

Saturday March 17, 2:30pm-ish

Because Life's Too Short to Drink Cheap Beer

On the first 80° weekend of the year **Hired Hand** ordered the troops to gather at Murphy Candler Park for a Poker hash. A smaller than expected group showed up on this day. There were missing hashers, possibly upset because it was not a strip poker hash, and used the day to find other places to get naked.

Before the hounds could take off, instructions on the poker rules were given. Each hasher randomly selected an envelope that contained a single playing card. Honor code rules were enforced as no one was to peak at their card. Along the trail we would find two more bags that contained the mystery envelopes with yet another card, giving you three in total. At the end the fourth and final card would be handed out. These would be used with four community cards to make the best five-card hand.

And with that, the hounds were off... *not so fast*. First we had to give **Hired Hand** a ten minute head start *in his truck!* I mean I know the FRB's are fast, but that is ridiculous!

So off we went to follow discarded flour which was easy to find and plentiful. Lots of twists and turns in Murphy Candler Park made you wonder just which fork you should take, but some quick sleuthing easily solved the trail direction. The first check was fun for the hounds. A close-by **CB5** that seemed to go back to the check stumped the hashers for a short time.

Off and completely around the lake in Murphy Candler Park and right into baseball central. Hashers mixed in with the crowds of soccer and baseball moms watching their future cash cows run, throw and hit. The flour disappeared for a bit at this point and gave way to chalk arrows. The FRBs of **Short Stump** and **Squid Dick** followed them to the creek — as did most hashers. That's right, *most*. The arrows contained three lines in them which the DFL's (**Phred**, **Psychedelic Pussy**, **Size Doesn't Matter**, et al) thought were backtracks and hauled *all* the way back to the last check, slowing them down considerably.

Up ahead small packs formed. Your hash trash writer found himself with "**Just Jeannine**", **Little Willy**, and **Snail Trail**, who at one point was blazing up the stream yelling and screaming as if she were storming a Nazi bunker. **Little Willy** took the more cautious approach, making sure to inform us all of the slippery sections. He should have taken his own advice as a slippery rock took him out leaving his leg with wounds that would make Dracula drool.

Fast forward to the ending where **Hired Hand** had a nice shady spot picked out for his hot tired runners. One last card for poker was handed out and everyone started to check their hands as the dealer put out the four community cards. Players not too familiar with the rules of poker started to offer trades for different cards. "Got any sevens, got any Queens?" *Now we are not playing "Go Fish" here, people*. After the cheaters were scorned by players with legitimate hands, it was ruled that **Canucklehead** possessed the best hand. A house that was full of tens and nines. Players who had gotten a straight; and **Star Whore**, who had pulled off a heart flush, wept as their hand was outmatched. The prize? A nice book on poker guaranteed to send this scribe to the next World Series.

Late in the day the DFL's finally arrived to tell the before mentioned tails of the arrows with three lines in them that they thought were backtracks. Down-downs commenced and somehow **Just Jeannine** managed to avoid a naming even after five hashes. *We are definitely getting soft here, people*. **Star Whore's** cousin(?) **Christin** was not as lucky as the pack got her up there and all decided that "**Mud Puppy**" would be her new name.

After that, everyone headed home and did things that I don't know about, so I will stop here.

∞ The End ∞

Canucklehead