

TH3 INTERNATIONAL TRIP INCORPORATING MADRID EUROHASH MAY 1993.

Two cars used on the Gatwick on on. Limpet's Volvo with Yards, Alcock and Bhindi followed by Sherlock's Vauxhall with MasterB, Blowjob and me.

We depart from Truro around 00.30 Thursday morning and make an unexpected call at Limpet's abode in Tresillian. While the others wait I stroke a very amiable long haired pussey. Well crammed, we are thankful for a break at the Exeter Granada services. Later on route I waken from a luvly doze to hear MasterB commenting about sex with a 45 record disc - poor fellow - I drop off again realising that the conversation has taken a rapid nosedive. The Vauxhall almost veers out of control (Sherlock really) as news reaches us that the "donkey has died". Breakfast for four in the usual rip-off service establishment.

We arrive at Gatwick - park up cars, then Sherlock causes a storm with her gas cylinder/burner. She is told it must be unscrewed outside airport area.. I don't know what happened next in this prolonged episode but the fire alarm bells went off shortly afterwards creating a mass-evacuation from one floor area and four fire crews arrived. All because she just loves to see brawny firemen in their shiney skin outfits. Alcock attempts to take a group hash photo as we leave check-in baggage area but the others are completely disinterested - poor man.. We have another snack for the others and Yards nearly allows her big ones to fall out. All are well satisfied and ready for Spain. I am called forward at the departure point and with my passport found myself a couple of feet nearer Bongor, Gambia - now that would have been exciting... My international hashing letters would be surely titled Gonzo in Gambia.

Airborne - and we're on the right flight. Snack time again - I don't know where their putting all of it - even the cutlery is going. Much to the suprise of most, Bhindi's banana remained fairly firm while airborne and she was extremely proud to display her firm flying companion which seemed to repudiate my claims on high flying bananas.

After reaching Madrid the TH3 seem intent to follow a trail of falses serching for a no. 101 bus. I was getting sore shoulders carrying the tent poles and released some frustration by executing my 'fight the escalator trick'. Finally, we realised the main problem and dislike was not the visual appearance of a thoroughly pissed off and exhausted Limpet but our enormous mound of luggage - mainly the tent bags. We eventually surfaced yet again and this time had the attention of three cabbies - and poddleless who were obviously viewing their opportunity of a rip-off with greasy spanish relish. After about a brief five minute drive we arrived at the 5 star impressive campo sito. We were somewhat rescued by the site personnel, who appeared to devalue the cabbies' fare requests to sensible levels.

Our first aim was to gain our mission of complete erection. This did prove difficult at first when we surveyed the mighty army of king sized ants. We were partly erected, then thankfully, asked to re-site nearby. This time there was no stopping us as the TH3HQ went up in record breaking time. A look around the plush facilities and retire to the bar annexe for a few lagers including a few down downs. MasterB sporting his new trainers was an obvious target. (This again worried me - knowing that my new running trainers would have to make an appearance - if you really believe that - you're very gullible). After receiving some directions, we make off for the tube station and onto the heart of Madrid in the quest of food. We withdrew from the opportunity of spending mega spuds and sadly to report were relegated to a taste of Chinese out of a combination of desperation and tired bones. After taking in our weekly dose of salt we made our way back to H3Q. After a couple of spirit night caps we retire to our beds.

It is Friday morning and MasterB and I were the first men to wash and receive third degree scold burns from the water - pheew... A couple of hashers strolled out of the camp site earlyish for coffee but most waited for the golden time of 9.30 and enjoyed discribing what they wished. I had a luvly omelette roll and this set me up for the day. Bhindi seemed less impressed with her "burnt bread". The Friday run was evening time so we had plenty of time to register (perhaps ?) A great picnic was enjoyed at base - strawberries, cherries, cheese, cakes and bread - a very high commendation to Blowjob and Bhindi, who conveyed the food and drink from town.

