



February 19, 2015

Trail #44

Pitt #44: Year of the Green Wooden Sheep/Goat



Who: Cuffed & Battered, Idiotic Cat Poser, Gaggle Cock, and Shanghiney

When: Thursday February 19, 2015 @ 6:30 PM

Where: East End Brewery

Cum one cum all and celebrate the Chinese New Year with the Green Wooden Sheep/Goat by flaunting your finest collection of sheep themed bling, head gear, and other themed articles, or just wear a sheep skinned rubber. The buddy system is highly recommended, as the big bad wolf might be out on the prowl looking for sheep to devour, trail is also not very pet friendly. Bring head lamps, weather appropriate attire, wiki your local gang colors, put on your game face, and kiss your loved ones goodbye.

-ICP

ADD random google sheep pic here



TRAIL STATS:

TRAIL #: 44

DATE: February 19, 2015

MILES: 4 to 6

ATTENDANCE: 26 (19M/7F)

START: East End Brewing Co. - Larimer

TEMPERATURE: 0 degrees F (-18 wind chill)

HARES: Cuffed & Battered, ICP, Gaggle Cock, Shanghiney

Commemoratives:

Cup (25 trails & 3 hare): ICP, Moon

Tags (10 trails & 1 hare): Shanghiney

Naming: none

New Boots: none

Visitors: none



Now	9PM	10PM	11PM	12AM	1A
☁	❄ 30%	❄ 30%	☁	☁	☁
0	0	0	0	-2	-2

Today: Partly cloudy conditions with a wind chill of -18°.

Sunrise: 7:06 AM

Sunset: 6:00 PM

Chance of Snow: 10%

Humidity: 42%

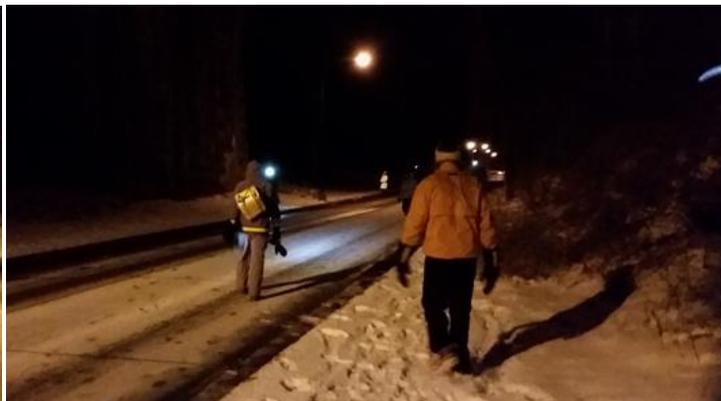
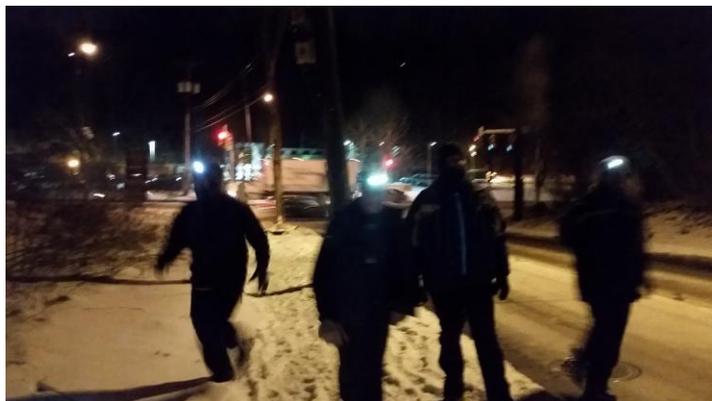
Wind: nw 13 mph

Feels Like: -18°



TRAIL REVIEW by Major Pecker and Tight Embouchure

It was cold. Very, very cold. A surprisingly large group of 26 hashers braved the frigid temperatures to attend the coldest PITT trail to date. **Spermit, HLT, and Scrum Guzzler** showed up to East End Brewing Co. first and jumped in on a game of trivia that was going on. This group of half-minds somehow managed come in first place at the end of the first round and won a free hat despite not sticking around for the rest of the game. Delicious beers were drunk as three of the four hares, **Cuffed & Battered, ICP, and Shanghiney**, waited patiently for their fourth hare, **Gaggle Cock**, to return from walking **Falkor**, her beloved Luck Whore. When 7:00 rolled around with no word from Google Gaggle, **Defender of Peedom** told the hares to GTFO. They obliged and the pack followed shortly after as the frigid, bleak Pittsburgh night called to the hashers to leave their warm bar and look for flour (and stuffed sheep). The hares took the pack on a scenic tour of Larimer and Highland Park giving them plenty of opportunities to get lost and really enjoy the -18 degree wind-chill. When **Moon** took a fall on the first leg, **Scrum Guzzler** showed us what it truly meant to be a hasher by stealing Moon's hat and then leaving him behind to die in the cold. Through some sort of sorcery **Google Gaggle** appeared at the first beer stop! After having a few surprisingly warm beers (at least they seemed warm) the pack was brought on a treacherous stumble down to Washington Blvd. Apparently the hares decided that trail hadn't been dangerous enough and they did their best to thin our numbers by spitting the pack out onto the highway. With nary an arrow to be seen and falses in every direction, the pack roamed back and forth across Washington Blvd in front of the Zone 5 police department. This caught the attention of some of Pittsburgh's Finest who yelled at **Porn Again Christian**, telling him to "get the fuck off of Washington Blvd." Great trail placement guys. After a subjective lifetime wandering around the highway, the pack was saved by divine intervention as **Defender of Peedom** lead the pack straight up a hillside to the second stop, where some delicious paint thinner, er... I mean a shot stop, was enjoyed by all. The pack left the second stop in high hopes that the hares had learned their lesson, but once again everyone found themselves lost in the bitter cold. There was a very interesting shot quest on this leg of trail, a bag of wine stuffed into a giant sheep. Unfortunately **Major Pecker** was the only person to stumble upon true trail and find the shot quest as the rest of the pack got desperately lost after they wound up following old marks. In the end the pack finally managed to make it to circle sans **Just Kris** who disappeared (but given that he's lost virgins on trail before, no one felt too bad). Kudos to **GLTR** and **Peedom** for keeping circle blessedly short, and ending with Swing Low in double time. And congratulations to all the idiots dumb enough to come out for not losing any (important) body parts. SHIT Trail.



