

ReHash #781

Despite online protests the night before, begging us to PLEASSSE reconsider setting trail in the “Balls! It’s friggin’ cold!” shiggy weather, Hash #781 took place February 14, 2016 at 1:69pm – right on schedule. (Hey, we’re halfminds!)

Hares: Shiggy Shaman and Spike

Hounds: Thank You Come Again, Ookie Cookie, Kick Stand, Master Baster, Cold Cocked, Just Aaron, and eventually a late Butt Floss who missed the first Beer Near

Bobbit: Spluigi

From the hare’s point of view: Shiggy Shaman arrived in Shindagin Hollow Forest at 10:00am to find a very bundled Spike walking toward her on the unplowed road. He had only been outside five minutes, his cheeks and nose already red from the -6F air. He looked concerned.

There’s little to no wind. The sun is out. (Praise Gispert!) We’re going to do this. It’s going to be alright. Happy Valentine’s Day.

Since most everyone who arrived were hashing veterans and we hashers needed to get moving, lest we freeze, we scrapped most of chalk talk. Just-Aaron was advised to just-follow the others. The one part of chalk talk that did take place: Shiggy Shaman drew a pink heart in the snow with a true trail arrow going through it. “When you see THIS on trail, it means ShotStop!” Considering the pink artwork Shiggy Shaman had drawn, Kicky asked, “Are all arrows true?” (‘Oh, shit! I drew it the wrong way’ she thought.) “NO!”

And the guys were off... somewhat slowly... looking for festive pink flour marks and the right direction – not necessarily in the direction of the arrow drawn by Shiggy Shaman.



**RU? You bet your ass we are!**

Eventually they found the right way into the woods and we jogged, walked, and slid down steep slippery slopes on our bums. The first Beer Near was covered by twigs and shiggy at a glorious Hash View. When the hare asked, “Is everybody happy?” “You bet your ass we are!” was the resounding response.

We were at a checkpoint, and most of the hounds were following Baster. “Where are they going? There are no marks up there.”

“They’re following Baster.”

“But there are no marks up there. Where is Baster going?!”

The hares stood together concerned and in wonder at the check point (“Why are they going that way?”), while most of the hounds, who had been following Baster, were now obviously feeling torn: Follow Baster? Or why are the hares

not also following and still standing at the check point? Ookie was visibly frustrated and had begun scrunching his face in consternation, playfully cursing the hares and kicking the snow. Spike, apparently feeling sorry for the confused hounds, reluctantly moved away from the checkpoint to go help them out. Kicky seemed the wiser and had been searching for trail in a different direction from the others. He came back to the checkpoint and then began climbing the up-up hill in front of Shiggy Shaman, quickly finding true trail. It does exist! Yup... Up-up through the brambly spikey shiggy we went. It was at this point that Butt Floss found us, having gotten a late start from his home in Tburg. Fortunately, it was easy to follow tracks in the snow, so now we were a team of eight – and Shiggy Shaman was the only female on trail. An arousing song was sung about the possibilities when there are several boys together with one girl. The lyrics had something to do with Knock-Knocks, Oranges and, of course, Bananas.

Trail continued on through the snow-covered wilderness, whilst Gispert, bright and beautiful in the cerulean sky, dost shine blessedly upon the halfminds. "Baster! Thou art on the wrong trail!" Again?! Where was he going? The hare did not remember setting trail this way, nor had she seen a festive pink flour mark in a long time. Everybody back!!! True trail was re-found and the halfminds continued their way across the wooded wilderness, where no harm did come to their bodies or to their minds. (They hadn't yet had enough beer for that, apparently.)

<3 ShotStop! <3

Bottles of pink champagne were opened! A toast was made! (This hare can't remember what the toast was made for or to whom – but it was made!) The pink champagne was Tasty and well-chilled! We ate frozen heart-shaped chocolates! (Got good teeth?) Happy Valentine's Day, everyone! <3

Meanwhile, it was friggin' COLLLLLL! Kicky's mustache was now a multitude of icicles. Thank You's eyelashes and eyebrows had turned crystalline. Keep MOVING! And here is where the hares parted ways: one to travel true trail with the FRBs; and one to shortcut up Braley Road with the DFLs.

We reconvened at the next Beer Near located at the parking lot with the stone table, which CoCo and Ookie stood upon, broke in two (maybe?), and then we did the group selfie thing with CoCo's phone, which happened to FREEZE and DIE before it saved what would have been a most excellent photo. ☹

So we just kept on... Drinking beer! Mmmm. Eating Cheez-its! Mmmm. Making bags lighter to carry back later! Ah-hah-hah. ;0)

It was still friggin' COLD! Everybody MOVE!!!! To true trail we went. The hares had thoughtfully taken into account the possibility of over-exposure and frozen extremities, so all trail was true through this last section of forest, which included climbing over the biggest piece of wood Shiggy Shaman had probably ever had between her legs, as noted by Floss, and then onto the On-In, which included a steep slippy-slidey down-down on down to the car parking area.



**Oh, look! A highly flammable children's toy!**

Circle time was rather quick. Fingers and toes were freezing, so we didn't want to linger. The usual instigations were brought up. No one had a birthday. (Thank Gispert!) Thank You had repaired the Head Award, much to the amazement of all. Spluigi had bobbited, arriving in time to give the Hash-Shit Award (complete with a new pearl necklace) to Thank You. Then it was time for catharsis. It was V-Day after all – and in order to make way for newer happier VD memories, one must sometimes cathartically release the old VD

memories: Floss' ex-wife's panties were placed upon Thank You's ex-gf gifted teddy bear. Butane was ejaculated; lighters (after many tries because they were too COLLLLLL) set fire to the highly flammable children's Teddy Bear toy donning the ex-wife panties; and there was much joyful singing, as the fire was toasty warm.

And so ends the tale of Hash #781 through the Shindagin Hollow Forest.

We got out of there quickly.

It was cold.