

Trail #750

First, thanks to Fowl Finger for the fucking awful trail and Muffy for the loud, angry bird screaming at us every time we walked into the house.

To recap, hounds arrived between 3-3:30. We had a flaccid circle where the only people less enthusiastic than the virgins were the old hounds. PP, topless per usual, decided to get a new take on leaving DNA on a hash tee shirt. Instead of cumming on it, he sweat through it; it's now \$25 instead of \$15 so some desperate hound can fingerbang herself with it and maybe have PP's baby. Fowl Finger drew the only coherent marks from the entire god damned trail in his driveway, was half-heartedly blessed by Pay, and left. The piss poor blessing likely accounted for our awful fucking trail.

We gave Fowl his 12 and 3. Virtually everyone expected the trail to be woefully short so we could begin drinking down, down, down... The virgins had cigarettes throughout the run, because nothing says socializing like sulking away from the group to smoke. It was hot enough to bake balls, so we searched high and low for clues. At the first major checkpoint, we ended up running up and down three stretches of street until we were ready to punch ourselves in our collective cocks and noticed that the trail picked back up on a golf trail. We followed it and got fucked hard; back five. Cutting through some hapless asshole's yard, we made our way over to some shopping mall where the hounds followed another brilliant set of clues down into some shiggy. Pay made a point to run very far ahead and come back, announcing that there was nothing that way. We began to suspect that his emphasis on running fast comes at the expense of actually seeing the trail, so we called him a fucking liar and found the trail where he had just been. He sprinted past the halt and promptly announced that there was nowhere to go. We again didn't believe him and found the trail. We ran around the parking lot...

Running around in the hot sun

We ran the hash and the hash won

We ran the hash and the hash won

We NEED BEER BUT THERE WAS NONE

We ran the hash and the hash won

Finally we found a beer-near and gorged ourselves on monstrously heavy IPAs, thinking foolishly that we were about to head back. Fowl fucked us good and left scant water, so the slowest hashers got nothing but the beer, beer, beer.

Chips noticed the flour went in a fucking circle around the beer near, so we eventually just spread out and looked for a clue (S H I T T Y REALLY SHITTY TRAIL). Finally we found a purple true trail mark that required a god damned magnifying glass to see. As we ran off to follow the true trail, I got lit up by a copper. He pulled up and said, "What are y'all up to out here?" I said we were a really fucking lame scavenger hunting running club. He laughed in my face and said they'd gotten a call about some people out here. Seeing X-Cabator's manly man sweater bounding down the road towards us, I asked the fuzz if the call had been about scantily

clad beautiful men running around in circles. He laughed instead of answering and told me to go on about my business and enjoy. Not bad for a pig, all things considered. So we ran across Two Notch and wandered around some more parking lots, while Pay sprinted hither and yon, seeing nary a clue throughout his runnings. If only the trail were marked with balls...

We caught the trail behind some furniture store into pine barrens. Seeing a truck on the trail, STD and DUMB let out a whoop of excitement as we all assumed it was PP there to ferry us to the alleged pool. It was not; instead, it was a kindly man with little English skills and a big fucking rake. We ran in circles. We ran down sandy hills and through piney woods. We ran into some poor shit's yard. We picked up trail through a fence run, only to be told we'd been fucked as we stood single file in shiggy and fences. Back 10, Fowl, ya fuck. Off we went, still optimistic to see PP waiting to take us home. We hoped in vain. We crossed Two Notch and had to double back over trail because Fowl was drunk when he made the s h i t t y shitty shitty trail. At one point, someone was carrying a woman. I'm not sure if it was rape, preening, or a bit of misplaced enthusiasm, but we stayed on-on. Someone got lost in the pines, so an intrepid hound went back to get her. We arrived back at Muffy's to be squawked at by a psychotic avian. The lost girl and her rescuer returned.

She solved no checks and it feels so bad
She ran the hash and the hash won
Guess she's dead fucking last
She ran the hash and the hash won

We welcomed the virgins, encouraged them to come back for a decent trail, I got my very own church keys, X-Cabator got a pair of socks, and Reptile Dysfunction fucked an inflatable seahorse.

On-on.
N.N. Alexander