From: doge\_style@...

 To: Papoose <JRBHASHER@...>

 Sent: Wed, Jan 13, 2010 6:04 pm

 Subject: Pallindrome hash write-up 01022010

If you suffer from Aibohphobia\* do not read any further.

\*fear of palindromes

Hash No:1271(271) Never odd or even – AKA: the "Day After" Hash

Date: Saturday, 1/2/2010 (01022010) at 3:00 PM. Are we not drawn onward to new era?

Where: Summit Train Station

Weather: A bit chilly at 25°, and it goes without saying; “Perfect for hashing” Egad! An adage! OK, I said it, so what? Don’t nod.

Hare: Finger-In

Hashers: (16): Anal Lick it All, Breaststroke, Clitty Litter(NR), Dog E Style, Dogmeat, Great Sex (NR), Just Eric, Papoose, Plattypussie, Rat Bastard, Rear End Wrangler (NR), Seoul Brudda, SOS, Twatever, Whomp ‘em, and YAAC,

The grandmaster designed and set the hash on one day’s notice. Someone, who will remain nameless –Because I have no idea who they were— suggested that the regular Summit Hash should occur on its normal day, and not be superseded by the special Thursday or Friday hashes.

The write-up took considerably longer, due to the loony idea of including as many palindromes as possible. To save the reader time the palindromes are highlighted thusly: Gnu dung? Yes, but not BS. . . (Note to Papoose and Keyhole: this had nothing to do with Sarah Palin). A palindrome is a word, phrase or even sequence of numbers that reads the same frontward as backward). “Aha!” you say, let’s get on with it.

Thus it came to be… on this palindromic date of 01-02-2010 the hash was called to disorder and disarray.

As the pack approached the start, someone proclaimed, “Was it a rat I saw?” sure enough, Rat Bastard was preparing for the trail, as Nikki barked, “Step on no pets”

Dogmeat was initially shoeless, or did he say “Too bad – I hid a boot”? God damn mad Dog. But the question remains about those running shoes, did he Borrow or rob them?

The Trail looked something like this: http://www.gmap-pedometer.com/?r=3397149. As a non-runner can see, the trail is a hashing palindrome, with the in-trail matching the out-trail. (It may not be a perfect palindrome, but close enough for hashers “Dennis and Edna sinned”, so did Finger In).

Some hashers may have passed Overlook Hospital, but we didn’t see any nurses run.

As the hash evolved the turkeys and eagles converged at the Beer-Check at the Knights of Columbus, the pack was both clueless and beerless, “Dammit, I’m mad! I’m not staying here getting cold for nothing?”

Then the hare made his dramatic appearance. While awaiting the hare to provide the beer at the BC, his car came blasting around the corner (good thing he wasn’t on radar) and into the parking lot; skidding to a stop inches from the pack. He did, eh? Yes he did! It wasn’t just any car, some might say a Toyota’s a Toyota, but this was more of a racecar. In other words, A Toyota! Race fast, safe car! A Toyota!

While the pack enjoyed the distraction of refreshments, Finger In took chalk in hand to inscribe several common palindromes on the pavement:

•Madam, in Eden I'm Adam,

•Able was I ere I saw Elba.

•A man, a plan, a canal, Panama

But he ran out of chalk before writing the longer and less common:

•Are we not drawn onward, we few, drawn onward to new era?

 A man, a plan, a cat, a ham, a yak, a yam, a hat, a canal-Panama!

Most hashers eschewed the hares advice to “follow the same marks” back, and simply hashed back to the train station.

Back at the Summit station, the pack didn’t linger in the bitter cold, they were told to reconvene at “Flynn’s” in Chatham”, of course everyone knew that it’s really the Towne Tavern.

Towne Tavern:

The rapidly thawing pack settled into the semi-private area of the tavern. After having sufficient time to warm up, ordered some regal lager, and grub. One hungry hasher ordered the fish and chips with the explanation: Doc Note: I dissent. A fast never prevents a fatness. I diet on cod. Wontons? Not now!

