

Trail #5

Date: August 21, 2010

Location: Conant Brook Dam, Monson, MA

Hares: P*ssy Factory, Counterfeit Dick, and Jimmy Crack Whore

Pack: From PooF: N*pples Erectus and Bleeps, Sweeps, and Creeps. From Boston: An*I Beads, Peppermint P*ssy, THE 2nd C*mming, and Twat My Mom. From Boston Moon: Crusifux and The Buttler Hit It. From DCH4: Gluten Free Granny Panties. From VooDoo: Just Candice. From 413: I Eat C*m.

Despite a slight delay that prevented almost the entire pack from arriving on time (stupid Mass Pike traffic on a Saturday), trail started with nary a hitch from the top of the Conant Brook Dam. Hares led the pack across the top of the dam to a check. Pack scattered in search of marks, and "false!" was heard from the right, but as pack started to go left down a slope, the folks from the right called "check!" at the same time the FRBs on the left called "on-on!". Everyone stuck in between was momentarily confused, but decided a check found after a false was a better sign than on-on down a hill (what goes down, must come up). So heading right, pack saw the false from which a check was clearly visible beyond. Silly hares. Pack followed marks into the woods, thru some brush, out onto a dirt road, then back into brush down a very steep, very narrow path marked in TP. Thankfully it had not rained recently or this already challenging decent would have been quite a hazzard. As it was, pack members reached out for braches, poison ivy, vines, boobs, TP...whatever was reachable that might offer some balance if one lost one's footing. Amazingly, there was no hasher-valanche, and the path emerges back onto a dirt road from which the pack could see the start of the trail and top of damn looming above them. Tricky hares. Trail led back into the woods and up a friggin' hill, kind of along a path but not really. Stupid hills. Finally a stream was found, and flour dotted boulders along either side, tempting pack to switch from side to side and enjoy the cool refreshing water on thier tired feet. After a bit, trail led away from the river, up another hill (yuck) and out onto a paved road by a cemetary. Around the corner PFactory was found manning, er, womaning beer car. It was at this point that everyone realized that IEC had not left the start with the rest of the pack, nor had he been seen anywhere on trail, yet he had been to and thru the beer check before everyone.

Turns out he grew up in the area and thought he could outsmart the hares and snare them by zenning. Well, not to ruin the surprise, but IEC was never spotted on the second leg of trail either, AND never managed to do any snaring. Sometimes knowing too much about something just isn't enough - silly hasher, trails are for following (mostly).

After the beer check, trail took off along a dirt road in the woods, emerging into a clearing where a check was found. What was believed to be true trail ended in a check-back to almost the same spot as the check it came off of. Hmm. Pack spent a good 10-15 minutes scouring the surrounding area for any sign of where trail should branch off without success. Peppermint and Crusifix decided to go back a couple marks to the check and head in the direction of what had already been declared as a false (and which was clearly marked false in 3 giant stripes, which neither of them said they saw when asked later). Just past that false, trail forked, and they headed right and somehow found marks. Everyone followed except Bleeps, Buttler, and Twat who, much like Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys, were determined to solve "The Mystery of the Missing Hash Marks". Well, they succeeded. Smarty pants found trail leading directly through a swamp, and alternated between shouting warnings to each other and yelling obscenities at the pack crossing on dry land ahead of them. Trail continued to wind its way thru the woods, across a small stream, up another hill, and thru some areas where all the trees had been cut down and left where they fell making for some slow-going. Somewhere in there, 2nd C decided that crossing a swampy murky section of steam on his ass was a good idea. Everyone else wisely circumvented it, some taking advantage of a beaver damn to do so, all while calling "encouragement" to 2nd C. Finally, after some down-hill bushwhacking, another dirt road was found, at the end of which were the hares and the beer.

Circle tid-bits:

FRB: IEC, FBI: Gluten

DFL: Nips

2nd C tried to re-enact his attempt to kill the RA (Bleeps) from Trail #4, by throwing yet another object at his cranium. Me thinks 2nd C is taking the "Flinging" part of PooFlingers very seriously. Fortunately for Bleeps, he is not taking the "Poo" part as seriously.

