

Humpin' Hash House Harriers- Trail #864 Pack size:49
Hash Trash Oct 11, 2009, by Anal Rose

“When The Hare Pulls Out, The Hareraiser And RA Cum In” R*n

It started off like any other Humpin' Sunday. The Beermeister, **Who Put the Cum in My Ass**, made the beer flow freely. The RA, **Down Set Dyke**, made the sun shine brightly, and the Hash Cash, **Dr Zaius**, transformed a parking lot full of half-wits into a group of waiting, wanting Hashers. Your hares, the lovely and talented **Down Set Dyke** and studly husband, **Cocky Mountain Snowball** had pulled a trail out of their bag of tricks at the last minute when the originally scheduled hare dropped out (yeah, you know who you are). The Hares delivered Hare Lies in matching run bags and matching run skorts (nice legs, Cocky!!). The Hares were off, the trail was set.

Jalapenis and **Put a Dick in It** showed up from beyond the Center of the Universe, and **One Hand Bandito** tied a gigantic birthday balloon to **Jalapenis**, marking him as target for the preliminary down downs. Your Great GM, **BORT**, called him up repeatedly for everything from Birthday and Welcomeback Down Downs, to Down Down Demonstrations, and we were reminded again of **Jalapenis's** insatiate thirst for good beer (as if the girth of his mighty beer belly were not evidence enough!). Of course, when ONE Penis drinks..., **Jesus the Penis** was happy to oblige.

Also in attendance were many visiting and first time hashers, and even one brand new VIRGIN! Such hashers were new transplant **Licorice Whip** from someplace less impressive than the Center of the Universe, **Chopenis** from someplace else even less impressive, **Snoop Pussy Pussy** and **Reach Around** from SDH3 and CLH3, who took time from Humpin' Bashing to run with the greatest Hash in the Universe because it happened to be in their back yard of Poway! We also had lovely couple **Just Christy** and **Just Doug**, who, rumor has it, snuck away from the evil clutches of the Larrikins to experience real shiggy and trail just one day before being named! And our fresh, young, nubile Virgin, **Cathy**, who claimed that **One Hand Bandito** made her cum. With this news, the pack laughed and laughed, but she insisted it was true! **Virgin Cathy** seemed to take the relentless taunts and passes made by the pack with good heart. Most notably, however, was the surprise return of **Keyless Entry**, back from school for the long weekend to be as debaucherous as possible. Great to see you, Keyless!

And so the pack was off! Right from the start, the lazy half-wits lost the trail, making the FRB's struggle to maintain their racist standard when the trail was discovered by the DFL's. Trail went up, trail went down, trail went left and right, trail went back and forth, until we found the first beer check in a ditch on the way up a massive hill. MMMMMmmmm, delicious Natty Lite!! **Anal Rose** finally found the little man in the boat, and carried it on trail with him until the next beer check, manned by your great RA, **DSD**! **Just Christy** flashed her ample bosom for the delight of the pack, and we consumed until **Cocky** arrived to complete the trail. The trail was cryptic from that point, with **Cocky and DSD** even confusing the pack by driving back and forth along a long stretch of road. Eventually we found a third beercheck and we sallied forth. Pay no mind to the No Trespassing signs, we're Humpin' Hashers, and we can make ANYTHING worse! (By the way, the little man in the boat ended up in **DrZ's** car, just waiting for someone to

tie him to the hashshit). (Note from **Webmeister**: Isn't it interesting that **Anal Rose** didn't mention that he stole the little man in the boat from some little kids, because they had broken into a beercheck stashed on trail?).

At the On-In, this yarn-spinner made the mistake of checking his voicemail, where he discovered that he had 12 hours to plan for another surprise two-week deployment. It is from within the guts of another f*#^&!! ship that I write this story! As such, I was unable to stand by for what must have been the most amazing Down Downs, EVER!
(From this point, the writer has taken complete literary license, as well as a few liberties with the actual facts. Believe it at your own risk.)

Jalapenis and **Put a Dick in It** already on the road back North, your Great GM **BORT** undoubtedly chose another victim to demonstrate the proper Down Down technique. Looking at the roster, I'm guessing it was **Lacy Bitch Britches**. I'm sure he curtsied appropriately at the end, as well. Then the fun really started. **DSD and Flo D** took over, calling up Hash Crime after Hash Crime, until **Dr Zaius** pointed out that several people needed headbands. **Reach Around**, having hashed in San Diego for approximately 30 years, finally earned his 6th Humpin' Headband. It was an unexpected honor, and he was heard to remark that had the Humpin' run in Poway more often, he'd be a regular! **Mouse Labia** also received her 6th, and it's about time, too! **Take It Like A Man** received her Super 20 Hare Headband, and the pack was astounded. Not so much that she hared so often, but that she was on a trail that she and **2 Fisted Hose Master** DIDN'T hare, and more so that she stayed for Down Downs! Your great RA, **Flotation Devices**, received her 125 run headband, and when ONE RA DRINKS!!.... **Swallow Bitzch** dutifully took his 275 run headband, and he commented that those runs are easy to add up when you're a Beermeister for two years, then a RA and a GM next. Thank you, oh Great Former GM, RA and Beermeister! Please save some beer for the rest of us! **ECT** also earned her 275 headband, but **Dr Zaius** only had one headband to hand out. **ECT** gracefully deferred, allowing **Swallow Bitzch** to be tied today, knowing that she had ways of making **DrZ** pay until she got hers.

But it was when **The Hasher With No Name** received his 69th headband that things started getting weird. When we flipped this bitch, a NAME fell out of him! We were thereby forced to call him this name, making his true name, The Hasher With NO Name, a kind of oxymoron. This caused a ripple in the space-time continuum, and the entire On-In was thrust back to prehistoric time. **All Turd Boy, Cums in Kids Meals and Drilldo Phaginz** were immediately heard saying, "Whoooooaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!". **Ass Transit** immediately started collecting ancient vegetation to incorporate as spice in her next amazing Hash Meal, while **CFR, Shrimp Skanky, Big Bird's Spunk Rag and Witch Fucker** dove to secure the beer. There were green clovers, yellow moons, pink hearts... until someone finally decided to flip the hasher formerly known as the Hasher With No Name over again. Everything righted immediately; everyone forgot the new name, calling him "Uh...Dude?" for twenty minutes. After that everyone went home to detox.

So it is now written, and so now must be true.
Honors!
Anal Rose