With the sun blazing, a good time was enjoyed, stripping down and lazing on our air beds. The sun's rays were being amazingly reflected from Blowjob's Persil body complection. Eventually we made our way by metro to somewhere near the registration hotel. By the time we registered our legs were beginning to feel the milage. We arrived at the cable car alightment point. What followed can only be discribed by Yards as "absolutely amazing", as we travelled two miles over a very picturesque route. We leave our gear with Sherlock and the ambassador in Spain gives a short speech and as a former hasher gets the run under way.

A simple enough run off road on a semi grass/sand surface. All back safely and OK bar one - Bhindi suffered a glancing blow to her eye from a branch. I received the blame for this mysteriously and deemed guilty for having my eyes focused on the running bottom of the girl in front of me.

We met up with many familiar faces and made contacts with others - Sherlock making huge contact at times. Back at the cable car and then retracing our route we arrive at the evening venue - The Hotel Hiroshima. It was somewhat bizzare, viewing all the hashers of all types, entering the imposing hotel. Plenty of shangia and various pate strips (where's the pasties?) served by staff on trays - a very sophisticated setting indeed. We realised our departure time from the hotel would be early if we were to return by tube at 11.30. The thought of what may happen if we stayed beyond this time seemed too unimaginable to contemplate for some (myself not included) so we came away amid tears of disappointment as Yards met up with a long lost school mate. Sherlock (who else?) leads the carriage in full tune with a range of songs which bring smiles of support as others join in the celebratory mood of various hashers. One injury on the way back to H3Q was Limpet, yet a faller again and seemed a non-starter for tomorrow. After a few light nibbles, we retire in our beds gingerly awaiting the later arrival of some of the Herts group who had pitched unsettlingly close.

Morning on Saturday and we enjoy some more omelette rolls, Limpet attempts to wash his wine soaked T-shirts saturated from his 'goody bag'. We are late leaving camp site and after metro journey, arrive too late at the meeting place. We spot a member of the mis-management and are thrown onto the Jersey private coach and follow. A low height tunnel approach creates major problems for us and are seemingly left high and dry. Disappointment and frustration levels rise as the realisation dawns that we will miss the run possibly. The vehicle arrives back and we are off again. After a lengthy coach trip we finally arrive in the hills with blistering heat. With Sherlock and Limpet injured, Yards having a runless day to consolidate. Besides this MasterB appeared sulky and refused to run. Out of eight runners from Truro this left Bhindi, Alcock, Blowjob and me representing Cornwall. Recollections of the run for myself seemed to centre on a most dangerous assent up a mountain with Bhindi, Alcock and two from Taunton. Threequarters up Bhindi sensibly retreated down. Shortly afterwards I was hit by a sizable boulder from above and clobbered on the back. The three of us ran around and eventually came home to finish as others were returning looking a degree or so more battle weary than us. Blowjob came back as our celebrated runner (within first five yesterday) in a very sticky state indeed but was still smiling as usual at the finish. A few drinks and crisp dips and then onto the evening venue - a bull-fight arena (shame). Plenty to drink/food was available as all hashers arrived by coaches from their respective runs. There was an interesting sherry on tap which we all enjoyed - Bhindi particularly.

Most of our group never viewed the mocking around with young bulls and hashers. Unknowing to Limpet - he won two free tickets to Amsterdam from Madrid return. There was a terrific amount of down downs by groups. I had a gassy period with Herts group as I was called to do four in quick succession. There was a pleasant respite when I had a tummy cream lick by Sherlock. Politics apart, the venue oozed atmosphere with fine views. A very romantic setting I thought - having a vivid imagination.

We depart on one of the coaches back to Madrid for what turned out to be an animated, forceful, noisy X certificate domestic eruption. My lips are sealed, my pen is kerbed - I'm on a luvly little earner, thanks very much.

