

(Written by the hare Dumbo, with snide comments in **red** by Luuuger)

Well, that was a rush.

Thanks to all who made it to one or more of the recent frantic spate of Gridiron Hashes. Nobody grabbed The Chewy Award for doing all three this time, so the Champagne will remain on ice for another season. In fact, despite the Gridiron's being designed to bring the divergent Hashes together in brotherly and sisterly Hash luv, no PHHH Hashers went to the Zonie Invitational Gridiron this year on the 13th, and no Zonies returned the disfavor and went to the PHHH Invitational Gridiron on the 20th. After some unexpected mergings in recent years, the theme this year was back to "never the Hash twains shall meet."

Some Newbie's and not-so-old timers asked, "So Dumbo', why the same trail twice in a row?" The above would be the answer. The trifecta of Gridirons (in the past it's been the same trail three times in a row counting the Full Moon) has been my anal satirical dig at the PHHH and Zonie's for being such clicky islands of exclusiveness. (PHHH harriets can get pregnant too ya know! They just need opposite-sex partners. We're working on that). Since never the twains, twats and swains shall meet, there was never a logical point in doing different trails. **(Maybe, just maybe, many wankers only attend one because they don't want to do the same trail 3X )** It actually took a few years for the separatist packs to even notice what was going on, much to my personal glee.

**(Of course the fun thing about running two courses over the same trail is that you get marks from both trails – confusing the ever loving shit out of everybody. Throw in a Triathlon on the same day that used chalk to mark their routes and a hare with a broken chalk stick? A perfect clusterfuck of unreadable trail!)**

Nonetheless, all three Gridirons were a blast and full of many new and interesting folks. Special thanks to Just Michael Flores and his squeeze Help Me Rhonda for opening up their ASU Tailgate Party for the PHHH mob Saturday - much to the frightened chagrin of his fellow tailgaters who didn't quite know what had suddenly hit them. Sweaty Hashers, like locust, can sure drain a cooler of beer and table of food in record time. Special no thanks to some veteran PHHH Hashers who hid their tailgate party and wanted no part of their jogging phriends due the same cooler draining, food devouring reason mentioned above. (Booooooooooooo!)

Props to Bush Yakker for stepping up and being emergency Beermeister, Saturday for the usual hyper paranoid co-haring, and Hump Master Luuuger for appearing at a Saturday Hash to handle the always difficult circle herding duties - and a fine job of it he did! Additionally, it was nice seeing the much beloved Tortoise Coitus hanging with the cool kids in the back of the class rather than running with the snobby Front Running Bastard, apple polishing socs in the front row. Seems the heat, the bad vibes from her Randy Moss jersey, and having bled a lot recently for some reason slowed her down but made her more groovy. Yugo gurl! Saturday's Hash circle in the shadow of Hasher Mountain at

beautiful Tempe Town Lake Marina included some very interesting and dramatic namings. Now and forever more, Just Kristin, aka Just Kirstie, will be known as Anything Butt, a name that fortunately won out over a host of others that were all slanderous digs aimed at your devoted Gridiron Hare and Hash Trash Emeritus. ("Dumbo's bed" could NEVER remotely be anybody's most embarrassing sexual experience, thank you My Clit Talks!)

Just Cliff was finally named I F\*\*\*ed a Goat - iFAG for short. This, however, was not a dig at Salt - I think. The final naming was for a really, really emotional Just Jackie, who was really, really, Guinness Book of Records uncomfortable during the probing, pre-naming question time in center circle. She was thus named Performance Anxiety, and soon afterward at Flicka's became really, really happy and super comfortable, now feeling a warm and fuzzy sense of named inclusion in a big loving worldwide Hash family. Whew, talk about a roller coaster. Props to Luuuger for successfully threading that psychological mine field and going forward with it.

Other notable actions - For the first time in PHHH Hasher history, the entire pack literally ran within fifteen feet of a BN box overflowing with ice cold expensive imported beer, along with cash money and gold bullion bars, without a single one of them actually finding it. A giant BN, and a trail mark five feet away, did not help the tailgate party besotted pack solve the mystery of the refreshing box sheltered under the low hanging desert tree. The same box, in the same spot, was quite easily found by the Zonies and their hoards of randy neonatal Hashers the prior week. It boggles as to why the PHHHers, like the ASU gridironers, wiffed so badly? Maybe because the Zonies didn't have a tailgate party, or a bar stop, thus making the BN the only refreshments on trail. That gave them extra motivation.

That and the fact that the hares were waiting at the BN at the Zonie Hash, but not at the PHHH. Chalk that up to headstrong PHHH co-hare Can't Cum on Saturday barking "F\*\*\* them! F\*\*\*\*\* them all" and choosing not to wait.

**(clarification: BULLSHIT! So we are running down trail, and low and behold there is a BN written in flour. Clit has already run past it and is up on the bridge home. IKOG has followed the BN, looking for the beer check. Clit turns around and assists in the search. After 4 or 5 of us looked for 10 minutes it was decided that this must be a BN from last week because 1) the hares were not carrying flour this week and b) while there are plenty of tailgaters, there is no sign of hash related beer. The rest of the pack follows in and then out of the beer check area to no avail. We all follow Clit back to the end where we are derided for "missing" the unmanned or for that matter unwomanned beer check.)**

At Monday's Full Moon jaunt through south Chandler, it was discovered that mini-glow lights sinking in the grass are really difficult to spot - even though they are glowing. I'll work on that for the next glow light trail. Despite that minor hurdle, everyone finished, and a gaggle stayed all the way until midnight drinking the fine foreign Full Moon beers and watching Bitch N Hoe pass out cold on the stone pavement. Last Saturday's Zonie

Hash was highlighted by another delicious dinner of egg, tuna, spicy tuna, and chicken salads provided by my favorite Nibbler, Easy Rider. Leftovers were enjoyed the entire week by the Me and Boys in Da Hood. Finally, ASU, ranked number 14th in the country at the time of the Zonie Gridiron, not only lost both Gridiron Hash games the past week, but did so rather suckingly and fell so far out of the rankings they can't be seen with a telescope. Guess the Hash Karma didn't work like it did last year at the ASU/US game (or UA just stunk really bad.)

On - to somebody else haring besides Dumbo' again - On.

Dumbo'

**ON – I'll Second that! ☺ - ON**

**Luuuger**