

Trail #4 - Hash Trash

Written by Nips

Tuesday, 07 September 2010 02:30 - Last Updated Thursday, 09 September 2010 03:04

Trail #4 - Gispert's B-day

Date: July 31, 2010

Location: Rogers Dell, Andover, MA

Hares: Yellow Dick Gnome and An*I Beads

Pack: From PooF: N*pples Erectus and Bleeps, Sweeps and Creeps. From Boston: F*ck that Hurts (bag car), +2 Coonass, Bondage Barbie, C*m is Kosher, Dick Jockey, E=I'm a Douche, Just Sarah, Mexican Humping Queen, Nice T*ts, Schindler's Fist, Snatchlight, Spunk in the Trunk, Sticks It to the Bros, THE 2nd C*mming, Toothpick Dick, Twat My Mom. From Boston Moon: The Buttler Hit It. From Burlington: Stops to Pet the P*ssy. From 413: P*ssy Factory and Counterfeit Dick. From Happy Valley: Jimmy Crack Whore. From Halve Mein: Willy Wanker and Moans Alone. From Long Beach: Aorta F*ckya. From VooDoo: Just Candice. From DCH4: Gluten Free Granny Panties. From Seacoast: Friar F*ck. Homeless: Dazed 'n Confused.

Virgins: Ed and Renee

Gispert's spirit smiled down from the heavens and provided the PooFlingers with a beautiful day for hashing and an unusually large pack. The parking area along Lupine Rd next to Rogers Dell quickly filled with eager hashers, and the smell of their adrenaline scared the hares who quickly scampered off. To fill the dead time between hareas-away and pack-away, the latest PooFlinger challenge which involved a clothing swap of sorts was unveiled to the pack. Despite explaining that it was not mandatory for anyone to do, and in fact only people who were interested in becoming PooFlingers need consider it, almost everyone decided to participate.

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To make this challenge fair, all participants were lined up and a "before" photo was taken, and everyone's clothing was to be verified at the end. Anyone who showed up late or was not part of the official photos was not counted as having participated (sorry kids, rules is rules). After the photos were taken, pack scampered away, and not 10 feet into trail, T*ts and Spunk led the swap charge, diving behind a school bus, clothes flying in the air. Possibly one of the most hilarious and awesome things I've ever seen on trail occurred within the next 5-10 minutes as roughly 20 pack members tore off clothing and searched for people to swap with all while trying to maneuver down a rocky slope and along a stream while blinded by reflected sunlight. Some of the more amusing highlights were women swapping sports bras even though they could have just swapped shirts, and 2nd C*mming trying to swap shorts after announcing he was free-balling. But enough about that...

Trail was pretty fantastic. The first part involved a lot of bush-whacking, streams, small hills, and one backyard. Emerging onto a street, the pack stumbled aimlessly in all directions, much like disoriented cows, not knowing what to do or where to go. Thankfully F*ck That Hurts scattered the lot by speeding thru in bag car, and someone said "hey, let's go in that direction!". Sure enough, marks were found, and even better, upon rounding the corner a man with a hose was only too willing to spray the male...and female...members of pack as they passed. And there was much rejoicing. Trail took a left into some ball fields and back into the woods. There were actual trails to run on, unfortunately the marks were not-so-great (come to find out, the hares came close to being snared and in an act of self-preservation, stopped laying marks for a bit) so the pack got a little lost. Eventually the pack found trail again, stumbled across the beer car, and there was much rejoicing.

