The Hash Trash 2015 - Skiathos

So it was back to Greece, almost the Hash's second home - venue for 5 previous reunions - to be welcomed once again by **Oompah** and **The Hash Witch**. This year ably assisted by **K-Nein** and **Hash Totty**.

Skiathos, jewel of the Northern Sporades, had hosted the Hash back in 2005. This time larger numbers were to benefit from the hospitality of Dana, a former Eurovision song contest winner. Dana made sure that the larders and Bar were stocked with All Kinds of Everything that the Hash needed.

Of course, since the 2005 hash, Skiathos and sister island Skopelos have found fame as the scene of a blockbuster porn movie. Once the hash had convened, it was actually like being on the film set. Not 'Mammary Mia', but '50 shades of Grey', due to the hair colour or lack of it displayed by the Hashers. Well those who still have some hair!

The hashers were housed in two hotels - San Antonio and Villa Yannis. The San Antonio is blessed with fabulous views, the trade off being a 400 metre climb up one of the most aggressive hills in Greece to get there. This was our last opportunity to get some altitude training in for the next day's run.

Fortunately for those making the sheer climb from the Villa Yannis for the Friday evening, a very welcome Decompression Cocktail Station had been set up by **Hobbit** and **Mrs Robinson** averting the bends on the way up.

Over fifty hashers gathered for a few choruses of 10 green bottles, Mythos being the beer of choice.

 The run was scheduled for 10 am next day, and following a good breakfast at San Antonio and a few team photos, we were called to order to listen to **K-Nein's** instructions for the run. A bit concerning to be advised about the 'most dangerous' part of the run.

Accordingly for a change I decided to join the walkers to see how the other half live. So it was on-up past the hotel, with **Oompah** leading the way. As it happens we hadn't avoided the dangerous section, as he led us up a crumbling mountain goat trail, **Oompah** flattening a barbed wire fence to keep us on trail. No marks visible, sadly the Greek economy cannot sustain the cost of chalk or flour **Oompah** retained one of the fence posts to protect us from a pack of dogs providing the next threat to life.

**Romeo** and **Juliet** as usual holding hands, **Funnel Lips** having none of that, carrying a bunch of nettles to ward off suitors.

Eventually the trail found a decent road, passing a large red and white 'SLOW' sign. Despite the aging of the Baghdad Hash these days, this proved that there is nothing wrong with their eyesight, apparently having obeyed this sign some two klicks further back.

No beer stop on the walkers trail, however for the runners there was a choice of beer or cocktails, **Waffler** helping himself to a Rusty Nail. This put the Hash circle in delay as he had to pop down to the hospital to have his stomach pumped.

The walkers were welcomed back by **Honey Nuts** who gave us the good news that Grandson Josh is to be married in the next few weeks. The hash sends their best wishes to a regular ex-Baghdad hasher and his wife to be.

The runners came in with **Hash Totty** leading the way in from the usual suspects **Brave Fart** and **Tinker Bell**.

For the circle, all the chairs were arranged in the Greek amphitheatre style with Georgios handing out cushions for the hemorriodally challenged hashers. **Woffler** finally getting his act in gear, insisting that everyone had a drink in front of them. Suits me, I would rather have a bottle in front of me, than a frontal lobotomy.

With a drink in hand, we had the opportunity to toast absent friends, with the recently deceased Dave Wincap in mind. Top man Dave, God bless. **Bromide** had attended the funeral with **Cedric** throwing a chocolate bar on to the coffin, recognising his legendary sweet tooth.

As usual the wearers of new shoes are the first target of the hash master. This year **Confusionist, Tinker Bell, Zu\*\*\* and J\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*ou, Flasher and Na\*\*\*.**

**Zu\*\*\*** returned courtesy of having reserved his sun bed, in true Germanic style by putting out his towel, weighed down with some pebbles which he had brought up from the beach.

**Flying Dutchman** had returned to the bar very late the previous night having been unable to raise **Boney M** from her slumbers. He collected the spare key only to find the apartment empty. **Boney M** eventually turned up a few hours later, having been up to no good.

Belated birthday wishes to **Gorgeous Gussy** for reaching the 60 milestone, but hey What's Another Year?

Similarly **Na\*\*\*'s** impending 60th received our Congratulations.

**Romeo** and **Juliet** have introduced a new name for Hash Nooky after having announced when checking in that they were in need of some' Zip'. **Romeo** reminding **Juliet** to Save All Your Kisses For Me.

The Hash Website; www.ex-baghad-hhh.co.uk is still beyond some Hashers. **Sausage**, **Cooperman** called in for a reminder. **Bionic** had had the original idea for a website for the Hash, but was subsequently gazumped by **Mother Superior**. Please make sure that you send all your photos from this and previous hashes to **Mother Superior**.

We had enjoyed a great Hash in Austria in 2011, courtesy of **Sa\*\*y Wo\*\*\*\*ng** and **Flying Dutchman**. However this is no excuse for the allowing a Transvestite to represent them in the Eurovision. First rule of the Hash applies, we don't want any po\*\*\*ers to Rise Like a Phoenix into this Hash.

Along similar lines **Cooperman** having been embarrassed by his pink luggage at the previous Hash in Killarney, was not taking any chances this year. He opted for hand luggage only knowing that he would be able to borrow hash shirts from washing lines once he had run out of clean laundry.

 The prompt 10 o'clock start for the run had been flaunted by **Gorgeous Gussy, Sausage and J\*\*\*ie.**

Since the San Antonio has a great pool, it would have been rude not to take the opportunity to use the facility to baptise some newly named Hashers, including backdating some renaming from last year. Of course Health and Safety dictates that we must have 2 lifeguards and a first aider.

