

LONG BEACH #3 SNOOZE

Hash Hotline: (562) HASHITT

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Hash Website: www.lbh3.org

THE GREAT LBH3 TE-HASH-A-FEST CAMPOUT of 2010

by WILD "Bloody" BILL

It was unreal; a vision; a fantasy beyond fantasies.... I dreamed I saw JANE FONDLE, crawling into my van and lying next to me. "I want you," she began, and my head started to nod, "I want you to do something for me." "Anything," I gasped. "Good," she said, "be the scribe for this weekend. Thank you!" and she popped up, and was gone....

No dream, no fantasy - just WB being conned by another pretty girl. Talk about pickin' on a cripple...

The drive up to Indian Hill Ranch was more exciting than in years past. We just dodged a traffic mess on the 5 by jumping straight from the 210 to the Truck Bypass to the 14. Then we headed closer and closer to the smoke from the fires on the ridge above Palmdale. But it caused us no problems, the air got cleaner as we neared Tehachapi, and by 1:00 we were into the piss. VFW was setting up his "Fireman's Brew" beer, Passing Wind was putting up a sail to act as a sunshade, Alouette began checking people in, and Princess of Incest was lurching around like she'd been shot - seems she managed to injure herself taking the first step out of the vehicle! Hi-Speed and hubby Mike showed up with an entire trailer full of goodies, including the weekend's T-shirts, which were of several different sizes, shapes, and colors (thanks, Princess) and all bearing a logo designed by Alouette. As the masses began to assemble, the lottery was drawn to see which lucky bastards would be the Friday night Hares. Chin Ball, Passing Wind, and Big Boobs were the Chosen, and the scouting began forthwith.

After about an hour of scouting, the Hares were off, and the pack hurriedly tried to hydrate by pounding down two or three more beers in the allotted 15 minutes. Fortunately, the first Beer Check was very near, up by the Princess's RV, so the hydration continued. Trail went east and south out of camp, and soon the pack stumbled onto Beer Check No. 2, which was really Jello Shot Check No. 1, but let's not confuse the issue. So now everyone was hydrated, jello-sticky, and happy. From there, the trail went severely On-Up to the south, and trending west. If you didn't know you were over 4,000' elevation, you were sure finding it out now. Just about the time the lungs were ready to explode, we dropped back down into the valley and headed west. There was a False Trail leading north to the main road, which I shot through and picked up trail leading back toward camp - thereby missing Beer

Check No. 3, but getting me closer to VFW's kegs with each step. Trail twisted north and came in around the "lake" - which looks more like a "swamp" each time we see it - and finished at the kegs. We eschewed Down Downs to cut straight to a rowdy Chili Cook-Off, which was absolutely top notch. The corn bread was an especially good touch! Every pot was so good that

there was a 3-way tie for 1st Place, and the next place was only a single vote behind them! On the second ballot, Wrect Him and Got Dibs tied, and that's about as far as the Hashers' attention span will go. Meanwhile, Beaver Bam Bam Balls had set up the movie screen - a masterpiece of architectural engineering and PVC. We all cozied up to watch "The Hangover" and "Airplane", and the hardcores stayed up well beyond the credits. A warm evening, clear skies with a huge moon, coyotes howling - really fine camping.

It was unreal; a vision; a fantasy beyond fantasies.... You're the Dung that I Want walks up very close to me, and stretches her arms straight out to the sides. As "Hash Security" it was my DUTY to pat her down. I'm sweating. "I hear that she's really smart, too," I think, as I earnestly pursue my obligations of checking here, checking there, maybe checking there again, just to be sure. Glancing over my shoulder, I see Alouette glancing over her shoulder at me - no doubt proud that I take the group's safety so seriously. "Alouette," I say, "I'd better take this one over to the van for an additional level of screening." Oops - Danger - heavy glare!! Oh, well, I tried....



Saturday morning, we bestirred ourselves, and were treated to a fantastic breakfast of burritos, fruit, and all the trimmings. Our food people, Kammona, Wrect Him, 6-9, Geezer, and I don't know who else, really really take care of us! As always, the coffee was a big hit.

