

## Trail #20 - 2nd Annual Pre-Thanksgiving Fall Classic

Date: November 19, 2011

Location: 42.469129, -71.631342 (aka Bolton Flats Wildlife Management Area parking lot off of Rt 110), Bolton, MA

Hares: Willy Wonka and the Backdoor Factory and The Buttlers Hit It

Pack: From PooF - Bleeps, Sweeps, and Creeps, Nipples Erectus, Jimmy Crack Whore, THE 2nd C\*mming, P\*ssy Factory, Counterfeit Dick, Yellow Dick Gnome, +2 Coonass, Bring Out the Gimp, Peppermint P\*ssy, Fuwangi Boner, Swamp Whine, Face Down No One to Blow. From Boston - Cl\*t Notes, C\*m Locker, Front Runner Bork Bork Bork, Jello Wrecked 'em, Mr. Bean, Necropheliac Jack, Peirce My Saurass, Puff N Stuff, Senior C\*cksucker, Spunk in the Trunk. From Burlington - Harlot Globe Fondler, Roscoe Pee C\*m Stain. From C\*mbidge - Krusty the Meat Miser. From Halve Mein - Pig F\*cker. From Nittany Valley - Tutu Fairy. From Rhode Island - Can't Eat P\*ssy, Dick's on Broadway. From Seacoast - Friar F\*ck.

The pack could smell blood in the air and most eagery showed up a half hour before hares away...and when I say blood in the air, I mean it was active hunting season/area and the air was rife with the sounds of gun shots. The hares' cars were parked among the packs', and as time for hares away grew near and the number of gunshots heard increased, the pack became less certain that the hares would return from setting the beer checks....alive anyway. The hares did finally appear about 15 minutes late, and one of them was soaking wet and injured, but no time for sympathy from the pack, they were ushered back off with thier bags of flour.

Precisely 12 mintues later, the pack started walking, crossing a metal gangway more suitable for a boat than spanning horizontally over a stream, not quite long enough to keep anyone's feet from getting wet, not that it mattered as the field beyond was mushy grass and muck. Ignoring the 'Safety Zone' signs like any good hasher would, the pack pack quickly came across a pack of wild hunters and thier pups who were staring at the rag-tag pack of hashers who had now

started to run. Ironically, the hunters looked like deer in headlights, unsure what to do when faced with the bright glare off of Krusty's pale legs. Grass quickly turned to low brush with trail marked in flags of white TP blowing in the air, much like the tail of white tailed deer....it is almost as though the hares wanted us to get killed. PFactory and Nips hung back from the pack slightly hoping that the front of the pack would take the brunt of any gunfire and that the hunters would run out of bullets before they reached thier range.

Trail wasn't all about the fear of death by bullet though. The pack emerged thru the brush to find a river with a 50'+ tree fallen across it. Most of pack went carefully across the river on the fallen tree. Puffy chose to cross directly thru the water which was cold, deep, and fast moving. Phin the hash dog attempted the same from the other side of the tree, having the sense to realize that the current would simply carry him back to the fallen tree should he be unable to make it to the other side, instead of, say, to Connecticut. Face decided to demonstrate a Triple-Lindy (made classic by Rodney Dangerfield), and ended up going craninum-first into the water. While her dive was a failure, the pack did learn that the water was over 6' deep as she was unable to find footing. Peirce got almost to the end of the tree, stepped off thinking to find shallow water for the last couple steps, and instead found 4' of water depth. Pulling himself up onto a reef of trash, he chivalrously prevented others from making the same sad mistake, and when Friar got spooked by the trolls living in the water under the middle of the tree, Peirce jumped in the water, tore the trolls to pieces with his bare hands, and carried Friar piggy-back the rest of the way across.

