

Hash Trash - Trail 793

Lickety Splits and NN Jake gathered the pack around by the shed at Clemson Sandhills and drew arcane marks on the ground. Pay the RA questioned them closely, and being unable to get coherent answers, called NN Rob into the circle. The aforementioned hasher, although new to CH3, professed to understand the Hash instructions, so Pay blessed the hares and sent them on their way. After suitable libations, the pack recalled that we were in fact supposed to run a trail that afternoon, so we set out in pursuit of the hares. The trail meandered through the roads and firebreaks of Sandhills, through much shiggy and a couple of creeks, cunningly marked with miniscule spots of flour and crepe paper. Three beer stops, including one in NN Jake's garage aka man cave, complete with derelict 240Z and a beer fridge to die for, later, we wound up back at the start -- all except D.U.M.B., who eventually turned up but cannot account for her whereabouts between the last beer stop and the on-in, a distance of about 300 yards.

Eventually the circle got around to the serious business of the evening, the naming of NN Jake. After much deliberation, the Pack has Spoken: henceforth and forever more, wherever Hash songs are sung and Hash beer is drunk, he shall be known as People of Walshart, or more familiarly as P.O.W.

Here endeth the Hash Trash.

FM