**The Hash Trash 2018 – Dusseldorf**

This time it was off to Dusseldorf on the banks of the Rhine to enjoy the German hospitality courtesy of **Goebbels** and **Manipulator**

We took the train from the airport into the main Station, and it didn’t take long to wait for a likely Hasher who would take charge of **Funnel Lip’s** heavy suitcase. Step up **Chopper** with the muscles to cope. We studied the map to the Hotel provided by the hares, but **Chopper,** sporting a super I-Phone complete with Google maps told us to follow him. This turned out to be a huge mistake as the journey to the Hotel wasted a full hour of drinking time. **Chopper** turned his phone in every angle before giving up and asking directions from who can only be described as Dusseldorf’s equivalent of the village idiot. As we later found out when heading to the station for the Sunday excursion to Kaiserswerth it is only a 10 minute stroll from the station to the hotel.

Eventually arriving at the hotel we found it completely void of Hashers, who had all moved on to the Schumaker Brewery. The route to the Brewery was thankfully less stressful and we soon caught up with the pack who were well ahead in the beer stakes.

The breweries have a bizarre method of marking your beermat to keep track of your drinks. It turned out to be a cheap night, **Funnel Lips**, having been here many times had brought a bottle of Tippex.

Fantastic food in the shape of huge lumps of pork with tooth-breaking crackling. In complete contrast the beer was delivered in tiny glasses. It was like drinking out of an eye bath.

Back to the hotel where drinks were offered in more appropriate pint bottles, albeit containing beer that I can buy in my local Asda. So much for broadening your culinary experiences.

The morning arrived too soon. It was a late breakfast for some of the Harriets, sporting hangovers from the previous night. There were quite seedy reasons for this. **Mrs Robinson, Confusionist**, **Lady Godiva and Desmond** were out until 2.30 in the morning auditioning for pole dancer positions in one of Dusseldorf’s notorious Gay night spots.

We gathered in the foyer, **Mother Superior** amusing himself checking out the anatomy of a young lass in a see through outfit positioned between him and the bright sunshine. Taking him back to Princess Diana’s famous similar faux pas at the Taj Mahal.

The hares were sporting whistles to keep us in check, and strangely 3 big silver Zeppelins hovered overhead. These being cheap versions of the ill-fated drone which hovered over the run at the Yateley Hash, recording our misdemeanours.

All the Hash dutifully wearing the run T-Shirt, wondering if they were also available in bright colours. The colour choice it makes it difficult to hide behind a tree when caught short on the run. I chose to omit the yellow hat in favour of a bob hat emblazoned with the motif ‘**Oddball**s’. **Oddball**s is a Testicular Cancer Charity, and no, they hadn’t named a cancer after me!

**Hobbit** discussing the subject of Testicular Cancer on the run advises that there is usually a good detection rate, since all men regularly play with their balls. Speak for yourself **Hobbit**, I’d say that’s **Mrs Robinson**’s job. He told me of some recent exploits fishing for Trout and Salmon in the rivers near home. He says river fishing is bad for your calves. He always finds a reason to limp.

A new young hasher was introduced into the run within a pappoose in an enviable location between his mother’s breasts.

The run took us into the busy City of Dusseldorf**, Fi\*\*a** having to be reminded that this was a pub day, not a shopping day. The locals were showing interest, and a woman ran out of a barbers shop to admire my chest. Some thought it was to view the badge on the shirt, but it happens all the time.

Off to the beer stop, but for a lot of the hashers, a bladder stop would be more appropriate. I’m sure some of the nurses on the Hash could supply some of the over 65’s with a caffeter and a sample bottle.

At the beer stop, **Maneater** offered an interesting choice of coloured water or see through water. Most went for the coloured version, including **Dan\*\*\*** who is learning to be a student and was being weaned on to beer in advance of her impending residence at Chester Uni.

At this point the last remaining Zeppelin was released into the sky by **Cooperman**, contributing to the air pollution.

**Gobsmacked** tells me his family up in Lincolnshire now have an active interest in greyhound racing. He was always known for his interest in dogs in his early years.

