

# Brooklyn Hash House Harriers

## The "It's Come To This/Blue Shopping Cart Hashmobile" Hash

November 26, 2001

Run # 237

Hare: Christine

Start: Bergen St. on the 1,2

On-In: O'Connors

Scribe: Alice

FROM ONE HASH TO THE NEXT. SOUND FAMILIAR? NO, I'M TALKING ABOUT WRITING WRITE-UPS, FOR ANOTHER HASH.

Got this pleading missive by e-mail. Sound familiar? But then I showed up and Stacie must have had pity on me or something because she almost relented. Anyhow – even a book only has one preface as far as I know.

Brooklyn Hash – Bergen Street start – It's surprising how far past Atlantic is when they make you get off the 3 at 14<sup>th</sup>. Cheery to get there to be greeted by Christine and 2 cohares. She always does it solo. The noteworthier of the 2 of course was the shopping cart. I stuffed into my brain for later close on in, but I didn't know where the hell we were so it didn't matter anyway.

And anyway double park skirting made for not needing to know where the bar was. I was very lucky just not to be carrying my bag. Very well marked trail. Caught up to first check (can't even do that when I'm on time) and of course Andy wanted to know how. Ran a little way with Paul and returnee Joyce – she had the sense to go round the park to the right of the Brooklyn Museum and Botanical Gardens on Eastern Parkway so I learned then and there. Have been meaning to go see some Iranian exhibit in there for weeks. Well, can't see it in the dark! I got some new perspective on Brooklyn geography – I never thought all that was so close to Atlantic. Trail did the trail thing till I got passed by Andy in Park Slope and this time he had to "with all due respect" me to find out how I got ahead. I guess you'd just call it brute fear. Again I was lucky because the marks I needed were sitting right there on the side of the pavement where I was. Nothing hidden at all. Christine even uncovered the outside of her pad for us – taking us off the Avenue where we had to wind up later after a check. Many people didn't catch that.

Good opportunity for a beer check next time – but the run wasn't that long and the bar was near. The Cardinal's or something – oh no – I meant O'Connor's – such a cigaretted, smelly affair. But the critical mass (three times Queens) gravitated to the back which was much more tenable. Many compliments of selves to selves at numbers – this was a bloody pre-dogs bollox reunion – they just went to warmer (I don't believe it) climes in San Diego, except for Crofty whose Christmas in kringeland had started early and was apparently not to finish till the morrow. We had an eight-time hasher out of Australia whose name was Chatty-Chatty Bang-Bang and garrulous she certainly was. I never did find out who the cohare was. Hope Christine was sufficiently pleased to stop charging for setting trails to subsidize her own new endeavor.