

**Humpin Hash HashTrash**  
**by Dr Zaius**

**Trail #880: Cum Hash with Z Hash 24-Jan-2010**

**Hares: Cum On I Wanna Lay Ya "The Evil One" and Dr Zaius**

**Location: Carmel Valley. Pack Size: 42**

If a man talks alone in the forest, is he still wrong? If **Anal Rose** isn't at the hash, can we still have a HashTrash? Let's do it and ask for forgiveness later.

Beautiful day in Carmel Valley, near the Jewish Academy. The school was hosting a Haitian Relief Drive – Too bad, they weren't hosting a CO<sub>2</sub> tank relief drive. After **Pubert** carried the kegs out of the car, **Dansel** realized that the CO<sub>2</sub> tank was empty. (Oh, the humanity!). The regulator deregulated during the drive over. (Second time in a month Dansel brought an empty CO<sub>2</sub> tank to Humpin and still no Open Season for the Beermeister). (**Dansel** did get hashshit though).

Today was the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of canned beer, so **Dr Z** asked **Gobbler** and **Mannogram** to take \$150 and buy a mix of good beer and lite. They came back with a 12 pack of Corona and six 30-packs of Natty. Somehow they didn't get hashshit :-).

The start location brought out our Carmel Valley Humpin Hashers – **Dairy Queen & Sir Isaac Sphincter**, and **Debriefed & Blitzten**. **Sir Isaac** waxed nostalgically about the glory days of hashing when the Valley was all open space. **Dairy Queen** brought the latest set of headbands she painted (some lucky hasher will get one made with a new copper paint).

**Licorice Whip** brought his virgin **Just Zach** (Gay's OK). I don't know who made virgin **Just Nancy** cum, but **SeaBiscuit** was first to volunteer to be her trail buddy. We welcomed back from across the seas, **Forrest Hump** from Hawaii and **Dick With Ears** from the Far East (where he represented Humpin in Singapore, Japan, Indonesia and Hong Kong) and has now returned for a 3yr duty in San Diego. **Stunt Cock** returned from 2 weeks in Oklahoma City (-20<sup>oF</sup>) and all he brought **Missionary Impossible** was a lousy T-shirt ("Oklahoma cows make the best tipping cows"). **Sponge** returned from her 3 week trip to Costa Rica and Nicaragua (the best thing about the trip: motor canoeing to a primary jungle and hiking in mud with monkeys overhead. The worst was the lack of good beer (the strongest beer in Costa Rica was Corona). She came to Humpin directly from the airport just so she could savor that fine, fine nectar –**Stone Pale Ale**. Imagine her chagrin to find that we only had Corona. (Actually, you didn't have to imagine. She let everybody know her chagrin).

Our final welcome back was **Tassel Whacker**, his first hash since his surgery 5 weeks ago. I immediately put him to work – being hashcash for the day while I hared. **Tassel** asked if there was a walking trail. I told him I could point him to the OnIn, but he looked at the hills surrounding the start, manned up & said he would do trail (and he did, and it was good, and there was much rejoicing).

Today was **Cum On I Wanna Lay Ya's** first Humpin Hare. Even though he's hared 30 trails from Biloxi to Waikiki, he was nervous. He knew there are big expectations putting together a trail that is Humpin worthy. We must of succeeded because a lot of folks came up to me to let me know what a wonderful trail today (hopefully someone told COIWLYA): Breathtaking views, enough mud and puddles to make the trails seem alive, and 3 beerchecks. (4 if you count the sunbleached bottles of beer that **Seabiscuit** found and drank on trail). The hares posted a **NBZ** (no blow zone), but it wasn't for horses on trail, or cougars that don't put out, it was so rich homeowners wouldn't call security after we jumped a fence into their gated community. The trail passed under the I-5 near the Carmel Valley Park-N-Ride, where you had to navigate across granite boulders or fall into fast flowing water. **Gaylick** made it past that point, but wiped out on the bike trail that followed. He arrived at the On-In covered in blood along his arms and legs. (300 Humpin R\*ns today, 300 blood on trails, 5 circles. Priceless (picture below).

