

**6/16/07**

**"Don't Chase your Creamy Pie into my Cavity"**

In an obvious attempt to butter up the Trash reporter, hashers from near and far climbed over each other to offer me a ride to the start. I willingly accepted a ride with a group of wallflowers, figuring I could get my rest on the way to another desert hike. Little did I know there were many stories hidden away in this normally reserved group, and I would hear frightful happenings during the hour long ride to the edge of civilization. I dare not repeat any of these events, but I believe all passengers were forever changed. Harlot abstained from drinking after this ordeal. Urine My Pants was stricken with a case of Tourette's syndrome, and abused all around her. Bavarian instituted a "no psychos" rule to his dating methodology.

The stunned look on our faces upon arrival must have worried Bus Job, and he proceeded to share a bizarre prison sex tale that may or may not have scared away even Hank the dog. I really can't explain how he thought this would help, but I salute his bravery for opening himself up to the group.

Apparently, this was "Bring your dog to the hash" day. Mutts almost outnumbered hashers in the Ace Hardware parking lot. I thought this seemed a bit odd, as it was at least 104 degrees outside, but these hashers never fail to amaze me with their resourcefulness. Many of these canines had 3 day packs on, full of beverages for their owners. Michael Vick would be proud of these animal lovers.

CHASE? and Pie Diver gathered up all the essentials for laying a perfect trail and were soon off in a cloud of dust. If only they had gone to virgin school first, many of their upcoming troubles may have been eliminated. When you don't hash for 3 years, you may forget certain aspects of laying trail. But I am getting ahead of the story...

I always thought the jHavelinas were the toughest group going when it comes to running in heat, but I now have to believe Washington DC must claim that title. Assfixiation donned a full length winter parka at the start, and never once removed it. Maybe she thought it would prevent any unwanted boob grabs from Cavity and Napoleon. I'm sure it would have worked on Palm Pilot. Before Assfixiation could catch cold, we were off on trail. It started calmly enough, weaving thru a neighborhood and out to a fence. I can only guess that this thing was part of a military border, as it was 20 feet high with razor wire.

"Surely we can't be heading in there" Dr. Whacks pondered while looking at the Great Wall of Vail.

Of course we were. In fact, there was powder on the other side. Luckily, I Rubbed a Rod found a rabbit hole nearby and led the pack into the maximum security desert.

There were many new faces in the crowd, and even some new shorts (where are those gym shorts Blister???). I enjoyed a brilliant conversation on the mating habits of spider monkeys while hopping cholla and snakes, when I realized my companion was not a virgin. It was Examine Me, who wisely decided to not help hare the trail with the other strangers, since she was afraid she might spill her ever present glass of vino.

With no civilization in sight, Slow Ride removed his racing gear, deciding any day is a full moon hash day. As he raced through the nastiest shiggy, I heard a shout ahead. I thought maybe he had re injured his Prince Albert wound, but it was actually Did'ja Bite my Penis snaring Turkey hare Cavity. Cavity said he was a dead hare, and then proceeded to run off laying more flour. This seemed odd to the seasoned hashers who thought that wasn't allowed, but without legal advice from Repo we could not challenge him, as he literally wrote the book on hashing. I also found it odd that he had laid a bad trail mark right where our Eagle trail crossed the Turkey trail, but he refused to discuss that as well.

Another mile of shiggy later, Did'ja's giddy scream could be heard.  
"Hares!!!!"

And just like that, 2 more hares were dead on trail. That left Creamy to finish the whole thing on her own. The entire pack was back together, and forged thru some of the thickest brush it has been my displeasure to see. As usual, my tweezers and comb were brought out for the wounded, and Studmuffin suggested we tape up Did'ja's mouth so we wouldn't have to hear his "I already snared 3 hares" story AGAIN. Surely 30 minutes had passed since we entered this death zone, when I saw the most horrifying marker I could imagine - a bad trail sign. Pie and Chase had been walking with the group this whole time, and never once alerted anyone that this would require a mile long checkback.

"I'll get you all for this" Sea Spank could be heard saying while hopping gazelle-like thru the mesquites. The Dead hares looked frightened, though we soon realized this was not due to Spank's death threat. They were as lost as we were, and flour disappeared. Half Hash began checking for trail markers of rock and sticks, but to no avail. We eventually found a dirt road and followed it west into the fading sun.

The last standing hare (no, not on Whack's skull) drove down the road with a vehicle full of beer. Did'ja did his best to chase her down, but quickly ran out of gas because he wouldn't stop shouting to everyone that he could have all 4.

The pack gathered in a circle for down downs, and Spank snuck over to the Tecate cooler to fill his pockets. "Smarter not harder" he sneered.

The hares introduced themselves, and to the group's surprise, they were not virgins. We then introduced the hares to flour, and thanked them for continuing the June streak of crappy trails. With the sun setting and the air cooling off into the upper 90's, the pack returned to the start. I overheard Bavarian, Non Skidsky Butt Plug, and Meat Flaps (That's not my name!) discussing something, but could not tell you what, as I am not fluent in German, Russian, or Southern hick. Most of the group drove 100 yards over to Chuy's to enjoy the least Mexican food in Southern Arizona coupled with Karaoke. Stud brought down the house with his classic rendition of "I Touch Myself" and Bench Warmer quickly followed him with "To All the Girl I Loved Before". Bed, Bath & Behind kept pitchers coming, though from the confidential reports I have seen, he wouldn't necessarily take advantage of any inebriated harriettes.

While I was taking little Jimmy out for a breath of fresh air, Harlot announced she would host a private on-afters party - at my house. I was notified of these plans as we neared the hash trash mansion, and a group of 20 brave souls proceeded to turn my yard into a bacchanal fest. Even the reclusive playboy Palm Pilot made it out, and in no time he had Assfixiation sprawled out on the couch. Of course, some might say this was due to the fact that she was asleep after the great conversation, but I know better.

Before the group could leave, I performed my solo synchronized swimming ballet, which ends with a fabulous face spin on the bottom of the pool. No worries though, as it was no skin off my face.

Here's to the Luau hash continuing the fabulous June tradition next week!

Scoop Fatty