

## Hash Number 131, to Frozen Gorna Banya

It was a warm and balmy day at Gorna Banya, with temperatures hovering around 20 degrees . . . Fahrenheit – which is somewhere below zero on this Centigrade scale you Europeans use. The flour was frozen on the trail and gentle zephyrs howled across the parking lot. Old Banger was the only intelligent Hasher when he decided that taking care of a sick Red Baron was higher priority than leading this mad bunch.

Paul Mad Dog McNamee was the running hare, and runners Kojak, Period Pain, Crackers, Long Shanks, Edward, Alex and Easy Rider followed the faint marks of his flour and deceptive checks on a merry chase up the gentle frozen slope and through the boggy woods, with the wind always at our backs and the ice melting beneath our feet. Edward led the way, only to fall victim to Mad Dog's cunning false trails, deceptively laid in circles when he was temporarily disoriented. Hare-less, the walkers scattered all over the mountain, panicked by the site of two bears which upon closer inspection were Lion Tamer and Groper, who had pulled their wooly hats so far down they were almost completely covered.

The survivors gathered in the Hash Circle, clutching their beer to stay warm. Quick thinking by Long Shanks finally got some snow around the beer to cool it off, and Groper called the Hashers to order. Carlos, Didi, Dora and Sushi May hopped around to stay warm. Sassy Lassie and Sex Favors were found sitting in their cars! Groper roundly chastised the miscreants, including Annie Get Your Gun who wandered in late from the woods with Bisser, all red faced . . . from the cold, they said. Virgins Bisser and Eckert were welcomed with skepticism for the judgment shown by coming out on such a day. However Eckert could not be found to be given a Down Down, as he had turned the wrong way at the start heading back for the hotter climes of Sofia, How far he walked we will never know. Period Pain was chastised for polluting the trail.

All retired to the local mehana for kebabcheta and beer, arranged and supervised by Bit o' Stuff who single-handedly kept the wait staff in line and hopping. The payment of the bill was unnecessarily compromised by the wine drinkers who could not remember how many bottles they'd had nor who had paid. Wine drinkers on the Hash?? Disgraceful, but there you are.

Disrespectfully submitted,

EZ Rid@

Half-Hashed Scribe