

# *There and Lost Again: A Hasher's Holiday*



PGH-H3 Hash Weekend - June 3, 4, 5

Thursday...It all began on Thursday. We were out for a fun, virtually shiggy free, hash run with PITT-H3. As we ran, it became clear that something was wrong. Why were people acting strange and fleeing the city? Was a sporting event or concert over?!? No...the reality began to set in as we drank more beer to distance ourselves...an apocowlyptic plague was upon us! The hares slowly went mad...the hash managed to pen the hares into the fenced yard just as the fuzz showed up to put them down. We said they were OK, we said so many things....we were wrong!

Friday...We headed up to the hash weekend, herding the slightly aggravated hares with us. They seemed to be getting better. We set our tents up and the hares were out to lay trail. They crossed a police barricade...but the hares seemed normal enough and they let them through...they had bigger things to worry about.

Out for the evening trail. That's when it happened...those hares from Thursday...we thought they were fine. Oh, the madness! We lost 2 more hashers that night...they were out wrecking havoc with the locals...spreading the madness! The fuzz came searching...we had corralled and penned the missing hashers, but to no avail, the madness had spread.....and the fuzz intervened and were infected.

Saturday...it wasn't long after breakfast....the infected broke free of their pen! We fled in buses for the wild and they pursued! It was good that enterprising hashers had thought to bring beer....we needed it to calm our nerves. We escaped into the woods...we ran...it must have been miles....and we lost them at the water crossing! Figuring it was safer, we stayed in the water...and we made it back to camp. They found us again, late in the night...oh how they had changed. The madness made them cavort like crazed dancers. We blended in by crazily dancing back. It was a long tiring night...dancing to the beer....dancing back again....dancing to the beer....

Sunday...they flew over during the night...we thought it was rain...or dew....but they had spayed an airborne cure on us during the night. We had survived...the apocowlypse cow weekend.