

"Let's peek into Stella's room to raid his purse collection"

The wily hares were smirking like a class of special needs children as the pack arrived at the Office Max just south of the University. The group included new faces as well as old. Even the dream team of Repo and Sloppy came back out for a second straight week. Before anyone could ask what was up Non Skidski's butt, the hares were away and soon we were following powder into the Barrio furniture district. Upon seeing a bad trail sign, the pack dispersed into as many directions as possible. Luckily, Just Brian and I stumbled onto some powder heading into the tunnel of death, aka the filthy wash between Broadway and the train tracks.

The hares were there waiting for us with the first beer check, all of 5 minutes into the run. Many more of the pack soon arrived and gathered under some pipes that would make Royal Flush shudder. Many jello shots were consumed, and the hares took off again. After waiting the standard 10 minutes, we headed further down through the forest of garbage, right into the pit of hell. There were the hares again, waiting with a few purses full of jello shots. While getting as much exposure to West Nile as possible, the hares soon left us swatting and drinking. Somehow, Bearded Clam popped up from nowhere and joined us as we re-started our path down the wash. Not 100 feet away from the last stop was another purse filled with goodies. And, another 100 feet, the same. This continued on for a couple miles, to the point where all you would hear was "Shot check", quickly followed by ENT and Meaty complaining "What the fuck, not again" as they knocked over any unsuspecting homeless that might be in their way of reaching the coveted handbags (hmm, possible hash name?).

We finally began to run as we entered a huge construction zone, and trail went every direction. Eventually the pack met up with the hares yet again at a beer check under a bridge that happened to be outfitted for rock climbing. Even though the hares had been snared roughly 5 times already, they appeared to be in good spirits. 100 proof jello can really help out even the surliest of attitudes.

Bunker Buddy decided to entertain us by scaling the wall from the road above, down into the tunnel. Not one to be outdone, Non Skidski attempted some climbs as well, and we were all a little worried about his skill level, but he managed to not fall or cause any injuries. Having not had enough to drink, the hares decided to run us all the way back to the start, then add in another beer check at the Barrio Brewery.

Unfortunately, the pack was not following trail too well at this point, and many had a hard time making it to this lovely location. Even some of us who knew we were going there ended up as far from trail as a smoking German. Bearded Clam had been at the brewery earlier in the week and saw the hares there drawing a map and even he didn't think to go straight there. Jello shots do, in fact, mathematically equate to confusion.

After a few more hours of waiting for the pack to arrive, the hares finally decided to end the trail at a lovely transient home just north of the Rattlesnake Bridge. The lady gladly moved her furniture around to make room for our group, and a raucous circle began. The hares were covered in beer for all the snares they allowed, and poor Wrong Room looked like she was going to shiver to death. Papa also had a look of near hypothermia, but no one seemed as concerned. Stella must have been more insulated as he was able to continue asking every woman around for their phone numbers, only to hear that none of them like to talk.

Just Kevin, La La and Executive Spread's child prodigy, was so trashed that even while donning the finest gay sailor costume I have ever seen, he had to be held in her arms for a good burping. Later that evening he would earn a name befitting his shore leave in Tucson, and will now be known as Popeye the Submissive Man. He even found the strength to change out of his sailor gear and switch to his Emo/Goth/Judas-Priest-complete-with-spikes outfit. The band playing at Belushe's had him come out to join them, and he shared a wonderful song with the crowd. I

believe it was "It's raining men", but I might be mistaken.

Cockstalker had such a wonderful evening; he decided to sign up for extra floggings later in the week. Meaty showed the group a whole new side of herself as she changed clothes, peed and puked simultaneously. Papa had warned her earlier in the afternoon to slow down on the shots, and for his concern she responded "You can't tell me what to do anymore!" ENT was trying to help a lovely young couple fix their relationship, but had to leave early as something kept "dripping" on her. The last time this reporter saw Napoleon he was nesting in a pile of Tucson Weekly's outside the YMCA. New Car Smell phoned the group later in the evening as he never found his way to the circle or the on afters. "I'm like a G-Spot" he told us. "If you can't find me, you don't deserve to come." Just Brian tried to explain to us what that was supposed to mean, but we were far too gone to understand. Zamboner let us know her boy was "Wicked Smaht", but we never got her to say who she was talking about.

On -Only a short time till Hash De Tucson! - On

Fatty