Counterfeit and IEC attempted, and succeeded, the Barbie's C*mming Challenge. Having seen it done before, Counterfeit was aware of the rules, and showed up with nothing but his can of low-salt spam and a fork. IEC however had never seen it done before, nor followed the instructions on the website to contact Nips or Bleeps before attempting any challenges to find out any rules/requirements, and proceeded to set up a camp grille, propane, frying pan, eggs, and Lawry's all pulled from a tiny bag. Nips and Bleeps were so stunned that at first all they could say was "uhhh..", but then sensibilities came back and before spam could leave the can, shouted "nooo!" and explained the rules to him. Disgruntled that he couldn't cook a fine meal, and with the pack pissed off at him for bringing stuff to cook a meal only for him and not the rest of the pack, IEC dove in to his can (the regular, full salt variety in case you were wondering). He and Counterfeit made much faster work of the challenge than anyone else to date, enjoying every bite.

Counterfeit acted like a retard again. He is far more likeable when he's retarded.

A new down-down position was discovered - this will appear again, so why ruin the surprise for you wanks that weren't there to witness it.

I'm sure there were a slew of accusations, but who knows what they were (if you do, let me know and I'll amend this).

Finally, we come to our first PooFlinger naming. Just Candice from the VooDoo H3 has been up in Lowell, MA for work and hashing with the Boston kennel. Her first PooF trail was in July, where despite having sore knees "from running a Boston trail" (yeah right), she managed to aptly handle any shiggy in her path. Because she's been up north for a couple months, it seemed time for her to get a name. After being questioned thoroughly by the pack, she was sent off into the woods with Twat as her escort while the pack deliberated. There were two major veins of thoughts on her naming. One was based on her occupation checking out women's privates and getting deal with all sorts of gross diseases. Names suggested for this included "Vagina Gumbo", "Trich Gumbo" (think Trichinosis), "Trichs are for Chicks", and "Vagina Etouffee". The other vein was based on a story from college that went like this: "I was having s*x with this guy, I forget what his name was, on the top bunk and fell off". When asked if she got back on, she said "of course!". Names suggested for this included "Drunk On, Fall Off", "Drunk in a Bunk", and "Lick Out Below". Just when the pack was thinking nothing would suit, Nips suggested "bunk, bunk, Whoops!" (kind of like duck, duck, goose) which ended up being the winning name. Just Candice was called back into circle, made to kneel to accept her name and do her down-down, and covered in beer and flour by the pack. Good sport she was, she proudly wore that glue mixture all the way back to Boston (about an hour and half drive) in

someone else's car.

On that note, circle was ended. On the way back to the cars, IEC decided to attempt to cross the river via a series of logs chained end to end. He was bet \$5 that he could not cross 3 logs in a row without falling. Buttler and 2nd C thought that sounded like a fantastic idea, and not realizing that they were not part of the bet and would not earn \$5, followed IEC down the edge of the dam to the river. Needless to say, the bet was not won, though not for lack of trying, and trying, and trying, much to the amusement of the rest of pack.

After that, several people went back to thier respective homes, but a group of hard core hashers with no social life outside the hash decided to take Jimmy up on his offer of crash space and ajourned there instead of the intended on-after as his mom had made a bunch of chili. Normally I wouldn't mention on-afters, but to make wankers who decided not to go jealous, here's some of what happened: a lot of beer drinking, drink ball and related diving thru rabbit poop, a cow, rabbit pee on the harriettes, a burning couch, Buttler with his hands in the fire (emerging remarkably almost unscathed), fire-jumping, tequila, balls on 2nd C's head, Counterfeit wearing a groove in the earth from pacing circles around the fire, Jaegerbombs, pineapple rum (which tasted like coconut), deep meaningful conversations, everyone getting wet together, and did I mention a lot of beer drinking?