

Hash no. 1456 Rock Hall, St Peter

Hurricane Tomás Hallowe'en Hash, 30th October 2010

Scribe: Lidia `RU`

No electricity, no water, tree branches, leaves and roots spread everywhere in the garden. We were listening to the battery powered radio with bated breath while the Prime Minister of Barbados gave the 'All Clear', exhorting Barbadians to exercise caution and not to venture out unless on strictly necessary business. We looked at each other and smiled faintly. Yes! the Hash was on!

Rewind to a few hours earlier: winds raging outside, the trees clamouring in complaint to the battering they were going through in that moment; our windows whistling louder than the little frogs earlier in the evening. Yet, we wondered: is it going to happen? Is the Hash going to be cancelled? If so, it would be the second time in its 25 year history. Hurricane (or Tropical Storm, depending on which part of the island you live) Tomás was going to finally put an end to the BH3 unblemished track record!

Not so fast, mister! Granted that if it was not for the expertly nagging voices of two seasoned Hashers (step forward Hershey Buns and Dick Doc), working relentlessly in the ears of the two Hares responsible for setting the Halloween Hash, Tall Man and Denise, the said Hash would probably not have taken place.

As it happened, the Hash did go ahead. The truly die-hard BH3 Hashers braved the fallen trees, driving rain, somewhat subdued wind, and drove to the higher grounds of St Peter to see what the Hares had managed to accomplish at such short notice.

The table was set with Halloween decoration, the homemade cupcakes with little orange and black sugar coating, the shortbread and the candies and sweets for the Trick or Treat, all spread out in little trays.

But where was the beer? We asked, and worried that, yes indeed, we would have to cancel the Hash! No beer!!! But Cheryl assured us that Mike would not let us down. And soon the van appeared out from the pouring rain, like a Knight in shining armour. Yes, the Hash was saved. And ice? Nope, no iceman. Well, one of us had to give up running the Hash to get to a gas station and get ice, for the good of the rest. I did not witness this part of the proceedings, but I know that Cheryl did accept the task, whether forced by the other hashers or simply lured by the desire to Not Get Wet, I don't know. And beers we had, AND COLD TOO!

Crisis averted, off we went at the call of On, down the road heading East, then right through a track that led us to a gully with a massive obstruction of fallen tree branches. After a little search, we found that the only way was up, along the banks of the gully, cutting around vines until we got to the top, and to a cane track, then back across the road, where apparently there was a back check that we missed. The on was to the other side of the road, through the cane trails, having to move all the cane branches out of the way until we reached the On In to the back of the building where the bar was set up.

After we limed for a while, and when the FOG descended upon the place, we started making our way back home. Cheryl and O'Neal left, taking the key bucket with Haulass' and June's car keys still inside. And nobody had their cel number. Denise then called Dick Doc who had left a while back to get Cheryl's number. Then they had to return to bring back the keys. After that, we all left to face the fallen trees, homes with no electricity, no water, but with our bellies full of beer and cupcakes! The Hash was saved after all. ON ON!

The RA was Dick Doc, who dressed as The Reaper. Every Hasher present got punished (we were not many...let's say we were the Hashian's Eleven):

Down Downs:

Rule 7 - No Poofter: Haulass for wearing knee socks that made him look like a school boy.

Rule 8 – More Trolops: Katarina and Lidia for flashing all over the place (with the digital camera), and Ralf for his lousy vampire outfit (no teeth)

Negligence of Duties by Hares: Denise and Tall Man Peachment for setting a good hash in such Hash conditions...and for making such delicious cupcakes.

Rule 22 – George for something I cannot quite remember. Something about really teeny weeny shorts he was wearing.

Rule 23 – O'Neal for not volunteering to get the ice, sending his wife instead.

Hash Heresy: Cheryl for not making sure the ice man was forthcoming

Shit: June for letting her dog shit on the road (twice)

Hurricane Tomas award: Dick Doc for sporting a most DaVinciCodean outfit of black robes with hood that resemble the Albino Monk Silas in the movie. Only thing missing was the chain whip...which he probably forgot at home.