



TRAIL REVIEW by **ManGurglar**

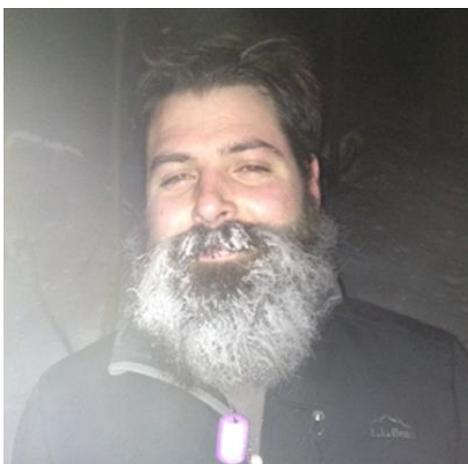
For the 2nd time in the short history of the PITT hash our paths collided with the PGH-H3 Fool Moon Trail. This time we decided to combine forces and blend ideas rather than compete against each other. Trail was outside of the city but it was a live trail. Hash cash was not collected from PGH members but everyone got PITT trail credit. And best of all, we were fed at the end of the night!

Just Stephanie took the bull by the horns and laid her virgin trail as a live PITT trail. She had some help from **T-Bag** (the 2nd of 3 trails he will hare within 2 months) and **Defender of Peedom** also helped last minute, but it was Just Stephanie who planned this trail through the great white Suburbia. We zigged and zagged up and down through the streets of the North Hills guided by the light of the full moon and the soft blue glow of TVs through all the windows. The only complaint I heard was from **Major Pecker** who couldn't tell the difference between a check and a false; although the fact that he wasn't wearing a headlamp or his glasses may have contributed to that.

About a mile and a half in we came to the first beer stop where we enjoyed a good selection of beer and continued to the shot stop which consisted of a wine bag full of Fat Boy! The unsolved mystery of how they got the Fat Boy into the boxed wine bag is a mystery that still keeps me up at night. Apparently a dad came out and yelled at certain hashers for participating in illegal activities just down the street from where his kids live. I don't think we expected anything less from a hash through suburbia. After all this fun we slid down a forest hill to the magical land of bridges and streams brightly lit by the "Worm Moon" as it reflected off the fresh snow. The March full moon is called the Worm Moon because it's the "last full moon of winter" and all the earth worms are coming out of the unfrozen earth. Even though worms were not emerging from the still frozen ground, it was so beautiful in the woods, you'd be an asshole to complain.

The last beer stop was down in the woods, past the 7 bridges. By this point **ICP & Muff Warmer's** beards were frozen but despite the cold we feasted on crackers and drank all of the beer. From there, it was a short run back to **Just Stephanie & Just Wade's** house where we warmed up in the garage and surprise! **Glitter** showed up to run circle after apparently running the entire trail without catching up to us. **T-Bag** was awarded his cup & **Bend Overture** got her tags. Some people would not stop talking in circle and **Ogre Under** got a "shut the fuck up" card shoved in her mouth. **Moon** drank from multiple drinking vessels, plumbing pipes, and a high heel. Hopefully he brings his cup next trail.

Overall, totally Shit Trail. Now let's get back to the fucking city.



It's going to take a little while for **Muff Warmer** to warm anything up...



(From left to right) **Cream of Mushroom, Porn Again Christian, ICP, Guten Frog, Major Pecker, Bend Overture, and Ogre Under**

Time for a Naming!

Just Danny had now attended 10 trails and he had a plan not to get named. It's funny how much hashers can differ from one another. He knew the PITT rule that you have to earn your name by attending 5 trails and haring a trail and, having not yet hared a trail, he thought he was safe. He did not, however, account for the fact that this was a PGH Fool Moon collaboration trail and that, well, the rules are really just guidelines anyway and we do what we want. At the end of circle he begrudgingly came into the limelight. **Glitter** tried to keep it to questions with "yes or no" answers only but that went out the window when **Mushroom** asked who would be in his 3 person sex fantasy. I know his first answer was his wife, **Shameless Cussy**, smart man and who can blame him. He may have also included **Double Stuffed** and maybe that chick from *Saved by the Bell* but my memory is a bit blurry. We continued around the circle asking questions, learning that his middle name is Holiday and his answer to kill, fuck, or marry (holiday edition) was kill Santa, fuck the Easter Bunny, and marry Uncle Sam (you can tell he is a military man).

