

jHavelinaTimes

May 31, 2007

Blue Full Moon Hash

Hash Scribe - I Love Fat Chicks

With the current hash trash reporter indisposed in some 3rd world cuntry, I feel it is my duty to try to pass on the actual events of the 2007 blue moon run. After gathering all my necessary press passes, I pointed the truck west and found the curviest road possible to get me to the start. After nearly rear-ending (I wish) a very blinded Urine My Pants (something to do with a dirty shield - I didn't dare ask more), I found my way to the tiny parking lot.

It seemed like a normal group of folks, just out for an evening hike.

"Why not?" I said, thinking it couldn't hurt to join the festivities.

"Need a Schlitz?" asked an already inebriated Cock Jaw as I exited the press vehicle.

"I'm good" I replied, knowing I may need to keep my wits about me.

The group of 8 turned into 18, then into about 25 at last count. I had fully planned to get an accurate total of attendees, but the fumes from TFU's camelback took away my senses. Before I knew it, a woman started stripping down to a reveal a flesh toned body suit, and unfortunately, her co hare, a Dr I believe, did the same, sans suit.

Off they went into the sunset, bouncing and flailing. I could see this was going to be an unusual story. After borrowing a flashlight from some man who was apparently f'd in the head, I started stripping down. "When in Rome!" shouted your trusty reporter to no one in particular. Before I could remove the last of my dignity, some foreign chap who must be fond of pastries advised me to hold off on the shorts till we get over the hill. It seemed reasonable, and at that moment we were off on the chase of a lifetime.

As advised, I cleared the first hill and got rid of the shorts. After tucking them away in the emergency fanny pack, I re-joined the group with a feeling of total freedom. This soon turned to a feeling of concern when I noticed no one else had done the same, even that wily "Crème" guy. Suddenly, out of the bushes appeared a stranger asking "What is going on here?"

Random muttering emerged from the group. "

"Beer"

"Nature hike"

"Group sex"

The man surveyed the situation and quickly left the area. We pushed on after the intrusion, in what could only be described as a short cut to Wasson Peak. This group does not believe in staying on trails, I quickly learned.

A fellow that I deduced was a couple clowns short of a circus (poor bastard, these devils called him "Idiot" to his face), announced that he wanted to stay in front of the naked men, though at this time, that consisted only of yours truly. I guess he figured the view would be better. I soon realized this fellow may have a point, because as we were climbing this shiggy Everest, people behind me kept mentioning seeing Uranus. I looked up at the sky a few times, confused, but soon understood. Further up the hill, I caught a glimpse of the German's backside, and it was enough to make me lose my dinner. Yes, he finally removed the lederhosen, and embraced the evening air.

After a gaining a thousand feet in elevation, we finally caught up to the hares, and more importantly, a lovely cooler of beer. It was just about dark at this time, and some more of the group finally started shedding clothes. I realized at once that Beer=courage, and made a mental note to always keep some on hand.

The discussion grew lively as we waited for the rest of the group to arrive. I heard mention of Hot

Karl's, Cleveland steamers, and even that slow fellow started mentioning something about goggles. I didn't have a hasher thesaurus handy, so I just smiled and stayed at the back of the group.

"A third world cuntry might be safer than this" was all I could think of, envisioning my mentor at some tropical location drinking rum with monkeys.

A shout of "On ON" snapped me out my fear, and we all took off, right back down the mountain. The scenery looked very familiar. A seasoned hasher with an affinity for cavities (a dentist, perhaps?) mentioned it was the same trail with the DP's replaced with true trail arrows. I agreed, and forged on down, when suddenly the scream of a jackal broke the silence. Red headed woodpecker had gotten attacked by one of the local flora, and was laying on the ground, crying for dear life. Having reported from the front line before, I quickly took action to remove the half inch thorn from his leg. Balls of Gold comforted the poor guy, who then offered me his first born daughter in exchange for saving his life. I quickly declined, repacked my field kit, and got out of there. I needed to be back with the FRB's, as I knew if there was more beer out in this desert, they would consume it all before I could get there.

After wandering around aimlessly for what seemed like hours, we caught the trail and shot off into a wash. I never knew running in a wash could feel pleasant, but after the mess we had been thru, it felt as if I was on a people mover at the airport. Before we knew it, the hares jumped up from behind a bush, and announced we had reached another beer check. I felt we may have interrupted them, as the female hare did not even have her body stocking on at this point, but I kept this to myself.

