

## Trail #7 - World Peace Thru Beer

Date: October 23, 2010

Location: Small Pox Road, Kingston, NH

Hares: N\*pples Erectus and Bleeps, Sweeps, and Creeps

Pack: From Boston - +2 Coonass, Cream Whora, Dirty Latte Sanchez, E=I'm a Douche, Pat My Fly, Peppermint P\*ssy, Sticks It to the Bros, THE 2nd C\*mming, Yellow Dick Gnome. From Boston Moon: I Eat Teabags, Twat My Mom. From Da Pitts - Counterfeit Dick, P\*ssy Factory. From Happy Valley: Jimmy Crack Whore, Yeasty Boy. From Rhode Island - Fwangi Boner, Swamp Whine. From Seacoast - Friar F\*ck, Metaphysical Conversation.

"Meet us at the end of Small Pox Road". With an invitation like that, how could anyone say no? Fwangi and Swamp Whine were first to arrive, and like the hares, had chosen to take on the "World Peace Thru Beer Challenge" (1 beer from each of 5 continents, none of which could be the same as anyone else's if it was to count towards challenge completion). Like kids in a candy store, Fwangi, SW, Nips, and Bleeps quickly unloaded significant quantities of beer from their vehicles, set it out on the road and examined their treasure. Gleefully, they realized that they had all passed the challenge (thanks to everyone bringing some back-up beer), and contemplated taking the beer and leaving to go have a drunken time elsewhere. Sadly, the rest of pack started to arrive, crushing that plan, and the hares soon grudgingly departed.

The first leg of trail had pack diving into some shiggy along a stretch of powerlines. The majority of pack dutifully followed the various paths marked with TP, checking checks, etc, while Counterfeit and IET being the two taller, and dare I say smarter (uh, no), members of pack realized they could see streams of TP ahead and decided to bushwhack parallel lines rather than zigging and zagging. This brilliant move brought them to BC #1 stashed in a cooler in the woods adjacent the powerlines.

From there, trail crossed a road and back into the woods, going a short distance before another BC mark was spotted! Sure enough, after emerging from the woods, BC #2 awaited across the street on a boat ramp. And there was much rejoicing.

Leg number #3 continued into the woods. Surely some hasher must have taken a moment to wax poetic about the perfect weather, abundance of foliage, and sun glistening off the nearby water, and if they did, it was likely because they were drunk having hit 2 BCs (plus prelube) in about a mile or so. Trail followed well worn paths, until eventually the paths just kind of petered out...and it was back into the shiggy and along the powerlines. Unlike the first stretch of powelines with it's variety of narrow paths, this portion involved zero paths, a little muck, a lot of bushwhacking, thorns, and ticks. Once again, a road was found, and beer was waiting. Ok, so beer wasn't exactly waiting. The FRBs got to the road before beer car did and kinda wandered around scratching thier asses trying to figure out what happened to trail. Due to technical difficulties, the hares weren't able to actually mark the spot as "BC 3", but all the ass scratching paid off and the smart FRBs realized something must have gone arwy and thier patience paid off as beer car arrived moments later.

The final leg involved some pavement, but given that it was a fairly straight shot to the end after a fantastically shiggy trail with 3 BC's, the hares felt it was forgivable. Soon pack found themselves at Kingston State Park, and after much herding of cats, shuffling of cars, and tick checks, meandered further into the park to a yurt overlooking a lake.

Accusations included:

FRB: I Eat Teabags / FBI: Yellow Dick Gnome

DFL: Friar

Uber-DFL-for-falling-one-step-into-trail-and-deciding-to-stay-at-A-for-an-hour-or-so-until-pack-came-back-to-retrieve-thier-cars: Cream Whora

5 PooF trails: Peppermint

PooF virgins: Cream Whora, Yeasty Boy, Meta

Giving us a beer offer we couldn't refuse: Yeasty Boy (shameless plug - buy Haverhill Brewery Beer and patronize The Tap in Haverhill, MA!!!)

Puking on trail: Jimmy Crack Whore

At this point I will tell you the tale of the induction of our 1st (uh, 3rd) PooFlinger, Jimmy Crack Whore. Jimmy's final challenge was related to the World Peace theme in that he had to consume 5 shots (each from a different continent - maple syrup liquor from N.America, Amarula from Africa, Cachaca from S.America, Arak from Asia, and Aquavit from Europe) and eat 5 food items (each from a different continent - hummus from hummusland, a cracker from S.America, a chocolate coated cracker/stick from Asia, brie from Europe, and a piece of salt cod from N.America). Random pairings of each were presented to Jimmy at various points in circle. The instructions were simple - drink the shot in this cup and eat the snack in the other cup, but Jimmy was too kool for skool and managed to mix snack and shot into one vessel and down it (even the cod). The man is crazy. And while he never puked (apparently he had cleared the contents of his stomach out already on trail), he did stink like a distillery, getting anyone within 10 feet intoxicated off of his scent. After his challenge was finished and as circle was ending, Jimmy was made to kneel, drink his official PooFlinger tag from his vessel, and accepted his PooFlinger sash. Circle adjourned to the on-after, The Hen House in nearby Newton, NH

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