**The Hash Trash** - **Killarney – Co Kerry 2014**

So the Baghdad Hash found itself gathering on the Emerald isle once again. The usual hospitality from our local representatives creating such harmony that most decided to attempt the run.

The early start of 09.00 not putting too many off, despite the amount of 'welcome drinks' consumed the night before. Predictably the first ones in the bar having been **Bromide** and **Precious**. **Sausage** amazed that your scribe had not been one of those pathfinders.

Hash names were up for review courtesy of a document from **Woffler**, this produced the intended result, completely winding up a hasher threatened with the name 'nurse'." But I am a consultant" she whined, getting no support from her other half. "She never consults me about anything"

The limbering up started in earnest, **Precious** touching his toes, well, his lower shins anyway.

**Chopper** hoping the loosening up might result in an injury to give him an excuse to abort the run.

**John Thomas** and **Gorgeous Gussy** were given identical hats to wear. For what reason? Answers on a postcard.

So it was On On for a predictable quick circuit of the garden, bringing the pack back to the Sharabangs.

A few late arrivals swelled the numbers, one of whom not easily recognisable without a dummy in his mouth.

Before the off**, Man eater** handed out medium size Condoms to everyone. In addition labels were distributed. Apparently these were to write your name on to ensure that you would remember who you are, should Alzheimer's set in during the run. Alternatively it was thought that it might turn out to be 'one of those parties' where all the names would be drawn out of a hat. This would explain the reason for the afore mentioned condoms.

It was proving to be a soft day.

Quite why what appeared to be sun tan lotion was being liberally applied by **Precious** was puzzling. It was correctly identified by **Gorgeous Gussy** to be anti aging cream. Obviously not hair gel.

All mod cons on the bus including a toilet. **Cabbage Patch** would not use this facility unless her husband would whistle or sing outside the door to drown out the noise. It would probably require a full blown sing song from everyone on the bus.

Things were looking bleak, as the bus had to make a check back, the driver having missed the trail.

**Man eater** called into the Post office to ask directions and returned to the bus with an unexplained small bike.

As the route to the On On dragged on, some hashers were dipping into the emergency rations, **Funnel Lips** tucking in to a Banana.

**Gobbles** dreamily commenting that there is something about watching a harriet eat a banana.

**Manipulator** spots lumps of flour which signifies we are finally at the intended run site.

We pile out of the buses and compete with the harriets for spaces in the gents bogs. **Perky** providing the loo roll.

**Hobbit** gives a warning about Ticks - an insect that can bite your extremities. Our medically qualified harriets have to reassure the hashers that the poison can be sucked out. This is a more dangerous **Tic** than the Thai harriet normally accompanying **Hard Nut.**

With pen and paper in hand I am asked if I am making notes for **Woffler**. I advise that this is for a much classier document.

I note two hashers holding hands on the run, down downs are getting easier these days. **Romeo** and **Juliet** the guilty two, living up to their hash names. No doubt **Juliet** will be later living up to her non Hash name - Pist even if the spelling is lost in translation.

The run takes us through some superb countryside, great choice by the hares. Mother nature had tried her best to remove the marks, but the hares were busy keeping the stragglers on trail.

A check back was located to allow a view of the Cherry boy mansion - quite a step up from a Black Country Council house.

Fields full of Irelands dairy herds confused the hell out of one of our Milton Keynes hashers who had always thought that cows were made of concrete.

A timely Wanker's trail gets us to the pub to await the arrival of the main pack.

The On-After was to be held in a converted barn next to the Teddy O'Sullivans pub, by a lake alongside Kilmackilloge Pier.

No comparison with the barn that **Oompah** blessed us with on a mountain side in Bavaria, but stunning views across the water nevertheless.

We awaited the arrival of the runners and **Olly**, **Confusionist** and **Dodger** provided a sprint finish.

**Chopper, Flying Dutchman, Suxit , Insideher, Mechano Man, Bionic and Bromide** amongst the usual suspects not far behind.

Time for a well earned beer. This being Ireland. Guinness providing the mainstay. I had long given up the hope of real ale, but the black stuff was in fine condition.

**Man eater** took up position behind the bar to make sure nobody exceeded their beer allowance, and to oversee the delivery of a good spread. She can always be relied upon for a good spread.

The soup kitchen warmed the cockles, although the delivery of two jugs of water caused some consternation. The last time **Bromide** drank water, his body went into spasm.

On to the Down Downs. The first time that Wife Beater has been the drink of choice. Blocks of ice ensuring the optimum temperature.

**Woffler** and his team of pourers - **Sausage** and **Game For It -** delivered the time honoured ritual.

New Shoes - always a crime - One of our returning Hashers **'N\*\*a'** will remember next time.

**Precious** has a problem in the bedroom department when she 'has the painters in'. - not a euphemism this time - **Cabbage Patch** preferring to decorate the boudoir instead of using the cash to go on holiday.

Lost Property. A tiny T-shirt was restored to its owner. **Flying Dutchman** said it looked like most of his T-shirts after **Boney M** has washed them.

The jocks were asked to offer reasons why they are intending to vote to leave the UK. North sea Oil, Nationalisation of Malt whisky and men running around in skirts were muted. **Gorgeous Gussy** and **Loafer** in to represent Nicky Nacky Noo Land.

It's tough being a Man U fan these days. **Bromide and Oddball** don't get together to watch the games these days because they got fed up of watching them get beat.

There are some brains in the hash after all. **Mystic Meg** has been awarded a degree in Astro-Physics which will come in very handy, if you want to split the odd atom, to while away the hours during your retirement . Perhaps he might now be able to explain how **Lady Godiver's** quiff has defied gravity since Baghdad days. Not a lot of chance of his student loan getting paid back.

**Bromide** has also retired, which came as a big shock to most of us. We all thought he retired when he got off the plane from Baghdad.

Who's idea was it to put us up in a hotel next to a shopping outlet? The harriets are suppose to run till they drop, not shop till they drop. **Man eater** and **Mrs Robinson** deemed responsible.

Good turn out again this year and **Woffler** called in a number of stalwarts who come to the reunions on a regular basis. **Perky** confirmed that she does come on a regular basis, but not as often as **Pinky.** She however does not have marathon sessions as often as she used to.

www.ex-baghdad-hhh.co.uk is the new website and **Woffler** made sure that it was committed to memory at the expense of a few hash beers.

A cake for the 60 year olds - **Sh\*\*\*a** performing a fine blow job to extinguish the candles.

Mary and Her Sprites? That's a good one, who has ever seen **Mrs Robinson** with a soft drink.

New names for old? **Gorgeous Gussy** adjudicates, and **Confusionist, Mystic Meg, Dodger, Chopper, Manipulater, Mother Superior,** **Hobbit and Jaywalker** were duly christened.

So to the hares. What a fantastic effort from them - Super Venue, Great hotel, Great spread, very unhash like organisation. A well deserved Down down.

So it was back on the buses for a speedy trip back to the hotel. Except for a delay whilst the nursey types amongst us comforted victims of a vehicle altercation. Imagine regaining consciousness to be faced by that lot!

Down for dinner and an aperitif accompanied by a young lady plucking something between her legs.

Casting aside the disappointment of the no-show by the late night entertainment, the hares popped down to the pub down the road and managed to convince a gang of drunks to come over and give us a few diddly diddly songs.

 Next morning K-Nein and Hash Tottie read out a threatening letter from the Hash Witch. We have been commanded to reconvene on the Island of Skiathos . Be there.

So that's it. If anyone has been offended, the Leprechauns made me do it.

On On