

**June 9, 2007**

### **The "I'm a Fucking Bunker Busting Idiot" Hash aka - 5 Hours of Misery**

The pack assembled on time per Cavity's implicit instructions at a dirt lot just this side of El Paso. It was a cool 103 degrees in the desert, and the pack was preparing for any heat induced trauma by loading up on ice cold refreshments. I feel the need to mention that the group seemed in great spirits, as this was proof that beer can alter even the keenest judgment, allowing everyone to forget that we had a fucking idiot laying trail that day. At least, that is what the schedule showed.

30 minutes later, there was still no sign of the hares, and Cavity could be seen at the far edge of the parking area kicking gophers, obviously furious at the hares for not reading his latest epic tome "This is how we hash!" - a brilliantly worded 9 chapter guide to hashing in Tucson.

Dr. Whacks was surprisingly becoming impatient, and muttered something about his students only giving him 15 minutes before they fled the classroom "And I'm tenured, Damnit!" Master Meat Finder was babbling incoherently about the 360 mile drive she made to get to the start. Bavarian was running low on pre-run cigs. Cock Jaw was sober. All we needed at this point was a pack of killer bees to swarm the area. As the group began to plan a pick-up hash, the ever trusty Bunker Beater rolled in, covered in flour and with a severe case of rosacea. 10 minutes later, a disoriented Idiot arrived, looking as disheveled as his partner. Seeing the look of distress on the pack's faces, they quickly gathered up more flour to begin their trail. Or was it finish their trail? They admitted to pre-laying a spectacular turkey trail that afternoon. What a cruel joke that would turn out to be.

I Rubbed A-Rod grabbed an extra bag of flour and volunteered to assist the worn out hares. "How bad can this be? They have half of it prelayed." he was heard whispering to his wife. At 5:50pm, the group of three took off - straight into an oncoming motorcycle. "Watch where you're going ass monkey!" shouted Idiot to the terrified Hell's Angel.

The restless group was soon on its way, wandering past some humorous life size character cut outs that allow mouth breathers to get their photo taken with their face in a woman's body. Upon seeing a group of 2 attached cut outs, PO lifted her shirt and did what any Harriett should - threw those watermelons into the holes for all to see. This would prove to be one of the last times the group would smile all evening.

Seeing as how there were very few roads in this part of town, the hares chose to lead the pack into shiggy. MEAN shiggy. I'm talking rip your heart out and leave you for dead shiggy. Oh, and if that wasn't enough, barbed wire fences that needed crossing. Thanks to checkbacks, these fences needed to be crossed multiple times, especially when certain members of the pack don't count the flour marks while on checkback (you bastards know who you are). We figured as a member of the border patrol, our hare Bunker Beater was probably watching us from a distance while muttering "Viva Bush!" to a confused Idiot. This seemed logical as they told us earlier this would be a 3 mile trail. Uh huh....

After this fun game of "try not to rip your sack", we heard a German at the bottom of the hill shouting "ON ON", so we all fell into an orderly line down the hill. This could have proved to be a dangerous descent, but luckily there were many chollas to slow us down. We proceeded to the valley floor where the group cleared a few DPs that all seemed to be dead ends. We all knew the Idiot's style of haring included one pinch of flour per 100 yards, so we spread out and found more trail.

Soon enough, we were at a beer check, admiring each others gaping leg wounds. I found this to be very amusing, as I made it there virtually unscathed (if only there had been some wood to

knock on). New Car found a cow skull and brought it to the beer check for all to see. "Skull fuck" jokes were made, ok I made those jokes, but who could blame me?

The hares decided to leave before the turkeys got in, as we were already so far behind schedule and Cavity's shoe was a tappin'. Bunker took off straight up the cliff, to where some observant hashers noticed there was already powder. At least this part was prelayed, so it should be easy to follow, we hoped. The Idiot waited until the turkeys were coming in, and then took off straight at them. "Get him!" we all shouted. A number of the turkeys turned their heads toward us, indicating we were heard, but obviously the heat had taken its toll as none could muster up the strength to snare Idiot, who was all of 5 yards away. "It's a marathon, not a sprint" shouted one grumpy Turkey. "You expect us to run?" shouted Bimbo, hand in hand with Cock Jaw, who had just helped her down a steep 4 inch embankment. We left these fine athletic specimens behind as we took off in hot pursuit of Bunker. Little did we know we would not see his face again until it was illuminated by the dome light in his truck hours later.

We soon stumbled upon a DP right next to the side of a sandy cliff. Before I could volunteer to climb it, a virgin (attired in the finest Richard Simmons collection shorts it has been my privilege to see) raced past me. "Good work man" I shouted to him as I took the much easier way around.

We soon realized the hares were getting low on flour, as the pinches of powder were now 200 yards apart, but that didn't stop us from running at full speed to catch them. Nope, what stopped us was the jumping cholla. Fields full of the stuff! I would not be surprised if it was farmed there. I spent most of my time loaning out tweezers and a comb for all the injured, including myself. I hadn't seen that many bodies go down since "Saving Private Ryan".

As the sun was setting the pack ran around in circles for a half hour, where in retaliation for last weeks missing map fiasco (ruining an otherwise perfect trail), the hares decided to play "Find your way back from here turdburglers" by ending the trail. We searched high and low to no avail. We called the Turkeys to see how they were doing, and they were also lost. Turns out, even the hares were reported to be lost. Now, I'm not saying that it seems a bit strange that a member of the armed forces (ok, air force) can't find his way on trail he laid - pre-laid - with a GPS - that he still had - because that would make him sound like a real Idiot.

With darkness setting in quickly, the eagles made the smart decision to split up into as many different groups and directions as possible to find the way to the finish / start / aid station.

A gentleman on a horse kindly offered me directions, but I chose not to follow his northerly pointing middle finger. Instead, a few of us decided to go back to the start, and once we were within a mile of that, I got a call from Zamboner. She sounded happy, and announced they were in a wash we had just crossed and had a hare with them. Our group turned around and caught up to them as the night grew dark enough Arthur Gash could have played "Guess who is touching your butt" without ever being caught.

We felt relieved to be back with a pack, and a hare with GPS, until it became very clear he had never turned the thing on. We weaved our way around the desert floor for another hour, finding trail and praying it was the right direction. Amazingly, most of the pack made it to the finish, all with horror stories fit for Saw 3 - The Idiot's Returns!

We heard a rumor that Pickle Packer had to be airlifted out of the desert. Far too long for any woman to spend with Half Hash, I guess. After another hour, the vehicles returned from the start, allowing circle to begin.

"So much for my date" grumbled Dr. Whacks. I started to feel bad for the old fella missing his date, until I realized it was impossible for him to have plans with anyone who could stay awake past 7pm, and he knew he wouldn't be home from outer Benson by then.

The circle was quite jovial, which is to be expected from a group who had just survived such an ordeal. Most of the time was spent picking on the hares. The exhausted group soon disbanded, took the 30 minute shuttles back to the start, and headed out to Busters Last Stop for some merriment. This reporter had quite enough by then, and returned to civilization to sip tequila and remove stray thorns, all while praying there wouldn't be nightmares stemming from this ordeal.

-Scoop Fatty-