

## Trail #18 - Hash Trash

Written by Nips

Thursday, 24 November 2011 01:12 -

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### Trail #18

Date: September 17, 2011

Location: Pittsfield State Forrest, Pittsfield, MA

Hares: P\*ssy Factory and Counterfeit Dick

Pack: From PooF - Bleeps, Sweeps and Creeps, N\*pples Erectus, Jimmy Crack Whore, THE 2nd C\*mming, The Buttler Hit It, Bring Out the Gimp. From Boston - C\*t Notes, Puff N Stuff. From Burlington - Face Down No One to Blow, Roscoe Pee C\*m Stain. From 413 - I Eat C\*m. From Halve Mein - Full Service.

'Twas a beautiul early fall day for a beautiful trail. Despite one of the park/camp managers doing his best to send pack members down a long unmarked false as they stopped to check in at the office before proceeding to the start, the pack wisely chose to do exactly opposite of what he said and followed the main road to the next picnic/parking area which was the start of trail. After the males felt their territory (aka Puffy's car) had been sufficiently marked, the pack took off after the hares. Within feet of entering the treeline, there was a stream crossing. The FRBs picked their way thru while some smarter hashers in the middle and back of the pack realized that if they stepped back a couple feet out of the woods, they could cross the stream on the park road. Once done, most of those people went back into the woods to rejoin the front of the pack.. IEC, Bleeps, Face and Nips noticed that the pack was only 20 feet from them and heading directly parallel to the road, and decided to stay on the road until the pack veered further into the woods at which point they planned to rejoin them. Well, as they started up an incline, the fortunate four found a check in the road, which was just about the same time the pack started veering in the opposite direction to go further into the woods. After a half-hearted call of 'check!' which the pack ignored, the four decided to see where the check went, heading right up another road, assuming that the rest of the pack would realize the error of thier ways shortly and join them. Well come to find out, the pack was still on true trail, and remained so for about a mile before coming to that check - apparently the fortunate four had inadverantly shortcut trail.

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As I mentioned before, trail went up another road from that check, and after a bit a back-check was found. The back-check led to a clearing, just beyond which was a long step downhill, apparently built for mountainbikers with deathwishes. With only a couple tumbles, the pack made it virtually unscathed to the bottom where they found themselves at the same picnic area as the start (sneaky hares). Trail cut across the field and back into the woods along a dirt trail. It should be noted that for the majority of the rest of trail, Face, Bleeps, and Nips watched with much amusement as IEC darted this way and that ahead of them as he tried to solve each check, much like a bearded bunny on crack. It should also be noted that his enthusiasm, or perhaps overenthusiasm, to find trail and possibly snare the hares, caused him to miss the 1st beer check. He later claimed that he saw the BC mark and searched everywhere for the beer, but not seeing it continued on, however his three followers found the cooler within feet of the beer-check mark, and the cooler was fairly visible. Too bad too, because the day's beer selection rocked with a choice of Pabst or Yuenling cans (if you're going to have cheap beer at a hash to stay in budget, you can't go wrong with either of these!).

After the beer check, trail wound further thru the woods. The front four at times heard voices and thought it was the back of the pack finally catching up to them, and yet they never appeared. Come to find out, trail ran dangerously close to a group campsite occupied by a sorority from a nearby college initiating their newbies - how none of the male hashers sniffed that out and bailed on trail is beyond me. Trail eventually emerged back onto a park road, before veering into a field, up a hill, and on the other side of it the hasher's campsite and the hares were visible.

Accusations included,

FRB: IEC

FBI: Face

DFL: 2nd C

Short-cutting: IEC, Face, Bleeps, Nips

Crash: IEC, Face, Full Service

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No whistle: 2nd C, Buttler, Puffy, Cl\*t

1st PooF trail: Puffy, Full Service

15 PooF trails: Jimmy

After trail, the hares regaled the pack with an uber-fun story of one of thier scouting missions where they decided to take thier children with them. Apparently the main gate we had all come thru was closed off for some reason they could not figure out, so they drove around to a lesser used parking area, gathered the kids, and worked thier way via trails back to the area they wanted to scout. Now this scouting mission was directly following Hurricane Irene (whcih you may have already read about in the Aug 27/Trail #17 write-up). Three people went missing towards the tail end of the storm, though it was believed that fowl play and not the storm was to blame. Well it turns out that the main entrance to the park was closed that day as the cops were searching the woods, as with all the deadfall from the storm, it was an ideal spot to hide bodies. The bodies ended up being found a couple days after the hares' scouting mission, barely concealed from view, directly adjacent to the alternate parking area that the hares and thier kids had parked at. Good times.