

Humpin' Hash House Harriers – Hash Trash  
By Anal Rose

**Humpin' New Years Eve Party** 31-Dec-2009

**Hares:** Humpin' MMG Pack Size: 86 (including the band)

**Location:** 5 Star Hall, El Cajon Blvd

**Humpin' Hangover Run** 01-Jan-2010. Run #876. Pack Size: 51

**Hares:** BORT, Lacy Bitch Britches, Deep Chocolate, Sponge & The Rev. Cannabis Licked Her.

**Location:** Hash Central Hotel, Howard Johnson's

**Today There are Real Hashers in La Jolla Run** 03-Jan-2010. Run #877. Pack Size: 71!

**Hares:** One Hand Bandito, Village Tool, Witch Fucker, Lacy Bitch Britches, and Deep Chocolate

**Location:** La Jolla, Doyle Community Park (UTC)

It was a fun-filled New Years with THREE Humpin' Events. If you think I'm writing three separate Hash Trashes, you're off your rocker!

First there was the **Humpin' New Years Eve Party**. Hashers from near and far cast aside their multi-colored hash gear (or in **Stunt Cock's** case, his R\*CLING attire) and wore suits, ties, and evening dresses. Power went out in the neighborhood when **The Hash Band** began tuning up, no problem said **Sin D. Bare**, who offered to play drum solos all night! Lights returned, beer and booze flowed freely from the open bar, catered roast beef and chicken were gulped down like it was our last meal, and the pack was at ease. That was, until the Humpin' Roast began!

**Turd Bird** prepared a team of wankers to represent various hashes in Southern California to tell us exactly what they thought of the Humpin' Hash. **Turd Bird** represented the North County Hash, **Anal Rose** represented the Half-Assed Hash, **Chicken Poop** the Full Moon Hash, **Sir Isaac Spincter** the La Hoy-hoya Hash and the Iron Drool Hash, **Fluff the Jailhouse Cockboy** stood in for the San Diego Hash and newly transplanted GM **Witch Fucker** for the California Larrikins.

Synopsis: All other hashes are awesome, Humpin' Hash is full of low-life wankers, and BORT is old. Please. Tell us something we DON'T know! Afterwards, **BORT** and **Anal Rose** roasted back.

Synopsis: All other hashes are lame, pavement pounding old bastards (but not as old as BORT), **Witch Fucker** looks like a French Maitre De when he talks and wears a bowtie, Humpin' has the hottest Harriettes, **Anal Rose** is more egomaniacal than most people imagined, and together, we are indeed the Unstoppable Fist. All in all it was great fun, and everyone still knows who put the Run in Drunk.

The party hit high gear, rockin' out with **The Hash Band**. At the midnight hour, Champagne was toasted, Auld Lange Syne was sung, raffle prizes were given out (thanks **Micro Screwry**, **Little Drummer Whore**, **Gumme!** & **Stick Me** for the prizes) but no party is over until **Chick Clif** awkwardly passes out, and so when she did (on her face, between the tables and snuggled with a variety of table cloths) we all got on the shuttles back to the Ghetto-fabulous Howard Johnson's. (The other bus sucks – which apparently happened in the bus.

Hash Central hosted the **OnAfter** with overflow hanging out next door in **Mannagram/Gobbler/SAMM's** room. Beer, chips, booze in one room, singing along with Gobbler in the other. The gang bang sing along to 15 verses of American Pie sounded pretty damn good at 3am. OnAfter ended about 5am, when **Lick Father** and **Dansel** confiscated Hash Central as their own, only to be

awakened at 6am (disturbus interruptus) by **ECT** looking for her keys and **Kimchi** just looking.

The New Year Day started with breakfast and an early runstart for Humpers. The **Humpin Hangover – Hash Wedding Run** started at noon at the Hash Hotel! Thank “G” most of us were already there. **BORT** and **Lacy Bitch Britches** ran us all over La Mesa as we soaked up the unnaturally warm New Year’s sunshine (take THAT, Cleveland!) and we got ready for a most special occasion: **Sir Trots-a-lot** and **A Fish Called Wanda’s** HASH WEDDING! The Rev. **Cannabis Licked Her** presided as a dragged out **Kravin’ Kimchi Koochie** stood as Maid of Dishonor. Bubbles and flour and beer were showered, cake was worn, and our newest hashers were wed before the hung-over and bleary eyes of the Humpin’ hashers!

