

# RAINDROPS KEEPS FALLING ON MY CRANIUM

30 May 2016 ☉ Hash #1727

Hares: Shameless Cussy, Double Stuffed, Triple Dipple

Site: House of Double Stuff, New Kensington



Umbrella Twirlers.....	20
New Boots.....	2
Visitors.....	5
Quadrupeds .....	4
Shiggy Rating .....	8
Beer Stops .....	2
Shot Stops.....	2



It was like a dream sequence of a well choreographed Broadway play. The hashers, in their cars, all came down the road at the same slow speed and at a set interval. In unison, they eased into parking spaces along the street with well oiled precision. All the car doors opened simultaneously, umbrellas emerged, then popped open. As the hashers closed their car doors behind them, the music began, and the hashers moved towards the house in a stylized dance routine. Twirling. Opening and closing their umbrellas. Big happy faces with lots of teeth.

Raindrops keep falling on my head 🎵 but that don't mean that I'll stay home. Instead, 🎵 I'd rather be out hashin' 🎵 Oh, those raindrops are falling on my head, they keep falling 🎵

As the song and dance routine came to a close, the hashers milled about in the backyard, meeting and greeting, checking out the wide array of cold beers, and the trays of snacky food. In the corner, a funky hippy guy is picking on his guitar which adds a subdued musical background to the scene. The shameless hostess adjusts her cleavage and floats about to ensure that everyone is satisfied. .. .. Now we can hear the hippy guy starting up the theme song and the hashers pick up their umbrellas, and synchronize their steps as they head down the backyard and over the hill to follow trail. Opening and closing their umbrellas in time to the music as they go.

So I just did me some talking to the sun 🎵  
And I said I didn't like the way he got things done 🎵 Sleeping on the job 🎵

As the hashers slowly disappeared into the woods, twirling around trees, leaping over stream beds, the music dies away. There were glimpses of hashers tunneling under roadways, splashing through swirling creeks, prancing up sloppy slopes. Eventually they came to a large tunnel where serpents devoured small fishes. And here they consumed beer and dined on Oreos (not just double stuffed, but triple layered). Oddly, there was no music. I assume because it was too wet out for the hippy guy to bring his guitar. .. After a nice period of time in the dry tunnel, the hashers were off, with a twirl of their umbrellas, in search of the next beer stop.

Raindrops keep falling on my head 🎵  
And you know that my eyes will soon be turning red. 🎵 Tokin', that's for me... 🎵

At the second beer stop there was a small and persistent cloud of smoke that surrounded the gathering. Here the eyes got a little redder, and the smiles got a little bigger. And, maybe it was just me, but it seemed that the choreography started to fall apart at this point. There may have even been some dead umbrellas scattered around with the empty beer cans.

The après was great. Plenty of good food, and surprise, surprise ..... root beer floats. Could have done without the birdie falling out of the nest and into the middle of circle though.

Posthumously, DM

**Root Beer Floaters:** 7 Layer Dip, Mommy May I, Noah, Wroughten, Ogre, Spermit, Drug Runner, Scrummy, Lips'o'steel, Sweetums, Mushroom, Bubba Drunk, DM, I came first (Akron), Scratch&Sniff (Akron), Sonicum (Akron), One&Done (Akron), Just Kyle (Akron) **New Boots:** Just Kelly, Just Nathan