

Humpin' Hash House Harriers – Hash Trash By Anal Rose

Sunday 13-Dec-2009

Trail #873: Eighth Anal BLONDE BIMBOE Hash

Hares: Nookie Monster, Roll-a-Dicks, Swallows it Whole, and Mystery Blonde Bimbo Hares (BORT & Dogfish)

Location: Balboa Park (Not near the Pedestrian Bridge). Pack Size: 40

For the Hair-color Challenged Readers: You may ask yourself what the mystery is about the Blonde Bimbo Hares if their names immediately follow the claim. And you may ask yourself why **Great GM BORT** has hared 40 Humpin' Runs, including all eight Blonde Bimbo Runs, and he still can't spell "BIMBO". You may even be so bold as to not just ask yourself, but to ask aloud. The answer is obvious. IF YOU HAVE TO ASK, YOU DO NOT KNOW!!

The pack was at first very confused. And then the correct run start was made clear (it was across the street), some of the pack was still confused. And when it was explained, the pack was still confused. But then the **Great RA's Chick Clit** and **Down Set Dyke** said unto the pack, "60 seconds to Hare Lies!!", and the pack tilted its head (collectively), shrugged its shoulders (collectively), and said (in unison), "Oh...Ok! Tee hee hee!" Tapping the kegs at 1pm to help continue the party for the SDH3/California Larrikins Xmas Party goes might have helped ease the change. **Wild Nobb Gobbler** also spread cheer as a Christmas Troubadour singing the hash songs he's been writing. The song "**Humpin Hashin With You**" came to him at 3am and he had to wake up **S.A.M.M.** to share his excitement. (A video of Gobbler singing the song is posted in the video section of the HashTrash Page). **Just Daniel** brought his Cat O' 9-Tails and was taking on all cummers to whip his ass. He kept shouting "Harder, Harder" until **\$3.99 an Inch** hit him so hard it woke up the lions, tigers and bears in the zoo. (oh my). **Mannogram**, our favorite FRB, was stand-in Hash-shit with the FRB mug. He happily showed the virgins that there was nothing in his cranium and how to do a proper down down. The Virgins were introduced and paired. **Just Tara** and **Just Meredith** both claimed to be medium runners and so were paired with **Harry Angina** and **the Village Tool** respectfully. Spoiler alert: Don't worry, "G" helped them both on trail, and both arrived to the On In seemingly unmolested. **Chick Clit** messed up **Harry Angina's** name and blamed it on the Blonde wig. Good dodge, Chickie, but what's your excuse every other week?? **Anal Rose** conducted a highly acclaimed and praised Chalk Talk, even as **Mannogram** marked behind him that he is gay. A seductive and sexy **Howdy Do Me** conducted his Father Abraham, frightening the hashers every time he bent to touch his toes. "He's...a HO!" And off went the pack in a flurry of blonde wigs and hang-overs!

The trail was further south than a lot of Humpers are used to. And when it seemed that the shiggy would not be seen, there was some grumbling. Some of the pack was confused by the gratuitous use of SDH3 Checks and True Trail Arrows. The two delicious drink checks manned by Blonde Bombshells **Rolladix** and **Swallows it Whole** certainly helped. There was a cleverly marked check and a misleading puff of flour up a long flight of stairs leading to the top of the Horton Plaza parking garage. Knowing that beer checks have been conducted there before, we sent up **Cumonlwannalayya** (the self-proclaimed "**The Evil One**") on up to find that trail did not go that way. Thanks for taking that bullet, man! How 'bout that sex on trail, cuz You've Been Fucked! Trail continued through a shocked and appalled downtown San Diego until we finally hit a zig-zagging tour through Balboa Park. Finally, the shiggy that Humpers expected! All in all, a freakin' GREAT trail with a great park ending and spectacular meal of beef, turkey and barley soups provided by **Great California Larrikins Founder Dogfish!**

