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HASH TRASH

RunS **61 & 62**
Date **Friday 1st April &**
Saturday 2nd April
2011
Location **Gumbet**
Hares **Pisser, Flasher &**
Shitter
Scribe **Tits**



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Friday - The pub crawl around Gumbet.

Captain Crease and Semen set the trail and did a pre-run in the afternoon to check the beer was cold enough. After registration everyone met in reception with some fantastic hats which set the laughing off, Flasher flashing, and got us in the mood for a beer or ten. Nearly sixty people turned up from all over, Ankara, Istanbul, Manchester, Fethiye, Switzerland all up for a weekend of fun, run and sun



Nappy hat, Raster hats, it was a very colourful parade. A hat swap and photo sessions took place throughout the night. The manager of the bar



is Shamus – we did wonder how a Turk ended up with an Irish name. Wild Rover arrived quiet as mouse as usual with a beautiful bouquet of flowers on his head. Sue's Place was the venue for those feeling a bit peckish, fab fish & chips. Staff were run ragged trying to cater for our hungry and thirsty Hash needs. After food and more beers we trooped off to Mr Frog's for more beers and karaoke. We were entertained by Wild Rover, Barrel, Pisser and Akif. Then Flasher started the conga off and set the mood for dancing, with Debbie, Going Down and Butt Butt shaking their stuff



Some of the lightweights snook off from here for pre-run rest. The rest followed the Semen trail to the party at Amigo's. We looked hard for his white markings on the path, but luckily for the pointed hat we managed to follow his trail. Once at Amigo's, where we met up with Second Hand Dishwasher, we presented Ozgur another Bodrum Hasher, with a Nash Hash Tee-Shirt for her 40th Birthday. After another swift drink or two we headed down to Temple Bar for a great party and excellent DJ. Debbie challenged the locals to dance offs, Wild Rover made sure he wore every possible hat he could get his hands on, keeping the dance floor "Slippery when wet" by knocking wine and beers from the hands of those nearby with his wild dancing. Roger showed his strength by chucking Wild Rover in the air and catching him. Everyone partied and partied till the early hours

Saturday

A hung over bunch turned up for breakfast. The Hares decided to massacre their lovely blue tops with red, white and blue stars. Off with the arms for Flasher and Pisser. The cut off sleeves turned

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into nice leggings for Hare, Shitter. The opening circle for run 62 started at 11am. Pisser was given a down down for first home on run 60 – to try and slow him down, even if he was the hare. Roger was given the yellow naming hat for the run. I got the Hashit Toilet seat to wear for keeping Semen away from the hash on my 3 month visit to South East Asia. Wild Rover also got the Hashit shit, for not doing his hare duties on the previous run, turning up slightly intoxicated and running straight to the nearest bar of Sue's Place – for Hare of the Dog! K9 was presented with a Jock Strap to wear over his running shorts to keep in his lunch box and a bit of athletic support from his



hashing colleagues

Then the RA told the joke about the difference between a bloke that has guts and one that has balls

Off we all set on the run from Gumbet to Bitez. The rain held off, even though we could hear the thunder in the distance. The spring flowers were in bloom. The killer hill was just what we needed for a hangover cure. Captain Crease and Dopey being the perfect gentlemen to assist Doner Rabbit with the pushchair for the youngest hasher, down the pebble lane. Shitter kept to his name and made several pit stops... as did Pisser. Who went into that ladies garden??????? The group were kept well together, with lots of hooks and check backs for the front runners. Roger was first home.



At the circle after the run, the hares got down downs for a RUBBISH run, Wild Rover and myself got down down for being Hashits. The GMS got called in Wicked Willie, K9, Culture Vulture, Joint Venture for their down downs. Wilder Rover and Pisser got down downs for lost property, his beautiful hat and sunglasses



respectively. Other down downs were for:- Wicked Willie for pink in the circle, Pisser and Debbie for calling people by the wrong name. Then came the new shoes, down downs were had out of the new shoes by Debbie and Roger. K9 had to drink his down down through his used and I presume sweaty jock strap. We had the naming ceremony for Roger, out came the naming mat and litre of Efes. The options thrown in the circle for naming of Roger were Run Fat Boy Run or Mid Life Crisis. Roger is an ex Sheffield Wednesday professional footballer and has a beautiful young WAG Debbie. She picked Run Fat Boy Run, as he has been the front runner on hashes, even though he is not the fine figure of the man he once was – but will be soon, we are told. And so Roger became Run Fat Boy Run, was drowned in beer and had to neck a litre of Efes



Several Jokes were told by the Istanbul RA, and a down down of course. And more and more Down Downs

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As the Bodrum Hash is two years old now, Wicked Willie presented Culture Vulture with some dungarees, pink mittens and pink baby hat to wear for the next run. Last year he received a nappy to wear. Virgin was presented with some Hash new boxer shorts. Many Thanks for the kind thought!



The heavens opened and most of the circle did a run for shelter, leaving Culture Vulture with Billy No Mates, talking to himself. The circle continued after the rain went and more down downs were handed out

The circle closed with the Hash version of Swing Low, Sweet Chariot. Then off the hashers went for a Turkish Bath, bit of RnR, or

On to the pub again.



The evening at the hotel started at 7pm with a four course buffet. Flashers hosted a hash Quiz, then we were entertained by Him (Sex Machine) and the Other One.



Backup was provided by the Ronetts AKA, Flasher, Butt Butt, Virgin, Debbie, Tits and Barbara.

Then came the fabulous Belly Dancer, who could really shake her Butt. Comes Too Soon read out the Cinderella Poem, then the disco kicked in and more drinks. Those who had not had enough

booze, went on to the Temple Bar...till the early hours. A good time had by all.



On On.
Tits