Also, during circle, there was ice (**Who Put the Cum in My Ass** proudly sat on it the entire time), there were Down Downs, there was drinking and merriment and **Dansel in Distress** once again managed to completely ignore Circle, cry Diplomatic Immunity as the Humpin’ Beermeister, and have his pants removed in Circle as he had the ICE sit on HIM. This, coupled with the many hashers sitting on ice, begs the question...is this to be the Humpin’ Year of the Cock? One thing is for certain, **Nookie Monster** loves the notion (and the cock!). **Menorra Whora** banged her head pretty hard when her ass slipped off the ice. The pack offered her ice. We met visiting Hashers, **Picture Me Naked** and **Against the Grain**, all the way from the Las Vegas HHH (VIVAAAA...LAS VEGAS!) and they treated us to a song. It was a great song that no current hash song would ever rival, and birds flew down to perch on their shoulders and rainbows came out to play as they sang. Unfortunately, no one was sober enough to retain it. Also welcomed back from beyond the Center of the Universe were **Tits Ahoy** and her virgin, **Just Keith, Too Loose to Screw** and her dog **Kona, Gumme!** and **Stick Me Anywhere, HomoSaxual** of **The Hash Band** fame, and **ECT’s** sister, **Pinhole Artist**. **Maui Wau!** came so she would be eligible to vote for new MM at the campout. The Farewell Mug was brought out for **Sir Trots** and **Wanda** before they headed off to marital bliss and for **Sponge** who is leaving for a trip to Costa Rica. **Weed Whacker** complained to **BORT** and **DrZ** that the Farewell Mug is supposed to be accompanied by an Open Season. **Chicken Poop** got left behind at the motel when **Titty Titty Bang Bang** used his car to drive the newlyweds to the airport. Apparently **BORT’s** blue bins were left behind also – they contained all the leftover NYE booze. Oh the humanity!

**Headbands: DickmeLand, HomoSaxual, Pinhole Artist – 6 runs.** It took HomoSaxual 13 years to get 6 runs and Pinhole Artist 6 years.

**Who Put Cum in My Ass - 50 runs**

**Gumme! - 75 runs**

**Electro Cock Therapy - 275 runs**

Two drunken days later, the Humpin’ Hash takes over La Jolla for the **Today There \*ARE\* Real Hashers In La Jolla Run**. Hares had us start in a park that forbade beer. For that the Hashers were very sad, but none as sad as Great RA **Chick Clit!** **Anal Rose** conducted a quick and anal...I mean, thorough Chalk Talk, but not fast enough for Great GM **BORT**, who had the rest of the pack in the middle of Father Abraham before Anal could explain what a puff of flour was!

We had virgins! We had First Timers! We celebrated each and treated them to Humpin’ Hospitality. Including a chicken and green bean casserole that **ECT** made from leftovers from the New Year’s Eve party.

**Virgin Maggie** shortcutted all the way from Oklahoma just to watch Dogfish strip and to dodge Hash-buddy 3.99 an Inch (who she demoted to 2.99, but hey, we’re in a recession!)

**Virgin Mary** blessed us with her presence and thought the trail was just so very nice, but then changed her story and said that it sucked instead. I agree on both counts.

**Just Tom**, husband to Virgin Mary (I thought that was Joseph?) has been hashing before overseas. He claims to have never hashed in Okinawa, but that his grandma would have loved this trail. Thanks, Tom! Bring her out next time, I'm sure she'll fit right in!

**Pomegranate Pullout** is a transplant who hails from a Korea H3, wears a funny happi coat and socks, knows songs, and brought a virgin!