After the epic tree crossing, trail went directly up a 30', 75 degree leafy covered incline, thru some brush, and onto some trails, eventually emerging at the edge of a sand cliff, roughly 20' high, and of course trail went down it and across a large grass field and back into the woods, and out itno another clearing. Now, the pack hadn't heard any gunshots in a while, but suddenly they could hear them again quite clearly. In front of them was a ridge to be scaled, and just beyond the edge of that ridge was a thin line of trees thru which Bravo flags were waving in the wind. On this trail, I learned that Bravo flags are placed at the shooters end of gun range....which would have been comforting if anyone knew which direction the shooters were shooting in. Stupidly, the pack climbed to the top of the ridge in the direction of the gunfire, and were delighted to find that about 20' away was a fence behind which people were shooting...in the other direction. Oh, and there was a beer check. Running parallel to the fence was a railroad track. When Bleeps and Nips left the BC in search of trail and went to turn right, they were told by the pack still at the BC that Counterfeit had already gone that way, hit a false, and had run back in the other direction in pursuit of trail. They looked right, saw Fuwangi's back growing smaller in the distance, then looked left spotting Counterfeit who sure enough had found true trail, so they followed him. Despite everyone else in the pack clearly already knowing that right was the wrong way to go, they apparently all decided to go that way anyway. I'd say they were going to go find Fuwangi, but I'm pretty sure they were just being dumb. So for a while, it was just Counterfiet, Bleeps, and Nips, sharing trail, group hugs, and pleasant conversation with the men shooting on the other side of the fence (whose camouflage was of a

slightly more official variety than the hunters seen earlier - turns out, though Fort Devens has been closed for years, this is one area of Devens still used by the military for training).

After blowing thru a false, our happy trio of hashers located the next trail back into the woods, and quickly came across marks from the actual trail. It should be noted that this line between the woods and the track was marked with 'No Trespassing Town of Lancaster' signs, and while these signs appeared to be instructions for hunters to stay out, some hunters harassed Friar, who was the last person to cross thru the area, for trespassing. Trail continued thru the woods before coming back out to a sand cliff with open field beyond. Unlike the sand cliff on the first part of trail, this one was almost 90 degrees, and roughly 30' high. There was nowhere to go but down. Bork Bork did a diving somersault and lived. Fuwangi did some kind of odd crouching slide. Others just ran and jumped. Nips learned the value of tucking one's pants into one's socks before sliding down on one's ass....unfortunatly that lesson was learned after ending up with underwear full of sand and gravel. Pack crossed the open expanse below, up a 30' sand rise on the other side of the bowl, along a dirt road before emerging on...another sandy drop which was also 90 degrees, but slightly higher than the previous one. I have no idea how most people got down, but smart ones realized that there was a large rounded sand pile pushed up against one part of the cliff and used the resulting valley to walk down, or run full-tilt a-la PFactory. At the bottom were some abandoned vehicles and beer!

From the 2nd BC, the pack went back into the woods, getting briefly perplexed at a check before looking down the steep slope to their left, and spotting another downed tree at the bottom which spanned the river and upon which flour and TP had been placed. More acts of stupidity followed as the pack went from top of steep slope to bottom of steep slope, and despite cries of encouragement from the FRBs to the middle of the pack to just 'go as fast as you can and aim for the water', all arrived relatively safely at the bottom, crossed the tree, and entered a corn field. Trail marks became a little unclear as pack exited the corn, but the red barn at the parking area was in view, and the pack headed whichever way they could to get there, somehow acquiring one of the hares in the process. Amazingly, the entire pack made it to the end within a period of 10 minutes and all proceeded to Buttler's house a few miles away for circle and schenanigans.

This trash has been long so I won't bore you with all of the accusations, but first let me just say that Buttler invited 30 people back to his house which is for sale, had circle inside, and invited folks to drink all night and crash on the floor, all the while knowing that his realtor was coming at 1:30 the following day to have an open house. Buttler is pretty, but not necessarily smart. And now some of the accusation highlights:

FRB: Counterfiet and Krusty

FBI: Senor Cocksucker

DFL: Mr. Bean

Hare Snare: Most of the pack finding Wonka limping thru the corn field

Worst. Hunting season hash attire. Ever: Krusty for wearing itty bitty white shorts on trail so he'd better resemble a white tailed deer. Also, for deciding to add an orange vest to his outfit 'for safety' just before trail, and having the orange of said vest actually closely resemble leaves and the coloring of a grouse.

1st PooF trail: Bork Bork, Mr. Bean, Piggy, Senor

5th PooF trail: CEP, Krusty, Cl\*t

10th PooF trail: Pepppermint

20th PooF trail: Nips, Bleeps

Barbie's C\*mming Challenge attempts successfully completed: CEP, Cl\*t, Roscoe, Peppermint

Evil Monkey Challenges successfully completed: Krusty and Tutu Fairy