

PHHH #823.4

Date: April 29, 2001

Weather: Warm as it's ever been

Set by: Nonsensei

Location: Princeton U. Press, Lawrenceville Woods to Province Line Road and back to Brearley House

Time: 2 hours to infinity

Hashers: Geezer, Hey YO! Pully, Juicy, Excremental Earnings, Llloda, Wacko, Discomfort, Uranus Williams, Ouippee, Catch and Release, Tabletoes

On-In Toastmaster, Spiritual Advisor, and Amateur
Chiropractic: Saving Ryan's Privates

Eaten at the On-in: Powerpuff Girls cold cereal

HASH OF THE SETTING SUN

In her bid for Hasho Ichu, the marking of the eight corners of Lawrenceville by one hare, Nonsensei overreached her grasp. The omens weren't good: a first mark some 200 meters from the start, the absence of any of the recent rookies and virgins, and Pully's arrival with FOUR bags of Amish Friendship bread culture.

Yet few hares have looked more pleased after 75 minutes that the hounds scented out her first mark and followed her profusion of pancake-sized flour spots. They covered trees and grass and dirt and dead things and more trees, taking us under 295, across the RCN/dot-bomb wasteland, and through the Lawrenceville School's woods.

There Geezer was inexplicably overcome by a compulsion to grovel. Perhaps it was the presence of all those young impressionable minds, gathered to learn of the mysteries of life at the feet of one of the school's young masters.

"I'm terribly sorry--do you mean the first group came through here? They shouldn't have come this way," said the FRB, mixing outrage with humility.
"When I catch them I'll make sure they don't do it again."

Shades of Dr. NO: so stunned were the teacher and his students that they stared speechlessly as the rest of the hash trotted after Geezer's lead.

From there a water break, much crawling where only Nonsensei could walk tall, and a stunning array of land half solid, half liquid, and half gas: a fetid, gas-passing morass some mistook for Paully's shorts, and dehydrated floodplains leading to the canal towpath and Province Line bridge.

"You liked it? Wasn't that wonderful?" inquired the happy hare, awaiting Wacko's and Ouippee's blessing. And yes, they did, hadn't seen that swamp for years, a cracking hash, well marked, now where's the water and on-in?

"Oh, . . . right . . . here's the key, leave it behind a tire when you're finished." We're not finished? 75 minutes, great hash, great construction site, let's drink up and call it an afternoon.

"Er, no, there's a bit, well, quite a bit more to go, actually. Oh, look, here's Discomfort!" A false on-in--O dastardly act of infamy! For there were all the goodies to be seen again 45 minutes later, after making our way through a wooded land of beaver-cut timbers not a stone's throw from Rt. 1, a deer skeleton, checkmarks that lost EE and LLL before a spot-on on-in, shadowed only by the nervous passing of pale Amish people who refused to break friendship bread with Paully, and the urgent departure of Geezer, and then Discomfort, and then Excremental Earnings and Catch and Release.

Still, what goes around, comes around. The omens remain ominous: the body of unidentified man found in the Canal below Harrison Street, wearing pale blue polyester pants--no wonder Hand Solo's car remains on Prospect! And had Nonsensei checked the Brearley House? Did she know it was once a funeral home recently studied for paranormal activity by the South Jersey Ghost Research group (<http://southjerseyghostresearch.org/cases/20056.html>)? As this photo shows, the ghosts of hashes past will not soon forget her:



Next up: Geezer's Flower Power Hash of Treachery and False Hope?
Or has Nonsensei stolen his thunder?