Back at the site bar, the down down atmosphere continues with the absence of the hiding lovers (MasterB and Sherlock) - sorry folks- they never paid me enough... The rest of us, excluding Bhindi (who had latched onto a mean spanish looking guy - "Rip Van Winkle") were reaching sufficient levels of intake when Bhindi and Winkle - renamed Gonzilla by Limpet arrived and gave the group added spanish flavour. Into the early hours (this was quite a session) and Gonzilla extended himself fully standing on a weaved top chair to the dislike of Antonio (bar/restaurant manager). Soon afterwards we broke up (some it appeared almost literally) and made our way down the path to the tent.

More surprises... I was amazed - absolutely so, that Blowjob had found a virtual sleeping partner who had encroached down slightly towards my airbed zone. So I was left to replant my bed nearby the entrance route. With Gonzilla also coming back and staying, it was only too convenient that the lovers had spent several hours walking around somewhere in Madrid and not to return for the night's sleep.

Sunday morning and it's last run day. The TH3 are somewhat less than enthusiastic with Sherlock unfit and away on duty with MasterB. Alcock has now departed for the airport for a hopeful return flight. Yards decides against the blistering city runs. Bhindi is still with one gigantic hangover. So the real Truro flag flyers were of course Blowjob, Limpet (who had recovered) and me. We did the medium run and waited $\frac{1}{2}$ hour at the start. Some were getting rather dried up even before the run started as temperatures rose to 26 degrees. A small amount of Red Cross water slowly dissapeared. The City run as you would expect was all round the shops - full of people and busy traffic. In someways, I wondered how acceptance had been given for the run at such time as we started off at a brisk pace. Runners at times appeared to add to the hectic chaos in Madrid. A large contingent of horn-headed vikings from Oslo were impressive on our run. Over on the cable car to the picnic area where Bhindi and Yards were waiting. They had enjoyed the stroll up carrying my small bag. The general incompetence and ineptitude of the mis-management continued as many runners arrived at the cable car to find it closed for lunch period. I was OK although there was nothing to drink... The beer etc had been held up due to the oversight of a clash in timetable with a large cycle race in Madrid - the mis-management committee were certainly sizing up to their full prat's reputation. At last the others arrived home - but still no beer. By this time I was sucking on my T-shirt.. At last si beero arrives and the food queues are getting out of hand. The food never lived up to expectations with hard rolls and cheese being the best bet. After some of the main down downs had been completed (in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cups) and with the atmosphere of organisation not really befitting the end of the 1993 Eurohash, we made our way early to a nearby Alton Towers style amusement park. Unfortunately, with large queues, we decided to give this a miss and made do with ice-creams. We travelled by metro to the Royal Palace, where we ate out in style overlooking the said outside around 9 p.m. as temperatures were still warm at 22. This was extremely pleasant indeed.

We arrived back at the campsite bar to find Sherlock and MasterB. I enjoyed a long coffee with chocolate log supper while others were contented with brandy and beer.

Our guests were not present this night and we settled down for our third night's rest.

All up and omelettes and ham rolls with coffee were again the order of the morning.

I say goodbye to the German girls as they drive out of the site in their Merc heading for the coast - I pondered on such delights. No sign of the slightest of hangovers by anyone - we breeze out of the site heading for the mountains...

Bhindi said she could do with a sandwich as Yards looks over in the train and commented that she had enjoyed a good roll at the campsite this morning and now could do with something moist.

We arrive at Puerto Navacerrada station whilst enjoying the views on route. We start our walk up and reach one of the few ski facilities open - a restaurant/bar to enjoy coffee and large cakes.

Then down to the serious business of the main ascent. The others were properly toggled-up but I was unwisely wearing canvas shoes. We reached what resembled a disused rocket launch pad and surveyed the glorious views. Snow was only a few hundred metres away. We then found a nice spot for a wine stop. Limpet had long retreated down the mountain, too exhausted to continue - his venerable ankles would probably not have survived the harsh surface. We then travelled down keeping mainly to the concrete track and are well timed for the return train.

Find Limpet laying on a station bench seat. We enjoy a cold bottle of beer and return train trip and metro back to HQ.