**Just Justin** is Pomegranate's virgin. Gay's okay!

Your Great RA and GM brought forth the Welcome Backs. **Keyless Entry** made a triumphant return, even though **One Hand Bandito** said she had Thunder Thighs. She showed him by hopping on his shoulders, making sure he was seated perfectly on the ice. **Studfinder** found her way to the Humpin' for the first time in a long while, along with Husband **Flabio** and his infamous mustache **Ron Burgundy Jeremy**. **Bone of Arc** and **Rolling Rocks, Ass Rammer, Clean Underwear Next Tuesday & even High and Tight** happened onto the Humpin as well. We really should hash in La Jolla more often! **Just Lea\*** and **Rabbit Hole** were called up for flashing an oncumming train when the occasion clearly called for mooning. We will teach you and you will learn! **J. Lea** was kept up in circle for flashing what turned out to be a group of senior citizens and little boys. I'm sure they appreciated your efforts J. Lea. Sally forth! **Backdoor Beaner** was recognized as our Humpin' Hash Flash! Way to go. Now learn how to post those pics, wouldja?? While paroozing the Gay and Lesbian Times, Great RA **Chick Clit** found a great picture of **Wild Nobb Gobbler** and **Mannogram** in a 69 embrace. **Nookie** was called up for an advert to increase your size. Remember, Nookie Loves the Cock! **Gheftoman** was called up for an ad for teaching yoga. Ewww, sweaty yoga instructors....

Your Great GM **BORT** called up the Humpin' Roasters, **Sir Isaac Spincter, Witch Fucker** and **Anal Rose** again. If I wasn't one of them I would point out here that it wasn't the first time...oops. Ah, well. Free Beer, it's my favorite kind!

**Nookie** was called up for considering lunch before the beer check. **Deep Chocolate** and the rest of the hares drank for a lost beercheck, and all the Chocolate hashers joined her, **Purple Helmet, AllTurd Boy, La Boomba** and **Gheftoman**. Here's to equality! Although, **AllTurd Boy** protested the use of racist white Oreos in the hashsnax. **Chick Clit** discovered that our Northern neighbors are NOT called Canadia. The Big Gay Bears, **Dr Zaius, Sir Isaac Spincter** and **Flabio**, got an opportunity to flash their fur, when **Who Put the Cum in My Ass**, self-posted on the ice for no apparent reason, turned around and kissed Dr Zaius's BARE ASS. **Wild Nobb Gobbler** was called up for his contribution to the NYE party by playing bartender. The FRB mug, passed around more than a virgin at Humpin', was up for grabs between **Missionary Impossible** for trying to cut ahead of Stunt Cock, **Stunt Cock** (naturally) who wore a shirt that said, "Runner", and whiner **Cocky Mountain Snowball** who couldn't let anyone forget that he was running with a heavy mug. **Missionary Impossible** won that race! Maybe that will teach you to r\*ce with Stunt Cock! Hashshit was passed from **Anal Rose** (who liked the bow added to it and wanted a closer look) to **Who Put the Cum in My Ass** for not knowing the difference between a Drinking Song and a Down Down Song. Here's a clue, genius! If it's got more than two short verses, it'll only slow up the Circle! Save it for the Beerchecks and the Larrikins Circles! **DrZ** videoed **Gobbler** playing guitar and singing his song "Virgin Hashers" for humpinhash.com, but **Gobbler's** keeping the video with his basement tapes and promises a better version next week. Finally, Swing Low was conducted, and we all had our stabs at various hashers, but particularly **Dansel in Distress**, for his insisting we SHUT THE FUCK UP!

\*This just in, Just Lea was named at Larrikins as **Don't Ask, Don't Spoon!** Don't worry, 'Spoon, we can fix that when you've run with us six times!

Headbands a-plenty!

**La Boomba, Menorah Whorah – 6 runs!** (they declined renaming, but did volunteer to have their headbands tied around their boobs.)

**Bone of Arc finally came to collect her Superhare 10 and her 125<sup>th</sup> run** (on her 147<sup>th</sup> run)

**Hash Trash Abusive Power Phrase Buster:**

**Amazonukkah:** When Christmas really lasts 8 days, like Hanukkah, because the presents take longer to deliver from Amazon.com than anticipated by the purchaser.

*I finally gave out my last present today. Amazonukkah is officially over.*

Thanks to **DrZ** for his contribution to the HashTrash this week (now, get back in the f\*cking kitchen)

**Humpin' Snapshot of the week!**

COME UP WITH A BETTER CAPTION THAN THIS LAME ONE AND GET A PRIZE FROM ANAL ROSE! PRINT IT OUT AND BRING IT TO NEXT WEEK'S HUMPIN'!



BORT dressed like the New Year's Baby on January 1<sup>st</sup>. The other 364 days of the year he dresses like Father Time.