

Hash Trash #638: Stroke Your Balls and Drive Your Shaft – Oops – Stroke Your Shaft and Drive Your Balls Hash de FBR Open

The pack converged on Papago Park – this time with clubs like the Neanderthals we are . . . Cum Again? brought extra balls as word has it that they'd be needed to attempt Brown Eyed Girl's Run on the Rag #69 Heavy Flow #875.32.26.7843 (if you don't understand the numbering system – please attend one of Luuuger's seminars on how to count hash runs). As punishment for light attendance at his racist training exercises, BEG opted to torture the whole pack, walkers included with lots of hills and YBFs.

But the pack heard there would be Beer Near – so they ventured onward (and upward) through shiggy wondering how this had anything to do with the FBR?

Soon the pack came upon the first beer stop. Little Dingy was overheard explaining the quantum theory of beer – which in short could be summarized by saying that the physics of his running is directly proportionate to if he has heard someone shouting “Beer Near” up ahead.

Who Gives a Sh*t lived up to her name by copping a squat across the road from the beer stop and that damn Clit that won't shut up made everyone gulp down their beers so she could get on with FRB-ing the day away. Penis Colada proved her worthiness as a new PH3 transplant by clearing every YBF laid on trail with yet another just after the BN.

Soon the pack was again away through shiggy and searching for the elusive hippo that was promised during chalk talk. There was much confusion regarding the alleged Turkey-Eagle split. It seems the entire pack took the Eagle route except for ASS, Daily Male and 69-derthal who opted for the Philly split which took them completely off trail and to the on-after while in the middle of the run.

At some point along the way Bitch 'N Hoe pulled her usual “I want to meet a hot fireman so I'm going to fake an asthma attack” on trail. As karmic revenge – the aforementioned ‘make your own bar stop’ hashers ‘forgot’ to tell her where they were going – so she found herself alone at the start with far too much time to dream up trail crimes and other down-down worthy offenses for circle later.

Meanwhile the pack found the No Blow Zone – but My Clit Talks just couldn't help herself and seeing all those shafts and balls felt compelled to blow hard and long. The next BN was upon us and co-hare User and Loser redeemed herself (as the unwitting co-hare in such a punishing hills trail) by buying many pitchers of beer for the thirsty pack. Out of Order tried to play quarters with his balls, but a return volley by Who Gives a Sh*t knocked him unconscious.

There was some talk about waiting for the long lost walkers, but with no sign of them and no desire to share the beer anyway, the pack gulped down the pitchers

and resumed trail. MCT and IKOG each FRB-ed in opposite directions, both insisting they were on-on. The pack, not wanting to get in the middle of a domestic spat, stood like lemmings until one of them cried Uncle. MCT finally blinked and the pack followed IKOG to yet another false trail. Despite the pack being on Curry with an obvious Zen option back to the park, determination to find TRUE TRAIL prevailed and the pack wandered around aimlessly until Mount N'Spread and Out of Order found a "BVC Scary 'Hood" next to some burnt out cars on blocks and whistled On-On! Trail resumed to a 'Frogger' crossing at Scottsdale Road and back to the park at Curry and College . . .

The pack grew thirsty with only warm designer beers available so My Name is Chuck passed the time driving his balls into the dog pen. Soon someone had a half-mind to call the substitute beermeister to interrupt her bar crawl and ask her to come open her trunk before the pack broke into her car.

Meanwhile the entrepreneurial French Me quickly took the opportunity of hashers standing around with no beer to showcase her wonderful wares including some 'vintage' haberdashery.

Circle came and went, much like most men . . . with the only notable event being for the hash to take what was a bad name and make it worse. Just Paul somehow was spared a similar fate and was NOT named 'My Name is Chuck' (at least not this week).

Honorary down-downs were given to French Me for her racist behavior earlier in the day and Victor for arriving to the hash as circle began and just as we FINALLY retrieved some beer (one must question his involvement in the beer withholding by the substitute Beermeister?). Out of Order was recognized for having golf pants that look like Victor's throw pillows (which Victor later regretted admitting) and Mount N' Spread was bestowed the Sh*t Award, not for doing stupid sh*t on trail, but rather for outperforming the other half-dozen nominees by answering Bitch 'N Hoe's question, "What do they do in a drink-off?" by saying "Well they drink of course!"

Happy Birthday, F*ck You!!, Little Pink, Nordy and Railroad Rectum were all also in attendance but sadly did nothing stupid or noteworthy enough to be worth writing about in the trash . . . Oh, and Dumbo apparently did pay his hash cash (he's listed), but got a phone call on trail and was never heard from again . . .