**Bromide** has joined the traveller fraternity, having bought a caravan in the Lake District. He can usually be found selling pegs at the Keswick market. He wasn’t too happy with his new found mates when they trashed the Thwaite’s brewery during the floods last year.

**Maneater** tended **Flying Dutchman’s** wounds but the First Aid kit is in need of refurbishment, and the scissors fell apart. **Waffler,** ready for his second coloured water asked for help to open his beer can, not wanting to risk breaking his finger nail if the scissors were out of commission.

The beer stop location was by the Rhine, and it was good to know that we had a lifeguard on the run in **Hardnut**. He had recently had to jump in the pool to pull out **Ti\*’s** grandson who had fearlessly jumped in the deep end. His mobile phone did not survive the event although surprisingly his cheap Thai copy Rolex did.

At this point one of the City Tour open top buses passed by, and it occurred to me that we could have bought tickets for that and saved all the trouble of all this running stuff.

**Waffler** confides that one of the Hashers had expressed disappointment that a certain Harriet wasn’t wearing stilettos and a skirt up round her arse as per earlier runs. He told him that normal service would resume tonight. I can’t think who he was referring to, **Soup Dragon** wasn’t on the run this year.

**Savage Ann** confides that she and **Horney** have differing household cleaning habits. Which do you think is the scruffy one and who has O.C.D? Answers on a postcard.

**Zuber** was sporting some snazzy shorts, which turned out to be his pyjamas, having left his running shorts at home.

At the ON-After we had to compete for space with the locals watching the World Cup on the box. We assembled inside only to be diverted back outside again, then back inside. It was like the Hokey Kokey, in, out, in, out shake it all about. Thankfully nobody did. The final decision was to stay inside, then all the women, as women do, rearranged all the furniture.

Whilst making a few notes, **Gobsmacked** asked if it was shorthand. Actually it is big hand, big feet, you know the story.

**Funnel Lips** was explaining the philosophy of Down Downs to **Cl\*\*\*e**. Not doing a great job, because following the detailed tuition, **Cl\*\*\*e** says I can cope with that, I’d better go and buy some Down Down beer. That is supplied by others **Cl\*\*\*e**, although it might save the Hash a few bob. **911** might find it a tad expensive though seeing as she is averaging about 4.5 Down Downs each year.

The buffet arrived and it included Black Pudding. I didn’t know Dusseldorf was twinned with Bury. Good finger food if you like to overdose on lettuce, and some Crusty cheese, crusty being an adjective which describes most on the Hash these days.

**Hobbit** ordered some wine, only for it to be hijacked by the **Hardnut** family.

Following lunch it was out again for the Down Down proceedings now that the football had finished.

**Waffler** with misplaced confidence in the honesty of the gathering, asked who still had their phones switched on. Surprisingly **Dan\*\*\***, **Fi\*\*\***, **M\*\*k**, **Mechano Man** and **Dominatrix** admitted to it.

Some news about absent friends. **Co\*\*n M\*\*** is recovering from a heart attack, probably brought on by hearing that his ex Jen\*\*y had attended the Benahavís reunion and was due for another broken leg. (Hobbit please note, at the down downs, one must remember to make sure the counter weight is attached to the harness when falling (being pushed) off a high scaffolding whilst drinking.

Regards is sent to all the Hash from John **Bor\*\*\*ton who unfortunately is unable to attend again this year due to Liz, his wife’s illness**, **The Llewellyns,** **Loose Cannon, and the Hash Witch.**

The Trash. Does anybody actually read it, or even know where to find it? **S\*\*dy, Pinky**, **Da\*\* So\*e**, **Gobsmacked** in to represent the uninterested.

The Hash never forgets. **Pinky** in Benahavis almost cut the top of his head off running into a street sign on the run. It was like topping a boiled egg. In for damaging Spanish property, accompanied by **Perky** for her lack of sympathy. He still has the scars!!

