

Location: Millenium Park, West Roxbury (AKA the Gardner Street Landfill capped by Big Dig dirt;

<http://www.newtonconservators.org/25millennium.htm>)

I believe everyone arrived by car although the park is T accessible.

Hares: Bleeps, Sweeps & Creeps and N*pples Erectus

Attendees were, of course, all visitors:

Da Pitts: Counterfeit Dick, P*ssy Factory

Seacoast: C*m Titty, Nappy Headed Sew Ho

Boston: Pat My Fly, +2 Coonass, Yellow Dick Gnome, Mexican Humping Queen, An*I Beads, Goes Down on Buoys, Taj My Hole, The Buttler Hit it, Sucker's Bet, 2nd C*mming, Piss Stop, F*ck That Hurts [bag car]

Happy Valley: Jimmy Crack Whore

Pre-lube involved as many beers as your mug would handle (or cans for those that didn't bring mugs - but more of that later) in the parking lot for the canoe ramp while listening to hippie music. Some dog walkers thought that flour dropped for circle talk may have been dog poison. Buoys provided sunblock in gel/slime form which was entertaining enough that you may want to look out for it at future hashes.

After a train came by, the pack left at a leisurely pace down a trail next to the tracks. We came out to a check that surprisingly did not go up the steep hill or into the water at the canoe launch, but continued along the pond that had a dog in the middle (flood waters have receded). There was poo around this point.

Trail proceeded a check at a bend in the trail with a false continuing on the trail so the only option was to cross the 'river' feeding the 'pond' and straight into shiggy. We picked our way through the bushes and knotweed forests and AB got his balls grabbed by a branch. It turned out the false wasn't quite false as Pat My Fly was waiting for the pack with dry socks as trail came back towards the park.

Trail ran along the side of the hill [landfill] until a check where (amazingly) trail did not go up the hill - but back across the water. I personally emerged from this crossing with a foot-full of kelp/algae still

attached. And we entered the poison ivy. And mud. Mud so deep that it almost sucked peoples' ... shoes ... off. I believe AB got involved with a bush and got thorns around here.

The pack started to get spread out at this point (except for Piss Stop, who I don't believe made it this far). Trail went back into the woods while Pat My Fly continued to echo-locate the pack while remaining on the trails. I laid a turkey/eagle - but didn't make it a pack mark as hares were using flour - but it wasn't the most confusing mark of the day. Trail led to more poo and then back out to Pat who was continuing on the blue trail.

Finally, we found beer near and emerged into a nice suburban neighborhood for a rolling beer stop or such. Presumably this was to keep the pack moving rather than congregate loudly and attract even more attention than we got from the few passerbyers. Bag car was located between two bus stops that were no more than 200 ft apart. Why? Why not. There were small beers and no Piss Stop.

Having watched the FRBs, we continued towards the back of a nice little house. Then we found the generator behind it. Upon further inspection, the house is just a sham for the transmitter equipment for the five antenna towers behind the house, although it does have a mailbox. The antennas are surrounded by bog and Pat My Fly finally got wet.

We continued along the edge of a cemetery which we did not go through to the delight of 2nd C*mming. After more poison ivy, I emerged to find the pack going back down the path we had come out on. There were rumors of a true-trail mark so the pack headed back to the parking lot overlapping the previous marks and guessing that A' meant really close to A (it wasn't that close). I went back to find the true trail and found a turn to the left (well, I was walking backwards so it went to the right for me). I called and called but no one came and so I entered the shiggy again.

After picking through some serious talons/thorns, I made it back out to a trail where I found C*m Titty and Sew Ho coming from the beer check. After some confused looking around, we proceeded where the flour arrows indicated. Until the check. Then I discovered that I couldn't see the red flour on the leaves. Finally other hashers came up behind us and found trail which was, of course, across the water up onto a hill largely composed of old asphalt. Mmmmmmm.

We proceeded along the back side of the cemetery to a large leaf pile then out to where we found bag car and 2nd C*mming found the on-in while we tooled about finding nothing else.

Only eight hashers made it to the on-in via trail:

+2 Coonass, Yellow Dick Gnome, Cum Titty, 2nd C*mming, Nappy Headed Sew Ho, Buttler

We f*cked all the virgins and drank all the beer while waiting for the autohashers to arrive in cars that, in at least one case, did not belong to any of the occupants. But they made it.

2nd C*mming kicked off circle with a Follow the Hares that had a meter that was tricky with such an assortment of hashers. Bleeps took over and regaled us with the story of how Piss Stop snared the hares. His account was better:

The hares heard the pack behind them after the rolling beer stop (maybe they would have had more time if it was a beer check) and were running like the wind (there was little wind that day) when they came across Piss Stop twirling on trail saying something like "I was on trail, I dunno what happened". 'Fast Forward' and she was left to direct the pack to not go back on the earlier marks but apparently lost track of the hares and where they went so was unable to keep the pack on trail (and so they he*ded back to A).