Another vision; I can't stop them, they're as inevitable as sunrise, birth and death...OK, so Kammona's really good with the food, but what if, just what if, she was also a professional model and I could see her mincing down that model's runway, attired in LBH3's latest fashion designs...I reel with the thought, but there she is... Even though the Hares were taking off fairly early to beat the heat, I chowed down hard enough that I needed a nap before the run. After that (and a coupla beers), I was ready for the Main Event. Hares Chin Ball and Jane Fondle took off up the hill to the north of camp, and 15 minutes later, so did we. The first T/E split sent the Eagles up along the fence line, which the rest of the pack stuck to the road. On Up and On Up. After cresting the hill and dropping slightly down, we came to a Beer Check that was slightly off the road, down a mangy hillside. Night Deposit suggested we simply haul the bag of beer up onto the road, and make it easier on everybody. So, I'm helping a really pretty blond move some cold beer to where everybody can enjoy it and **My God My God I can't stop these visions, these wild, impossible fantasies...what if Night Deposit was a kinky brunette and on stage and gyrating and belting out the lyrics to, oh I don't know, "I Love Rock 'n Roll"?** But that's crazy.... The trail wound west, providing incredible panoramic views of the Tehachapi Valley. There was another T/E split, and another Beer Check at a particularly nice lookout. The trail descended past a couple of vehicles that had definitely seen better days (about 40 years ago). It then curled around the end of the mountain, then followed a path On-Up, finally dropping down through a pasture and On-In at the kegs. We had Down Downs, which were fun but went on too long (especially for some of the Vegas Hashers). Most of us soon tired of the mindless, loud bleating, and moved over to where a superb lunch had been laid out for us.

The evening's entertainment consisted of a large selection of bands, populated mostly by the same people, especially Last Train. He and Weed Wacker opened with a set of fairly obscene C&W songs (many people consider any C&W song to be obscene!), followed by Wild Bill, who carried on the general theme but with an Australian slant. Beaver Bam Bam Balls fronted some Led Zep, Night Deposit (fulfilling my naughty fantasy) ripped some Joan Jett, and our long-time musicians filled the rest of the evening with song, among them: 3 ½ Floppy, Homosexual, Sheep, Sin-D-Bare, 6-9, Shit Packer, Hi-Speed, and on on.

Sunday morning's activities consisted of both a Hash and a Bike Hash, but Alouette and I had some very pressing commitments in Laughlin so we had to depart early. (And yeah, I lost my butt at the blackjack table, but Alouette hit the poker machines, so everything turned out okay!)

Everybody ought to learn a little something at a Hash weekend, and among the things I learned were some things that don't work very well when trying to make points with the opposite sex:

Wild Bill No. 1: "Do you fuck on first dates?"
Weed Wacker: "Let's fuck, honey!" x 9 songs
Maxwell Stupid's T-shirt: "I'm here about the Blow Job."

Wild Bill No. 2: Sitting down next to Jane Fondle, but on an unsupported part of the chair, thereby ending up on my butt with my feet in the air.

4-N Lay (dejectedly): "I'm the only lesbian here, so I might as well turn in early."

Las Vegas Hasher Matt: "Spring Breaaaaaak!!", repeated 47 times at volume

Wild Bill No. 3 (to Gang Banger): "All that braying down by your tent last night - was that you or the donkeys?"

Finally, thanks again to everyone who pitched in and made this weekend the success that it was. A lot of work went into it, your efforts paid off, and Alouette and I sincerely appreciate it. All in all, another shitty LBH3 campout!

LBH3 WEEKLY SNOOZE STATS

Run Date: 7/30/2010 **Run #:** 1404 **Miles:** 2.9
Hares: Passing Wind, Big Boobs, Chin Ball Wizard
Place: Tehashapee campground
Attendance: 62
ON ON: Chili Cookoff at Campsite
Run Notes: pick-up hash, 2 beer checks,
2 jello shot check, trails close to campground.
1 killer check on top of hill. Ran by owners house.

