

Run # 2053 The Big River Tube Float Hash
Hare: Amis lthead
Hashit: Basket

The Tube Float Hash: Amish's Assassination Attempt on Basket – A Tragicomic Flotation Fail

It was a sweltering summer scorcher in Rhode Island, and the Rhode Island Hash House Harriers (RIH3) were primed for **Trail #2053: The Tube Float Hash**. Picture this: a lazy river day on the Wood River, tubes inflated like overconfident egos, coolers stocked with enough beer to sink a battleship, and a pack of hashers ready to drift downstream like human corks. Our hare? **Amish**, that devious bastard with a beard longer than his trail-planning skills. His mission? **To kill Basket**. Spoiler: He tried his damndest, but alas... *it was not to be*.

The pack assembled: **OOzing** (the eternal optimist), **WHO** (who? Exactly), **Flo Banger** (queen of chaos), **PG** (Pint Glass, because priorities), **PISSONYA** (the sassy siren), **Barely Man Below** (self-explanatory), **WIPOS** (Walk In, Paddle Out, Sleep), and me, **Basket**—the unwitting target of Amish's watery wrath. We figured: Tubes on, beers cracked, float slow-mo downstream to the end. Mello vibes, munchies, maybe a mid-river circle jerk for old times' sake. What could go wrong?

Spoiler: Everything

We launch from the put-in, cross the road like clueless lemmings, and start drifting downstream. Beers flow, tunes blare from a waterproof speaker, and life's grand. Then—BOOM—Amish's evil check: **Circle Jerk Ahead!** (For you virgins: That's hash code for "Ha ha, suckers, you're looping back.") We beach the tubes, hike a **mile-long circle jerk** through briars and bullshit, only to return to our floats... and get the dreaded command: **PADDLE UPSTREAM TO THE BEER STOP!**

Upstream? In tubes? Against a current that laughs at paddles? Amish, you magnificent monster!

But wait—**some hashers are smarter than the rest**. WIPOS, Barely Man Below, and his mystery friend got the "secret memo" (probably whispered by carrier pigeon). They ditched the float, hoofed it straight to Beer Check (B), and were already shotgunning PBRs when we idiots floated past. **Flo Banger** and **PISSONYA** (POY for short) sniffed out the beer stash *before* the 95 overpass like bloodhounds on steroids. They beached early, chugged, and floated the victory lap. PG and OOzing? They powered through like pros, yelling "On-on!" while WHO just... floated in existential confusion.

Me? **Basket, the Basket Case?** No memo. Zilch. Nada. I passed Beer Check like a chump, vanished under the 95 overpass into no-man's-river. Emerging on the far side, I realize: *Upstream or die thirsty*. Cue the **Mile of Misery**: Dragging my tube like a dead whale through shallow rapids, paddling with a broken oar (thanks, Amish), dodging rocks that high-five my shins. The current? A relentless bitch. I almost drowned twice—once when my tube flipped mid-

paddle (Amish's ghost laughing from the bushes), and again when I inhaled a lungful of "refreshing" river water that tasted like fish farts and regret.

By the time I staggered to Beer Check, I looked like a drowned wookiee. The smarties cheered: "Basket lives!" Amish high-fived himself from afar. We chugged warm beers, swapped war stories, and circle-jerked the hare one last time: "You're a dead bastard, Amish! Down-down for attempted murder!"

Trail end? A soggy shuffle back to the cars (tubes deflated, dignity optional). Then, the grand finale: A convoy to **Tavern on the Hill**, where we drowned the trauma in pitchers, wings, and a song circle that devolved into "99 Beers on the Wall... but Upstream!" Amish bought the first round as penance. Basket survived—barely.

Moral of the story? **Never trust a hare named after electricity-free living. And always get the memo**

