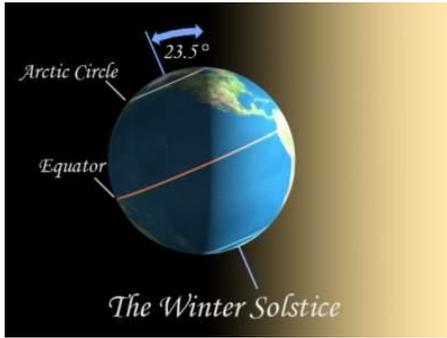


Solstice Hash

20 December 2015 ☉ Hash #1704

Hares: Doggy Style, Happy Hardwood, Aching for One



Pagan Celebrants	32
New Boots.....	3
Visitors.....	0
Quadrupeds	7
Shiggy Rating	9
Beer Stops	2
Mixed Alcohol Stops	1
Police appearances.....	1



It was the shortest of Days, it was the longest of Nights, it was the epoch of automotive exhaust, it was the epoch of wind burned phalanges, it was the antipathy of luxurious conveyance, it was the similarity of livestock transport, it was the trial of poor footing on muddied paths, it was the sentence of toxic mixtures of apples and alcohol, it was the tyranny of police inquisitiveness, it was the civility of a variety of cold beers; in short, this hash was, for good or for evil, akin to most hashes of the common era, in the superlative degree of comparison only. *

Incident Report, County Police, Officer Wolfspotter, 20 Dec 2015, South Park Wave Pool.

While out on my normal rounds of the Park, I received a call from the radio dispatcher concerning a feral dog that was harassing a number of the park visitors and their dogs. I had been investigating a number of dog incidents over the past few weeks so I was extremely interested in catching this particularly ferocious animal. Upon entering the parking area surrounding the Wave Pool, I noticed some activity in the southwestern corner and pulled up to survey the area. Pulling off the hardtop, I notice a dump truck with approximately 30 people milling about. As I stop my vehicle, I perceived that many of these people are trying to evaporate into the woods, while others continued to sit on fallen logs carrying on rapt conversations as if they were at a outdoor cafe, sipping upon what appears to be cans of beer, and were blatantly ignoring my presence. Walking toward the dump truck I was addressed by a grey bearded man, whom I could hear others calling Mr. Curmudgeon, and he begins trying to explain the unauthorized and alcoholic gathering. I cut off his babbling and inquired as to what his connection was to the feral dog that was harassing other park visitors near the entrance to the Wave Pool. While he was doing his best to confuse the issue, I notice that there were numerous dogs at this gathering and that not a one of them was on their leash. So at this point, I have a number of violations, all involving hefty fines. Unfortunately, the bluster of bullshit started coming at me from all sides. I was unable to position myself to confront one load of crap, before another heaping load of manure was presented to me. I began to back away, taking care not to stumble and fall, for it was my fervent belief that if I was to lose my footing, I would be inundated by dung. I managed to work my way back to the car, and made my escape. I later realized that I gained no further information concerning the feral dog attacks. But I did come to the conclusion that the Hash is no place to get straight answers.

*Plagiarized and giddily Corrupted from Charles Dickens, "Tale of Two Cities".

Posthumously, DM

Park Miscreants: Spermit, BM Korn, Smitten, Purple, Folker, Blackout Mountin, Noah, K969, Sweetums, Ogre, Wroughten, No Code, Mayor Blewme, Scrummy, Black Clap, Gaggle Cock, Cock'll Do, Cock-in-a-net, Lips'o'Steel, Dick-a-Day, Shitty Titty, T-bag, DM, Just Ellie, Just Kristen, Just Brit, **New Boots:** Just Marcus, Just Jerret, Just Christy
Late Cummers: Pinch, DJ, Strap-on