

### Trail #2

Date: June 12, 2010

Location: Parking lot at 1 Blackburn Drive, Gloucester, MA. Trail itself was thru the woods of Dogtown, MA

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

Pack: From Boston: F\*ck that Hurts (beer car). Mexican Humping Queen, Spunk in the Trunk, C\*m is Kosher, Peppermint P\*ssy, Screaming Japaense Girl, Nice T\*ts, Virgin Ann, Dick Jockey, Tampon Jelly, Bondage Barbie, THE 2nd C\*mming, Goes Down on Buoys. From Boston Moon: I Eat Teabags, The Buttler Hit it. From Happy Valley: Jimmy Crack Whore, Virgin Jeremy. From Seacoast: Friar F\*ck. Hounds: Toby and Sh\*tty Trail

'Twas a fine overcast day when the hares arrived at the parking lot. Though they had anticipated being the first there, the turkey's were already there wandering around the far side of the parking lot looking for us. And when I say turkeys, I don't mean the loveable wankers who prefer to take it easy on trail, but honest-to-God-turkeys. Bleeps went over to see if they'd be interested in joining us for a beer, and sure enough, they followed him back to the hare-mobile, where they absconded with as many cheesy-poofs as they could fit in their wee beaks. They also came dangerously close to absconding with Nips, who was about the same height, and therefor they thought was one of their own. Lesson: learned - turkeys are fun to look at from a distance, but a little scary when only a couple feet away. They are also tasty. Thankfully, pack started to show up and the turkeys said "screw this", and moved onto greener pastures.

At just before 2:15, the hares gave chalk talk, trying to explain to an uninterested pack the various intricacies of the day's trail. Like the train that would likely hit them if they did not move along on trail, and what time said train would likely hit them. A turkey/eagle split where turkey was not likely to be well (ahem, at all) marked after the split, but should still be easy to follow, and a chicken/eagle during the second half of trail where both legs would be about the same length but eagle would be more "challenging" (basically, the hares were kindly offering wimps a way out). Finally, pack was reminded that there would be "A"-holes on trail (the kind you could see and avoid) and "B"holes (they kind you can't see ahead of time and will loose an ankle too, generally right next to rocks on trail, of which there would be many). With that explanation, and with the blast of a train horn, the hares scampered off.

As this trash is being written by one of the hares, part of what is written next it truth, some is hearsay, and some might be lies. Trail took off into the woods, encountering several checks and the first of several engraved boulders that could be found on the day's trail along one of the falses. This one said "Help Mother", and the male pack members who found it quickly looked around for Nice t\*t's mom (Virgin Ann) so they could offer her some kind of "help" that I'm sure she would not have welcomed. Fortunately, Virgin Ann had been warned of lecherous MILF-loving hashers, and wisely followed the rest of the pack on true trail. Not long

after, the pack emerged onto a rail bed, and followed the tracks across the Babson Reservoir, before cutting back into the woods. From there trail followed various paths thru the woods, before taking a hard right at a true trail arrow...straight into brush. Welcome to the first off-trail portion of trail. True trail led thru said brush, downhill along some boulders, and across a lovely fern grove...that smelled more swampy than it really was, but was still foot-wetting, and eventually it emerged back onto an actual path known as the Boulder Trail. True trail was pretty straight at this point, however the hares left checks at various trail offshoots so that pack members see several of the cool carved boulders, such as at "Kindness" and "Intelligence". It seemed only appropriate to lay falsies there for hashers. Trail led to Dogtown Common (or at least that's what the park map says) where it was possible to view abandoned cellar holes on either side of trail. The turkey/eagle split soon followed. The turkeys soon found that the hares had not lied about there being no marks on turkey, and some turned back and zenned their way to eagle. Teabags, Toby the wonder mutt, and I believe Dick Jockey, were smart enough to realize that turkey was a long a clear path, and if one just followed that clear path straight, one would eventually find where the trail merged back up...and they did, in the form of a giant true trail/BN arrow, and soon found F' that Hurts waiting in a lounge chair working on her tan in the gloom, with a book and a cooler of beer.

