

PHHH #965.9

Date: December 7, 2003

Place: Davidson's Mill Pond Park, East Brunswick

Weather: Scott of the Antarctic

Hare: Polish Twin A

Hounds: Hey YO! Paully, Weepee, Hand Solo (outside, but not on the hash), The Red-Faced Chugger, Jimmy Ruckfutgers, Safe Sweats

"I am just going outside and may be some time."

As rookie sets go, this one rivals Weepee's ([read its poignant write-up by Table Toes](#)), if only by the circumstances under which PTA made his marks. Self-described as the cuter of the twins, PTA had heard that "This park is passive" and used an ingenious device to spray the snow with the agent orange obtained from the Rutgers Chemistry Department or General Foods by methods our hare could not explain. He set a frigid route through the aftermath of the heaviest first snowfall in recorded New Jersey history. The hares were undeterred, having garbed themselves in the finest polysynthetic winterwear:



Standing: Weepee, RFC, Solo (who wasn't all there)

Sitting: Jimmy, Safe Sweats

MIA: HYP

For the start, PTA borrowed from [some New York botanists](#): "You can cross the road and go into the woods and down the embankment to the river" before proceeding to the "dammed [sic] lake." However, the hares found none of the 89 plant species the botanists identified on account of the white stuff. In fact, they found rather few of the orange stains sprinkled about on account of the shifting snows 'pon fruitless plain:



However, Polish Twin A miraculously appeared in the middle of a drift, bearing a thermos of what he called "hot toddies." Grizzled veterans, glassy-eyed, beards rimed with frozen norn sweat, knew better from hardwon experience: hot Siberian husky urine and honey have saved many a winter hasher from the ice goblins. All that remained between the pack and the on-in was the crossing of Lawrence Brook,



that Weapea claimed was fordable when it wasn't, and the land of the dead, through which Chugger carried one leg on account of a muscle pull incurred while stripping the dark meat from a turkey carcass during Thanksgiving.



The on-in was notable for its view of the sunset, the radioactive Polish fruit cookies, -40 windchill, and utter exposure to passers-by and the local constabulary on Dean's Rhode Road, none of who gave a hoot at the riotous assembly between two graveyards,

where Polish Twin A nearly got the Heimlich pushed out of him while choking on the guacamole-flavored potato chip added to his down-down. In fact PTA probably set a record for the shittiest down-down ever seen by this scribe, which resulted in the waste of 15.5 blended ounces of shitty beer and hot toddy. And this is the guy whose bender in the womb left him second fiddle to Polish Twin C? Go figure.