



HASH TRASH

The three day anniversary started with a relatively short but forceful pub crawl, where only Hips Hermine could keep up with men's pride and comfort; beer and rum drinking.

Although there was a lack of ice and cold beer (at one place there wasn't even rum ...), enough drinking was done and I think I even saw Tarzan slightly becoming himself after the 11th beer ...

The second day involved a hot start of the Hash, after which everyone sought the athlete inside him or herself during the Hash Olympics (one had to do more seeking than the other).



Many good things came from the games. Things we can be proud of. Youth stepping up, taking over duties from the old and a young alcoholic was born ...Red Stripe.

In the evening, after the "dress-up" contest, which put forward a jail-bait, some coconuts and a lady-in-waiting for the men to seize, the Mento band from igoz (?) took over.



The rhythmic and melodious sounds built up the energy and while Hash Master Rasta Shakespear could not get enough of Hermine's Hips and hot winding young Tashi, BMW was showing off her not-so-50-year-old-looking neckless of beer

crowns.

As the night grew older, one by one decided to leave and prepare for next days Hash, which only a few bold heroes eventually would walk entirely.

Next day's rain made the hash in the woods seem unattractive enough for some people to stay at the luxurious housing capacity of Bruce Levy's "place" and not walk and climb over the treacherous rocks.

This I-love-nature-but-in-the meantime-I-get-wet-and-mosquitos-bites-me-all-the-time accomodation was the site of the final Hash Circle of the week-end. At this circle and afterwards, we learnt several things :

- A very handsome, loving, masculine but most of all hot Dutch hunk will from now on be known as Foetus
- We should explain to Idiot Rice and Peas in which country we find ourselves in when we are talking to him face-to-face
- Cooked food nine (9) feet away while you're waiting on food which seems to come from Kingston is food you hate!



HASH TRASH

All in all, a weekend full of Hashes, the Olympics, drinking, dancing, laughing, fighting, drinking, singing, singing, eating and drinking makes a man and a woman tired and satisfied. Up to the next hash ...

On On....

