

## The Trash is the Scribe's Best Friend

Black Sheep Hash #367

Hare: Oops and Spermier

Snare: Burnt Rubber

BIMBO's: Deposit Slit and Pull it Out & Sniff

A traveling kennel of mongrels from Black Sheep and Pinelake migrated north to Lake Hartwell for this week's r-n. The weekend "pied-a-terre" came courtesy of **Oops** who obviously isn't concerned about the reputation of beer quaffing hashers. That broken down F250 with its bed brimming with empty beer cans served as a testimonial that we were in the land of lush.

After the meet and greet we climbed into pickups and made the journey to the hash start. Along the way we drank, passed a camel out for stroll, talk about the chance of seeing a camel, drank a little more before arriving at the start, a dirt lot with an abandon trailer. **Bunny** blessed the hares, gave the "on out", our hares were now on the clock.

Upon the passing of five minutes, the pack outed in the same di-erection as our hare pair. We turn left out of the lot heading in a southerly di-erection towards a bridge over Cedar Creek. Trail veered to the left down an incline to a check mark placed underneath the bridge.

The pack scattered along the creek bank to search for the next mark. From the east, **GE** was the first to howl "on on" and the first to bewail that those three dreaded letters "YBF". We regrouped beneath the bridge to continue our search. True

Jubilee: Dave Crochet

First Timer: Phallicaster

Pack: 29 Mouton Noir

trail was found to the west in a copse further up stream. After a rather pleasant jaunt through this wooded area, an "on over" arrow pointed across the creek. We forded the muddy creek; hopped up the opposite bank, then proceeded up a knoll only to be victimized by a CB10. Those Bastard hares!

A retreat down the hill was followed by a wade back across the rivulet to locate the mark deviously hidden yards from the on-over arrow. Trail zigged and zagged beside the creek until a dirt road was reached were another check mark greeted us. The pack once again spread out to look for the next mark. Keen hounds sniffed north and south before turning west into heavy thickets adjacent to the creek. Hurricane Ivan "swamped" the area turning it into a muddy bog. The combination of poor footing and dense growth of brush and briars proved to be a formidable challenge in our quest for the next mark. Cries of blasphemy eventually gave way to "on on", Thank God!

Trail continued to snake along in what **Phallicaster** called a beaver path. Let me set the record straight, a beaver path doesn't lead to either four-legged or two legged beaver, they go in and through a labyrinth of brambles only to return back to the creek, followed up by another return to the thick stuff

then back to the creek. I'm pleased to say after considerable thrashing about the beaver path finally morphed unto a dirt road.

By now the pack split up into smaller groups, my pod had an all-star line-up of **Whine Ho, Bone Hole, Boner, Rat's Ass, Mushroom, Surly Temple, Phallicaster** and **Davey Crochet**. We ran for a furlong or two before turning left at a T-junction, which merged with another road that gradually diminished into a cornfield. Hashing a cornfield was a first for this gaggle and what a memory it would be. After a step or two the tops of my shoes were covered with mud, the color and consistency of chocolate pudding. Several inches of rain courtesy of Hurricane Ivan mixed with soil and manure all make for a proper slop.

TP streaming from cornstalks marked the course between the rows of "big muddy". Any thought of running here would have been insane so we deployed the tried and true method of walking to remain vertical. We then trudged left to exit the field into a swale that seemed quite harmless. Another step blew that theory to hell. We were soon in waist water that was hiding a flooded briar patch. Skedaddling through this no go area wasn't going to be any picnic. After much floundering and bleeding we emerged from the pool of pricks into a bamboo grove before jumping back into Cedar Creek.

Up stream was the di-erection for a short distance before climbing up the steep ripa to another road. A right off the road sent us across a railroad tie bridge that led to another cornfield. This field was still flooded calling for a

waddle instead of a wallow. We sloshed to the far end of the field where another check was observed. It was kicked by the front running pack of **GE, Niplets** and **Little Easy** back into the woods.

Our gaggle had dwindled to four; me, **Bone Hole, Surly Temple** and **Davey Crochet** continued our ramble in the forest before encountering a swamp. The sojourn into the mire was brief but always enjoyable. Departing the "quag" markers led up an arduous incline before leveling out. **Yoron Weed** joined us shortly thereafter, pushing us in our quest for beer.

The trail from that point gave the impression of the hares being directional challenged. It all starts with that all too familiar weave then quickly transforms into a stagger of back and forth. The good news is that they finally ran out of woods. We set foot on a dirt road where trail turned right guiding us to the BN and the "In", not to be confused with the standard "On In" that most hares use. Brilliant!!

I tipped my short horn to the hares for a job well done. Thanks to all for making it a great weekend!! We appreciate the cooking done by **Niplets** and **Little Easy** on Saturday and breakfast on Sunday by **Sani**. A special thanks to our hosts, **Oops** and **Deposit Slit**. Hope to see y'all @ Black Sheep Hash #368, 03 OCT 04; the hares will be **Mall Shark** and **One Ball**.

### **Have a Laugh with Elvis**

Two turtles go camping and pack a cooler with sandwiches and beer. After three days of walking, they arrive at a great spot but realize

they've forgotten a bottle opener. The first turtle turns to the second and says,

"You've gotta go back and get the opener or else we have no beer."

"No way," says the second. "By the time I get back, you will have eaten all the food."

"I promise I won't," says the turtle. "Just hurry!"

Nine full days pass and there's still no sign of the second turtle. Exasperated and starving, the first turtle digs into the sandwiches. Suddenly, the second turtle pops out from behind a rock and yells, "I knew it! I'm not fucking going!"



At New York Kennedy airport, today, an individual later discovered to be a public school teacher, was arrested trying to board a flight while in possession of a ruler, a protractor, a set square, a slide rule and a calculator.

Attorney General John Ashcroft believes the man is a member of the notorious Al-Gebra movement. He is being charged with carrying weapons of math instruction.

"Al-Gebra is a very fearsome cult, indeed", Ashcroft said. "They desire average solutions by means and extremes, and sometimes go off on a tangent in a search of absolute value. They consist of quite shadowy figures, with names like "x" and "y", and, although these individuals are frequently referred to as "unknowns", we know they really belong to a common denominator and are part of the axis of medieval with coordinates in every country. "As the great Greek

philanderer Isosceles used to say, there are 3 sides to every triangle."

When asked to comment on the arrest, President Bush said, "If God had wanted us to have better weapons of math instruction, He would have given us more fingers and toes."



"On On" all you Black Sheep Hashers!