

PHHH #868.4

Date: 2/17/02

Weather: Dry and sunny in a late wintry way

Venue: Fields between 571 and the Hightstown Bypass

Set by: Marcia Mar--no, that was Natural Born Lesbian

Time: 45 minutes

Hashers: Ouippee, Hand Solo, Steve the PU student (Tyler?), Natural Bor--no, damn it all, that was Marcia Marcia Marcia!, Hey YO! Pully, Sweet Tea, and Weatherman.

Seen cruising on the Princeton-Hightstown Road and eating Grace and Heather's Valentine's Day cupcakes at the On-In: Juicy

Not seen at the start, on-in, or parking lot by NLB's apartment: the future Mrs. Lesbian or that's Mr. Lesbian to you, Jim.

A la Recherche du Hash Perdu; or, Have You Seen These Men?



What pull--for certainly the wind was not strong enough to push--brought Weatherman back, he who is written up in the spotty archives of 1990 as "Rahul," perhaps an old friend of Jorge's, back of r. 87 Prospect where he was found by Wepee, Swee tee, and Steve Nonorgostudent; perhaps the wind carried the siren call Rrrr Uuuuuuu? to the drawing room of his comfortable university-owned abode on Murray Place, a sound that echoed deep, ineffable, indefinable, and wondrously irritating into a mind otherwise obsessed with a year seeking the song of Hodge Road integrals and degenerate contributions to the Llodá equation and the Gromit-Witless theory of the quahogomology of blow-ups of the P3 and vituperative geometry--or perhaps not: but there he was, back after 12 years in virtual Euclidean space exile with the moronic wankers of the Boston Hash and the blissed-out hashers of the canyon (who recognizes the reference?) in El Ay, a bit uncertain with the new faces; neither Genghis Kahne, Dogshrinker,

Hashorne, Geezer nor that Fancy Reptile professor were to be seen, but Weatherman seemed reassured once the pack struck north over craftily marked fields absent of shiggy that, yes, he could come back, find peace shouting On ON! while gambolling across the fields of the Plainsboro Junkers and Shiseido Junishi and perhaps, were he good and devoted and lacking a life that he might enjoy a bit of Piels with Geezer who was old twelve hundred years ago and spot the LRF basking 'neath the shiggy of some thorn-encrusted rock; and, were he to mind his tongue and stand straight, participate on a set by the Cuban Assassin-- a name unknown to the Weatherman, but one that for some unfathomable reason, ran a chill down his spine despite the sunlight; for the moment however, he took in a linearly shitty hash set by Natural Born Lesbian, who promised "no loops this time" and sent the pack due north, notwithstanding some checkmarks that avoided both shiggy per request of Deviant Honked who didn't come back anyway and right angles while crisscrossing the Princeton-Hightstown Road, only to conclude in the cyclopean tracks of the Hound from Hell, the Hound of the Baskin-Robbins, the dawg with the paws of an overfed wolverine, until the pack found the cooler nestled in a secluded glen of piney woods behind a strip mall; and there, among the malodorous leftovers of Lorraine's festering quiche and the devil's moldy eggs from Paully's International Night party 3 weeks ago, Weatherman knew that this was where he belonged, dribbling the lumpy remains of the Lesbian's forgettably cheap beer on his Yale sweatshirt to conclude the down-down of his return.