

**WinterHash**  
**January 30, 2016 1:69ADHDHST**  
**Hosted by IH3 at 4H Acres**  
**Trail #779**

**It begins with the tapping of a keg, the pouring of beer, and a lot of blue habby.**



# The Hares: Kickstand and Brown Hole Delivery

## The Hounds:

6.9 on the Rectum Scale  
All Holes Hoping  
Altered Boy  
Analyze This  
Arachnoflowbia  
Ass First  
Ass Full of White Man  
Boo Berry Tits  
Bushy Cholera  
Butt Floss  
Chew Chew Ham Ham  
Chunks & Dunks  
Clitorhands  
Cock Killer  
Cock-or-two  
Country Cock  
Cream of Wheat  
debasement  
Decibelle  
Doris Dicktoria  
Dr. Grundle Gravy  
Dry Spell  
Fleshlight  
Golden Snowball  
Handy  
Hare Llama  
Home Blown  
Jello Jigglers  
Kiss my Cockbook  
LayzHer Pussy  
Lick Around for Seconds  
Loose Early  
Mark Suckerberg  
Master Baster  
Mayan Ass Bleeds  
MC Hemorrhoid  
Munch Box

Nacho Bitch  
No Child from Behind  
Nurse TaKillYa  
Pack 'n' Play  
Pastorbator  
Piggy  
Pokeahotass  
Porcelain Goddess  
Robins Wood  
Self Cock Block  
Shiggy Shaman  
Shit Talkie  
Six from Behind  
Snidely Whipass  
Snow Me a Blowman  
Sperm Whale  
Spike  
Tastes Like 10<sup>th</sup> Grade  
Thank You Cum Again  
The Great Gashby  
The Virginator  
Tweedle Me  
Utica chub  
Willy Wanker  
Just Chris (Hannah W)  
Just Joe  
Just Kerm  
Just Nadz  
Virgin Aaron  
Virgin Haeley



69  
Registrants!

Half minds showed up to 4H Acres and were invited to hash practice by participating in a Beer Mile, set by Master Baster.



Haha! I'm the only team of ONE!

Well, the odds of Baster successfully navigating the Beer Mile as the only team of ONE are something like 3,720 to 1.



And they're off!  
Sort of...

Maybe I'll just  
walk this one.



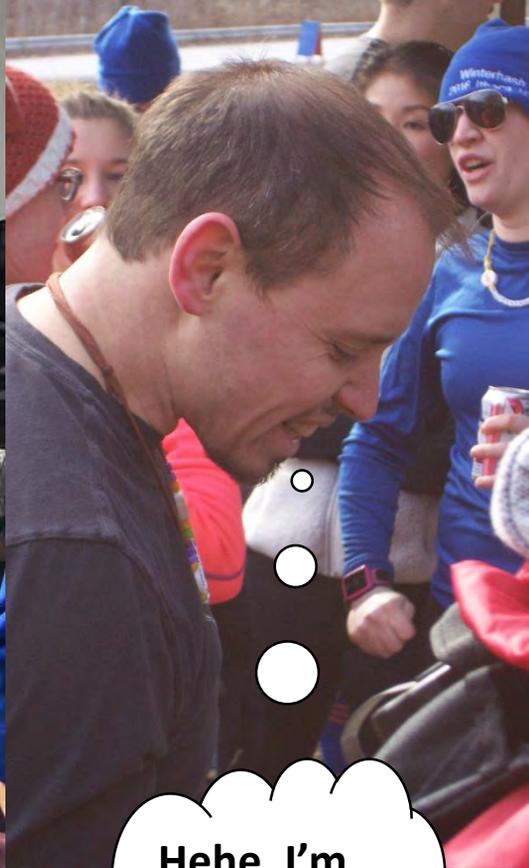
BEER!  
Blaahhhh!!!

Chug, Baster! Chug!





After this event, they should call me 'Six Pack from Behind.'



Hehe. I'm really not taking this seriously.



What?! I was running the wrong way?



Crap!



Crap!

Meanwhile, in a not so distant field...



This is Phoenix.

I don't no...  
I don't no...

