

SpeedBumps [Daddy Dong Legs] introduced Ruft Draeft to the idea of this campout in March. Naturally, she replied, "Arkansas? Are you kidding me? You want me to travel Hash to some 'step' sister fucker state?" She recounted the story to her spouse of twelve Little Rock Air Force dudes doing the naked YMCA in front of an outwardly disgusted face [inwardly delighted]. How do you top twelve fit fucks' floppy exposed Ds for the duration of the Village people's 4 minutes and 47 seconds rendition of YMCA? Apparently, Clearfork!

Things started coming together when Top Shelf and Pull the Prick Out purchased their regos. We got word the Epic Fail had also bought a rego, but he bailed for some hippie event. Inappropriate, Clit Notes, and EZ Chair mentioned that they'd attend, so a real dumpster fire of a good time was about to get ignited. Putin Pull Out purchased a rego at Top Shelf's urging, so the trainwreck dumpster Fire was officially lit.

Somewhere around Putin's hashy barfday pub day, Top Shelf and Ruft Draeft drunkenly peer pressured Montrose Giggler and Lil Stick into attending this campout. They actually one-Eyed entered their credit card information as Top Shelf and Ruft Draeft demanded [shouted at them] they should have fun in a sister fucker state.

Since SpeedBumps domesticated a Ruft Draeft, he has shown her that you can purchase basically anything from Costco. This includes rentals on Bang Bus sized white transit vans. To get this traveling gang bang on the road, we also managed a giant discount on the van.

In the morning as we loaded up, Ruft grabbed a bottle of campout-only vodka (not Ketel One) and a sugar free Red Bull. Putin says, "That's an aggressive start to the morning!"

The ride into Clearfork was tame. Houston hashers stopped at Jefferson Barbeque for some Texas Monthly Top 50 BBQ joints. We stopped at a Walmart to buy an excessive amount of shit beyond what Muscle Phaart suggested. #highmaintenancewomen #pussywipes

Top Shelf, Putin, and Ruft Draeft purchased one size fits all truck stop dresses for a reasonable 16.99. We called these fertility dresses, but they were surely acting as birth control.

Whatever bull shit scenic route Muscle Phaart suggested, Ruft Draeft recommends taking Xanax if you're not the driver of the bang bus. These roads couldn't fit a Geo Metro comfortably. On the final eight mile stretch, Putin says, "This feels like the start of every horror movie!" To which Bumps replies, "Remind me to sober up before I drive back." ...Like that mother fucker is going to survive a horror movie plot!

Upon arriving we were given some legitimately useful gimmies and every one from Arkansas told us to tell Muscle Phaart to Fuck Off.

Speed Bumps and EZ Chair both signed up for a Malort Mile. Speed Bumps looked over at Ruft Draeft and told her goodbye. We all assume he was actually talking to his liver. They both earned a patch for this act. They don't think you should try that at home.

Lil Stick participated in the Beer Mile in sandals. Ruft Draeft never bothered to learn how he placed or what his time was, because BrassMonkeys don't give a fuck about achievements of this nature.

Ruft Draeft loses her shorts literally within two games of Strippy Cup for an entire evening. This wasn't the first Campout this has happened at, and it won't be the last. The shorts did turn up eventually neatly folded. Fuckers.

There was a notably good Midnight Nekkid Trail. Probably the best ever that is sort of remembered! Lots of singing on a lake dock, in a men's bathroom, and stumbling through terrain more hilly than we're used to.

Upon waking up in the morning, Putin served us all prosecco and Pull the Prick Out added berries to the mix. We were officially glamping and talking shit. Our stranger roomie Just Bryan from Tupelo, MS revealed that there was no Hash in his tiny ass town. Therefore, we adopted him and named him like the adorable [see also: God, we don't understand your hot Southern drawl with your shirt on] puppy he was.

