

6/30/07 Half an Idiot Hash

What a surprise - a hash in the center of Tucson! New and not so new hashers pulled into High Corbett Field from all over town to see if the Idiot could redeem himself as a hare. Nobody was sure who this "Half Hash" guy was, as we were sure he had never hared before, but we were hopeful he could assist in the complicated process of laying down flour. After Pie Diver slipped some small boulders into the hare's bags, they bolted quicker than Arthur Gash being chased by the Po Po. Idiot's gazelle like hop over this reporter left the group in awe. Bavarian stared at the DP which marked the start, and quickly decided to not follow either hare. Dud Muffin showed us his latest ninja moves in his stunning black tracksuit, all while singing the classic "He ain't heavy, he's my brother". Executive Spread made frantic phone calls to Meaty, trying to get her out in time for the start, but rumors suggested she may have some race to prepare for in the morning, and couldn't be bothered with such a frivolous activity. Richard Semens (warning: not an officially licensed hash name) tried to warm up to all willing members of the group, and may have surprised Cavity with a hug.

With the magic 12 minute point upon us, the group split into 2 main groups, each following a carefully laid trail. I chose to follow Idiot's path to the North, and for that I apologize. It would be one of the few moments I would see powder all evening, and therefore can't give much description of the events on trail. After a few DP's, apparently the Idiot left a miniscule YBF on a sleeping hobo's shoe. Most of the pack turned around, while a few of us continued North and East to enjoy the solitude often enjoyed by Bavarian Crème.

Since I can't share much info on trail, I'd like to introduce my intern Studmuffin who will be glad to recount his adventures:

Yahtzee! That's right folks; I'm here to give y'all the lowdown since Fatty was busy trying on Mansseires at Dilliards! Zing!

First off, I'd like to ask y'all who drank all day Saturday and still made it to the hash? That's right, This Guy! I'd tell you more, but it was a private party that Fatty was not privy to.

On to the trail. I told everyone we would be going to the Silver Room, but did anyone listen? NOOOO, of course not. Good thing my brother was there to join me as we walked straight to the bar, and watched all the fools running circles in Reid Park and adjoining neighborhoods. We got to the bar quicker than Digger can start a fight on Mt Bearded Penis, and almost snared the hares! Dud and I drank all the beer we could, figuring the actual runners didn't need any, and proceeded to work on the lovely bartender. Git R Done!

Over the next 45 minutes, hashers crawled thru the door, looking shot. Damn, Fatty was sweating worse than I was the time Clancy brought out the straight razor for my weekly trim. I bet he didn't sweat that bad when he got those court orders in the mail a few years ago - Ouch! Its ok Fatty, it's just an Escalade a month, just ask Cervix ha-ha.

Before the pack got in, Half Hash decided to get going and started laying trail up to Ain't Nobody's Biz. Damn it, why didn't I bring my ID? We got there and had to sit outside while Semens (warning: not an officially licensed hash name) and Hash Jive danced the fox trot at the G-Spot - the biz's dance floor. Last time I peeked inside, all I could see was Slow Ride, Pie Diver and Fatty sitting at the bar surrounded by woman drinking all our beer. Those bastards!

Luckily, I was soon able to lead the pack to the finish, where my off key singing kept the group entertained. Good thing I didn't follow trail, as I heard it had DP's with bad trail marks in every direction - kinda like the rest of the evening. I got Half Hash to squirt beer out of his nose by mentioning DD has a bulldog with mayonnaise under her shorts! Soon after, I was alerted that

my brother had fallen under the weight of carrying our family name, and had broken his ankle. I took off to scoop him up and rush him straight to the on-afters. Too bad it was closed - good job Idiot! I then stopped at Harlots to see if she was having a private party, and wouldn't you know who answered the door- that damn Idiot. We then found our way to Bob Dobbs where I tried to find a nurse for my brother, but to no avail.

That's all I got Fatty - back to you!

Wow, thanks for the good work Muffinbutt. Reporting that accurate will get you hired by any semi reputable adult publication. Ask Papa to put in a good word for you with "Vagines Hanging Like Wizard Sleeve" monthly - he has been a long time subscriber.

The circle continued even without Stud, and the fun never stopped. The hares were celebrated for laying such a perfect trail, that the group hated to mess it up by stepping on the flour, so they all decided to not follow it. Mammories was nominated for bitching on trail, and happily flashed the circle after her down-down to celebrate her name. Ariane was busted for another new pair of shoes but could not be found. Soon enough, she came running into the circle waving toilet paper while asking "Where do I put my clitty litter?"

What a shame we already have someone by that name, as she might have finally dispersed with her cursed nerd name that makes even Bavarian cringe. While she was drinking out of her stinky Asics, Cock Jaw crawled on his belly to the coolers to get another frosty beverage, and unwittingly started a wicked beer can/ ice cube fight. Good times for everyone, and Penis Colada let everyone know that we "had her at Jewish".

The circle sadly had to end, and we all told Semens (warning: not an officially licensed hash name) to carry the coolers to the car. Unfortunately, he realized this was a gag when the group went in another direction.

Soon enough we followed the Idiot into Bob Dobbs, since Long Wongs closed early to avoid serving him. This would apparently be the theme for the evening, as he was 86'd as soon as he sat down. Rolling your eyes in public is a crime, dealt with harshly at neighborhood pubs all over Tucson. Poor bastard had to go back to Harlots, where he was relegated to Doorman for the evening. Could be worse, there's always Backdoor man, and we all know she has the tools for that job - Ouch!

The evening wore on, and I was able to witness a sacrificial burning of some Blistery shorts. It took a while to catch, but Cockstalker pointed out it would really get going once the crabs started frying. I believe there will be pictures of this event forthcoming, and something tells me Slow Ride may have some plans for these.

Until next time wankers, where we get to see how Harlot enjoys the Irish car bomb when we travel back out to the state line for a Rita Ranch death march. Take Care!

- Scoop Fatty -