With the dogs happily (?) trying to fornicate, the Beer Mile continued. Keep going, Baster!



I'm a little concerned...



Nobody said it had to be pretty.



Congratulations WinterHash Beer Mile participants.  
Good showing!

Ithaca HHH 2016

Winterhash Beer Mile Re-Lay

Baster ① 2:13 ② 4:57 ③ 7:52  
PUKE 9:16 → 10:47

Doris · Kiky · CC · Tasty 7:20

Re-Lay | 1. Fleshy · Selfie · Child · Blow Me  
SOHY 8:49

2. Mc Heman · J. Madz · ATH · Snidely 7:10

3. Home B. Glitter H. Cockbook · J. Kevin FCH3 9:10

4. Drifpall · Charles · Cooker 2 · Poka SOHY 6:52

5. Goldie · Tweedle · Aual · Six SOHY - Ginas 10:08

6. Jello · Mark 2 · Myan · Ass First · SOHY 9:24

With the running (or a loose version of that r\*cist term) of the Beer Mile complete, it was time to pre-lube for trail

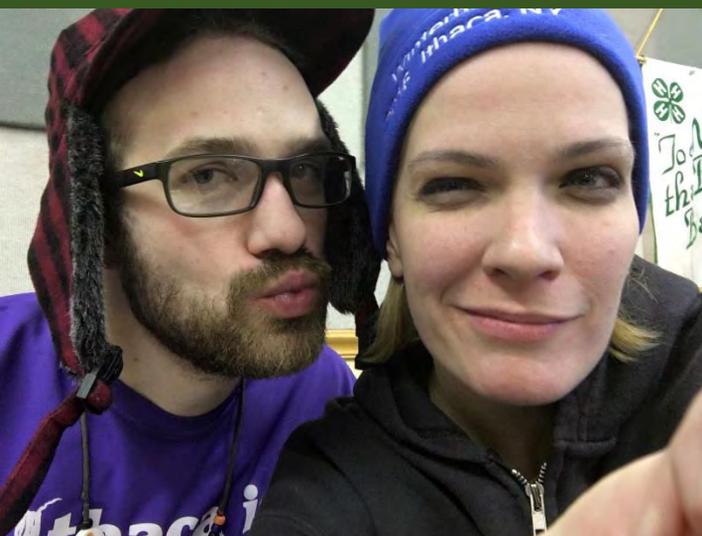


Not quite sure, but I think lube is involved here somewhere.