**John Thomas**, **Tinker Bell** and **Precious** nominated . The girls being most insistent that the lifeguards removed their shirts, although obviously there was no baying for the first aider to disrobe. **Confusionist**  suggested the shorts should also be removed, but we didn't want **Tinker Bell** to be embarrassed next to **John Thomas**.

With new names up for grabs, **Gorgeous Gussy** was brought in to adjudicate. Firstly our resident Ballerina was named **Desmond**, and was dispatched into the pool tu tu get her Pirro wet. Likewise brother **Brave Fart** received baptism.

Bikini clad **Hash Totty** was advised to remove some of her attire, but replied that it was not necessary as her watch was waterproof.

**Manipulator**  took the plunge fully clothed disappointing the guys.

For **Confusionist** it was 'Making Your Mind Up' whether to go in fully clothed or disrobe. She

delighted the lads by whipping off her skirt in the manner of namesake Cheryl Baker.

**Waffler** had to change his e-mail address and had asked **John Thomas** to pass it on to the other Hashers, which he duly did, copying it in to **Waffler's** old e-mail address.

The jocks had decided on a 'No' vote to remain with the UK. For **Flasher** it would have been like turkeys voting for Christmas as all Scottish diplomats would have been made redundant if it had gone with a 'Yes' vote.

Some welcome backs:

**Ba\*\* \*\*\*rk** taking a holiday from her up for sale Spanish Riviera bar to join us at long last.

**Sa\*\*y** and **Wo\*\*\*\*ng** had opted to miss out last year, preferring to attend an army reunion. Sometimes it is nice to dress up in false moustaches and swastikas.

**Ale\*\*\*\*er J\*\*\*ie** and **Su\*\*\***ne had arrived as late as they could on Friday evening after all the work had been done by the rest of the Prest\*\*\*e gang.

**Insider** and **Suxit** back in the fold, **Suxit** dispatching his down down in record time.

 **Ch\*\*\*** from the 345 club. He flatly refused to redeem a few of my old 345 5 dinar cards for some Mythos, offering some past it's sell by date Ferida instead. He had attempted to cajole **Woffler** into giving him the Hash name Buzz. You don't name yourself mate, not in a Light Year.

**Flasher** had stepped in for **Soup Dragon** as Hash cash, and despite **John Thomas** and **Flying Dutchman** acting as bodyguards for him all night, neither felt it necessary to contribute to the Hash fund. We might never have found this out if **Flasher** hadn't recovered his account sheet, having lost it in a drunken stupor at the end of the Friday night session.

A number of Hashers had survived surgery for by-passes, replacement joints, penis enlargements, spine reduction etc - **Honey Nuts, Wolfgang, Oompah, Antidote**, **Flasher** and, **Meccano Man** all called in after **Confusionist** had given them the medical thumbs up to cope with their medicine.

Over the years the Hash has benefitted from Parc's finest female medical staff. Lately they have been reduced to a decorative role by the emergence of the males. **Precious** is the regular first aider, and when **Waffler** was looking for attention to dress his wounds, **Hobbit** stepped up to the plate.

**Bromide** upon hearing from **Antidote** that she needed to have a hip replacement, duly sent her out to walk the dog and do the shopping to take her mind off it. Whilst she was out he trawled the internet and within a few hours had learned how to be a carer. Following the operation, he found himself in a whole new world, discovering places in the home he had never seen before - a kitchen, and a store room with strange cleaning materials. He perfected the fireman's lift to get **Antidote** up to the loo. Having brought **Antidote** to full recovery he has now been given a name-your-own-price-contract by **Mrs Robinson** who is having nothing to do with looking after **Hobbit** when he has his knees plasticised. Once he has nursed **Hobbit** to full health he intends to spend more time 'helping out' in local hospitals. Why not, his old mate Jimmy Saville got away with it for years.

**Precious** is happy to be **Cabbage Patch's** Puppet on A String, he admits the last time he made a decision was when he said "I Do". His memory may not be 100%, the answer to that question had been "He Does"

The Hares were called in and comments invited about the run. Too flat and too short the main complaints. An excellent venue and all-in-all everyone very happy. Our thanks to the hares **K-Nein**, **John Thomas**, assisted by **Brave Fart**. All the marks had been laid with typical German precision - all perfect circles exactly 100mm in diameter.

On On to the evening do, for a BBQ and Greek dancing. **Flasher** leading the dancers, although Dana was not too happy when he smashed all of her plates at the end of the dance. We were offered a bottle of wine each, and when asked if he wanted Red or White**, Oddball** replied it didn't matter as he is colour blind.

The night was progressing nicely, when Boom Bang-a-Bang, an earthquake hit the Island - 5.6 on the Richter scale. The Hashers only survived due to a remarkable twist of fate. Fortunately **Pinky** had drunk everyone under the table, which is the safest place to be during an earthquake, and we lived to tell the tale. **Cooperman** has set up a disaster fund to help the traumatised Hashers. all contributions c/o Hash cash who's bank details can be found on the website.

During a trip to the beach next day we were offered 4 options for next year's reunion. After a little greasing of palms FIFA have awarded the 2016 Hash to Spain. **Meccano Man**, **S\*\*, Insider** and **Suxit** will host us close to Marbella. Thanks to them, and thanks to the other kind souls who offered alternative venues. FIFA have advised that as it is likely to be a bit hot there, it may have to be switched to between Christmas and the New Year

That's it, if anyone has been offended, don't be like the Greeks and make a Drachma out of a crisis.