

PHHH #1111.1

aka PHHH #1110.9

Date: Sunday, September 3, 2006

Place: Rt. 130, Windsor

Weather: Ripe

Time: 1:40 first wave, 1:50 second wave, 2+ HYP

Hares: Count von Count and Delicate Psyche

Hounds: Hey YO! Paully, WeiPi, Hare in my Zipper, Queef, Itemized Seduction, Cliffdiver, Mike Hay nka Exploding Feet

Description, Polemics and Lies: Why do feet explode?

(Solo, remember to include the links when copying to the archives)

Count von Count dropped out of the sky en route from San Diego to UEA in Naarj, UK, the same sky where his geoletsgetphyiscal satellite tracks CO2 retention in the [Sargasso Sea](#) and maps new hash trails not according to scale. Desirous of getting back to basics after the homogenous rights of way among the yeomen and gentry of Norfolk, CvC and Delicate, roused late after an ambitious attempt to sample all the beers in the D Bar or sing [Shirley Ellis's Name Game](#) backwards, packed everything short of altitude on this well-marked debacle. By the on-in, anyone who chose to bare their legs for the September sunshine had a reasonable facsimile of sunburn thanks to four miles of Grade 4 shiggy, and more than their share of cryptosporidia and giardia infections, thanks to extended wading through water meadows that Count set through to show us some of the possibilities in the East Anglian fens.

The highlight was a turkey-eagle fork. The eagles dared to take the infamous NJ Turnpike culvert, last used by [Paully on a March hash in '99](#) where he laid a Wachspress Sunday morning, crossed the road, and during the hash helpfully waved a 3-foot stick at Weepee who was 50 feet distant and leading the hypothermic pack in silt and water up to their chests. This time, Mike showed off a fine Australian crawl while Ouippee and Hareimz rarely sank below navel rank. Oh, and the turkeys? The hares rented a helicopter for those sorry-ass sissies.

After another mile of briars, the eagles found potable water thoughtfully placed among a verdant green of poison ivy at one of two road crossings, the hares having apparently concluded that a second culvert might overwhelm the emotions of the hounds. HimZ and Mike learned all about the three-leafed beauty-how to wear it, feel it, eat it--while Huypuy tried to flag down a passing joggerette, who set a personal best for the quarter mile in response.

Indeed, everything was as it should be on a hash--including the hares' use of four marks for a dead end that resulted in Count leading them to the on-in, he having a flight to catch. Once the second pack arrived, Itemized Seduction's braced ankle not too much the worse for wear after DP indulged his own nostalgia for home with 3 or 4 miles of corn and soy fields, the pack feasted on Delicate's organic chocolate mint larval cake and Italian parsley salsa. The presence of a half-eaten habanero led to extended discussion of whether the shiny orange pod [as hot as claimed](#). After all, if a mild-mannered Buckeye can chew on these without obvious harm, what's to stop the rest? As it turned out, despite Itemized's and DP's dismissals, Count von Count

gobbled one whole and Cliffdiver followed. Given CvC's reaction to the digestion and excretion of poison ivy, he may be reimbursing British Air for the seat he ruins on the flight back; Cliffie's face aspired to color of the toe Delicate tried bisecting on a whim.

Paully finally arrived on the other side of the RR bridge-out from the on-in, but found his way to finish the 12-pack of Yuengling and discuss [chodes](#) / [choads](#) (don't try looking them up on [Wikipedia](#)) and mushrooms of unusual size, three of which turned up on the hash: a [Boletus](#) and two in the [Amanita genus](#). He and the rest of the pack stayed on and on and on until they found a name for Mike. Because he's differently abled, or at least has counseled some who are, early polling some favoring "Special Mike." Plied with more beer, however, he became chattier and offered the opinion of one who's seen, that when people lock their knees while standing cut off venous bloodflow and "their feet explode." Nuff said, since there was a large sand-filled barrier to tip over at the start's parking lot.

Next week: Queef takes us to outer NE Philly's Pennypack Park, home of its own deer necropolis? Stay tuned for an update Wednesday!