

## Trail #6 - PooF's first venture out of Massachusetts

Date: September 25, 2010

Location: Arcadia Management Area (Midway Parking Lot), Exeter, RI

Hares: THE 2nd C\*mming and Fuwangi Boner

Pack: From PooF: N\*pples Erectus and Bleeps, Sweeps and Creeps. From 413: Counterfeit Dick and P\*ssy Factory. From Atlanta: Swamp Gravy. From Boston: +2 Coonass, An\*I Beads, Bondage Barbie, Bring Out the Gimp, Dirty Latte Sanchez, Necropheliac Jack, Pat My Fly, Peppermint P\*ssy, Yellow Dick Gnome. From Boston Moon: I Eat Teabags and The Buttler Hit It. From Burlington: Stops to Pet the P\*ssy. From Halve Mein: Jummy Crack Whore. From Rhode Island: Amishthead, Can't Eat P\*ssy, Donkey Punch, Get Out So I Can Put Out, Hairy Krishna, Mud Slut, Shemale Man, Swamp Whine.

Summer hung on a little longer to provide us with a beautiful day to hash - mid 80 temps and slightly humid. Pack took off from the parking lot into the woods behind a mound of gravel, following a mix of flour and horse sh\*t (they don't call us the PooFlingers for nothing). About a half dozen or so marks in, the FRB's hit a check back which brought pack back to, and directly past, the start. Nice way to buy some time. After following a dirt road, trail veered off into the woods, following trails so narrow, that some bushwhack was unavoidable. After a while, the middle and back of the pack realized that they hadn't seen any marks in a while and were blindly following the FRB's - the middle pack, though concerned, crossed a stream and bush-whacked after sound of FRB whistles. The back of the pack, were not as trusting and fanned out, eventually finiding trail further down the riverbed, and the hunt resumed. Trail followed the river to a bridge with a check on it. While some chose to look for marks above on the road, trail actually went under the bridge where a true trail arrow pointed the pack out of the water and onto a dirt road in the woods. At this point, there was another check, and marks were not easily found. Clearly the FRBs had managed to find something, for they were heard trouncing thru the woods by the back half of pack (who'd only found 2 marks off the check). In a wise move, the back of the pack realized from the sounds they were hearing that the pack was coming back in thier direction, so they crossed the river toward them, ignored a trail arrow going into the woods along the bank on that side, and instead used an opening 20' further up to

re-enter the woods and immediately saw the pack. Nice way to cut off a portion of trail!

Reunited, the pack came out of the woods, back onto the main road, crossed, and went back into the woods. Trail started to get sandier, and soon the dunes the hares had advised the pack would conceal the beer for the beer check were found. In true PooF fashion, most pack members drank quickly and took off, but the RI crew, though they'd been warned ahead of time of this PooF tradition, decided to stick around for a while, providing lovely strains of hash tunes for the others to run off to.

The second leg of trail went out of the dunes, back onto a dirt path, over a wooden bridge, before veering off into another trail fit only for deer travel. Eventually marks veered back into a stream, eventually coming to another bridge marked On-In. Smart people got out of the river before the bridge, crossed it, and went down the opposite side to where the beer was. Less smart (or more adventurous) people went under the bridge, risking life and limb on a slew of large rocks hidden under the water, emerging into the deepest part of the stream (which I can assure you was over 5' deep) before veering over to the bank and the beer.

Before circle, a new challenge was introduced involving eggs, hot sauce and OJ. 10 wankers (some of whom didn't even need to do the challenge to achieve their "PooF" status, which just goes to prove how stupid hashers can be), quickly stepped forward. Beverages were concocted and downed, no one puked, and circle then commenced with the pack and cooler all in the stream.

2nd C\*mming continued with his tradition of beaming the unsuspecting RA off the cranium during circle - this time nailing Nips on the back of the head with a bag of pretzels when Bleeps tagged her in to get circle going. And like other times, he tried to blame his actions on someone else, this time Bleeps. Right, as if Bleeps would have the balls to throw something at Nips - he knows he'd get his \*ss kicked. FYI, pretzel bags really hurt, and Nips will be seeking damages from 2nd C as she has a rule against kicking the \*ss of people who are shorter than her.

After this incident and one involving Fuwangi using the floating cooler as his personal s\*x toy, the hares finally settled on their \*sses into the water for their down-downs. Comments included "the hares got me wet" as well as some other stuff I don't remember.

FRB and FBI were called in, but apparently no one was interested in drinking beer because no one wanted to go in for the accusations. Finally, after much finger pointing and discussion, about 4 people ended up in circle before the pack agreed that Buttler and Swamp Gravy should get the honors. It should be noted that +2 was among those who came in, I believe to get the FBI down-down - he may have been confused as he was wearing Gnome's shorts. Given that how tight those shorts were on him, it should have been clear to all that FBI would not be the right monacker for him, however the water was cold, so the jury is still out as to which gender he really belongs to for future down-downs.

DFL was Rhode Island. The entire group. Except for Swamp Whine who made every effort to disassociate with them. I've never seen her run so fast on trail to get away from them, nor try so hard to hide in circle (not easy for a tall redhead standing in 2' of water).

PooF virgins, which included Latte, Jack, and, once again, the entire Rhode Island contingent (this time with Swamp Whine), were called in, made to sit, and do their down-downs. At this point the Rlers started to get feisty, trying to turn the PooF circle into a RI circle and let out their "war cry" by singing their kenne'ls hash anthem...and then spewing beer at the pack gathered around them. Not to be out done, the pack decided to serenade them right back with a rousing 2-verse rendition of Old MacDonald. Two can play this game.

Other accusations were made - blood on trail, September B-days, people without whistles (Nips joined them as +2 had disvoered hers o the ground after trail need the beer), people without hash attire, people without vessels, other lost property (Jimmy's necklace), and folks who'd done 5 or more PooF trails.

Circle adjourned, with most folks heading to the On-After - the Blackwater Tavern, not far up the street.

Fuwangi made an interesting observation that should be noted by any RI hashers reading this, especially any long-time RI people like Basket and Who. The hares, knowing that some RI hashers would show up, purchased some decent beer to go with the usual swill to avoid having to listen to the Rhode Islanders b\*tch about having to drink beer that they consider unfit for consumption (for those of you who don't know, PBR, MGD and the like are nowhere near being on the list of acceptable RI hash beverages). In an interesting turn of events, many of them were spotted drinking the cheap stuff, without any coercion, instead of the good stuff! And seemed ok with it! Either the RI H3 needs to rethink their standards and start buying cheap

stuff, or these folks should be punished by the elder RI hashers next time they show up to a RI trail.