

Trail #10 - Hash Trash

Written by Nips

Monday, 15 October 2012 02:18 -

Trail #10

Location: Bunker Hill Rd and Frederick St, Quincy, MA

Hares: Peppermint P*ssy and Twat My Mom

Pack: From PooF - N*pples Erectus, Bleeps, Sweeps, and Creeps, Jimmy Crack Whore, THE 2nd C*mming, Counterfeit Dick. From Boston - +2 Coonass, Bondage Barbie, Brigham Tongue, The Buttler Hit It, C*m Locker, Dick Jockey, Fire in the Hole, High An*s, Mexican Humping Queen, Necropheliac Jack, Nice T*ts, Willy Wonka and the Backdoor Factory, Yellow Dick Gnome. From Boston Moon - I Eat Teabags, I Licked Butts. From Burlington - Stops to Pet the P*ssy. From Rhode Island - Dr. WHO. From Seacoast - Friar F*ck

Pack parked at Twat's house and eventually meandered up to the street corner to find whores. Instead they found a bocce court and markings for chalk talk. Pack was disappointed by the lack of loose women, before realizing that there were even cheaper women among them, and a trail with sh*tty beer to boot! (Hmmm, perhaps 'boot' and 'beer' should not be used in the same sentence.) Trail left the bocce court and entered the eastern part of the Blue Hills Reservation, hitting the first of many rises. Recent freeze/thaw had left the trails in slick condition with stretches of icy patches, making some areas tretchorous except for gazelle-like FRB-types who have no fear of death. Trail went up, down and around the reservation, with the beer check being set just over the top of a hill with a particularly challenging climb given the conditions. The downside of trail, no pun intended, was that pack emerged onto pavement (Boooo! Who knew this would be a sign of Twat trails to come? Sooooo not PooF-cool) and r*n a half mile or so before finding thier way to Twat's house for the on-in.

It took a while for circle to start due to the walkers exploring trail heads and deciding to finish all the beer left at the BC, making them a tad bit later than everyone else to the end. Pack tried to amuse themselves in the meantime watching Wonka, Teabags, Dick Jockey, and High A*nus shed the clothes traded during thier successful attempt at Rag's to B*tches. For further amusement, 2nd C and Counterfeit each made yet another attempt at the Evil Monkey challenge, only this time both were finally able to hold out the full 10min before hurling. Yum. The DFLs finally arrived and pack adjorned to Twat's basement for circle in order to ward off frostbite.

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After circle, pack went out to the backyard to witness the final stages of +2 and Gnome's final challenges. Our two lucky contestants each had to carry a roughly 7 lb durian on trail without damaging it or getting it stolen. Post-circle Bleeps presented them with a camp shovel and hatchet - each took an implement and had to use it to open their durian, remove and eat some of the fruit inside, and down a beer. PooFlinger number order would be determined by the winner. Things learned during this challenge - durians are hard to crack, they smell when opened, and taste nasty. +2 claims he was being chivalrous and let Gnome beat him (probably not for the first time), and so they earned numbers 7 and 8. The durian remnants were tossed into the property's treeline in the hopes that winter's embrace or some really desperate coyotes would take care of them before spring. It should be noted that while +2 and Gnome were munching away, Wonka, Buttler and Teabags completed the Sangrita Flip challenge.

The day's accusations included:

FRB - a 3-way of Mexican, Counterfeit, and Teabags / FBI - a 2-way of C*m Locker and Fire in the Hole

DFL's - Friar, Buttler, I Licked Butts

PooF virgins - I Licked Butts, High An*s, Fire in the Hole, Dr. WHO

Lost mug - Jimmy

Wearing the wrong pants - Jimmy

Five PooF trails - Barbie and Teabags

Ten PooF trails - Nips and Bleeps

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And as usual, a bunch of other stuff I can't remember happened too (but if you can remember, let me know and I'll add it).

All adjourned to Darcy's Pub for food, beer, and warmth, with some returning back to Twat's for more schenanigans. Thankfully, they apparently were too drunk and too numerous to freeze, because Twat found the following morning that someone had turned off the basement switch for his furnace during the day before, proving once again that we hashers are hearty idiots.