**Nookie** made it back from Costco in time to feed the pack as they emerged exhilarated from trail. Of course, no one was allowed to eat anything (besides chips) until the DFL's arrived (sometime around sunset), but then we ate, we ate like fat kids with ice cream on our face. Face? Who said Face? **BORT** began down downs without any support from our RA's. That's when we noticed **Chick Clit** had gone home – claiming she wasn't feeling well. **La Boomba** was called up for getting our **Chickie** too drunk to Hump. **La Boomba**, acting as her own attorney, said it wasn't her fault...(whining)...and brought up the rest of the Carlsbad Half Marathon Support Team (**SAMM, Gobbler, Jacket Off, GI Ho, InCum Snatch, Forrest**) that made it to Humpin after drinking at the **Capt. Jerk Beer Check**. **SAMM** did arrive wearing a '**CFR the Retard**' crash helmet hoping it would help protect her drunk ass. **One Hand Bandito** and **Mannogram** were called up for r\*nnng their 1<sup>st</sup> Half marathon. **Just Cathy & Just Nancy** also ran the Half. The racists were then called pussies for only r\*nnng the Half. **Scratch My Balls** ran the whole, but he didn't cum to Humpin. So who's the pussy now, bitch?

Heard in Circle: **Take It Like a Man** and **Two Fisted Hose Master** brought news that **STFUA** and **Kimchi** may buy a home in Temecula. **Village Tool** was asked how his 'too hot for him' girlfriend was doing. He said they broke up after her first Humpin. **Magnum Be Gone** and **Cum On I Wanna Lay Ya** had the cutest hats.

**Seabiscuit** introduced his trail buddy, **Just Nancy**, but I couldn't hear him with her top on. (Something about her liking porn). She learned that he farted once(?) getting a blowjob. **InCumSnatch** introduced her virgin, **Just Zach**, by telling us that she taught **Just Zach** everything he needs to know about sex (he's only a 23yr old Marine). He must have been excited to try out his new knowledge, because **Just Zach** went home with **Licorice Whip** before the circle even started.

The lack of good beer began to take its toll. **Last Call** and **Little Nookie** left to drink Green Flash at the Marriott. **Missionary Impossible** used her feminine wiles to get **DrZ** to break open a bottle of Jim Beam that he had been saving for **Kimchi**. (Sorry dude, the girl had needs). **Rub My Buns** was jonesing for a jello shot. **\$3.99 an Inch** tried to use his psychic powers to turn Natty into beer (but that would of required some major mojo).

Gorillas and announcements: Sunday Jan 31: **SDH3 AGM**, followed by the Humpin's **Somebody Gobbled Mannogram's Skanky Meat R\*n**. Hashshit was passed to **Dansel** for f\*cking up the CO<sub>2</sub> again. Swing Lo was started just as a report came in that Vikings/Saints were tied 21 each (technology in circle). Oggi's was the OnOnOn.

#### **Headbands:**

**Wild Nobb Gobbler – 25** – he waited 3 weeks until **SAMM** came back to Humpin for his headband, because she wasn't going to let any other bitch tie it on.

**Dansel in Distress -75** – and **Licks** didn't take his pants off.

**Missionary Impossible – 100-** she waited 2 weeks for her man to tie it on

**Gaylick – 300** –received a personalized headband with painted blood drops on it.

**Birthday: Nookie** was called up for having a January Bday for the 5<sup>th</sup> Humpin in a row. Good thing they're not adding up like dog years.

**Lost on Trail or OnIn: Rub My Bun** – cell phone. **Seabiscuit** – backpack. Can anybody help these po' fools,

(Good Luck **Chick Clit** on your first day of school on Monday).

Onon

**DrZaius**



**Quote to beat: Arrrgh, Capt Gaylick, ye be a bloody pirate**