

Humpin Hash HashTrash
by Dr Zaius
31-Jan-2010

Trail #881: Somebody Gobbled Mannogram's Skanky Meat Run
Hares: Somebody Ate My Meat (SAMB), Wild Nobb Gobbler, Mannogram,
and Shrimp Skanky
Location: Camino Del Sur. Pack Size: 80 (wow!!)

Even with the big SDH3 AGM hash in the morning, we knew we would get a big crowd, when the hares announced a **Somebody Gobbled Mannogram's Skanky Meat R*n** down in Carmel Valley. But 80! Incredible, Fantastic, Tell me about it MoFo. That's the largest Humpin pack for a regular Sunday since Father's day '09. Probably the largest January pack ever.

Our new jockeybox CO₂ regulator, hoses and keg couplers made their debut today. **DaDaDumbass** gets the **Howdy** award for having a wrench for removing the old couplers. **Big Bird's** thought we screwed up by getting a cage-style gauge protector. But hey, we are the Humpin Hash.....

Missionary Impossible, WhorlaHoop and **Rabbit Hole** were quite fetching in their AGM Circus Ringmistress/Showgirl outfits. Shout Outs to **Dogfish** and **Rub My Buns** - new GM's of SDH3 and to our **Chickie** who will be double dipping as a new SDH3 RA. Hope we still get to see you guys on Sundays.

Welcum Back **Heaven's Gate, Shrimp Skanky, Semen Biscuit, Backdoor Beaner, Morning Cocktail, Cuntal Floss, Dumbass, Goes Downy & Impy! Slippery Log** returned from a month of hashing with Portland Humpin and humpin his lovely wife, **Ice Boxx**. First Timers: **Dicknosys, Narcolickdick, Whoranado** plus **Princess Pissy Sheets** who finally got over his fear of Humpin. **Pro Boner, Just Put It In** and **Rabbit Hole** were mortals the last time they were here. **Just Martin** and **Just Mark** are one week closer to immortality. 80 Hashers and only one virgin - **Just Blauth**. Finally got the spelling figured out for **Shiza Shanka**. **Snuff the Magic Plumpkin** is still hoping to pass the FRB mug. **One Hand Bandito** told me that he is ready for his 69th headband today. He's been too drunk the past 3 weeks to risk being flipped upside down.

The Hares arrived at the start just in time for Hare Lies - Not 1, Not 2, but 3 Beerchecks. After scribbling directions to the end for the **GI Ho**, the B-van driver, the hares were away. **Chick Clit** led the pack in Father Abraham while **Forrest Hump** watched her from between her legs. **Unruly Virgin** gave the HashShit Demo with the cool Bow-shaped Hashshit.

Apparently there was trouble finding Beercheck #1. **Sir Isaac** gave up and came directly to the On-In. The rest of the pack just blew by #1. Only DFL **Tassel Whacker** actually found the cooler. (**Gobbler** raised his arms to the sky in exasperation –“Doesn’t anyone look for stashed beerchecks anymore?”). Beercheck #2 had a cooler of Hop Skip and Go Nekkid (quite the crowd pleaser). **SAMM** was also at Beercheck #2 – another crowd pleaser.

Beercheck #3 answered the question “Who Gobbled Mannogram's Skanky Meat?”. “It was me” said T-shirts worn by **Don't Ask, Don't Spoon, Popped a Couple from Her Cooter, Plumpkin, Cuntal Floss, La Boomba, WhorlaHoop and Pomegranate Pull Out**. **Gobbler** cooked up some **Mannogram's Skanky Meat** and offered it on little toothpicks - Told us it would make us horny. What was it? Guesses? If you have to ask, you wouldn't want to eat it. Oysters? No. Water Buffalo Penis? No. Turkey Nuts! Yep. What else would you expect from the **Wild Nobb Gobbler**? Hey, were the toothpicks to scale?

The beermeisters saw that **Gobbler** had planned the ending in a family park. Rather than a night of Koombya, they made a command decision and set up kegs on a little flat rise in a valley outside the park. The pack didn't have trouble finding the new On-In, but the hare, **Shrimp Skanky**, found himself alone at the original ending and had to call for directions. Note to **Witch Fucker** – when peeing on a hill, don't pee right above the pack. Blood on Trail goes to **Butt Chug Ready**, who was carried to the ending following an ankle sprain. She got some good natured ribbing after **Chick Clit** pointed out that **GayLick** was covered in blood last week and he didn't need to be carried. (**Gaylick's** friends oohed and aaahhed when he sent them pictures of his blood soaked body – (see last week's beercheck photos). **All Turd Boy** had two fingers covered in gauze, but it happened before the hash. He was playing 'catch the rocks' with **Regurabaiter** and split his fingers.