Through all the commotion I see **Just Danny's** BFF **Double Stuffed** working his way over to **Scrum Guzzler**. He says to Scrum, with a sly grin on his face, that he has a question but doesn't know if it's appropriate to ask. The question was "how many times did you reuse the same condom when you lost your virginity?" The answer was 3. It didn't take long after that for everyone to agree on the name **Triple Dipple**.



Wifey **Shameless Cussy** and BFF **Double Stuffed** giggle and wait anxiously to throw snowballs at **Triple Dipple** during his naming ceremony.



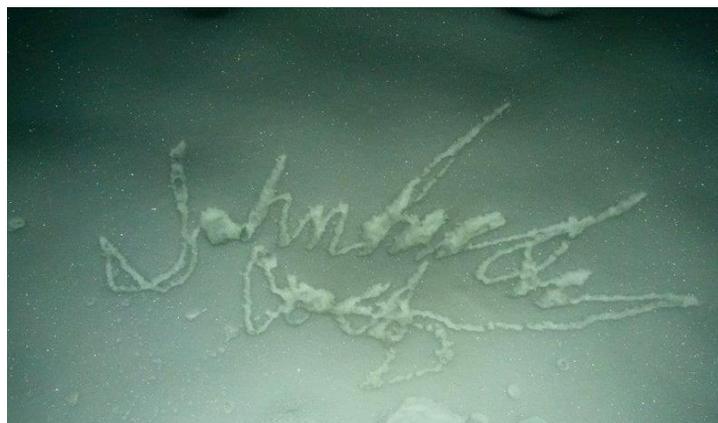
Ogre learns the hard way to keep her mouth shut during circle ☺



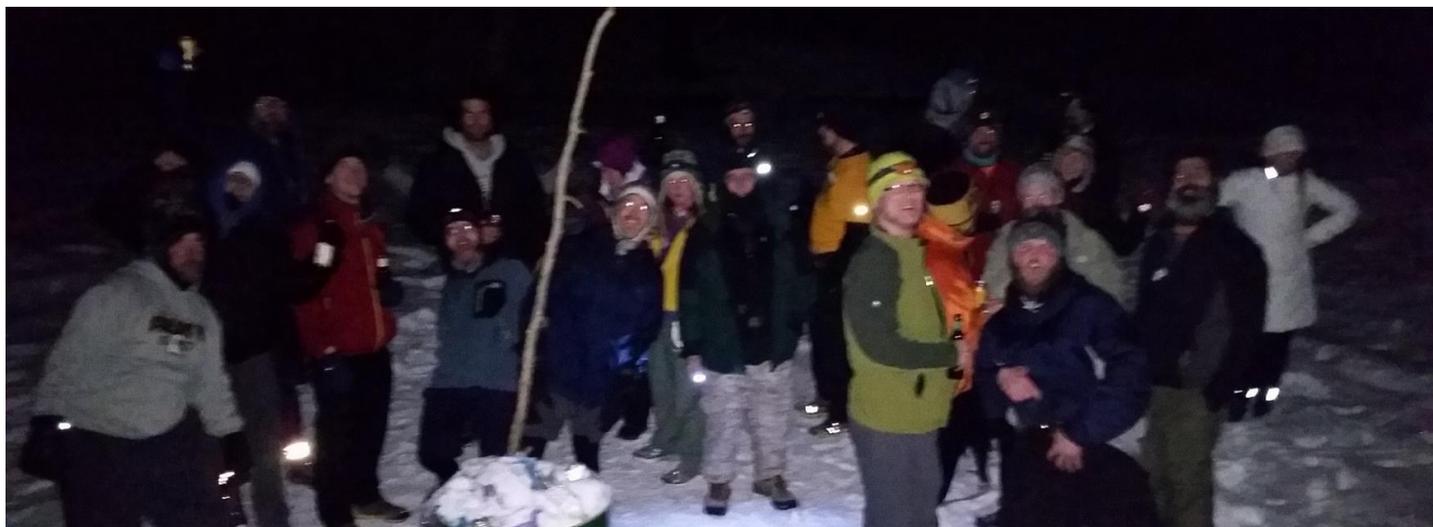
SONG OF THE WEEK

Take me out to the Hash Run

Take me out to the hash run
Take me back to your room...
Buy me some condoms for sex, sex, sex...
Ribbed French ticklers are always the best!!
For it's push, push, push to the climax
If I don't cum, it's a shame.
For its ooh, ahh, oh my god
I don't know your name!



John Handycock shows his "handy work" at the first beer stop



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

PLEASE SUBMIT PATCH DESIGNS to commemorate running 50 trails.

Cuffed & Battered - what is taking you so long?