We befriended Just Bryan quickly despite his glaring flaws. He had an IronMan tattoo on his ankle—again, Brass Monkeys don't generally appreciate those who do triathlons for shits and gigs— He retired to bed at 10PM the first night of a campout, so he could wake up at 6AM for an eight mile mountain bike ride. He was generally kind, honest, and polite. Just Bryan is THAT GUY at the campout. You know—the charming guy who actually enjoys being a good person and taking care of his body. You can't really hate him, because there's nothing to hate. But, he really is THAT GUY!

EZ Chair gave us our daily mantra on Saturday morning, "You could die today—You need to live your life like a punk rock song. Two minutes and thirty seconds: Hard, fast, and dirty!"

There were several hours spent on the lake catching a buzz and getting sun burnt in an eclectic mix of pool floats that prevent you from drowning. Camp Floats: Unicorn, Parrot, Narwal with bitchin' eyeliner, TRex, Cockroach, Taco, Pizza Slice, Pile of Shit Emoji

Saturday's Trail was a picturesque 3-ish Miles with a cold spring just at the point of wanting to give the fuck up. Lil Stick ran this in Walmart pineapple socks, because he is S-M-R-T.

There was a "slip and slide" at the end. Inappropriate rode Lil Stick down a hill. Putin eventually got enough traction to slide. There has never been a time where lube has been needed more desperately than on this "Slip and slow motion roll down a hill" slide!

Following that shit show, There is the sobering moment after the Saturday trail, that Little Rock Hashers force all the accused first timers to sit bare-assed on a block of ice atop picnic tables. They became increasingly harder to sit on as the ice melted and things became slippery. Any accusations were a gamble in “Am I going to die this way? With my panties around my ankles in a truck stop dress?” Or “How do I explain the way I broke my wrist to an emergency room doctor?”

A young boy hasher no one bothered to remember the name of pointed to a box of Tampons sitting dangerously close to a member of LR’s Mismanagement. He asked if he could put one in his ass. Ruft Draeft looks over at MM and demands, “unwrap one! I’ll shove it up there, [so i can teach this thirteen year old girl about tampon insertion.]” He lowers his shorts. When she reaches out fully ready to insert at his permission, he begs quietly, “I was only joking; I don’t want that in my ass! I didn’t think you’d do it.” We heckle him for wasting a perfectly good tampon and send his uncorked rear end back to the edge of Circle, because we all believe in enthusiastic consent.

TopShelf calls Just Bryan into circle and announces that he will from this point be known as THAT FUCKING GUY! Congratulations to TFG! We’re not sorry about your shitty name, but you definitely deserved it!

Honestly, the rest of the campout was a blackout to the author of this article. Ruft Draeft had to drink the Cup of Doom in Mordor like two or three times in a thirty minute time span thanks to Inappropriate and Pull the Prick Out. Speed Bumps made her alter ego “One Eyed Jackie” go to bed before she collided with any tiki torches probably.

On Sunday we packed up all our shit to spend some time in Hot Springs. This town is legitimately a small, beautiful, and weird gem of the South. We basically did their Thursday night trail in reverse with a stop at The Ohio Club (Al Capone’s fave dive), Maxine’s Live (Pizza bloody Mary’s), and Superior Bathhouse Brewery.

Lil Stick got so hammered that he started leaving out entire syllables. When asked to repeat things, he would say it frustratingly fast. We named Drunk Lil Stick’s antics “speaking in cursive.” We were honestly surprised Speed Bumps didn’t make him hitch hike home on the way back.

The 2018 Houston Invasion of Clearfork was a good time. In the future if Ruft Bumps or Top Shelf ever peer pressure you into having fun, just toss your plans out the window and jump in the gang bang bus. We are so thankful for Little Rock Hash House Harriers for being welcoming, generous, and organized to make a laid back weekend happen despite our connection to Muscle Phaart. We will most certainly drive in for this until Speed Bumps gets Ruft Draeft drunk enough to get knocked up.