

Brooklyn Hash House Harriers

Run No. 221, April 16, 2001

Start: Atlantic Ave. stop on the homekeys line—ASFD--JKL;

On-In: Mooney's Pub on Flatbush.

Hare: Cree Lawson

Scribe: Cree Lawson (with edits by Janet and Stacie)

A great Hash is like so many other great works of art... Brought into this world with high hopes inspiring the hoards of running masses yearning to drink beer to a higher level of consciousness. But like all great art, a master-hash must suffer its abuse as well. It's slapped down on some piece of paper only to be cut-down, ranted about, argued about, pissed on and—if the on-in is bad enough—used at toilet paper. It's virtues are left to wither away in our memories in the ridiculous hope that they will be un-earthed by some bright new star on the horizon who reads the write up and declares "This was an amazing hash!" (usually before passing out). So too will this hash go down as a forgotten hash of unchallenged brilliance. [??? – S.] It will be captured into posterity (and not posteriority, which is the art of finding records of one's ass is past-tense) by this the forth-coming write-up.

But enough of that horseshit. Rewind three weeks ago to a time when the hare still had a job, a girlfriend, a cell phone, two busted knees, a good plunger and a remote chance of being asshole of the year. [Remote chance? He was fist runner up. – S.] Ah, The glory days...

April 16, 2001 was a beautiful day in Brooklyn by any account. Storms threatened on the horizon. Buses chugged up hills, belching fumes. Passersby move ½ a mile an hour slower than in Manhattan, having stuffed themselves on Easter eggs the day before and delivered their tax returns. It was the perfect setting for what will no doubt go down in history as a "the wonder hash." I, your humble hare (shhh!), arrived frantic at 4:00 thinking 'I won't have time to set the "The wonder hash." Boy was I wrong.

Seeing as how I, Cree Lawson, your humble hare (Shhh!) was the hare and the hare is not supposed to write the write-up (being the hare and all), the balance of this write-up will be completed from the perspective of a Rat named Frank.

"Hi. I'm a rat named Frank. I like to lick things and run around in the sewers of New York City. I'm going to tell you the story of how I got a cell phone. But first I'm going to tell you the story of this stupid rat race I was in.

"I showed up at 7:15 to see a group including Fluffy, Dufus White Boy, Christine, John Burke, Sucks after Dark, Pretty Vacant, Janet, Action Man, Duck of Death, and two virgins (Liz and Noah) standing around looking like they smelled a rat. Finally this asshole called Cree showed up 5 minutes late looking like he'd been shopping at PathMark. After waiting for some damn reason, Cree asked Fluffy to explain the hash (a ridiculous act anyway) to the virgins. Then Cree interrupted and said some crap about a Chicken-Eagle split, a hidden Easter egg and a hidden dollar—both to be found on the Eagle trail. No one seemed to like Cree because he sets long, shitty trails and I'm surprised people showed up. But afterall, it was a beautiful day in Brooklyn.

The trail I ran (and not those other rat-bastards) went up into Fort Greene Park after a rather obvious circle jerk check around some stupid park in some stupid place in between a bunch stupid streets. Very clear, wide chalk marks and flour piles went up to the top of the hill where yet another circle jerk check lay. I, being a rat of sound mind but little cognitive ability took the false trail north of the park. 'A hah!' I said when I saw the False mark—'this was a well-laid trail.' Pretty Vacant and a bunch of others ran off toward Williamsburgh for some reason calling Cree a pencil dick.

Then this devious trail meandered down through Downtown Brooklyn through Boerum, Carroll Gardens, and cutting some brilliant path in the general direction of Gowanus (or at least that's what the map in front of me calls that area—I hate to rat on myself.) So there we were running along this golden path of eternal bliss trail when we came upon a devious dead-end check at the garbage canal. Being a rat from Brooklyn, I know this is where all the chop shops are. I jumped into the canal, swam to the other side only to find the trail there was a false. How clever, I thought. What a glorious trail. The smart hashers, [I still say there is not such thing – S.] led by Christine, found the marks to the bridge on the other side of the dead-end. I was left looking like a drown rat.

Then the trail went through Park Slope and got boring because, for a rat, Park Slope is boring. People moaned about how long the trail was but largely because the human capacity for extended goodness is quite shallow. I know this. I'm a rat named Frank. So most people came to the Chicken /Eagle split and went Chicken (because it was dark). At this point, Dufus White Boy decided it would be wise to take the virgin (Noah) with him on the Eagle trail to find the egg and dollar and win the Easter Bunny. I've never seen two men over 6'2" do so much for a damn Easter Bunny. They were able to take in a full 2 hours of great trail hashing goodness (and God knows what else) in Prospect Park before returning. Lucky bastards. And they didn't even find the dollar or the egg. No choco-bunny for them, just pure hashing goodness. [Janet, doesn't he know hashers don't know how to read this much at one sitting? – S.]

Meanwhile Cree was setting the rest of the trail on his hands and knees (having lost the ability to run due to overtraining) when his cell phone fell out of his pants and into the sewer. [Ed. note: Hare was actually returning to the start to mark the on-in, after confrontation with cranky shortcutter who had found it unmarked. – S.] I, being a rat and fortunately under that part of the trail, caught it and ran home with it. I used it to get him fired and make him break up with his girlfriend, and generally tear his life apart. What can I say? I'm a rat bastard. Besides—he deserved it after the creation of such a glorious trail of extended hashing goodness.

Stacie, who shortcuted the trail and went straight for the booze like a good rat, timed the first returnee (Christine) at about 50 minutes. The rest stumbled in roughly thereafter including one swearing virgin. Noah and Dufus White Boy were given up for dead and the down-downs climaxed with Cree pouring his beer over his head and doing Billy Idol imitations. The pizza took forever but the beer poured freely, leaving the last hold-outs (John Burke, Christine, Duck of Death, Fluffy, Liz the virgin, Noah the virgin and others) to meet up with some of the virgin's friends. Again, I smelled a rat. Who meets up with friends at the On-In of their first hash?

As night fell on Flatbush and a few crumbs of mystery lingered. Where was the green egg? Who won the chocolate egg? Who took the golden plunger? Where was the hidden dollar bill?

If you lean in a little closer—if you don't mind taking a tip from rat—I'll tell you a little secret: There was no green egg, no hidden money, nothing but the most glorious trail ever laid for mortals to follow. That Cree, man, he's a rat."