When Seoul Brudda started to light up a stogie, the waitress ran over and screamed, “Cigar? Toss it in a can. It is so tragic.”

Circle

We started the circle at about 5:05pm. Rat Bastard serving as RA/ringleader. Sardi puts nog on stupid RA's. Rat was no “Dr. Awkward”, he ran a deft circle. Here’s an incomplete and in parts fictional account of the down-downs:

Yo, bottoms up! (U.S. motto, boy.)

•FRB: Dogmeat

•DFL: Dog E Style

•Non-runners: Wrangler and Great Sex (one of both Sexes)

•Visitor (?): Just Eric

•Auto-hasher: Twatever, Whomp ‘em, Papoose, and the aforementioned Dog E

The observation/accusations –like they say at the frat: “Campus motto: Bottoms up Mac.”

•For his recent induction to the office of “First Dude” of Livingston: Breaststroke.

•For surviving her recent knee surgery, and not using her bionics on trail: Great Sex.

•For hashing to the hash from home: SOS and Dog E

•For knowing the secret location of the Beer check, yet doing the loop anyway: Rat Bastard

•For wearing ‘rental shoes’: Dogmeat You go Dog!

•Overachieving by running a 24 hours r\*ce on New Year Eve: Anal

•For attending 3 Summit hashes in 3 days (12/31, 1/1 and 1/2): Twatever, Seoul Brudda and Dogmeat.

•For not having his Nikon, thus not being able to be hash flash, Wrangler said “ oh, cameras are macho”.

•For not getting the write-ups out to the reading public, despite the grandiose title of Editor-in-Chief: DogE. Without Little Sacks to defend himself, Dog E took the responsibility and complimentary down-down.

•For being a late-cummer; showing up at this point in the proceedings: Clitty Litter.

•For allegedly scouting garage sale locations: Plattypussie,

•For withholding vital information, (and not imbibing): YAAC. –she announced to the astonished pack that she is pregnant, (with rat?)

This pregnancy was confirmed with the display of 3-D ultrasound pix. Even an amateur obstetrician can verify that Rat is the father –it looks just like a rat. Did mom pop? Mom did. (Ed: no she didn’t) Pa’s a sap. (Ed: no comment)

Having been there done that, Anal wrote down some sage advice for the RA: “if you keep knocking her up and she’s breastfeeding you can hash forever”

At this point in the evening, Twatever drew her last breath. It’s not like she died or anything, it’s just that she didn’t stop to breath for the remainder of the evening. She went on and on and on and on… (you get the pic) about child birthing and related details.

This also prompted Dog E to reenact Archie Bunker’s sarcastic hanging scene. (You had to be there).

Announcements:

Breaststroke made his annual plea for dues: Get it in, if you haven’t already.

Upcoming hashes: the 9th anal Tex-Mex will be held over MLK weekend in El Paso Tx. In a related note, Tub Slut will be going to the event not one in Oklahoma: A slut nixes sex in Tulsa. (that was a long way to go to get that one in). I would send him this message but I don’t have Liam’s mail.

The waitress didn’t say: “Stressed? No tips? Spit on desserts”.

It didn’t matter anyway, since we didn’t have any desserts. Unless you count, Lager, sir, is regal.

 Words that didn’t fit into the above mess: noon, boob, civic, kayak, stats

On-No

DogE Style

Editor-in-Chief

Appendices:

Pertinent links:

•http://www.boston.com/news/local/massachusetts/articles/2010/01/02/whats\_so\_special\_about\_today\_its\_a\_palindrome/?p1=Well\_MostPop\_Emailed7

•http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y0v8ycyn2Yk

•http://www.katu.com/news/local/80507467.html

PALINDROMIC DATES in the 21st century:

•10/02/2001

•01/02/2010

•11/02/2011

•02/02/2020

•12/02/2021

•03/02/2030

•04/02/2040

•05/02/2050

•06/02/2060

•07/02/2070

•08/02/2080

•09/02/2090