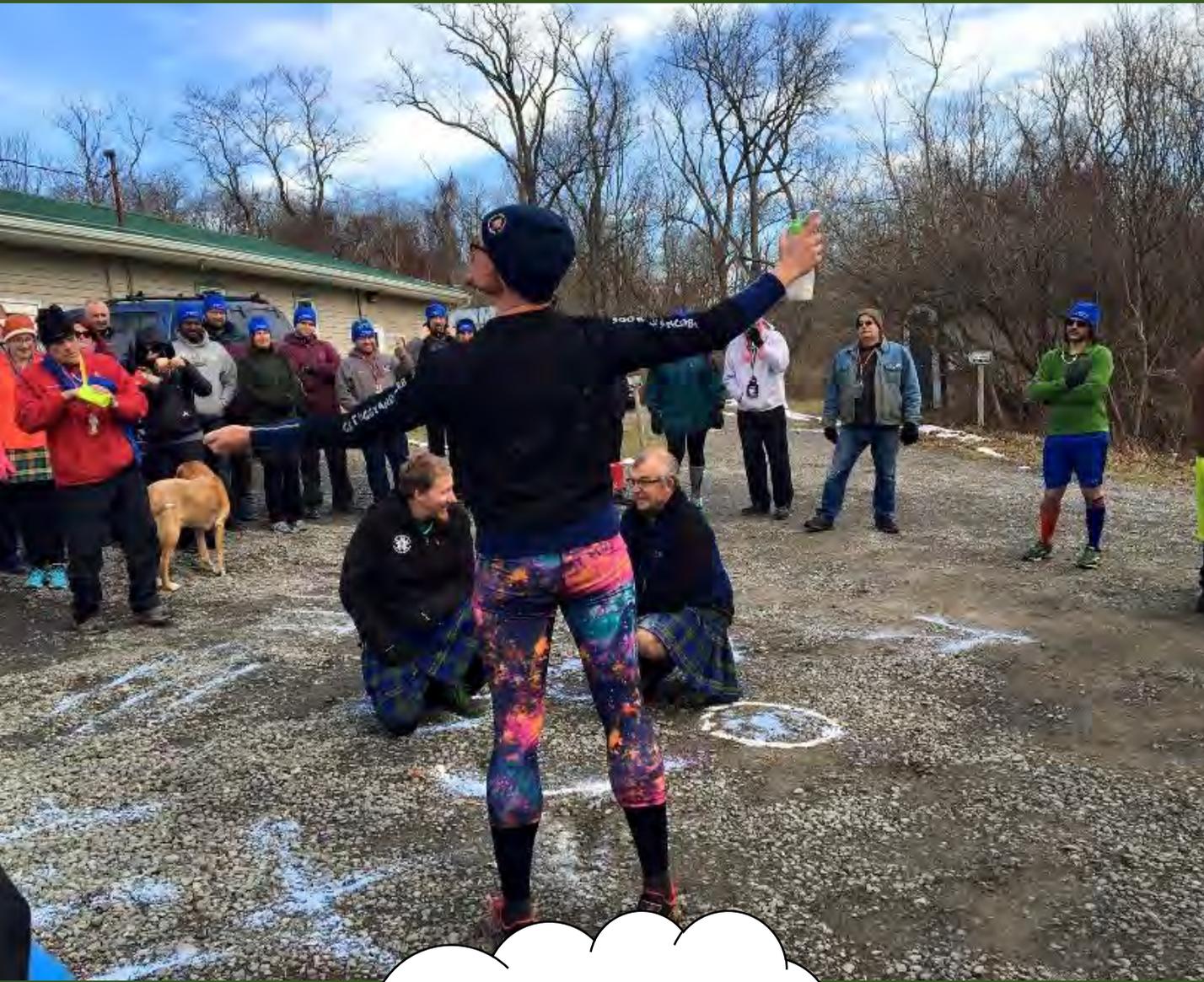
Even MORE pre-lube for trail



There may not be lube involved, but there is love. Awww....



Chalk talk began. Why did the hares have smirky looks on their faces? The hounds were doomed...



Oh, gracious Gispert! Why these hares? Whyyyyyyyy?!



Suddenly, inspired by the illicit behavior between Phoenix and 'I don't no'...





Getting back to the business in, I mean, *AT* hand...



We didn't understand a thing the hares were showing us at chalk talk.



Gashby knows: It's going to be a S.H.I.T.T.Y. trail.

Trail began and the hounds, gallantly following the hares' marks, were led to....*DEATH?*



But one *courageous* hound scaled a shiggy tree and quickly found trail leading away from the dreaded skeletal remains.



Where are the virgins going?



They're taking the virgins to Isengard

**Trail continued with the usual half mindedness...**



**Beer was found and everybody was happy.**





Please don't tell my mother about this.

Keystone ICE is a s.h.i.t.t.y. beer, but that's OK. I forgive you.



Why is everyone wearing blue hats???





They **CALL** me.....

I don't know what Chew Chew's about to do to the camera, but it looks really hot!



Trail continued. And then, for one brief magnificent moment in time, Shiggy Shaman and Great Gashby were FRBs.

Where the f\*ck is everyone?!



Who cares?  
Hehehehehe

Or, at least, Shiggy Shaman and Great Gashby  
were FRB's until trail stopped.

It just *stopped*.

No marks to be found anywhere and, now  
confused, the valiant FRBs didn't know  
where to go or what to do.

Stupid Hares!

Why *THESE*  
hares, Gispert?  
Whyyyyy?!!!!



Meanwhile...



I don't no...  
I don't no...

The hounds and former FRBs were pointed in a new direction (not by the hares, mind you) to *The BRIDGE*.



Not for the faint of height.



The bridge crossing proved to be intense.



Nope. Not happening.



Maybe *too* intense.





At last, the final hound successfully crossed the bridge.