Cold and confused, the pack wanders around Lincoln-Lemington-Belmar attempting to find trail.



The PITT SHIT

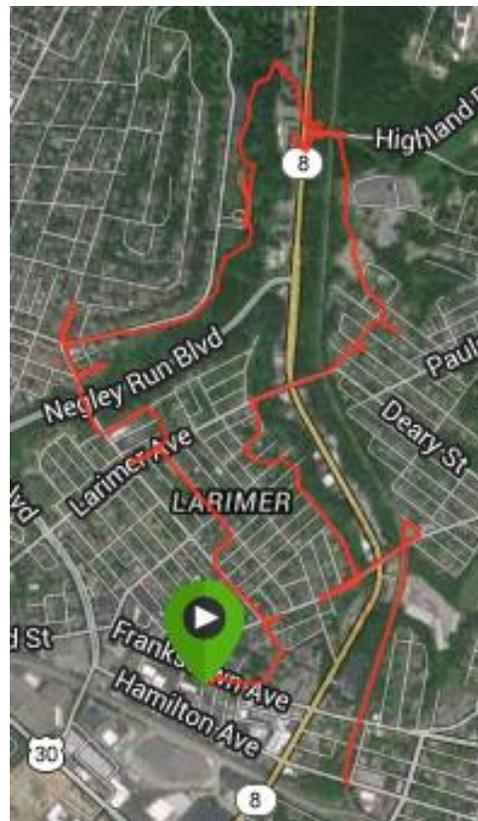
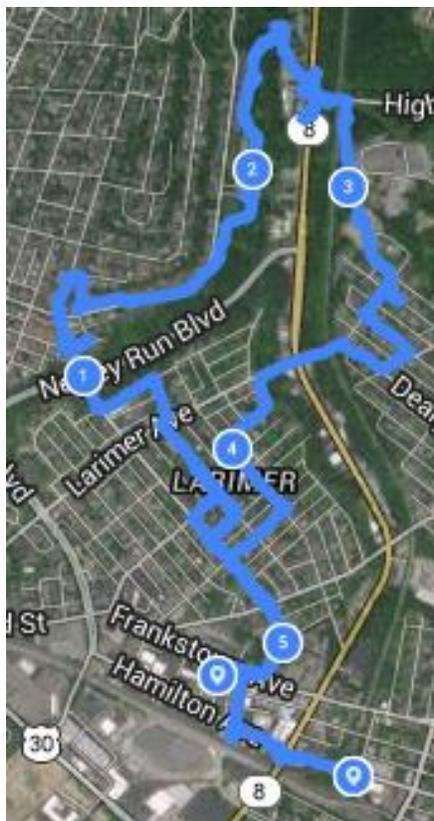
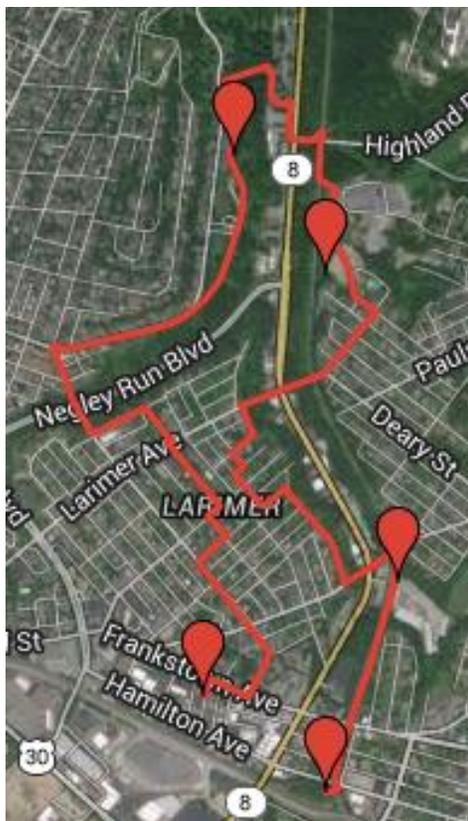
Issue #4

3/2/15

Planned True Trail: 4.21 miles

Just Jon: 5.66 miles

Major Pecker: 6.13 miles



SONG OF THE WEEK

Hasher's Battle Song

(To the tune of Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Her eyes have seen the horror of the steepness of the trail
Her ears have heard the whining of the whining hasher's tale
Her lips have felt the passing of this nation's finest ale

This hasher's done it all

Glory, glory ale and lager!

Glory, glory ale and lager!

Glory, glory ale and lager!

Drink it down, down, down, down, down...

Pitts.hhh@gmail.com

To sign up for a trail, submit write-ups for the newsletter, etc. please send us an email.

WE STILL NEED PATCH DESIGNS!!

**YOUNGER,
LOUDER &
SNOTTIER**