It's now the Monday evening dress-up for our meal at Antonio's. He does us proud with a fine meal - enjoyed by all with plenty of wine (only 10 bottles). Limpet is the only one looking like a tourist job in his Looe and Liskeard T-shirt. After some winging about the day's events he is given the duty of downing a half-full $\frac{1}{2}$ pint glass of beer. Amid an uncomfortable effort, he is reminded by Antonio that he is in a restaurant - he looks rather disconsolate with beer all down his front.

Bhindi has brought along Harriet, who gets a firm spanking from Yards for some reason.

I later get quite attracted to Harriet and talked into taking her out for a meal sometime.

We agree before leaving the bar - to resite one of the Herts' group tents.

Limpet's not quite up to the effort but the others achieve the move easily.

I get too excited and have a nasty trip over one of our guide ropes - bloody things...

We settle down and Limpet goes off to paint the toilets red. We find out that Alcock has arrived back home safely.

Tuesday arrives and again the sun is still shining. Bhindi, Blowjob and Yards depart first from site while the other four of us journey into the City looking at shops. MasterB and I have a fry-up meal at lunchtime but don't go much on the burgers. We split up and Limpet and I go to the extensive gardens/park area with boating lake. On the return enjoy a McDonalds.

It is reported to me that the Herts group decided to wheel into our tent the rubbish skip along with accompanying cats. Bhindi made the pleasant discovery after her return. Sherlock and MasterB eat back at the tent while Blowjob, Bhindi and Yards return to the City for a meal.

Limpet and I are dozing in the tent when around 12.30 he jumps out of his bag to give an enormous roar - virtually loud enough to alert the whole site of impending disaster. I am startled to see him dancing around. A group of cats had entered the tent to eat MasterB and Sherlock's dinner remains. I had already showered, so decided to go down to the bar for a coffee - Limpet pulls himself together and comes as well. Yards, Bhindi and Blowjob have enjoyed their meal and stroll. No sign of the lovers. We enjoy a group game of dart pairs but soon realise Bhindi is partnering the North Spain champion in Antonio. They are only requiring a double to finish - the others are floundering for points - Yards and me particularly. However, a few further throws and the also rans are catching.

Surprisingly Yards throws 60 and needs double 16 for victory - down to double 8, ooh...

Antonio misses the double requirement which is diminishing and the frustration gets to him as he propels the second dart at high level into a audio speaker - one broken dart - the match is a draw.

Wednesday morning and Bhindi and Yards depart early for trip to Toledo. As usual, after breakfast MasterB and Sherlock go off together. The other three of us go into a different part of the City. Another exceptionally warm day. We view what appeared a midday changing of the guard at the Palace and even witnessed the King and Queen from close quarters as they passed by in their Roller. We strolled around some beautiful rose gardens and finally Limpet and I came to rest in a small park. Blowjob continued in his quest for gifts to take home.

We're showered up (almost all) and relaxe on our airbeds outside at 8p.m. - super - bring me my cerveza - we are now working through our reserves from the tent. We have a cool beer before entering the restaurant section for a meal. Bread, wine and various salads. I decide on beef again. MasterB, Bhindi and Blowjob go for the bolognese and have finished before others are served. Ice cream to follow - a fine meal with only 5 bottles of wine. Coffee and sweets, donated by Antonio's father. MasterB returns his thanks by messing up the door frame leading to the patio. The father had spent 3 hours working on this and MasterBs actions almost bring tears to Harriet's eyes. I keep her as occupied and comfortable as possible. A few Anis liqueurs while others go for Bailey's and Whiskey. Again an excelent value meal.

Thursday - and it's our last part day in Spain. I think I was the only breakfast taker - the others just take coffee. It's time to lay in the sun for a few hours - we don't know what to expect when we return to England. Some have a very physical, exertative time, cramming their cases and bags. Sherlock seems to have more difficulty than even me - if that's possible. After finally de-earwiggling and tent de-erecting, we convey our belongings to the main gate. We decide on one taxi to take the tent and as much baggage as possible. Sherlock and MasterB in the back and me crammed in the front seat with my case some how. My case occassionally altering the cabby's rear view mirror - this was real 5 star travel... To add to this, my door was inoperative - even the window - phew... Unstrapped and vulnerable, I was relieved to reach the airport still breathing. We waited for the others, who were travelling by bus and at 125 pts - a real snip. After coffee and the baggage performance we eventually arrive at the duty free, for what seemed an impossibly short time. The aircraft bus being held up for the three taxi travellers. No time to be nervous - run onto the bus overduly reddened and we are soon airborne. The meal on board wasn't so good - the pickled bacon being one of the low ingredients.

