

2010-06-12 Re-Hash

Mt. Hope Cemetery

Hares: Harry CockHer, Sheep Date

At the start of this hash, we weren't even sure if we were going to commit to running the trail. The attendance started off skimpy - a Mudman here, a General Warts there, nothing really important or impressive by any means. The weather had been threatening rain all day, but cleared up beautifully in time for the hash. Some people complained that the US-England Foosball match was underway and they were worried they would miss the 2 minutes of shit worth caring about and didn't know how to use YouTube to see it the following day without all the awkward Euro-man-cuddling that is the game of soccer. But then people showed up! Even virgins! And TWO girls! Wowie-zowie!

We started off behind the Al-Sigl Center and headed straight into the Mt. Hope Cemetery. Cutting off left and by the graves of the famous Tahous family, the pack gained weight just thinking about garbage plates. They continued their mostly-pavement running through the cemetery, past the memorials for fallen soldiers, firemen, and policemen. Funny story - as we set the trail, we had to set through a Sheriff's chain-gang. Awkward!

A bit off the beaten path, the kennel ran the back-paths through the unknowns of the cemetery until, back to the main portion of the cemetery, we stopped at Frederick Douglas for a beautiful group-photo, throwing up the gang-signs. Respect, yo! Up a small ridge overlooking the gravesite, we had our first beer stop at a mausoleum with...40's, of course. Pouring some out to our homie Freddie-D, the pack was on once more, shambling down a cliff-face and through more scenery.

Scrambling up and down the hills, Just Ryan got yelled at to be more respectful by some crazy lady who also babbled about poison ivy. Ignoring her promptly, the pack continued upon a nice large circle-jerk following another cliff-climb to be greeted by Just Jen and Sheep Date who had climbed up a mulberry tree. Berry check! Delicious, plus photo-op from up above.

A short jaunt later, we visited Susan B. Anthony, and had a nearby beer stop which featured nothing but Bitch Drinks for the famous women's' rights leader. A noble homage, for sure. Also, rounds of "No Serious Hashers" lightened the mood of being surrounded by the meandering souls of the dead yearning for vengeance.

On-home, back through the cemetery and up Mt. Hope. The group circled up, tried to name Just Jen for her uncanny ability to snatch at tiny bugs (for which she had deep fears, apparently), but the enthusiasm just wasn't there. Not even sure if we had Hash Quorum, so Robert's Hash Rule were not satisfied. General Warts received the honor of being sung, "General Warts the Retard" after kicking over a pile of empties. Another beautifully shitty trail successfully accomplished. All was right in the world. And the soccer game ended in a tie. The only thing more anti-climactic than that is hooking up with Dirty Rubber - we should have called her "Moist as the Sahara," or "If you want to hook up with me, buy stock in Vaseline first." She's got dry parts is what I'm trying to say.

Until next time,

*On-On!*

*Sheep Date*