What happened to the Hash horn? More importantly who mithered **Sausage** with it during **Wafflers** indisposition in Spain? **Cooperman** in to represent his son.

There were suggestions to rename the website Gayporn.com which would make **Precious** and **Bromide** more likely to read it. First rule of the Hash and all that. However they were forgiven for their alternative inclinations because their wives were obviously not giving them enough Hetero attention. **Cabbage Patch** and **Antidote** join them for a drink.

The Hash remembers - A Harriet being stung on the clitoris by a Bee or a mosquito. **Gobsmacked** and **Goebbels** in for being the first to offer the kiss of life.

Also from Yateley, **Mother Superior** in for setting the run on a bike. Also **Sausage** who wanted to take a photo of the hare on his bike showed how gullible she is by giving **Mother Superior** her beer to hold. She didn’t see it or him again.

The Data Protection Act - How can we be sure that the officials of the Hash look after our data, for instance **Oli\*\*er** failed to look after all the photos taken by his drone last year. Does **John Thomas** maintain sufficient secrecy looking after all our personal details? In to reassure us.

**Waffler** tries to escape his responsibilities by offering his resignation. Duly refused, **Hardnut** begging him to stay alive until next year. **Pinky** in for getting a phone call during the GM’s address, **911** for not bringing the kids this year. **911** refusing point blank the soft drink offered, saying give me a proper beer. **Flying Dutchman** joined them for being noisy.

For our tribute to the Royal Wedding, two souls brought in to represent the Hash. **Juliet** for wearing a pink shirt on the run. Is he batting for the other side now, or is pink the new black? **Hash Totty** now free and single, having dumped the last boyfriend. This is good news for the younger interested parties.

Visitors from the Doha Hash **Gigalo and Dominatrix**, Welcome backs **Ol\*\*er and Kri\*\*\*na**, joined **Manipulator** for a drink

Money Talks**. Confusionist** and **Tinkerbell** continuing to stay out of the UK for tax reasons, are on route to the Bahamas and Cayman Islands to check up on their accounts. Joined by **OOmpah** the richest man in Bavaria, and **Fi\*\*a** patiently awaiting her inheritance.

**Waffler** passes the circle on to **Pinky**.

**Pinky** advises he has been blessed with abundant information from the snitchers.

Participants in the Gay night club fiasco – **Confusionist**, **Desmond, Mrs Robinson. Lady Godiva** hadn’t surface yet from the exertions of the previous night so she was represented by **Mystic Meg**. We have to be careful that the Hash doesn’t appear to be homophobic in these politically correct days so we included **Precious** as Gay liaison officer. He says he couldn’t be gay, he couldn’t put up with being elbowed by blokes as well as women. **Waffler** included for Heterosexual balance.

**Hardnut** is struggling to sell his London penthouse flat in Grenfell towers. It has been advertised as a hot property. Son **And\*\*w** has been acting as estate agent. **Waffler** in for his First Aid kit scissors experience.

**Hardnut** takes control of the circle.

Wetting the baby’s head. Here’s to the proud mothers **Kris\*\*\*a and Lo\*\*se** bringing the babies along In order to keep the average age down on the Hash. However If you cannot finish the beer it should go on your own head not the babies.

**911** confides about an odd experience the previous night where she had her buttocks stroked. **Sleazy** in for not controlling his mares. **911** had been the last woman standing at the bar the previous night.

Two fine specimens of the Aryan master race in the form of two **Ol\*\*ers.**

Let’s face it, if you stay at a budget hotel, you are not going to get luxury and 4 poster beds. Try telling that to the usual suspects who insist on viewing a dozen rooms before making their selections. **Confusionist. Tinker Bell, Hobbit and Mrs Robinson** predictably guilty.

**S\*\*dy** called in for having left her bag full of cash on the train. She explained that **Wol\*\*\*ng** likes to be at the front. The front of the train not the Russian front. **Insider** has been diagnosed with Leprosy, surely not, **Maneater** should be careful who she stands next to.