And everybody was happy because there was a shot stop!





Trail continued up and away from the dreaded bridge. Beer was found!



There's the lube we've been missing.



The light of Gispert had begun to fade. It was time to head back to home base at 4H Acres.



Having returned to 4H Acres, the Kitchen Bitches set to work on feeding the famished crowd. Only the BEST home-cooked pasta and bread would be served – with a bit of greenery splashed in for color.

Oh boy!  
Kale salad?!



This does not reflect the quality of the food. Piggy's trying to steal my pasta!

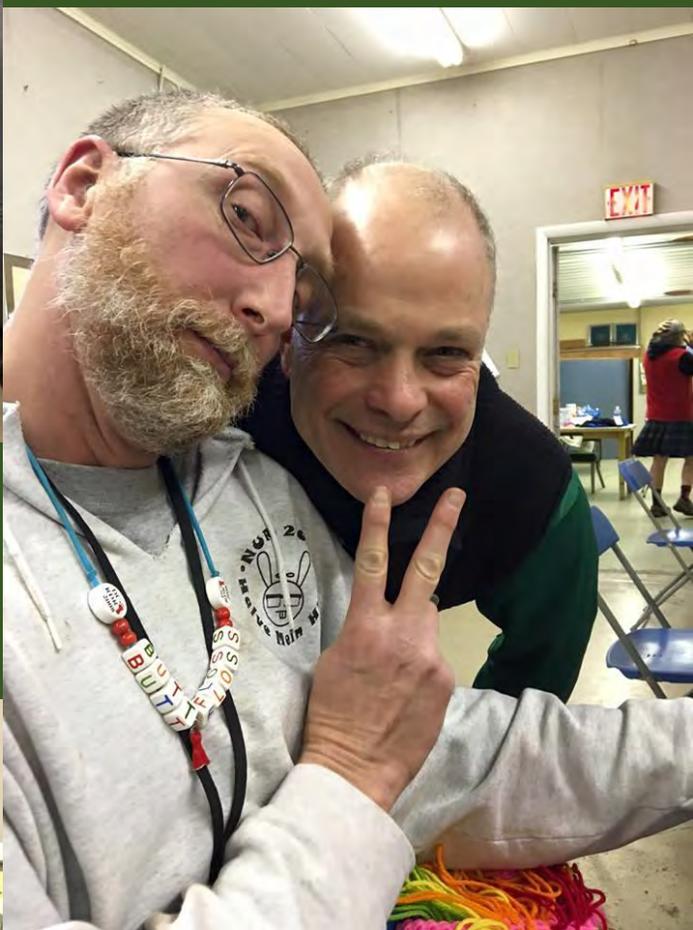


Mmmmm...





# Why is Piggy so popular?



I was born so beautiful. That's why.



Beer and food!  
Beer and food!  
Om nom nom!



With the hungry masses fed, circle time commenced.

A toast to the hares, as no one was terribly harmed on trail. (One person was eventually sent to the ER – but no one died.)



A toast to the virgins who joined us on this day. Though they may have been misguided, they were not stolen or lost along the way.



At this point of WinterHash, I don't even care what I'm being toasted for...



More down downs and dancing and who knows why?



I must think up something extra special for *THESE* two.



Circle time suddenly took on an epic quality, with an emotionally moving proposal of marriage, embraced by the sound of happy, excited cheering, while tears of joy were shed by many.



The dogs were appreciated for their entertainment value.



I don't no.  
I don't no.



PnP's panties were added to Baster's wardrobe.



Kitchen Bitches received a healthy down down.

Let's just dip Shiggy Shaman's necklace into Spike's beer. I know he'll appreciate that.

# The necklacing of Shiggy Shaman

Mmmm... This tastes of good quality beer with a hint of spicy nuts.

I think something's floating in there.

*(Rethinking...)* What the hell did I just do?



**And thus, circle ended and it was time to clean up. Blah, blah, blah. Work bitches. Nobody cares.**



WinterHashers reconvened at The Rave for an overnight of squooshed cozy sleeping digs and shenanigans.



Apparently it was tat your favorite body part night.



Some very **RED** body parts at times. Is that from the cold or slapping?