Run Date: 7/31/2010 **Run #:** 1400 **Miles:** 4.8
Hares: Chin Ball Wizard & Jane Fondle
Place: TeHashaFest Campground
New Boots: Christopher Des Lauriers (K)
Returners: 3.5 Floppy, 4-N Lay, Asscrackistan,
Big Boobs, Deep Stroke, Got Milk—LA,
Ground Control, Heine-Key, HomoSaxual, Jane Fondle,
Just Say No to Crack, Shaggy Dog, You're the Dung,
Shit Packer, Sheep Thrills, Size Mc Matters,
Space Available, Claire McDonald, Graciela Miller
Visitors: Against The Grain, Picture Me Naked,
Updrunk'd the Junkie, Bloody Asshole,
Matt Brown--LVH3, Gangbanger--Ridgecrest,
RTD, Stickbite--LA

New Names: Matt Brown=2 Fucked 2cicle Jerk
Patches: Got Milk—LA=25 Jane Fondle=25
Psycho Bitch=100

Hare Patches: Passing Wind=10 Big Boobs=5

ON ON: Campground catered meal & rock bands

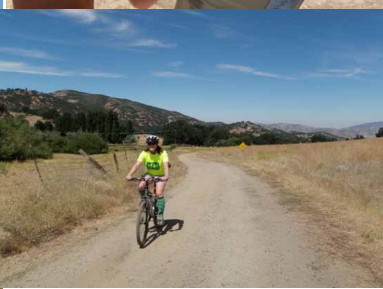
Run Notes: Hills around campground, 3 beer checks 1 water check. Very scenic, hot, but cool breeze, hilly, Donkeys.

Hashit: Weedwhack'er 4 seeing Lobstermen outside his tent all night.



It's Sunday morning in Tehachapi, the sun is blazing in through the tent and it is way too early. With four kegs flowing and an evening full of hasher cover bands rockin' the previous night away, those in charge made sure that the "Hangover Run" was in place as advertised. Everyone appeared to be up and about and anxiously waiting for the breakfast that was being prepared by **Kamma** and **Wrect'um** with help that may or may not have been from **Cum Nail Me**, **Tits Ahoy**, **Asscrackistan** and anyone else I may or may not have seen near the food that morning. **VFW** was tending the taps and **Princest** (ha, ha, see what I did there) was still managing the haberdashery fire sale. **Sponge**, **Blow Interest**, **Low Beams** and **Beaver Bam Bam Balls** were all working on limerick verses to some hash song. With bellies full of breakfast goodies and coffee, the hares, **Achey Breaky Fart** and **Sheep Thrills** seemed to be milling about waiting to get the Bohica/pedestrian trail over with. **Sheep** had a water bottle of Captain Morgan duct taped to his arm and a roll of toilet paper duct taped to his waist. I'm still not sure if that is how he prepared to hare or if that is how he woke up that morning. They actually put a bit of forethought into the trail and made sure to tell the pack to follow straight lines of flour instead of the standard plops of flour so that people didn't get potentially mixed up with Friday nights trail. With the rest of their lies out of the way they were off and headed to the back of the campground. Before he got far enough away for us to not see where he was going, **Achey** was having difficulty riding up the slight, bumpy incline and proceeded to fall off his bike. Good thing he had a helmet on or the turkey vultures might still be picking him clean right now. I wonder if Bohica should invest in some training wheels. While **Achey** was making his way up the slope, **Sheep** was following at a nice leisurely stroll behind him laying pieces of toilet paper along the way. The pedestrian pack which included **Just Say No to Crack**, **Heine-key** and **Just Graciela**, **Hi Speed Copulator**, **Maxwell Stupid** (Mr. Stupid to you), and **Undercover** took off shortly after. Somebody actually kept time and called on-on.

