he couldn’t resist supervising the buffet.

Background music courtesy of 60’s groups. In keeping with the age group of the attendees this year.

**Confusionist** struggled to get an ice cube, the size of which could have sunk the titanic, into her wine glass. Leave some room for the wine girl.

The food kept coming, a far cry from me having to threaten the staff to bring more chips at the On-After at one of the hashes arranged at the Lake District a few years back.

**Waffler** needs to learn that at his age with his knees in that condition its best not to drop your cutlery. Strangely enough it was Bromide that helped him out by picking them up for him. That’s one way of avoiding down-downs later.

**Arsonist** reminiscing that she was just a girl in Baghdad, asked how hard the run had been. When advised she said “I hope nobody pegs it”. Words which might have subsequently come back to haunt her.

**Waffler** doesn’t know his own strength and managed to break the bog door, rushing back to start the Down-Down formalities.

Absent friends remembered. Eric Schofield no longer with us, remembered for his Union Jack attire. An impromptu chorus of ‘I’ve got a dog his name is Rover’ provided a suitable memorial.

Also Toby Erickson has sadly succumbed to Cancer.

**Honey Nuts, Soup Dragon, Oompah and Hash Witch** unable to join us this year. **Hash Tottie** read a letter of greeting from her grandparents. **Arm Candy** similarly sent us apologies from her parents.

**John Thomas** guilty of clerical error whilst advising the Hash of his change of email address, copied it to his old address.

**Oddball and Funnel Lips** guilty of being late for the run.

**Kel\*\*\*** **Mo\*\*** guilty of not reading the paperwork. Nice to see him and **No\*\*\*** back in the fold, I’ve not seen him since the last time I watched him smash his musical instruments during the gig.

The website address continues to mystify. **Gobsmacked** (what website?), **Sa\*\*y**, **Manipulator, Boney M, Perky and Calloway** given a reminder. **Sausage** given exemption.

Memories from Freisdorf, **Ti\*** found fast asleep with her head in the fridge. This prompted **Hard Nut** to spend £2000 on a fridge for his home in B/kok. Apparently it doubles as a walk in wardrobe for **Ti\*.**

**Mother Superior’s** brood managed to get the bar reopened after everyone else had given up and gone to bed. **J Walker** up to receive our congratulations.

**Funnel Lips, Jan\*\*, Antidote, Mrs Robinson and Game for It,** called in for taking their handbags on the Run. Also **J Walker**. Let’s be honest, the only bag a man needs is the one to keep his balls in.

Front running Bas\*\*\*\*s punished. **Tinkerbell, Kris\*\*\*\*. Ol\*\*\*r, and Hash Tottie**

A poor excuse from **Hard Nut**, and **Ti\*** for missing the Skiathos reunion. A Greek visa was not forthcoming at the Bangkok Embassy, and it cost him £1000 not to come. **K-Nein** born in Greece called up to take responsibility.

Memories from Skiathos:

**Cooperman, Oddball, And Pinky** for their oversized beer glasses, on the Mama Mia Trip. **Pinky** subsequently had to undergo a liver check-up – 45% destroyed

**Meccano man** and accordingly now named **Arsonist** almost getting evicted for multiple operations of the Yannis hotel fire alarm.

New Shoes – they never learn – **Game for it**, and her Beau, **Pe\*\*\* Two\*\*\*\*, Hard Nut, And\*\*\* Jo\*\*\*, J Walker, Ga\*\*,** and **Car\*\***

The European debate – The Germans perplexed that we should consider leaving, **Suz\*\*\*\*** in for spewing propaganda, and if one sibling drinks, the other sibling drinks. **K-Nein** to join her. A vote indicated in favour of Brexit.

Business class travel and executive rooms/suites? **Callaway, Mystic Meg, Lady Godiva, Hard Nut and T\*\*,** **San\*\*, Wolf\*\*\*\*, Precious and Cabbage Patch** with more money than sense. Although as **Hard Nut** says, “If you don’t travel Business Class, your kids will”.

First rule of the Hash? – Why is **Zuber** wearing flowers in his hair?

Welcome Backs to **Gobsmacked, Jen\*\* \*\*\*, Kel\*\*\* M\*\*n, Pe\*\*\* Too\*\*\*\*.**

**Confusionist** advises there are significant anniversaries this year **– Waffler and Sausage,** 50 years**, Hobbit and Mrs Robinson,** 25 years, **Confusionist and TinkerBell**, 20 years, and **Mystic Meg and Lady Godiva,** what would seem like 50 years.

They said it would never last!!

A word of warning - if your wife goes on a diet, never, never go on it with her and lose more weight than her. **Mother Superior** your life is at risk.

The Down-Downs went on past **Suxit’s** bedtime and a siesta was in order. Wake up and come and have a beer.

So to the hares. For a memorable Hash, thanks to **Insider, Suxit, Meccano man and Arsonist**, also assisted by **And\*\*\* Jo\*\*\*.**

The Sunday morning gathering voted to reconvene next year in the New forest area. The invitation is from **Cooperman and Mother Superior**. Get ready for rain in keeping with **Cooperman’s** previous efforts.

The end of the weekend was somewhat dulled with news that reminds us that we are not indestructible. News filtered through that **Waffler** had had a stroke, which did not surprise most of the harriets who had experienced just that whenever they had got too close to him in the past.

ON ON