We safely fly in at Gatwick and the first truncated problem was the re-possession of Sherlock's burner. Eventually we have it and all loaded in the cars. Blowjob travels back in Limpet's big Volvo. Our first stop is at a Little Chef, London side of Salisbury. I have always found these establishments excelent in service before but this was to be the exception. The place was far from busy - only $\frac{1}{2}$ capacity. We saltered in expecting to sit immediately at the dining tables - but were stopped in our tracks and asked to wait in the queuing zone. I was led to believe that these areas were 'waiting for table area'. We were asked to wait so they could "prepare the tables for us". After about five mins we were asked if we desired any drinks. Blowjob answered for all - that seats were on a higher list of our priorities. Eventually we sat at two tables cosily pushed together although still forkless. I realised we had some problems ahead. The first order was 4 pots of tea and 3 pots of coffee. Up came the sorry looking assistant with four of coffee and three of tea.. The meals were fine and problemless. Forks supplied, although I was not too impressed with the messy rimmed bowel containing a variety of sauces. More tea and coffee was requested as I noted another group of people held up - obviously to cover the establishment's complete incompetence. I pondered and mentioned to Yards the imagined chaos which would surely prevail if the place was reasonably busy... The order of 4 teas and 2 coffees came with 4 coffees and the jug spout was badly broken - the poor girl apologised and stated she had only been in the job for one week - I wondered if she would last the second. One tea came up but never any hot water. Is it a tea or a coffee - a tea, no a coffee - coffee and tea? I for one found it as confusing as Paris tits under the influence of alcohol - well, possibly not quite.

I planned to have a pancake but decided against - I was fairly full and besides - I didn't wish to destroy a lifelong satisfaction level with Little Chef completely.

We then travelled to the Granada Services - always reliable for huge rip-offs.

I just had one glass of orange - priced far too cheaply at £1.19 - surely ?

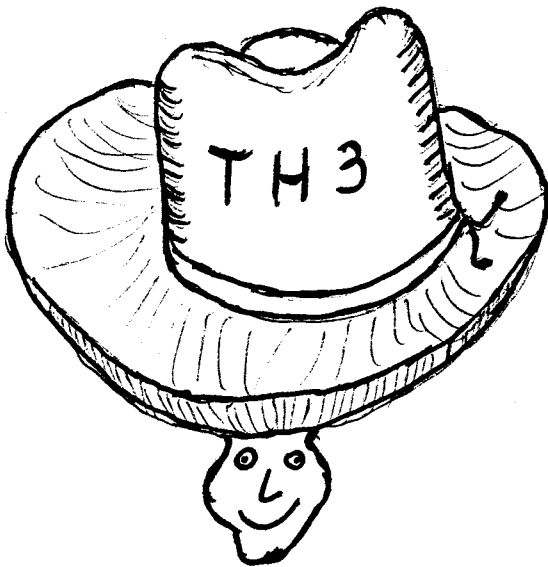
Yes we were well and truly back in England.

A good trip. The organisation of the Spanish mis-management representing Madrid Hash was deplorable and fully lived up to their title.

A big thanks go to the two drivers: Sherlock and Limpet who drove both ways - well done you two. We all felt confident with Bhindi's navigational qualities and Sherlock's tremendous linguistic spanish capabilities.

So to all of you who missed the trip - BE SURE TO SUPPORT OUR BIG ONE AT LANDS END - it's sure to be a cracker - if we all go for it.

ON ON and DOWN DOWN



GONZO