The Bohica pack, consisting of **Necro**, **Snatch of the Day**, **Night Deposit**, **Passing Wind**, and **Just Mike** (Mr. Copulator), who borrowed **Weed Wacker's** bike, over achieving runners **Chinball Wizard**, **Jane Fondle**, and **Cum Nail Me** were off. Following trail up through the field it got a little tricky with some rocky terrain and brush before coming out onto a road. There may have been a check there but I really don't remember. Trail went to the right, down the road a little bit and came to a beer check fairly soon. The Vegas contingent, **Pokey**, **Against the Grain**, **Picture me Naked**, **Updrunk the Junkie**, maybe a **Bloody Asshole**, and the newly named **Too Fucked up to Circle Jerk** (or, Woooooo, Spring Breeeeaaaakkkkk!!), were all hanging out at the beer check cooler with **Last Train** and **ZZ Topknot**. Trail kept going down the road which was a nice little downhill, to a quick right hook back up. **Sheep** was supposedly passing out the rum at some point but I must have passed it because I don't remember seeing it anywhere. Trail circled back to the main road and let back to the campground passed the bathrooms which made trail maybe a mile or mile and a half total. **Snatch** and I decided to get a little more riding in and made our own little Eagle trail. We went out past the ponds and down one of the other dirt trails in the area which led down to the main road again. We pedaled up the road and stopped to check out the Jackasses. Not the



hashers, but the real donkeys. At that point, **Just Mike** caught up to us and said he decided to follow our tire tracks and get a little more riding in as well. I can't decide if this non-official nickname (Mr. Copulator) should sound like The Matrix's Miiisterrr Anderssoon, or more like a superhero with a big MC on his cape. We all continued up the road and decided to follow the rest of Saturday's trail around the backside of the ponds to the on-in. The circle wasn't much of anything and down down's consisted of a sped up version of 'Shitty Trail' and that was about it. It was a good way to wrap up a fun weekend, free of any fire or smoke, at another LBH3 campout. Thanks to all of you who worked on putting another one together, cooked for us and served us, and entertained us. Until next time, on-out.
Necro

Te-hash-a-fest on Sunday, Sunday, Sunday....

How in the world did I say yes to scribing... I have been working on the Las Vegas Red Dress Run, the Canoe Trip, I'm haring this Tuesday for Sin City, I have been preparing for Burning Man, and this coming weekend I go to Bonneville for the races. I think I've gone loco or headed (wsh) that way soon. So, there I was...waking up Sunday morning after an awesome night of music, friends, and drinkin'. I heard the "last call for breakfast" from Kamawanaleiya.

That call-out raised the dead and I and some other zombies slowly emerged from our tents and stumbled down to center camp, had a bite to eat and some delicious coffee (HiSpeed spiked mine with Baileys...yummy).

I had some new life in me from the spiked coffee and Sheep Thrills totally took advantage of the situation and asked me to scribe... silly me saying yes. I think I have a problem saying the n word.

Achey Breaky Fart was haring the Bohica and was wearing his "purlple" helmet and Sheep Thrills, in his best camoflauge (lol), was haring the pedestrian trail. Off to the side of camp, through the brush they went. You could here Sheep yelling at Achey "we haven't even left camp yet and you're already falling off your bike". The pack just laughed and thought this is going to be a true fat-boy trail. Excellent!!!!

Soon the pack was off, through camp, into the trees, down a little hill, around a corner. I saw Night Deposit fly by on a bike along with Snatch of the Day, Necro, and Michael Gaber. We walked a little farther and what did we pass, but the the hares with the frbs on their ass. If Cum Nail Me, Jane Fondle and Chinball got any closer, they'd be riding Achey's bike for him. The hares split up at this point and since Sheep had the Captain Morgan check, I continued to follow him along with Up Drunked the Junkie, 6-9 Split, Hispeed, and Last Train. I can't remember who else was with us. It's all kinda foggy, no sunny, but my brain was foggy.

We walked with the hare back to camp and a short, short ceremony of hare down downs and announcements went off, before the hash was set free to "get a piece". If you didn't get it by now, I'm afraid the percentage of you getting' any is gone. Thanks to all those who made this happen...it was a so much fun!!!
~Pokey

SNOOZE STATS for SUNDAY, SUNDAY, SUNDAY

OK. Sunday bike trail was hared by me(Achey) for 3.0 miles, and Sheep for the walkers for 2.0 miles. The usual suspects participated. One beer check. Mike Gaber fell over. Shortest down downs ever - just "Here's to the Hares etc, etc etc. Nacrofisiac is bike scribe and Pokey is walker scribe. The Snatch and Nacro show added their own couple of miles to the bike trail. Everyone is probably still picking the burrs out of their socks and shoes. Big white dog was finally removed by owner. On On On was back in LA-LA land, Lost Wadges or safe behind the Orange curtain.