

6/23/07 Luau Hash

Once again, the jHavelinas descended upon a park on the far East side of town to begin a fun filled afternoon in 100+ degree heat. The stifling temperature did not adversely affect attendance; in fact, I would say the group has been at its largest in recent weeks. While waiting for the hares to finish their prelays, the pack split up into its many different clicks. From a confidential source, it was revealed that the Marlboro Man, aka Bavarian, was offered some Hawaiian shorts from Urine Mypants to help him blend in on the luau theme of the day.

"I believe it is too soon in our relationship for me to be in your shorts" he replied. "But please accept my invitation to the famous Bavarian theme birthday bash I will hold in the near future. Just do something about your beer gut first." It is no wonder that German is one of the finest Romance languages.

In my part of the group (aka the SMART hashers as we were in the shade), Fredophile proved the worthiness of his hash name by spewing out more expletives than a young Eddie Murphy, all while sitting 5 feet from a packed children's pool. The shocked group of MILF's quickly gathered up their spawn and moved to a safer area. This turned out to be a wise decision, as Slow Ride would soon emerge from the restrooms wearing coconuts in a most strategic manner. "Glad to see things haven't changed in my 12 year absence" mentioned C.H.A.S.E.

I could see Cavity assisting our new Ice Ho (v 2.0) with her GPS watch. The man really knows how to press a girl's buttons, and in no time he was showing everyone the old trick of writing "Boobies" in digital numbers. I don't think this was the kind of technical support she was hoping for, but she refused to show any sign of disappointment. After finding her way thru the crowd, she surprised me by saying "I was looking for you, but it was hard to pick you out in a group of so many fat, dirty, old bald men". Arthur Gash laughed so hard when he heard this that he almost started crying. "Thanks honey" I responded to the young blonde while smacking her ass and sending her off to discuss home made porn with Kemo.

Master Meat Finder brought along a visiting hasher from Houston named Wet and Willing. She admitted to getting very wet in Slow Ride's presence, and we all knew she would feel at home in our group. Did'ja Bite my Penis took her aside and started to whisper sweet nothings into her ear, when she suddenly turned around and kicked him in the face. He was left feeling humiliated, and refused to discuss the huge mark on his cheek. "On On" was the last we heard him say as he tore ahead of the group, hoping to race Kemo to the finish.

From a journalistic standpoint, this run offered very little material. It was a disgrace to the June tradition of missing flour, maps, trails, hares, etc. The group was split up into many smaller groups within the first mile, but thanks to the approximately 215 check backs, we never strayed far from each other. Even Fallis and Bavarian were spotted running on trail. An hour and a half later, and one very scary encounter with some truck drivers smoking crack, the Eagles descended upon a beautiful site - Jeff's pub. Urine led the group right into the establishment. Unfortunately, she chose the back door which led to an illegal gambling parlor. The shocked group quickly escorted us out to the other part of the building in a very kind, friendly manner. I grabbed the first pitcher I could find and took a long sip. After tossing my camelback onto the nearby bench, I heard Zamboner squeak "Was that sweat that just bounced onto my face?" "You better hope so" was all I could think.

As my eyes adjusted to the dark squalor, I could see Studmuffin finishing off his 5th beer and realized I had not seen him on trail all day.

"I just run to the nearest bar and let the pack find me" he later confided.

"My entourage won't put up with this running crap" he joked about his out of shape A-liters. Our young newbie Arian was so excited by his presence, she admitted to having a pulse rate of 150. "I hope he goes away soon so I can calm back down."

We all do honey, trust me, we all do.

Just about the time we stopped sweating all over the vinyl furniture, a call of "On On" was heard throughout the tavern. Napoleon finished his fourth funnel, and Just Jana quickly completed her discussion of the 5 best Hot Karl's. Soon the pack was off, trying to stay ahead of Kunt a Kinta and his probing conversations. Almost 200 feet after leaving the pub behind, we reached another fine establishment. Arthur Gash was riding a mechanical bull in back, screaming something about reparations. I new this could be trouble in a place where someone named Arian didn't even feel safe. I found a quiet corner where Tour De Bone was swallowing many a beer, and quite possibly his pride, as he was soon to find out that his latest interest, I Rubbed A rod, was in fact married.

"I was hoping it was a cock ring" he was heard mumbling.

Before Sea spank could finish his table dance to some obscure country western ballad, the group was once again hurried out the door. The trail crossed an 18 lane highway, and disappeared into some garbage littered washes. Studmuffin was seen jogging in the wrong direction, possibly to stop at home for the Days of our Lives Marathon he had Tivo'd earlier in the week.

With the assistance of many families hanging out in the Pantano wash, we reached the finish just in time for the bats to emerge and shower us with goodies. Cavity ran a wonderful circle, while Non Skidsky Butt Plug ran a private party near the coolers. Once the festivities were complete, the group of 60 carried the coolers out of the wash, and climbed into the well planned vehicles awaiting us - all 3 of them.

I was able to climb onto a stack of coolers and rest my head near Just Arian's chaffed thighs and Arthur Gash's muumuu. Soon enough we were back at the start, and I was relegated to ride with Executive Spread to the store and the after party. Realizing this could be dangerous, I enlisted Tour De Bone to ride along, in case her driving method (guzzle beer, hit the gas, turn corners, NEVER EVER Brake) led to disaster. Within minutes, we gathered up \$100 worth of beer and \$5 of food at Safeway and hit the party house of Meat Flaps. At least, we hoped it was her house - she was not there to confirm, as she was pole dancing over at a neighborhood brothel.

Certain members took to the dark green swimming pool in their birthday suits, figuring it wasn't worth being arrested for just trespassing, and also not wanting to stain an actual swimming suit green enough to make an Irishman proud. The rest of the pack arrived after Meaty's set was finished, and the party wore on until the morning hours.

Mr. Blister had fond memories of visiting Sea World as a child, but his comments about Orca were a bit disturbing. I'm sure he thought long and hard about marine biology for the rest of the evening.

As all the couches and beds were taken, I had no choice but to walk to town and get breakfast as the sun came up, and hope for a comfortable park bench upon which to sleep. Unfortunately, my navigator had a little trouble getting us to a bench, but she did finagle some beer from the wonderful Los Betos crew (when did they start serving alcohol?).

After grabbing a solid 12 minutes of sleep back at the party palace under a bath mat, Arthur Gash decided to follow the law of Green Flagger which was "If I'm awake, damn it, so is everyone else".

The party then moved back to Tucson, where poverty ridden members of society disturbed an otherwise peaceful breakfast of Harlot and Urine. Some unimaginable horrors soon followed in a small hut occupied by circus animals, though luckily we were soon led away from this pit. I believe the party moved to my house, but the remainder of Sunday was my day off, so I need not write anymore (and I can't remember anything).

On On to the next week of hashing - and here is a behind the scenes sneak peak of planned events:

Harlot's peyote run in the Chiracahuas
Tiny Whitey unveils his new look
Urine Mypants uses a toilet
Zamboner doesn't wash her hands after feeding her kitty
Womb with a View flirts with disaster
Cockstalker forgets his "piece" at IBT's
Papa returns from his trip to Boystown
Dirty Sanchez offers free mustache rides
Whacks gets grumpy!

Look forward to seeing you all again soon!
Scoop Fatty