After the BC, the pack was presented with the chicken/eagle option. Teabags, being no fool, took chicken and even scouted the checks along it even though he smart enough to realize that trail probably went straight down the path. As a result, he was able to get to the almost-on-in where the hares were waiting to gather the pack together before recrossing the train tracks...the location was on top of rocks overlooking the Babson Reservoir, a scenic stop to be sure, and Teabags gallantly offered to check the depth of the water for swimming and diving before the rest of the pack got there, and he almost managed to lure some civilians nearby into talking a dip. About 10 minutes later DJ joined the hares, Teabags, and the reservoir. At this point, it was relayed to the hares that most of the pack was being lesuirly at the beer check instead of moving along as instructed - just a reminder to all pack members, PooF does r\*ning beer checks (get there, drink, and be gone), NOT stand-around-and-scoialize beer checks like some other kennels -there is way more beer at the end, and one of the original points of hashing was to try to snare hares, not run, stop for a while. Anyway, as time continued to pass without a peep from the pack, bag car was called for an update - Mexican had sprained his ankle (warning about B-holes be damned!) and was on his way back to the start with F\*ck. The rest of the pack had left, and only Friar was MIA. The hares joyously realized that the rest of pack must have all taken the second eagle - huzzah! Fools! Eagle on the second leg of trail hugged the ridge of piles of compost and branches, before ducking into the woods, not on an actual trail, thru boulders, vines, and other light but occasionally bush-hack-worthy stuff, before hitting the piece 'd resistance, a good 200' swath of thorns to work thru before finally emerging onto an actual clear path, which led down to the reservoir. Sure enough, pack started to filter in not much long later, though Friar was still MIA. The hares, knowing Friar, knowing that Friar had been to these woods before, and knowing he had been lost there before, were confident in his abilities and waited a bit before giving him a call - sure enough, while sad at having missed the BC, he was on trail, and joined us shortly. Pack then went back to the parking lot for circle.

Circle was a confusing mess as Bleeps brain-farted and forgot how to RA. Which is fine, because Nips forgot how to dement. Here are the lowlights:

- Bleeps and Nips did hare down-downs
- Teabags and Dick Jockey did down-down in the special PooF FRB glasses, while Friar got a "big boy" down-down as DFL
- Anyone who b\*tched about turkey not being marked was ignored, much in the way that they ignored being warned of such during chalk talk
- Virgin's Jeremy and Ann were brought in and made to sit on the backs of their sponsors who were on all fours. Jeremy was on Jimmy, and Ann was on DJ. Ann seemed very comfortable riding around on DJ's back, though Jeremy seemed tentative until he realized that hashers are totally into the gay stuff and he could ride away without judgment. Turns out, it was a real family affair, as not only was Ann Nice T\*t's mom (and therefore DJ's mom by some weird Pennsylvania law), but Jeremy and Jimmy are cousins. A banjo may or may not have been produced and a ho-down may or may not have ensued at this point.
- People who can't read and therefore missed that the trail announcement specified that hash attire, whistles, and self-provided cups were a "must" for anyone except virgins, were all brought in for a down-down (yes, this is a PooF tradition). To shame them, Virgin Ann paraded around them showing off her hash attire and mug, proving that she is more hasher than most people there.
- Mexican got a down-down for his sprained ankle, which he got when trying to show the pack how easy it is to sneak into the US by trying to jump over a boulder as he "allegedly" once did over a fence. Unfortunately for him, boulders are wider than fences, and instead of a refreshing Rio Grande to fall into, he found a B-hole.
- Last but not least, THE 2nd C\*mming and Bondage Barbie decided to take on the PooF challenge of eating an entire can of spam - this was supposed to be done before pack-away, but given they showed up moment before that happened, they were allowed to eat it during circle instead, and all dogs and hungry hashers were shoo'd away during their attempts. So, as it turns out, those itty-bitty spam cans hold a LOT of spam. Mad props to them for eventually finishing, for not puking, and for doing a down-down out of the empty cans. For future reference, each can holds 6 servings, debate was had over whether bacon-flavored might go down easier (2C and BB were smart enough to get low-sodium), and I have it on good authority that spam comes out looking much the same way it went in.
- Much thanks to Virgin Ann for bringing the Yuengling, and to Teabags for also providing some miscellaneous hash beer

Pack them adjourned to the Cape Ann Brewery for more beer and food, as well as an impromptu tour of the brewery itself during which, hard as they tried, DJ and Buttler did not get thrown out or fall into a kettle.