FBI (Yellow Dick Gnome) and FRB (2nd C*mming) were made to drink out of tiny cups provided by Seacoast (from Green Dress). DFL may have been Sew Ho, but somehow +2 Coonass stepped up the plate muttering something about bring up a cooler from bag car.

There was a down-down for all hashers who drove to the on-in. We miss you Wang. There was a down-down for bag car which I have in my notes as '(best ever)' but I'm not sure what it's referring to.

2nd C*mming accused those hashers with blood on trail, which was largely everyone. Lost sh*t was produced as AB's tag had fallen off but was recovered. Jimmy drank here too and I think may have picked up an East Sh*itty Pipes tag .

CT accused Gnome or +2 Coonass of rascist behavior as he let her go to the on-in instead of helping with the cooler so she'd be FBI. If memory serves, CT would have been FBI otherwise.

Bleeps called for an honor down-down for the anniversary of PBR getting its blue ribbon. The pack was happy to oblige.

AB called out hash crashers which included +2 Coonass and 2nd C*mming who both had spectacular falls due to the shiggy.

Buoys called out those not wearing hash attire, a requirement laid out in a supplementary email to the original posting (so as to confuse hashers and make sure some were ill prepared and there would be someone to call into circle). Many were made to drink.

Buttler accused those with same-shirts, but apparently this is accepted behavior at the PooF hash so I drank for false accusations. Counterfeit Dick drank too for some reason.

Those without vessels included Buttler and Mexican Humping Queen and likely more. Whistle check caught Taj, Mexican, Gnome, Pat, Sucker's Bet, and 2nd C*mming.

Then Nips reached into her sack.

Jimmy called out those who changed before circle: CT, AB, Count (sic), +2, Gnome.

Nips found what she was looking for in her sack and regaled us with stories of the origins of the PooF hash. Apparently Kick Me in the Nuts and Drippy Spiggot were involved but *were not there for the inaugural hash*. 2nd C*mming and Sucker's Bet got stickers of monkeys flinging poo for signing up first.

As it was the other Labor Day, there was a down-down suggested by +2 Coon ass for those wearing red: AB, CD, Piss Stop, Jimmy, and Buoys.

There was an accusation (by Jimmy?) against those that had not made accusations so far: Sucker's Bet, Pussy Factory, Buoys, Mexican, Taj, Sew Ho, F*ck That Hurts, Pat My Fly, Piss Stop, Yellow Dick Gnome

I made an accusation that the giant pile of wood ready for a bonfire wasn't on fire enough; AB proxied.

Announcements:

NURD

RIH3 at Blue Hills (TODAY IS MONDAY)

Nips is drunk

There are complicated things to do to be called a PooFlinger hasher The PooF website (under construction) is: <http://poofh3.com/>

Circle ended with a song printed on the back of our tags that I can't recall right now. The bonfire pile somehow survived.

The On-After was at the Old Irish Ale House. Maps were printed on paper

that was too fine for hashers but did not have our actual location on the map, but we all managed to find our way there.

After finding out that we were not the 'function', and narrowly avoiding escalating sugar packet fights into salt shaker fights, the hash tried to get Nips to wait on us. She wouldn't even open the window overlooking the Charles and so got no tips. There was a beer for the invisible hasher but something something it got screwed up because Taj was the only one who wasn't pretty pale or something like that.

We met our waitresses, Noreen and Blessed Mother Mary Lou who thought that 2nd C*mming at Marathon was "a very pretty girl" and that hashers go to the bathroom "like kids - one goes and [you] all go." Noreen asked Buoy if he'd like anything just as he was giving his pecks a feel/lift. Thumper began, sans one table (AB, Sketchy Ho, CT, and probably Sew Ho). Someone had a 48th birthday but I couldn't hear it over Taj sneezing from allergies. The soup of the day was 'Mexican Fiesta' but somehow Humping Queen was not involved.

Notes get even worse from here on out:

"But I love the clown"

"I have twin girls" (o rly)

"I'm from LA" "I wouldn't admit to that"

"I'd ride in the car/cock"

"That isn't the first time today that you've hit the back of someone's he*d"

"Meat in every orifice" (a potential name, I believe)

Thumper became child friendly by changing 'get f*cked up' to 'imbibe a lot of beer' and such due to families that were the actual 'function'. The wussie table still did not join. It's not like it was strippie Thumper or anything.

Passerbyers were frightened. Priests in the bar were frightened. The function had little kids that were steered away from our corner.

Food came and I had to leave.

My only remaining scrawls are "Soda dispenser" and "Resin". If you know what either mean, you probably didn't play enough Thumper. See you tonight at the Blue Hills!

-Buttler

