

PHHH #1081.9, Hard Corpse XIV

Date: Sunday, February 19, 2006

Weather: psychotic

Hare: Sjorn Dork and Delicate Psyche

Hounds: Oliver, Speed Bumps, Pyroman, Hand Solo, Dancing Fool, Charles Snellings, Aaron (the vegan)Proujansky, Ksilent Knight, Hey YO! Paully

Time: 5 hours, not counting the police mandated shuttling of cars at the start Disturbed Provider of the Beer Check Booze, and Grub: Dancing Fool

Wow, the pink marks lasted a whole week here in Locoland, even if they were on the backs of trees. Good thing Dancin' Food had that day old hot dog for me; it carried



me through the next 1 ½ hours of romping over tangled trees and through thorns bigger than my toes. Silly hashers, no need to rappel down a class 3 scramble!

Beer check #1,
complete with
birthday cake
and pork rinds!
Life is good!
OK, back on
trail...
look, snow! I
love to roll in
snow! Roll,
roll, roll... hey,
where'd
everybody go?
Guess I got
a little carried
away; wait,
there's Bumpy
broken-toes
limping up the
road with her
tail between
her legs.



Bumps, just click
your heels
together three
times and... oops,
wrong dog,
wrong movie.
There's no place
like Trenton.

Rambo, your
fantasy journey
garners no
hashes. The
numbers stand, as
always,
inaccurate and
official.

On Woof! Oliver the Blunder Dog

So all but Bumps, Dog, and Pyro made it to Beer stop #2, which was at the site of Bump's/Pyro's beer check at the scenic overlook in High Bridge Park. More cake and disgusting snack - it was very cold. Solo and Fool go home/work.

The four brave souls venture forth - Charles, Aaron, M Knight, and Hey Yo Pauly. This was the worst leg - all f'd up marks and we even ran into marks that set us straight 40 minutes prior! Great! To top it off Aaron almost barfed up his green Spring Oreos. But alas, he kept his composure and we eventually found marks, and marks, and more marks, and tracks eventually with funny marks (it was obvious they were low on flour - ah the hare (we can run again)).

Great bar in High Bridge! Weepee will keel over when he sees the \$405 bar tab (not including tip).

well let's see, creek crossings that didn't need to be, a rappel that didn't need to be and a wandering through miles of forest looking for marks that sometimes don't exist, people dropping out at the same rate as 16 year old drug dealers, half eaten sheet cake, pop-open bottles but no opener, liposuction from a pig deep fried.....we could call that a mess, debacle, fiasco or just more simply hashing.

As I keep getting asked by my beeyotch when I walk in the door covered in mud, wet shoes, holes torn in clothes, fingers numb, sheep hair caught in my zipper, slightly buzzed and talking of new constellations, "You do this why?" And as I am left trying to find a way to explain to her 'why', I realize that the question is just dumb so I promptly inform her that another beer better get opened or else we will have trouble (not in the I am going to beat you sort of way, because that happens whether there is trouble or not, but the I better not sober up too much or I might think too much sort of way).