

Trail #3 - Welcome Hash for the 413 H3's Gap Weekend Event

Date: June 26, 2010

Location: Country Aire Campground, Charlemont, MA

Hares: I Eat C*m, Bleeps Sweeps and Creeps, and N*pples Erectus

Pack: From Boston: Peppermint P*ssy, Bring Out the Gimp, C*m Locker, E=I'm a Douche, Twat My Mom, Willy Wonka and the Backdoor Factory. From Happy Valley: Jimmy Crack Whore, Cock Monkey, Suck It Wrench, Just Gabe. From 413: P*ssy Factory, Counterfeit Dick. From Seattle H3: Super Teflon Dong

The 413 H3 asked the PooF H3 if they'd be interested in having the welcome trail for Gap Weekend in early May, and the PooF naturally said "yes!". In true hasher fashion, I Eat C*m proceeded to ignore follow-up emails from Bleeps in the two weeks prior to the event, so the PooF figured their help wasn't needed after all...until they showed up for Gap, and instead of being greeted with "hi, welcome to the event!", Bleeps and Nips heard "hey, you are having tonight, right?" (minus the question mark). It is this hashman-like lack of communication (some might call it a "gap" in communication) that probably saved the livers of the 13 members of the night's pack as the PooF's original plan for the evening would have probably resulted in killing off everyone's livers. Instead, on short notice, Nips scouted a short trail while Bleeps' set up their gear. Nips then went to I Eat C*m and said "do you have stuff for us to set trail with?", and the answer was "no, of course not". Bleeps was sent on a recon mission to the camp store, where he was able to borrow two precisely measured cups of flour. It was at this point that I Eat C*m, seeing that trail had been scouted and flour had been found (basically all the tough work had been done), said "hey, can I co-hare"?. Sure, why not have 3 hares on a trail that is only going 200' - makes total sense.

A 5 minute warning was given to the campers gathered around the empty fire pit. Marks were not explained as all were veteran hashers, though the interested were warned that anyone wearing a headlamp/using a flashlight would not be given credit for doing a PooFlinger trail (it was a full moon and fairly bright out). With that, the hares took off asking for a 5 minute cranium start. Trail headed directly up a steep dirt hillside behind Bleeps' & Nips' tent, over a stone wall and into the woods. In the 45 minutes since trail was scouted, it had gotten slightly darker, so instead of a reasonably clear path, the hares ended up setting trail directly through every branch they could find. The first check had a false that led in the direction of a rock formation which may or may not have been home to the black bear who was DFL on the previous year's welcome trail. True trail actually headed more or less straight right. Another check was set, with true trail heading back down the hill along a fallen tree. At the end of a tree, but before crossing the stone wall again, a third check was laid with true trail going about 30 feet to the right to the beer check. As the hares were laying this check, pack entered the forest at the start, and because it was a small area and the hares were in fear of being seen, they quickly laid these marks, then hugged the hillside and waited...and waited...not because pack didn't quickly find true trail. They did. Unfortunately, at the third check the FRB (wearing an insanely bright head lamp), quickly directed the pack over the stone wall, calling true trail (though there was no indication it was) and ignoring the check. The pack, lemmings they are,

all followed. The hares were sure that the pack would soon realize that they were following a false (only 3 marks) and turn back. The hares overestimated the pack and listened to them wandering around aimlessly, not finding marks, but also not going back. The hares started yelling, one at a time, "R U?", and then all together, thinking that the pack might recognize the hares voices and realize their error. God bless the pack, they responded "looking!", and kept wandering around. So the hares simultaneously cracked thier beers, but got no response. Then they started humming.loudly. Still nobody cared. Then they started singing (with increasing volume) "More Beer". Finally they started calling "Beer Near"! Peppermint and C*m Locker were first to realize what was going on as they had wisely finally returned to the last mark and heard the cry. The rest of the pack followed, more beers were cracked, and merriment ensued.

Eventually the hares realized that they should actually leave the BC, and set trail 50' out of the woods onto the loop road surrounding the Gap camp area. After a moment of discussion, quickened when the pack was heard following (what 5 minute head start?), the hares took off left and circled back to the main camp area the long way instead of going right which would have been shorter. Interestingly, the majority of pack followed trail and did not try to cut across the campsite to snare the hares.

After some confusion about who was in charge of the Gap event/running circle, I Eat C*m directed the pack to Anti-C*ck's M*A*S*H tent for the official Gap Welcome circle where they were joined by anyone who was interested, whether they did trail or not. Bleeps was given the lead RA role, and super-speed-circle ensued. Accusations included:

- Hares down-down for IEC, Bleeps, and Nips
- FRBs: Suck It Wrench and C*m Locker
- Lost property: C*m Locker (her new Gap tag, which she got to drink out of her vessel)
- New-to-PooF-trails: everyone except Peppermint, P*ssy, Counterfeit, and Jimmy
- Too lazy to do trail: Anti-C*ck and Wang Chunks (both took one look at the hill at the start of trail and gave up)
 - Head lamp on trail: Bring Out the Gimp (it should be noted that he was told this would only count as a PooF trail for him if he carried the BC cooler back to camp...and he did)
 - Gap Organizers and their B*tches (I'll leave it to you to figure out who was who): IEC, Jimmy, Counterfeit, & P*ssy

Circle was turned over to IEC, some really cool stuff happened, body fluids were exchanged, and circle ended.

Not part of trail, but still worth mentioning, Bleeps and Nips brought supplies for a PooF challenge for people who had run a PooF trail before and were interested in becoming PooF members. The challenge involved drinking two Brass Monkey's in 10 minutes. This was a 3-part challenge: part of a 40oz of High Life was poured into a cup and replaced with Sunny D. At "Go!", the cup of beer needed to be drunk and flipped successfully, then the 40oz Brass Monkey had to be drunk, and when that was finished, a Brass Monkey Shot (roughly equal parts of vodka, rum, and Sunny D). Peppermint, STD, P*ssy, Counterfeit, IEC, I Eat Teabags, E=I'm a Douche, and Twat My Mom all stepped up to the challenge, and it went as follows:

- P*ssy, IEC, STD, and Twat succeeded in finishing the challenge
- IEC wins the awards for finishing at the last millisecond, as well as puking within the least amount of time after finishing (still not entirely sure the shot made it to his stomach before it came back out)
 - Peppermint and IET wisely realized that they would not be able to finish within 10 minutes and took home a lovely parting gift (they could finish their 40 leisurely over the course of the rest of the night)
 - Counterfeit won the "cocky-son-of-a-b*tch" award by having the best first 6 minutes of anyone before, in a very odd and surprising move, suddenly succumbing to peer pressure, guzzling the last 8oz in his 40...and promptly puking. Way to go slick. Way submit to peer pressure from people Not Doing, and with No Intention of Doing, the challenge. Brilliant.
 - STD made sure everyone knew he'd given himself the award for being the only person to finish without puking after
 - P*ssy wins the awards for being the only female to finish and for completing a challenge that her husband couldn't (perhaps Counterfeit is the real p*ssy in that relationship? Just sayin'...)