At circle, **Great RA's Chick Clit, Flotation Devices** and **Down Set Dyke**, with help of course from **Great GM BORT**, laid down the law about smoking in the circle. Don't ruin MY lungs, ya wankers! **Mannogram** showed us all how to drink, and the Virgins were brought up once again. We learned that **Just Tara** is a "Burner" and not much of a runner, and that **Just Meredith** is also a "Burner" and likes to watch **the Village Tool** pee. Ewwww. Also, **J. Meredith** has a self-vibrating boob that captivated us all, but particularly **the Village Tool**. Welcome to the Humpin' Hash, Virgins! We hope to see you again soon! **BORT** called up all three RA's, because they were all there to call up for a change. And what a fantastic segue as **BORT, Flo D** and **DSD** announced they were all going to be out of town next weekend, and that **Chick Clit** is not only the Hare, but the HashSnax and running the show alone! We're all doomed! **Mouth Fart** was called up and challenged as FRB because she was the first Harriette in. It became a gratuitous boob check, and she got out of it unchained. Bravo! **Dr Zaius** lost his lunch...to **Lucy** and **Mia**, two wild hash dogs on the prowl for a free meal. Visitors were called up, and **Roladix, Swallows it Whole, Shoot on Me** and **Howdy Do Me** wowed us with their mad drinking skills. **Down Set Dyke** called up **Mouth Fart** and **Rub My Buns** for a down down concerning something about laying down and not having a penis. Confusion set in. Someone sang "Here's to Wax", **DSD** drank, and the pack tilted its head (collectively), shrugged its shoulders (collectively), and said (in unison), "Oh...Ok! Tee hee hee!" **Howdy Do Me** single handedly won the heart of the Hash by not only providing HEAT to the pack with his portable heater, but by using a discarded lipstick tube, some panty hose and a bobby pin to rig the beer to pour forth! Howdy, you're our McGyver in shining drag armor! Well done!

Also during circle, Headbands were awarded, and **Great Beermeister Dandel in Distress** and **Lick Father, Lick Son** somehow ended up rolling around in the dirt with their pants down. Again. All Burning Man attendants, including our two Virgins, were awarded a down down, even though it happened seven months ago. **Mannogram** bragged (?) about not getting laid at the Xmas party. Is this related to the mystery rash he's been flaunting lately? The world may never know. Of course the Hares were called up and celebrated. Great job! FRB nominations were few, just **Mannogram** for four more beers and **Cocky Mountain Snowball** for "crushing that trail" and trailing closely behind the Fastest Skirt in the Hash, **Howdy Do Me**. Prizes were awarded for best costume. **Just Chelsea** and, naturally, **Howdy Do Me** won best Harriette and Harrier over a smokin' **Chick Clit, Wild Nob Gobbler, BORT** and **Anal Rose**. **Just Chelsea** stole a down down when **BORT** mistook her for **Just Tara**, then **Just Tara** drank for missing the Burning Man down down and treated the hash to a Tits Out as well. **Wild Nob Gobbler** was graciously thanked for his Songmeister-ing, and **Cocky Mountain Snowball** whined about getting the FRB while **Mannogram** got fluffed in the circle. **Just Daniel** politely offered to fluff Cocky, but was denied. Some wounds run pretty deep, eh Cocky? Lastly, the several Hashers that paid for the Humpin' New Years Eve Party were awarded, and the party was plugged. Mark your calendars, wankers! The party is on the 31st! Price goes up next week, and the Hash deal with the Hash Hotel won't last much longer. Finally Hats were off and Pots were on the deck, and the shortest Swing Low was conducted because everyone was too retarded to remember any verses. A record 5:45 finish time, shortly after sunset! Well done, MMG! It was time to go, the Hash was called to go in peace, the pack tilted its head (collectively), shrugged its shoulders (collectively), and said (in unison), "Oh...Ok! Tee hee hee!"

The following Humpin' Headbands were awarded, shortly before a Headband and Whistle Check!

Lick Father, Lick Son – 25 runs!

Roladix - 100 runs!

BORT – Super 40 Hare!

Well done, Hashers! Now don't forget to bring your Headband the next time!

Hash Trash Abusive Power Phrase Buster

Northwest Nap: A very deep sleep where you are unable to hear telephones, text messages, and even the Air Force.

BORT: *"Where the hell is Chick Clit? She's going to miss down downs!"*

DSD: *"She's in her car taking a Northwest Nap. I hope she doesn't get locked in this time!"*

Humpin' Snapshot of the week!

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



Some Beercheck pictures need no captions. Thanks, Village Tool!