



THE DIRT REPORT

The DIVAhhh InAugural was a HUGE success.

Friday. The pub crawl (we walked in and crawled out) The Divas fun began by putting a bull mastiff the size of a small horse across the pub entrance. This giant beast of a dog was strategically placed in front of the door so anybody walking in would have to perform an unexpected high hurdle or trip over him. I was having flashbacks childhood bitten in the head by a Great Dane. (head who said head?). I guess that's why "hey move your dog mister" came out as "nice doggy please don't eat me!" Once we climbed over the dog we were directed to the back room where we were warmly greeted by hashers and a very welcome first round of drinks. Luckily for all of us; the heat of the small room forced poor "**Wouldn't Chew**" to strip down to her very thin top to avoid overheating. That (and a few beers) erased all signs of trauma caused by the giant pooch.

We managed to scare away the couple who though they could have a romantic evening alone in the back room. Snoggin turned to joggin in a hurry.

There should be heaps of pictures, **Taxi Ho** shot so many pictures I wasn't sure if he was recording the event for prosperity or giving us an epilepsy test.

Eventually alcohol subdued the overachieving shutter bug and he slumped against the wall, pulled his hood down over his face. "**Take-a leak**" just got out of the military. Now I'm not saying take-a-leek was on drugs and I'm not saying he was not! but he did point to the sleeping **Taxi-ho** with his hood pulled over his head and scream that he just saw the grim reaper. Even in slumber, **Taxi Ho** managed to scare the bejesus out of us.

Well now my nerves were shot again which is the only reason I ordered another beer I swear! Well seeing Mr.Death does have a way of getting ones attention but that was soon long forgotten when **Nut Cracker** showed us her shiny red vinyl shoes. "They go all the way up to here she said ! I'm not sure if she was showing us her very tall boots or her very long pants but we definitely approve.

Most of the hashers had enough survival instincts to go home and get some sleep or nookie. The foolish few decided it was time for some dancing.

Luckily we had a local Haarlem guide (**S*X Ed's** charming sister) to show us the town. Well she showed us alright, **Windows NT** was especially disappointed after we paid 7 Euros to get into an empty disco with mostly teenage boys loitering around. **Postman Pratt** didn't seem to mind and he managed to grind a bit on the dance floor with the only 2 girls in the bar. No amount of drinks

would salvage this one, if we wanted to stare at teenage boys, we would have been scout masters not hashers.

Bright and early Sat morning when **Yark Sucker** and **S*x Ed** dragged themselves out of their cozy warm beds to face the cold November morning and lay trail for the rest of us. It is a little known fact that Holland is infested with flour gnomes who hide bags of flour that were carefully set out the night before for laying trail the next day. I awoke to the sounds panic and cursing about the missing flour.

The weather got vicious that morning, first bitter cold wind then rain, more wind, hail, snow – brrrrrr. I was saying to **Rumple Foreskin** that it looked colder than a Finnish coal miner. I sure wouldn't want to be the poor b*stards that have to lay trail in this weather. Well **Rumple** -being a former RA had no sympathy as he rightly pointed out both hares were R.A.s so it was their own fault. At least it is cozy warm in here, Have some more toast and coffee, Don't mind if I do. About an hour later, two soaking wet frozen blonds came in dripping and numb from the cold. (more cursing too). Anyone order Hagen das?

I'll leave the details of the run to **Take a leek** who volunteered to be the Scribe.....Looking for that scribe Rick! No Pressure!

Fast forward to the party.

The diva's threw one heck of a party. A buffet of warm and cold delights never ran empty. A very hot young bartender and plenty of drinks.

I'm always astonished at how deep hashers can go in the gutter and still clean up so well. The Gentleman's Quarterly award would have to go to **5 pack** and his white Tuxedo. He looked like a walking James bond commercial, very smooth. As for the Divas- Stunning bodies, elegant dresses, haunting perfume. If looks could kill this was going to be a massacre. The one standout god bless him was **Taxi-ho** who refused to be a conformist and showed up in spandex shorts a black tank top spiked collar and a leash. He went to the bar, ordered a drink. The lovely girl behind the bar looked in horror as **Taxi ho** dug deeply in the front of his spandex for his wad of cash.

No No – you drink for free she said. Maybe taxi ho is more cunning than the rest of us. Not to be outdone, **Doggy Style**, **rubber Ron** and **Eau Natural** all wore kilts don't ask me where they kept their money but they probably also drank for free.

