

Trail #8

Location: The Buttler Hit It's house in Bolton, MA

Hares: The Buttler Hit It and Brigham Tongue

Pack: From PooF - Bleeps, Sweeps, and Creeps, Jimmy Crack Whore, N*pples Erectus. From DaPitts - Counterfiet Dick, P*ssy Factory. From Boston - +2 Coonass, Bring Out the Gimp, Catheder the Great, E = I'm a Douche, Just Josh, Peppermint P*ssy, THE 2nd C*mming, Virigin Seki, Yellow Dick Gnome. From Nittany Valley - TuTu Fairy. From Rhode Island - Fwangi Boner, Swamp Whine. From Seacoast - Friar F*ck, Metaphysical Conversation.

You know things are going to be good when you pull up to the start of trail and the first words you hear are "the hare hurt himself and can't set trail". Sure enough, Buttler had injured his knee while hashing at Boston H3's Pearl Necklace back in October, and while scouting for this day's trail, found that it hadn't quite healed (that's what you get for doing a 13.1mi "hash" that is really closer to 17 miles long). Thankfully, in anticipation that her husband would use any excuse to get out of setting trail, Brigham flew in from South Africa and saved the day. Having only hashed once in the past year, and never having been to a PooF trail, she did a stellar job.

Trail crossed the street shortly after leaving the driveway, and after a moment or two of confusion, pack found trail entering the woods. It should be noted that part of the pack's confusion was really a jaw dropping/drool-inducing stupor as Peppermint, Catheder, and Swamp Whine were tearing off thier clothes and begging someone to take them (them being the clothes...I think) as they were attempting the Rags to B*tches challenge. It should also be noted that the three of them mysteriously dropped off the face of the earth and weren't seen again until well after pack made it back to Buttler's at the end of trail. My spidey sense tells me that perhaps all the exposed skin and lure of nature made them throw caution to the wind and they had a big ol' les-fest , but that is just specualtion on my part as I find thier story about property owners along trail booting them off thier land resulting in them having to find trail from the street to be a tad boring.

Hmm, where was I...oh right, the woods. Trail wound its way thru the woods, crossing a small area of swamp where Bleeps exhibited Frogger-like reflexes as he hopped from moss pile to tree root ball to avoid the murkey stuff (which turned out to not be that deep, however it was shoe-sucking). Pack emerged behind some houses in a relatively new development, and hit pavement for a bit until the BC in a parking lot at a park. When the mostly-walking group of Bleeps, P Factory, Friar, Just Seki, and Nips arrived, the FRB pack was just finishing thier beer and heading out on the second leg of trail. P Factory, Nips, and Friar decided to savor thier swill for a moment and therefore missed seeing exactly which of 3 trails the FRBs had taken into the park. After making a half-ass attempt to look down two trails that lead into the woods, the trio decided to instead follow a path across a field. As the did so, a woman and her dog came toward them, and being a resourceful and experienced hasher (not to mention exceedingly lazy), Nips of course asked her if she'd seen a bunch of r*nners. The woman replied yes and pointed towards one of the two trails the trio had glanced at before settling on this third path...and then said "but if you just keep following the path you're on, you should meet up with them as that way leads around the far side of the lake and then meets back up with this one". Score! And with that, the trio caught up with Meta and Bleeps who had followed pack on actual trail (suckas!).

Trail continued thru the woods and up a hill to the road where an odd sight awaited - all of pack was hanging out on the roadside. Let me clarify that "all of pack" (remember the les-party was still nowhere to be seen) was male, and that there was only one BC on trail, so this must mean, yup, a t*t check. P Factory gave the boys a show, and the majority of them went sprinting, yes I said sprinting, up the road which was more hill (how they didn't all get accused of racist behaviour is beyond me). After a good stretch of more icky pavement, the pack found itself back at Buttler's house. And after a fair amount of time waiting for the les-party to show up, the pre-circle festivities began with the final PooF challenge for 2nd C, P Factory, and Counterfeit.

In honor of Counterfeit's alter-ego Ronnie the Retard, a Special Olympdicks theme was selected (a theme of "Four" was also spontaneously attributed to the event as the quest was to decide who would get to be the 4th PooFlinger and as you will see, the number 4 played a fair role in the event). Step 1 involved drinking: PF and CD were each given 4 different shots (the components of a Four Horseman) and 2nd C was given a 20oz can of Four Loko of which he had to consume at least a portion of before the next step. Step 2 was Dizzy Lizzy - each had to do 10 spins around a dowel, forehead to tip of dowel. Step 3 was the personalized part of the challenge - PF had to put a condom on a rubber chicken covered in lard, CD had to eat a preserved duck egg, and 2nd C had water & oatmeal filled balloons as well as other items thrown at him while he finished consuming his Four Loko (the later of which was part of his Step 4). Step 4 for CD and PF involved drinking a Four Horseman (all 4 previous shots combined into one large shot). Step 5 had each holding a beer can under their elbow while using a paddle ball to knock 3 weighted cups off the arm of a chair. And the final twist in this elaborate final challenge was to dig thru the back of Bleeps' truck which was filled with leaves covered in corn oil and fish sauce to find a baggie which would contain thier official PooF number. 2nd C had a

good lead by the time he got to the truck, and by some miracle pulled out #4. CD hit the truck next followed quickly by PF, but the smell of fish and taste of duck forced CD to stop searching while he puked. And puked. This gave PF time to find a baggie which amazingly carried #5, and eventually CD went back in to pull out #6.

Circle then commenced and the accusations included:

FRB - Counterfeit / FBI - P Factory

DFLs - Swamp Whine, Catheder, and Peppermint

Short-cutting - +2, Gnome, Douche

New to PooF - TuTu, Catheder, and Brigham (it should be noted that Just Josh who was also new to PooF, and Virgin Seki who was new to hashing, had both disappeared into the warn house by this point and were not seen again until circle was over and everyone went in to get food).

New Official PooFlingers - 2nd C, P Factory, and Counterfeit (thier sashes were also presented)

Lost property - Bleeps for losing his mug at the last trail

Best comment of the day was a toss up between "I smell like high school vagina" and "Happyyyyy!". Both were said by 2nd C, the later one said repeatedly as the caffeine kicked in from his Four Loko. For those unfamiliar with Four Loko (which was banned for sale in Massachusetts days before trail and may never be seen by future generations), it is a potent mix of caffeine (equivalent to 4 cups or so of coffee) and alcohol (about 12%) in a fruity malt beverage which has been found to be dangerous, and occasionally deadly, when consumed by college students. For the scientific record, 2nd C started feeling the affects of the alcohol almost immediately as he consumed his one can, but it took about 20 minutes for the caffeine to

kick in, followed by 20 minutes of extreme hyperactivity, which melted away into "normal"/somewhat drunk behaviour. The worst thing it did to him was make him crave another can desperately, and the other cans had to literally be locked up so he couldn't get to them.

And that is the end of this long tale of trail.