

The Cholesterol Hash



14 February 2016 ☺ Hash #1712

Hares: ICP, Cuffed&Battered, Gaggle Cock, Scrum Guzzler

Haff-wits	31
New Boots	0
Visitors	2
Quadrupeds	4
Shiggy Rating	7
Beer Stops	2
Shot Stops.....	1



High up on the swirling arctic slopes of Mt. Wit-Taker, the apathetic gods ride *impersonal* sized helium balloon vehicles that are in the shape of their favorite cartoon characters. The gods relish this day, The Time of Valium Day (*Yes, just take a pill, and you'll get yourself through this horseshit holiday.....and maybe even get yourself through this write-up.*), as they ride about and mirthfully mingle amongst the mortals. For on this day the indigenous Haff-wit Tribe has it's annual pilgrimage to the holy mountain to petition the gods to replenish each of the Haff-wit's emotional baggage. Dispensing suitcases and steamer trunks of feelings that clot and clog the arteries, that constrict the heart. Feelings that, while amplifying the reproductive urges, eventually deprive the mind of rational thought. (*For the Haff-wits it isn't a big stretch.*) ♥ Fred Flintstone and Yogi Bear hover overhead as the Haff-wits begin their journey. Full of beer spirits to lubricate their way, the Haff-wits soon find themselves flailing over the frozen hillsides, twisting ankles and turning knees as they go.

Daffy Duck and Mighty Mouse drift above the trees while the half-minds press forward and eventually they arrive at the fallacious Fallopian Tubes. Originally this was a super highway for the passage of the Egg Tribe (of a different genome than the Haff-wits), however the tube had, due to much arterial clotting and clogging, experienced a precipitous reduction of flow to the cranium which in turn caused an irreversible medical condition known as Mental[♀]Pause. The tubes quickly fell into disrepair, they looked dry and unproductive. But the entrance to the tunnel had no cones or barrels barring the way, which was confusing, for it was the weekend, and one might have expected PennDot to have had this tube tied or at least have it closed for repairs. Regardless, standing outside the tunnel, with Bullwinkle and Yosemite Sam in the vanguard, the Haff-wits could now feel a bustling of their atrophied reproductive apparatus, which, in turn, alleviated their spurious inhibitions. Soon they throbbed forward to penetrate the darkness. ♥ One of the half-minds was so smitten with the crusty antiquity of the tunnel that he plunged head first into one of the stagnant gene pools that festered in an open carbuncular cavity. Ignoring the smitten, the Haff-wits continued to thrust forward until they spewed out on to the banks of the River of Emotion, which, not surprisingly, looked and smelled much like the Monongahela. (*Come on in, the water's fine.*) Amidst the imbibing of Valium Day hot chocolate, the Haff-wits stuffed their emotional suitcases with the ephemeral feelings ladled out of the river. Then with their emotions weighing heavily on their psyches, it was time to return to the ceremonial hall and fill their empty gastronomical system. ♥ And it was a bodacious bounty of fried food to mingle and congeal with the newly acquired emotions. ♥ With emotional baggage stowed and stomachs bursting it was time say farewell. Upon leaving the ceremonies, one might have noticed a Porky Pig vehicle with this bumper sticker, "Emotions: destroying hearts since all the way back when Adam first tried to go vegan with an apple."

Posthumously, DM

Emotional Porters: Double Stuff, Triple Dip, DBenz, Tight E, Smitten, Shitty Titty, No Code, Midget, Lips' o'Steel, Cock Net, Pound Can, Bubba Drunk, C-Scraper, Pine Nuts, Toy Box, Assman Cometh, Golden Shower, Porn Again, Happy on Knees, Sweetums, Sherpies, Peedom, Gurgler, Buns, Gajun Cajun, Ogre, Wroughten, DM, Just Clotilde
Visitors: Well Drilled & Just Pat (WVA)