Pink Panites showed up at **Pussy Galore's** wearing his Sailor's Uniform, but immediately took hat & jacket off when he saw **Taxi-Ho**. Unfortunately not all DIVAs saw how 'hot' he looked...you know what women think of men in uniforms! Fortunately for the DIVAs he did buy haberdshery to wear at the party.

Just About Anything, wasted no time on being the first hasher to hit on those 3 lovely friends of **Pussy Galores**, I think he behaved, for the most part, over the weekend. **Chihuahua Growler** did her part in looking after her ToyBoy...when she wasn't feeding **Doggy Style** or licking his tonsils she made sure he had enough champagne to drink.

Those clever Divas came up with applications for men to become toy boys or Sugar daddies. Great questions on them but at that point all of us men had only one thing on the brain. – Beer! Never mind the flood of beautiful woman, as **T.A.L.** put it “There is so much ass in here and it

just keeps coming in!" Holland is full of tall women which made "at your cervix" happy. He is one big hasher, the only one big enough to walk that giant dog in the pub down the street. **Pussy Galore's** fab music compilation began working it's magic filling the dance floor. We slammed, hip hopped techno and swung all night. Funny the air freshener in the WC smelled a lot like Amsterdam skunk.

Windows NT finally got to use all those lines he had saved up from the previous evening's boy scout jamboree. He left no stone unturned. And there were a lot of gems there. **Pink Panther** was panting, jack rabbit was jumping, **Postman Pratt** managed to get the 5 kg of mud washed off his backside and was full of chat. **Nut Cracker** somehow managed to find an outfit even sexier than her tall red boots and had no trouble attracting bees to her hive, Just ask **Just Paul**.

Golden flow and **shoot in the looms** – well they both did but I think she did it first.

The Divas were so pretty, all the men said their names were named **Fugawi** as that is the only name you can say with your tongue hanging out. **Humming bird** showed us just how much fun a barefoot girl in a skirt have on the dance floor, She hasn't lost her spark, beads were flying off that dress.

Pink Panties also provided a wonderful taxi service for **Pussy Galore** and **At Your Cervix**, delivering them to the party in style in his pick-up truck. The two of them were also on hand to pick her up when she fell down the stairs on her way out of the house as her heel got caught in my dress. I hear she is now developing some interesting bruises! - Any volunteers to check how she is healing up?

Just Gudrun made a couple of new friends - or so I heard. But she also gave me a box of chocolates so I'm considering that a bribe and not going to spill any more.

Just Harry was there but I didn't see much of him. he must have been working undercover. Maybe one of the harriets has further info?

Paparassi was probably too busy making sure **Five Pack** didn't get his tux dirty to get up to any mischief of her own.

Omnipotent payed homage to the DIVAs by gracing us with his first Hash appearance in about a year. We are very honoured.

Slippery Edge either made a hasty recovery or did a great make-up job to conceal the horrendous bruising she sustained falling off her bike less than 2 weeks before the party.

Bi the Way has the distinction of being the last Hasher to register for the party.

Pussy Galore looked glamorous and hip as ever. The music finished right on time perfect planning Babe!

Sorry if I missed anyone's antics but I was distracted.

Sunday Pub Quiz Toy boy nominations and hangover helper.

I should mention the Divas were prepared with habberdash on the inaugural run not bad. At first I was surprised by this until I remembered it is a woman's hash and the first thing they did was

figure out what to wear. Kudos to **Yark Sucker** for coming up with pink and white shirts for the ladies and Manly Magnum PI Hawaiian shirts for the Toy Boys. I've got mine and have been practicing my Magnum PI Eyebrow wave. Now All I need is someone to play higgins,,,,,hmmm who could we get? **Yark** sold **At your Cervix** 3 shirts which he sewed tied together to cover his giant trunk.

Well The hangover quiz was a thinly disguised blatant attempt to advertise the next Euro-hash. We were in no shape to answer questions anyway, I don't have the results but who cares when you have beer? Last but not least 6 Toy boy applications were picked from the stack and the lucky boys are:

Lois Lane, BMPH3
Fugawi, DRIFTER
Taxi Ho, DRIFTER
Take-a-leek, SHAPE H3
Rumpleforeskin, BMPH3
Golden Flow, Sembach H3

Congratulations Boys! Does this mean we get unlimited privileges with the Divas? Sorry to the other 20 something loser applicants who were given a down down and asked to 'reapply' when they can write and drink at the same time. Most of the hashers went running again but you will have to get the dirt on that elsewhere as the allure of the warm lamb stew and cold Guinness was more than I could bear.

A perfect ending to a perfect weekend.

On On
Lois Lane.