

SFH³ Trash

Back-to-school night at the Hash

Hash #1217, August 28, 06

Having grown tired of dirt trail, woods, sand hills and coastal views, the pack set out on **Deadbeat and Spunky Brewster's** Tour de Pavement. Immediately encountering a most excellent back check, the pack set out solving it in a uniquely SFH³ way. One group blew through the back check, shouting "on on!" They were not seen again until the circle. Another group ran back one block, hung a right and yelled "on on" despite no evidence whatsoever of any marks. By virtue of persistence and some dumb luck, they eventually stumbled upon trail. Observing the [Brownian motion](#) occurring below, **Straight to Hell** stood on an overpass, removed his clothes, waved his arms and alerted the pack to true trail. Good work STH. **Deadbeat** managed to get **Hand Pump** to deliver the keg to the beer check on Pier 14. Damn – why didn't I ever think of having **HP** do that for one of my *uns?

Jizzard, Pythagorass and **Where's My Vagina** celebrated back-to-school in fine style by bringing their whole damn elementary school classes to the hash. **Fingerling** and **Tom Thumb** immediately engaged in a scuffle, with each landing some well-placed blows to the head. Hey kids, take a tip from your uncle stinky; head shots are great but a quick left to the solar plexus and a right to the kidney will really soften up your opponent.

Speaking of **WMV**, sometimes a guy makes such an amazing play that you can only stand in awe and tip your cap to him. Newbie **Just Casey** grabbed a beer for each hand and polish 'em both off in about 3 seconds. Wasting no time on idle chit-chat, he immediately *found* his **Vagina** and disappeared with her under the freeway overpass. Emerging 15 or 20 minutes later, they were last seen closing down the bar at the on-on-on. Only time will tell if this romance will last or turn out like a certain 1982 [Hall and Oates song](#).

A number of people asked for an update on **Who's Your Daddy** – how's his house cumming along, when's he getting back, are you two still an item? I checked in with **Motormount** about the house and he paused for several seconds, took a sip of beer and replied laconically "well... you can't call it a house anymore..." As to the other questions, the answers are "I don't know dammit" and "yes but our wives don't know so shut the hell up already."

Deadbeat drank for a shitty trail, not because the trail was particularly shitty butt because he brought carrots butt *no freakin' Cheetos!* Duuuuuuuude, what were you thinking? **Fucker** and **Princess Slut** drank for making out on trail. I don't remember that down-down, but that's what it says in my notes. What's the crime? I think the real crime here was that for the second time in a month, **P Slut** (oooooh, I *like* that name) wound up on the eagle trail with absolutely no idea of where the split was or how she got there, butt the reported crime was that **Whoracle** caught them and kicked both their asses.

Speaking of ass kicking, we've got **Beasty Boy**. **BB** drank for a number of crimes. **BB** drank for becoming a VP of credit cards at WhamU bank. **BB** drank because he damn near *became* garbage by *unning in front of a garbage truck. Yes, a garbage truck *will* kick your ass every time **BB**! Butt the major butt-kicking apparently happened at **Straight to Hell's** tequila party, where **BB** got so drunk he fell butt first onto a pile of **STH's** cast-iron bondage equipment. Ouch – that's gotta hurt! An anonymous spy in attendance at the party sent us this photo of **Beasty's** bruised butt. Viewer discretion advised.



Speaking of asses, **MM** resurrected his lame-ass *1-2 swallow my goo* song from two weeks ago, and it was once again rejected by the pack. **STH** drank because his track coach used to poke him in the ass with a finger during practice. Um, **STH**, that appendage wasn't a finger, which might explain your erect *unning style. **Captain Organ** might want to think about retirement after striking out on 4 on pantsing attempts, exposing no asses at all.

Well, time to get my ass outta here an go do some chores, so until next week,

ON-ON!

RMO