

“Those Who Don’t Know History  
Are Destined To Repeat It”  
– *Edmund Burke*

“Rock Out With Your Cock Out”  
– *Quarterstick*

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Hash #659

Hares: Deathwish, Rubber-Balls, Eager Beaver

Pack: Flamer, Decoy, Fester, Everyday, LunaChick, Bad, Just Andy, Lick My Trunk

Car Hasher: Horn-O-Plenty

Before I get to Hash #659, let me lay some shit on you. First of all, according to the Naval Observatory, Sunset on August 21, 2006 was scheduled to be 7:53 PM. Secondly, people who live out in the middle of the fucking woods do so for a reason, and it isn’t to be invaded by a pack of bewildered hashers looking for a ride home on a summer evening. Thirdly, there are no such words as “thirdly”, “fourthly” and “fifthly”. And fourthly, if you don’t want to read two pages of me griping and bitching, then you can just stop reading here. And fifthly if you’re one of the hares, don’t take anything I write personally.

Alright, so let’s get to it, shall we? First off, a big thanks to the Exeter School District ‘Marching Eagles’ High School Band for getting us in the mood for a hash on this beautiful evening. They marched right by the hare’s house a few minutes before the *Scheduled On-On Time*, and it was a fine performance, boys and girls. I hope you do well this year at... whatever it is that you do (other than being forced to attend high school football games).

You see how I italicized the words “*Scheduled On-On Time*” in the preceding paragraph? Yeah, so let’s talk about that. We had a TOTAL Harrisburg start. What with the waiting for the hares to come back from a beer run, combined with a 12-minute headstart for the hares to lay trail, we finally got on trail around 7:10. So, this as a model of the Harrisburg space-time continuum, those of you attending the upcoming PA-Interhash weekend in Harrisburg can expect to finish trail sometime on Wednesday of the following week, but I digress.

Anyway, so when we finally got on trail, we would our way through Reiffton, then out to Forest Hills Cemetery and finally up to the old trolley bed above the river. This part of the trail was absolutely beautiful. Neversink Mt. is seriously one of my favorite places to hash on a Sunday afternoon, and the hares treated us to a beercheck at a beautiful rock promontory overlooking the river and the western suburbs.

In addition to the beer, you could literally drink in the scenery. I was so moved that I took the opportunity to fulfill a lifelong dream. I whipped it out took a monster-size whiz

in the general direction of the city of Reading. Then.... So inspired by my whiz, I decided to fulfill a SECOND second lifelong dream, and since I already had the boy out, I tore one off in the general direction of the city of Reading, and now I can truly die a happy man.

So about 14.3 seconds later, there I was, a beer in one hand, my deflating cock in the other, while Quarterstick danced in the trees above me. I breathed in the fresh evening air, enjoying the twilight develop in the sky over a nearby hill. Wait a minute....twilight? TWILIGHT? We're going up Neversink Mt. at sunset? All of a sudden I had some weird déjà vu again feeling cascade over me like a tidal wave on an Indonesian beachside resort, and I remembered the absolute ABORTION that was the last Virgin Excursion. For those of you in the cheap seats, on August 11, 2004, our good friend and professional defiler of barnyard animals Voyeur, led us up Neversink Mt. at twilight, only to strand us in the pitch black as we headed down from a beercheck at the old Gazebo. This prompted several visiting hashers to promise "never to hash again with Reading", and assured that none of the actual "Virgins" who joined us that night ever returned.

Shuddering from memories of that near-death experience, I related this anecdote to Everyday before we left the first beercheck and said to him (totally in jest), "I guess the next beercheck will be at the old stone gazebo, and then we'll be stuck on top of this fucking rock in the pitch black again just like 2 years ago, huh?"

Well....to make a long story short, it was, and we were.

Yeah, so good times and stuff, huh?

At the second beercheck, we found Bad Semen who (get this) having survived Voyeur's trail 2 years back and fearing being stuck on the mountain in the pitch black again, had skipped the first BX and headed directly up to the Gazebo, where he promptly got totally turned around on a trail that seemed to go right back on itself. A word about the second beercheck – the view from the Gazebo at sunset was absolutely fucking amazing – a purplish / orange twilight over Reading is something that everyone who lives in the area should get a chance to see at some point in their lives, and its things like this that keep me coming back to hashing. But before I get all gooshy on you, let me get back into a pissy mood again and continue with the narrative.

Well, so at the beercheck, we realize we're missing Flamer, Fester, and Luna Chick. Bummer for them, right? Serves 'em right for coming up Neversink Mountain at twilight, doesn't it? HAH! When we find out from Trunky that Fester and Luna Chick followed Flamer, Everyday said "Oh, then at least they're safe." After a moment of stunned silence, the rest of us fell to the floor, convulsing in laughter and alternately taking hits off of Bad's nitroglycerin dispenser.

Anyway, so as the sun dips further behind the hills, Bad is all worried that he's going to have to spend the night out in the middle of nowhere, and is desperate to get back to his house which is conveniently located in the middle of nowhere. I graciously offered to

escort Mr. “No Night Vision” Semen down the hill and back to the Apres, and so the two of us stealthed-off, leaving the other poor bastards up there to die.

Well, remember that déjà vu thing I had earlier? Well it was like déjà vu all over again AGAIN!. After dogbreathing along with no flour for a while, we found some marks! The trail followed the power line for a while, and then for some reason known only to God and the hare (whom we later found out got utterly lost while laying flour), the trail left the relative safety of the open power line area and headed back into the fucking woods. And this is where it gets freaky. Bad and I head down the hill and run into this one little homestead perched in the woods. We quietly circumnavigate the place, hoping not to get our asses filled with buckshot or the business end of a Doberman, and find ourselves like REALLY FUCKING LOST (just like the time 2 years ago when that goat-fucking bastard Voyeur got the entire pack lost on this same fucking hill and (conveniently) right at this same fucking house!! After about 300 meters, we find (no kidding) the same fucking path that I used 2 fucking years ago to escape the pitch black fucking mountain, then cut through the same fucking backyard that I cut through 2 fucking years ago, and find ourselves (praise Allah) down on Neversink Road again. Aglow in the feeling of safety and security, I asked Bad “Is this heaven?”, to which he replied, “No...its Reiffon.

Meanwhile, the hare is at home, firing up the grill when she gets a call from her co-hare telling her that he is, in fact, completely and utterly lost. Great. Then she gets a call from the rest of the pack, telling her that they are at “some dude’s house somewhere” and “can you find where we are and get us?” Well once she plugs those exacting coordinates into her GPS unit, it should be a cinch, right? Sure. Eager jumps in the car with car-hasher Horn O Plenty and starts looking for the pack.

MEANWHILE, Bad and I roll into the Hare’s house. We called the hare on her cell and told her we were “safe”, then liberated some beer from the basement and were soon joined by Flamer, Luna and Fester who had somehow survived the hill on their own. I called the hare to tell her that there were more refugees at her house, and assured her none of us would step foot into her bedroom, and that NONE of us would go through either her dirty laundry pile or her underwear drawer, and I’m here to tell you that... uh.... umm..... Hey, did you see that collision between Aaron Rowand and Chase Utley the other day? Damn that was a hit! What were we talking about?

Bad threw some burgers and dogs on the grill, the rest of the pack arrived, and general hash nonsense commenced. I do recall a few down-downs (mostly consumed by the hares of course), and we enjoyed some singing to honor our esteemed and absent grandmaster.

Anyway, if you missed this trail and want to kind of “channel” the aura of the night – just wait until sunset tonight and get yourself lost in the woods for a while.

Shitty hash. Shitty trail.

ON-ON