

## Trail #17 - Hash Trash

Written by Nips

Wednesday, 23 November 2011 04:06 - Last Updated Thursday, 24 November 2011 01:11

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### Trail #17 - Come on Irene

Date: August 27, 2011

Location: North Hero, VT

Hares: Bondage Barbie and Stops to Pet the Pussy

Pack: From PooF - Bleeps, Sweeps and Creeps, N\*pples Erectus, Jimmy Crack Whore, THE 2nd C\*mming, P\*ssy Factory, Counterfeit Dick, The Buttler Hit It, Bring Out the Gimp. From Boston - Black C\*ck Down, Cl\*t Notes, C\*m is Kosher, Just Dave, Pbbzzzzz, Spunk in the Trunk, Willy Wonka and the Backdoor Factory. From Burlington - Face Down No One to Blow, Hot Weiner Pie, Hot Weiner Sundae, Just Alicia, Just Libby, Roscoe Pee C\*m Stain, Sperm Burpin' Shorty, Squatch Fetish, Stubby Pink Torpedo, Too Much Teeth, and Urinal Biscuit.

Just sit right back and you'll read a tale, a tale of some fateful trips, that started from a rocky shore, using two tiny ships. If this was Gilligan's Island, Stops would be Thurston, Barbie would be Lovey, and Jimmy would be Gilligan....but this isn't a story about Gilligan's Island, but rather the story of the PooF trail on Knight Island hours before Hurricane Irene hit.

With Hurricane Irene bearing down on the northeast, and New York City having already shut down it's subway system and Boston looking to follow suit, 28 hashers headed north...may as well be Canada north...to hash and camp. All gathered at Stops' place in North Hero, and were ferried across Lake Champlain to Knight Island State Park on Stops' and Jimmy's boats. Once everyone was across, the hares took off, feeling the pressure of potential hare-snare as the island is only 2 or 3 miles long. Pack soon took off after them and found themselves plowing thru low brush not far from the shoreline, before veering further inland where-upon the back of the pack lost marks for a bit, possibly because they were being lemmings and simply following the pack they'd seen ahead in the distance, possibly because trail marks were set too far apart, or possibly because they just weren't paying attention. They shortly figured out where to go and emerged onto a dirt trail. After a while, trail went up a rise and a gorgeous veiw of the lake lay

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before them...as did the first beer check and a sheer drop of 40' or more down to the rocky shore below. Hares being hares, the pack was almost certain that the hares had laid some kind of death trail straight down the cliff, and were relieved to find that thier shorts would stay crap-free for a while longer as trail returned back into the woods. A mix of dirt trail and cutting thru woods presented itself for the next leg of trail, before eventutally coming almost to the shorline at a much lower elevation where a couple bottle of cheap wine had been left ofr the packm(clearly Stops' thinks his own stuff is too good for the hash, and maybe he is right because I thoughoughly enjoyed the whino-grade stuff left for us). There were more trails, more woods, an unidentifiable mark in a clearing that left everyone puzzled for a bit before true trail was found, and finally the pack found itself back at the start/dock.

The pack took to the water in varying states of undress - the beauty of this island was that even though there are some secluded campsites, there wasn't a soul to be seen...excpet for the ranger's coon dog who kept a wary eye on us, and a family of four who appeared out of nowhere further up the beach and shouts were issued for them to 'stop!' while clothing was gathered and put back on.

Eventually, someone pointed out that the beer was starting to run low and we hadn't done circle yet, so circle quickly commenced in the water, with Wonka using an innertube to distrubute beer around circle. Accusations included a bunch of things, but we were standing in a lake which made writing anything down and having it survive impossible. A few items of note are:

1st PooF trail in Vermont

1st PooF trail entirely on an island

1st PooF trail: Black C\*ck Down, Hot Weiner Pie, Hot Weiner Sundae, Just Alicia, Just Libby, Pbbbzzzzz, Roscoe, Spermy, Squatch, Stubby, TMT, UB

5th PooF trail: Willy

10 PooF trails: Gimp

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15 PooF trails: Counterfeit, 2nd C

After trail, some pack was ferried back to Stops' house, while others stayed out on the water on the boats, taking turns riding on boards and rafts, and swimming. It was an absolutely gorgeous day, with no sign that Irene was moving ever closer. All except one or two of the 'locals' stayed the night and were witness to the unveiling of a new 'regular' PooF challenge - 3 Man and a Little Fishy. This challenge was successfully completed by Black C\*ck, Just Dave, Stops, 2nd C, and Counterfeit. The night progressed in a drunken blur, and around 7:30am, Ms. Irene came a-pounding on everyone's tent doors. While it was 'only' a tropical storm by then, Irene did most of it's damage in Vermont leaving trees down, roads flooded, people cut off from wach other, and power out for many days - thanks go out to whatever god you believe in for giving us such a great day for trail and for allowing everyone to return home safely.