

Humpin' Hash House Harriers – Hash Trash  
By Anal Rose

Sunday 15-Nov-2009

## **ATE 69 Run**

Hares: Last Call, Crzy Azn, A Little Nookie, and Just Mary

Location: Garden Road Park, Poway

Pack: 61

Mismanagement had a majority vote in favor of a runstart time change for Humpin' in order to get more trail, more down downs and more beer before the early sunset and the closing parks. Sounds like a feasible idea full of benefits, right? Naturally a whole mess of Humpin' hashers proved once again that they could make anything worse; this time by protesting the early start time and showing up when they damn well pleased. Good job wankers. You win the hash.

The hares left around 1:45 and, even though the protesters weren't there yet, fun happened anyway! Who-da thunk it? **Anal Rose** showed every virgin the proper way to do a down down. And since he forgot to wash out the Hashshit and noticed some questionable matter on the lip of the plunger, he opted to exercise his right to put what does not go in him on him! While he was cleaning up, his lovely partner **Drug 'Em and Plug 'Em** helped him by holding the Hashshit, officially accepting the prize for what was the first of many passes of the Hashshit for the evening! We met the virgins, and they were:

**Virgin Chelsea**, who could not remember **Only Cums in Kid's Meals'** name to save her life!  
(Renaming to Happy Meal???)

**Just Katia**, who brought with her a missing **SLOB** and a pair of extremely pleasant fun bags!

**Virgin Erika**, who brought with her an equally missing **Hot Semen Saver**, and a pair of extremely pleasant sweater kittens!

And **Virgin Rick**, who somehow managed to survive being a blood relative to **Mas Penis, Por Favor** and Great RA **Chick Clit!**

Father Abraham was dutifully conducted by **C Fuck Run** and the pack was away shortly after 2.

Meanwhile, Mas Penis asked Anal Rose to watch her shaky pet gerbil while she and V. Rick went on trail, leaving Anal to look like a Paris Hilton wannabe poofter (read, PEREZ Hilton) with a yappy dog and a pink leash. To save face (and renew the chances of getting sex later), he traded the dog for the Hashshit, but then somehow managed to have both. What ever would Anal add to the Hashshit before it passed???

On trail there were lions and tigers and bears and a beercheck of specialty beers picked out by **Last Call**. It was a colossal trail with fun and games and merriment, and all that partook were awarded the keys to a new sports car and a \$100 grocery shopping spree at Ralph's.

Meanwhile, back at the cold delicious beer...er, run-start... the protesters began arriving in drunken droves. Anal was taunted for having possession of a tiny dog on a pink leash and beer was consumed. A drunken **Sucking Sea Biscuit** loudly announced his lack of appreciation for being one of two hashers to attend his much publicized first running of the Hockey Hash the night before. And by lack of appreciation, I mean he loudly shouted a hearty "fuck you" to every hasher he saw, much to the delight of the parents of the small children also sharing the park with us in broad daylight! The pack came in and Great RA **Down Set Dyke** set to the giant task of TWO NAMINGS! **J. Cathy** and **J. Brendon** (who finally took time out of being **Drilldo Fagginz's** brother to

attend his sixth run) got the business end of DSD's mighty wit. Remember, if you go anywhere, we'll call ahead and let them know that J. Cathy is now **Bubonic Pussy** and J. Brendon is now **Spot on My Ass McShitter!!** Congratulations! **Anal Rose** indeed added the tiny dog to the Hashshit, making it very easy for him to pass the dog/Hashshit bundle to **Mas Penis**, because if she didn't take it, she wasn't going to get her dog back. Anal was applauded for his stunning hash genius.

The circle finally started, and somehow Manogram arrived with the Hashshit (\*sound of a cracking whip\*) to remind us all how to conduct a down down. As baffled as he was at his new job title, he still managed to stand up and run away as Great RA DSD held the Hashshit, leaving her holding the prize! Military Hashers were honored, and Great GM BORT used this opportunity to bring **SLOB, Hot Semen Saver** and **Anal Rose** up for returning from deployments. The No-trail wankers were awarded, and they were so drunk it didn't take long for a Loss of Control. Ex-GM **Kravin' Kimchi Koochie** was made a bookend for being loud and drunk. Some things never change! **Dr. Zaius** called out numbers and Great GM **BORT** was flipped upside-down for his 569<sup>th</sup> running!

Other notable events during the circle: **Manogram** called out for his stolen biscuit story, resulting in incarceration and nickname, Biscuit Bandit! When one Biscuit drinks! **Sea Biscuit** once again declared feelings about the Hockey Hash using his best vernacular. Long Beach Hashers were recognized, as was California Larrikins Founder, **Dogfish** for his equal-opportunity creepiness. He mentioned the pubic shaving habits of not only 10 year olds, but of an 80 year old in a motorized wheel chair! **Waterworks and Cock Secret Queerance** came up to show us all the newest Humpin' Hasher, **Virgin Joshua Eli!** V. Joshua was clad in a very rockin' dinosaur one-sie, and I MUST meet his designer. He was looking FAB-U-LOUS!! Congrats Waterworks and CSQ, we'll be sure to corrupt him good! The Hashshit passed yet again, this time to **Sucking Sea Biscuit**, who used this opportunity to share his musings about the first Hockey Hash the night before in language colorful enough to make THIS sailor blush. This was of course after managing to drink out of both the FRB mug and the Hashshit, a talent few have the opportunity to master. Good job, Sea Biscuit! **Cock Secret Queerance** was called back up so that everyone could have a great look at his very gay running shoes. Apparently he does not share his son's good taste in clothing. **Dansel in Distress** was called up for his recent education in Ass-to-Mouth. I'm unclear of the details on this one, and for that I am glad. Lastly, the FRB mug was passed to **Stunt Cock**, who was so fast that he met **Missionary Impossible** for wet sex on trail and still ran in with Great GM **BORT** for "the win"! Racist Bastard! BORT and the Humpin' Hash House Dancers performed their rendition of Swing Low, and then **One Hand Bandito** tucked poor **Sucking Sea Biscuit** quietly to bed, muttering verbally abusive phrases to the hashers as he drifted off to slumber.

The following Humpin' Headbands were awarded, shortly before a Headband and Whistle Check!  
**SLOB, Yack in the Box, Bubonic Pussy and Spot on My Ass McShitter – 6 runs!**

(**SLOB** and **Yack in the Box** erected not to be renamed)

**Dogfish - 25 runs!**

**Shut the Fuck Up Asshole (STFUA) - 75 runs!**

**Strap On Tools – 100 runs!**

**BORT - 569 runs!**

**Crazy Azn - Super 10 Hare!**

You're definitely not number FIVE...!

Hash Trash Abusive Power Phrase Buster:

Automagically: Something that happens automatically, but that also has some mysterious, "magical" element to it.

*Down Set Dyke received the Hashshit automagically last night!*

**Humpin' Snapshot of the week!**

Come up with a better caption that this lame one at next week's Humpin' and you get a PRIZE from Anal Rose!!



SLOB was so excited about BORT's game of Peek-a-Boo that he had an "Oopsie".