

Brooklyn Hash House Harriers Run # 223

Hares: Fluffy and Liz

Start: 7th Ave.

OnIn: Now I'm in trouble – the trapezoid on Atlantic near Smith – 2 blocks from Liz' house

Visiting Scribe: Alice

THE MORNING AFTER

Confronted by the dulcet tones of our neophyte recorder Peter Trunfio on the hotline – the suspense is now over - and the sagacious steering of Scot who would not let me get off the train one stop too early (and did not rat on me later for it) I arrived at the mile long 7th avenue stop/start to find a reasonable sized pack (no this is not Queens) full of individuals I did not know and of course, and this is why I come to Brooklyn, individuals I did. And I breathed the communal sigh of relief when it became apparent that who the hell is Liz was somebody everybody knew.

And there was a hashmobile. And there was a beer stop (Sapporo never tasted so good and the Japanophiles weren't even there) but let me not get ahead of myself (impossible) – it was at the end. And there were other things only Liz could provide – one of which was a mercifully short trail although the weather was fine and the projects were conducive to running fast and the other was interesting and wonderful Middle Eastern food with a touch of Mexican and Greek because the cohare has run long enough to be sick of pizza – it was her secret that this stuff was cheap – well that became evident as a critical mass stayed on after eleven, twelve and I don't know what happened after that. I decided I had to come to the office in the morning to write up the write up.

Great run past the Carriage House in sort of L-shaped turns with tons of pink packmarks and easy checks. 3rd avenue was passed, the Gowanus Canal bridged, Smith and then the next time I thought of looking at the street names we were already at President, Wycoff and Bergen, and then the famous beer check with little ceremony (no paper bags) around the slender silver brews in front of a construction site said to be the garage from whence emerged our bags onto the street just like where we left them, for carrying purposes to the bar five (not one) blocks away. Somewhere around there was Amityville but we managed to skirt it. Some stuff looked familiar 'cause I once set a trail there

myself, but very little. There is a great feeling of accomplishment when you can predict (wrongly) where the trail is likely to go because you have been there yourself. But this does not necessarily get you in any earlier.

The bar was airy if tight – large glass windows front and back, and the most perfect trapezoid I have seen since my 7th grade math book (4th grade?). Who builds walls like that? (The Flatiron building in the other borough). And who but hashers would occupy the prime space under a dart board. At least unlike jayrunning there are no fines for that yet. The playing duo gracefully gave in and let us occupy their space.

Sempiternal downdowns were conducted (I can't remember whether by Jerry – I don't think so as he was the hare) or Cardinal O'Connor (I don't think so because I don't think so) introducing two blondes (one with a pony tail) by their rightful names. Somebody mercifully jerked off the other one's bandana as a hat in the circle. They were only drinking water anyway. They'll learn. Lansing, Michigan was reintroduced, on a mission of adulation for a friend's relative graduating from NYU Medschool although he assures me he actually still hashes at home when he's not here, and he's coming back in June or something. It's OK, at least he reads our writeups, all our writeups. Speaking of which, Cree's rendition which was handed out was not to be missed.

So what's the news? John has recovered so totally he can run again for the first time in many weeks. To celebrate he showed off his three (sorry two – the third is below the belt) laparoscopy scars (I learned a new word too). We have it on hearsay that the interesting one was shaved and would remain so. Steve showed, burdened by work – Liz and Scot were desperately seeking same the next day but note their different styles: Liz left around 10 wondering if it was too early, while the voice of experience opted for exactly the opposite approach. I don't even know what time Scot left. Good luck to both.

Janet the Manhattanite in her faithful way put Brooklyn over Queens where ex-roommate Wendy had excommunicated herself. The late crew talked of movies along with ships and sealing wax and I went to bed. Now that Keith's gone, there's a little of Keith in all of us, said Four Wheel Drive making a quick getaway in a taxi. As always the two things I like most about Brooklyn (besides the company and the beer) are the cool smooth flat black slate tiles underfoot where you can find them, and the trees.

I hate long writeups!