

PHHH #1134.9

Date: February 18, 2007

Place: Turkey Swamp

Weather: Pink and Poultry

Time: 2.5 hour

Hare: Owiepee, Full Moon Smiling

Hounds: Bjorn Dork, Delicate Psyche, Windbreaker, Quackenbush III, Exploding Feet, HIMZ, Hey YO! Pully, Nuttin' Stuck, Pyroman, Speedbumps, Oliver the Wonder Dog, Cliff Diver, Itemized Seduction, Dancin' Fool, Safe Sweats, Three Balls, Chris Pilla

Visitors: More than we expected

Rambo crouched in his tent, adjusting the volume on his headset. Dammit! Pressing a button on the nearby control panel, he sent a shock pulsing through the airwaves. That'll teach that mutt to listen to the Sirius Playboy channel when I'm supposed to be tracking him!

Back in Turkey Swamp, Oliver let out a yelp. Ouch... OK, OK sorry Rambo, I'm back. The small camera hidden deep inside Wonderdog's fur just a week before began beaming audio and video across the ocean.

Miles away, Rambo muttered to himself. I can't believe all of these people! After all of the work I've done over the years to squelch Princeton's reputation as a real hash, here we are, the annual hard core, and I've had to hype it from afar while the PHHH threw masquerade parties and decided to wear pink in honor of some candlelit holiday. Hell, even the f\*cking flour is pink!

Hi guys, more hashers! This is going to be great! Itemized... are you going to drink all of that girly stuff? Yum! Frolicking through dense woods and trail, we stopped for a quick game of Curling with Hashers, and were soon at the first beer stop. Hey, you gonna eat that cookie? I like hot chocolate!

Sons of Bitches! Rambo took a long draw from his Stegmeier. Ouippee looks disturbingly upbeat... I knew it was a bad idea for him to set with a cute chick.

More trail and woods... and the pack still more or less intact. Across the frozen fields to one last beer check, mmm, green tubular cookies this time... a little more running. Owie, I think I froze my paws somewhere back there... thanks for the lift, Dork. Dammit, Bumps, did you have to throw me into that stream? My toes really hurt

now... oh, good, ON-IN!

Rambo grumbled in the dark. Not one lost soul... even Cliff Diver and IS made it in. The merriment continues, now inside a Mexican joint. MEXICAN! Not a bitter melon in sight. Is that sangria on the table? Blasphemy. Tossing another Steg bottle aside in disgust, Rambo panned the bar one last time before cutting out. The waitress was bringing a beer to a very short, sobbing man in the corner booth.

Worthless dwarf... Zaire will not be happy.

Pictures below ...