In what I hope was a private joke by the hares, we all had to line up single file to retrieve beverages from a cooler under a tree. This led to some uncomfortable moments for those of us naked in line, and I now understood the horror stories of Mexican prison I had heard about from Jailbait years before.

I was finally feeling the effects of the beer at this point, and I observed everyone else was having a grand old time. At least that what I thought, until a scared Urine yelled out " I have touchaphobia! Stop touching me!" Quickly, ICM, Tiny Whitey, and Bimbo moved away from the poor girl. As it was pitch black out, so I can't confirm or deny what went on, but she didn't seem the same the rest of the evening.

"That's to be expected with this group" whispered no name Pavel in a frighteningly bad Russian accent. He had obviously witnessed the horrors of hashing before.

With the aid of TFU's 6000 watt headlights, the back of the pack made it in carrying woodpecker, who could still not walk. We gathered around his wound again, and successfully removed the stray spine that was missed earlier. Harlot announced "What a wuss, I deal with little pricks all the time". I shuddered at her lack of concern, and went back to consuming my beer.

Once again, the hares shot off into the night, and we soon followed. After crossing thru a hidden barbed wire fence, a very dangerous task in the buff, we discovered the finish.

After much discussion, it was decided we would move the finish up to the parking lot, where a large group of teenagers had gathered. This required us to pass thru yet another fence. I carefully crawled between the wires, when a sudden smell overwhelmed me. I looked up and saw the backside of Balls of Gold doing the same thing right in front of me. He was giggling like a school boy, and asked " Guess where I'm from?"

"O- hi-o" was all I could come up with and I raced out of there at top speed. I had heard the rumors of these so called staring contests, and I was not about to be a part of one.

It was then decided to move it up into the trail head, where Cavity quickly began circle, and beers were flowing freely. This end up reminded the group that the forest service locks the parking lot gate at 10:00, but a smirking Slow Ride let everyone know he had "taken care" of that problem. The events began to get fuzzy for your hard working reporter at this point, but I do recall awards were given out to well deserved wankers. At one point, the whole group that wasn't naked was nominated for an award, but Harlot quickly announced that was "Invalid". No one questioned her. Before we could get to namings, the brave group of high school girls came up the trail, right thru our circle. I offered to show them the way up the mountain, and that I kept a map of the area in my fanny pack, but TFU quickly pulled me aside and warned me of the dangers of consorting with minors. As it was a cold night, I don't think the girls noticed the nude men in circle, but they sure enjoyed seeing Executive spread.

"They're just boobs, you have them too!" she shouted out to them.

"It's ok girls, we're a church group" announced Slow Ride.

I knew we were in safe hands with these two taking charge.

Before we could leave, the group decided to name Kate, who announced many things about herself that I won't repeat. I'm not sure how to spell some of things she mentioned, and I may have blacked out from shock at the stories she told. Needles to say, as a grad student in soils, she is now to be called "2 guys and a pizza crust", or whatever version cavity said, that was nothing close to what the group decided.

Unfortunately for her friend with the sad Russian accent, he broke the cardinal rule of hashing by entering the circle while we were working on names. As he was unnamed, it was decided that we would punish him by allowing Harlot to name him. "Non Skidsky Butt Plug" is how we are all refer to him now.

The group then ended circle, and moved out to the now full parking lot. The teenage girls also returned at this point, and to their delight, we regaled them with our adult humor.

Against my better judgment, I decided the story wasn't finished and followed the caravan down the road. Harlot had said to some of us "If you want to have a good time and get wet, follow me". How could any red blooded male refuse?

After multiple cars weaving off-road, and a few wrong turns, the caravan stopped at Cunt Dracula's mansion. He and Mad Dog kindly let us in, and even offered up the use of their hot tub. From the stories around the campfire later in the evening, I understand Pizza crust got naked in the house and invited Cock Jaw over to discuss politics. To no one's surprise, she and butt plug soon left the party, and we all decided to call it a night. As we left, we got behind TFU, who had left an hour earlier, but was kindly driving 5 mph and weaving across both lanes, just in case any wild animals tried to cross our path.

That is the kind of love and respect you come to expect from a night out with the Jhavelina Hash House Harriers!

Scoop Fatty