

Date: March 31, 2002

Venue: woods north of Amwell Valley Diner, and 31S

Weather: nice

Hare: LLLoda

Hounds: Geezer, Weijipi, Nonsensei, Weepee's Binky, Hand Solo, Natural Born Lesbian, Weatherman

El Flora-Fuerza Picadilla de Traición y Falsa Esperanza

And indeed, the small Spanish magus proved a worthy successor to aged Geezer on this annual PHHH ritual. We transitted fields and forests replete with stinkwort,



skunk cabbage



and bloodroot



thrusting their turgid, glistening blooms out of Mother Earth's fertile mulchy mucilage in the eternal rite of spring,

updated by Vaslav Nijinsky



and the Ballet Russe in 1913.

Yes, all looked well until the hare pulled a Wachspress double cross on us. Traición! she withdrew the mark! Leaving us sorely stunned and amazed at the Llloda triple cross, for the pequeña PhD-to-be warned us away from following true trail straight into the slavering jaws of Amwell's legendary Pashtun hounds.

At least, that's what she told us, and given our last close encounter of the rabidical kind in Rambo's Hopewell, we clambered and clumbered away and down, down, down over Sauerland-like rocks and medium-grade shiggy by a burbling brook. Still, we were in the woods and looking forward to striding on-on o'er Amwell's fields of rolling clover.

O falsa esperanza! No soft, verdant prairies for us, no, only a brief visit with flour-spotted horses who seemed not at all wistful as we left Rocktown's stabled haunts for the bituminous amertume of 31 South. So much for Spring beauty, and several kilometers and stress fractures later the crew straggled on-in to the Amwell Nature Preserve. There decent beer, Easter eggs, and Peeps attracted a variety of waterfowl, but no atomic ducks or beakless grebes.

Next Hash: PHHH #875.4: Weepee's Well-Attended West Windsor Wonderland!