It was great to see with **Flo** with all the Humpin Haberdashery. Lots of good stuff. **BOOBS!** made a sartorial statement with her Hooter's Pacific Beach T-shirt (RIP)

Nookie was wondering how she was going to feed 80 people on a 40 person budget. She had bought some Girl Scout cookies at AGM, but that wasn't going be enough. Then, like the story of the loaves and the fishes, extra food just appeared. **MasPenis** brought her famous soy chicken pasta from Full Moon and **Dogfish** brought two trays of his lasagna from AGM. Then just as quickly, it was all over. Two Santa Luz security guards told us that the hill was private property, owned by the homeowners on the other side of the valley. No problem. We were done eating; the families had left the park, so we just humped over to the original ending. 3 Police cars arrived to watch us move. They never got out of their cars, but it was enough for $\frac{3}{4}$ of the pack to call it a day, even though we hadn't started Down-Downs.

DrZ and Dandel decided to leave the kegs in their cars, since we had 2 coolers of canned beer for down downs. **Pubert** offered to get the kegs when the PoPo left, but it wasn't necessary.

Down Downs were so funny. Laughed so hard it gave me amnesia. I know Turkey Nuts were passed around and Hop Skip & Go Nekkid was polished off. **My Wife Won't Let Me** got the Hashshit for bragging to **Chick Clit** that he had never 'won' the hashshit. Maybe his wife **Daddy Doesn't Know** could teach him and he would learn.

One Hand Bandito left before getting his 69th headband. It's becoming a pattern. He'll be ready for his 75th before he's ready for his 69th.

All Turd Boy and Only Cums in Kid's Meals both earned their 50th, but **DrZ** only had one 50 headband. So he called for a joke off. **Kid's Meal's** joke was pretty good, but the pack went with **All Turd's** Camel joke.

Headbands:

All Turd Boy – 50

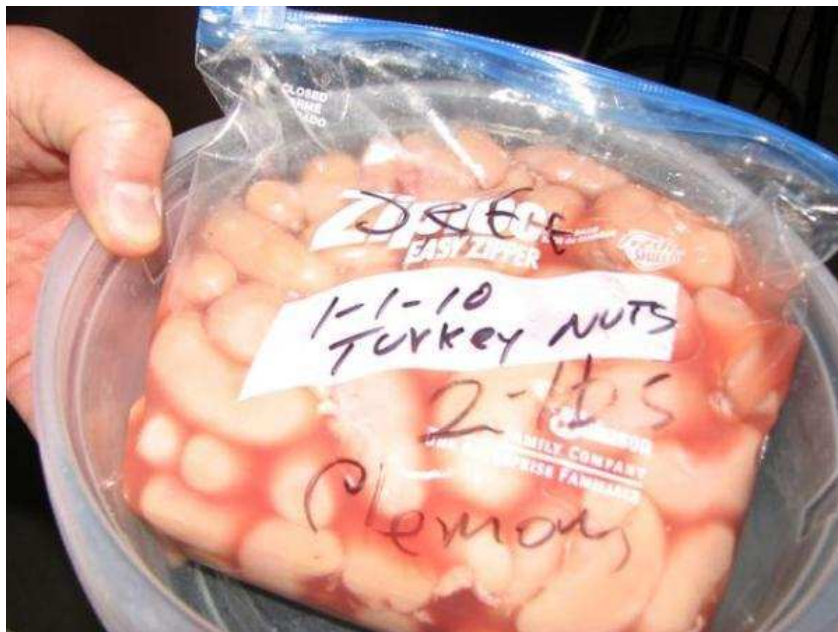
My Wife Won't Let Me – 25

Butt Chug Ready – 6

Mouth Fart – 6

OnOnOn was Pitchers in Rancho Skinny Penis.

Swing Low, May the Hash Go in Peace,
onon, DrZ



Somebody Gobbled Mannogram's Skanky Meat – Turkey Nuts....



.....It was Me