The Hares go to a lot of trouble to provide nice T shirts for the ladies, however some complain about the size and some don’t even choose to wear them. Culprits **Hash Totty, 911, Maneater and Perky.**

**Antidote** - A freeloading Gipsy dodging the fare on the train. Along with **Bromide,** who, due to inexperience of towing their caravan, managed a collision with a Lamborghini of all things.

**Waffler** back in the circle

Welcome to the Hash to **Cl\*\*re, Jac\*\*ta & Hubby, and Ol\*\*er**

Freeloading youngsters – subsidised by their parents. Include **Dodger, Bravefart, Hash Totty, Fab\*\*, Fi\*\*a, Dan\*\*\***

Hash Names are given by the GM after good consultation with the darkest members of the Hash. They are not given after suggestion from their Children. Accordingly **Na\*\*** will not be named Misery Guts. Apparently her name means ‘nothing’ in Spanish, and ‘hope’ in Croatian. Might I suggest No Hoper or Hopeless? Any other suggestions – see the Hash Master.

Well, what did we think of the run? It is striking that these days there are less complaints of it being not long enough. A round of applause for hares **Goebbels and Manipulator** for a superb event and top class mismanagement. A mention of dedication to duty. Who was still out setting the run at one in the morning instead of joining in the gay club debauchery? Good job **Manipulator**!

Na\*\* called in for beer abuse.

The usual suspects were the Friday night late drinkers. **Oddball, JWalker, Chr\*\*, K-Nein and OOmpah .**

Some people are just too fit for their own good. **Confusionist and Tinkerbell** two fine specimens currently taking part in major long distance walks.

On father’s day weekend a number of Hashers were here to toast their fathers. – **Desmond, Bravefart Kris\*\*na, Lou\*\*e, Dan\*\*\*, JWalker, Chr\*\*, Fio\*\*, Andr\*\*Bro\*\*, Fab\*\*, Andr\*\* Jon\*\* , K-Nein, and the two Babies Mango and Fritz with Fathers OL\*\*er X2.**

Finally Happy 70th birthday to our Mr Website, **Mother Superior.**

**On On** to the evening meal.

We gathered in the hotel foyer watching the rain pouring down. We speeded across to the tram stop keeping dry courtesy of the hotel umbrellas. Of course the rich Hashers, not wanting to mix with the plebs on public transport, ordered a fleet of taxis. A great restaurant by the river with top class food albeit with obvious delays associated with serving 75 people on-mass.

Back to the hotel for a few nightcaps with the usual suspects, and just when you think you can finally hang up your pen and notebook, **911** reappeared after having gone up to her room, having been unable to remember her room nu**mber.**

**Sunday Excursion**

A train ride out to Kaiserswerth an interesting old town. A pleasant walk around the town and up to an old monastery which will be nice when it is finished. Lots of expensive cars in view.

**Mystic Meg** tells me he is still studying to pass the time. If he learns much more his head might explode.

**Wol\*\*\*ng** finally remembered where he had left his Rolls Royce 20 years ago - at the side of the monastery café.

A beer in the town centre and the barmaid brought out a warm blanket for the old man **Hardnut.** Good to see that nobody would drink the Carlsberg because they used to sponsor Liverpool. I don’t use Crown Paint either. Then it was decision time to go back by train or by boat. Those that returned by boat were happy to find that the beer was free, albeit in glasses a lot smaller than those on the Skiathos Mama Mia Cruise.

Back in Dusseldorf the town was alive with Germans watching their team lose in the World Cup. Accordingly it was easy to find a restaurant for lunch, but the grumpy waitress obviously would have preferred to be watching the football instead of looking after a dozen or so demanding Hashers. She did however get her own back by serving **Gorgeous Gussy, Antidote, Cabbage Patch and 911** with a bottle of alcohol free wine. No tip followed.

All in all a great event, and we look forward to more German hospitality next year in Rohrdorf, with **Hash Totty and K-Nein**. This will be followed in 2020 by some Yorkshire portions in the lovely old City of York courtesy of **Witch Doctor, Bionic and Game for It.**

**On On**