Happiness soon turned to crapiness. Pack left the beer check onto the dreaded pavement, but shortly trail took an abrupt turn down into some shiggy. At first, this was a normal stream/rock/brush adventure, but things got a bit sticky soon....sticky in the form of quicksand. Yes ladies and gents, there is quicksand in Andover, MA. Some pack members were smart and decided to stay on the road the entire stretch, but those foolish enough to take true trail soon got a real education in how to extract another person from quicksand, and in how what looks like solid sand adjacent to wet mucky sand is actually quite the opposite when one steps on it. The only escape back to the road was thru a large swath of thick saw grass, so the wankers stuck on trail (literally) chose true trail thru quicksand as the better option. Once conquered, trail emerged onto a road, and crossed it into a pleasant field, and eventually back into the woods. The tricky hares had the pack in fear (or hope) that trail would go off the well-cleared path and into the adjacent swamp, but it never did. There was one "clean" water crossing which really wasn't well marked - trail just kinda stopped near a river bank, but not in a way that would give one the impression that one should cross, and in fact many continued further along the trail in search of marks, but to no avail. In the water pack went, and a short swim later emerged onto the other bank where more fine trail awaited, and eventually pack entered a sand pit for the on-in.

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5 people were missing. Cell phones were called (futile seeing as everyone had been warned to not bring phones on trail due to water), and bag car went back to the start to see if they'd gone back. Meanwhile, back at the pit, people were getting sick of wearing each other's clothes and the second clothing swap of the day ensued after all were checked to see if they passed the challenge. Bag car returned sans missing pack, and it was decided circle should start without them. Sure enough, a half hour or so later, stragglers were seen coming thru the woods - from another direction! Huzzah! Only, 4 of the 6 stragglers were actually latecomers who had shown up a half hour late for trail, caught up to the DFLs, and managed to get to the end by bushwhacking thru a swamp while following the glorious sounds of hash songs. This left 3 of the original DFLs out on trail, last seen before the swamp shortcut. Circle continued and was just reaching an end a good 20 minutes later when the final 3 emerged. Circle was declared over, last beers were given to the DFLs, cars were retrieved, and all continued to the on-after for food and beer.

Circle highlights:

FRB: Counterfeit; FBI: Gluten

Virgin Ed and Renee were convinced to come to thier first trail by a very drunk +2 who they met the night before swilling whisky or scotch or someting at some bar. Ed would choke on every dick put above him, likes his mom's big boobs, and chose mouth (not surprng) when asked life or death, ass or mouth. Reneewould not get off a busload of lesbians, and also would help her Uncle Jack off. They were truly good sports not knowing what they were going to be in store for, and we'd love to see them again, but I'm pretty sure Ed packed Renee in his truck and beelined back to Beaufort, SC where people are a little more sane.

DFLs: Willy, Moans, Just Candice, Just Sarah, Stops, and Barbie; uber-DFLs: Friar, Kosher, Fisty

Unsuccessful renaming of Jimmy Crack Whore to Timmy Crack Whore. Even presenting him with an emboidered Halve Mein jacked with his new name on it was not enough to make it stick.

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2nd C beaned Bleeps in the cranium with a beer can while Bleeps (the RA) was leading the pack in Jesus Saves, claiming he meant to hit Gimp. Not sure which is worse, him hitting someone in a position of authority, trying to introduce violence into an already blasphemous song, or trying to hit a gimp.

T*ts was given an honor down-down for rescuing Nips from certain death in the quicksand. I believe a surrogate old chinese man was also selected from the pack in honor of the stranger who just happened to be near the muck with two boards and rescued Gnome who was in the same situation while scouting.

The Barbie's C*ming Challenge was successfully completed, using tofu, by DJ, +2, and Gnome. +2 and Gnome were silly enough to buy packages larger than required and still had to eat it all. +2 was spotted taking a giant lump of tofu from Gnome, and was immediatly told to spit the blob back out and Gnome had to eat it, otherwise they'd be disqualified. Judging by the look on Gnome's face, she only fake enjoys swapping spit with +2.

Rag's to Bitches was completed by: +2, Counterfeit, Dazed, Friar, Gluten, Jimmy, Mexican, T*ts, PFactory, Snatchlight, Spunk, Sticks It, 2nd C, Buttler, Toothpick, Twat, Just Candice, Aorta, Gimp, and Douche

The End