

7/14/07

"Fill My Creamy Pie Hole Hash"

The pack arrived early on a warm Saturday afternoon, likely confused by a start located on the North West side of town. Many stories were flowing from the previous night's celebration of "Didja finally turning the age he has looked for years" rollerbar. I am sorry to have missed this, and can not provide any embarrassing stories from the event. Hopefully there will be an addendum to this trash from another reporter who survived the evening. There are rumors of Clam and Chard really getting the event swinging, and I applaud them for their ballsy acts. Speaking of other reporters, The reverend Arthur Gash has promised to send in his experiences with the Duke (David, not Bo & Luke) boys by publishing time today. Lets hope so, because I don't feel that I can do justice to the atrocities committed by these new gentleman Leather King so kindly invited to our quiet, well behaved group (and then didn't show up to see how they fared). But, as they might say, I am putting the possum before the squirrel, and we will get to that in good time.

The hares, Bavarian Crème, Cavity Search, Pie Diver and Crème Filled left the Home Depot lot soon after 5pm, and the group was left with 12 minutes to discuss how badly these hares would torture us. Stella the Udderly Bi Fella took the opportunity to introduce himself to all the lovely Harriettes in the group, and soon enough found himself engaging the harriers as well. Goodbye Richard Semans, we will miss you, but Stella, you show promise for many more bits in future hash trashes. Just Jana really intrigued him, as she was discussing some horrible event involving crack and rock, and soon found a new friend for life. Oddly, Cock Jaw was absent from the hash on this glorious day. Rumors abounded to his whereabouts, but his sister informed us all he was installing a new indoor sprinkler system. Can't think of a better man for the job.

Kemo was seen wandering around the start, showing off his sweet truck-stop love beard, babbling something about needing new actors for his home movies. Papa Don't Peak, Palm Pilot and Asshole in El Paso discussed the benefits of hashing less than 3 times a year, and planned to meet again in December. Obviously frightened by the stories of lengthy hashes in the past by these hares, or just not wanting to be in the same group as Stella and Fatty, Vomit Nazi joined the Turkeys, hoping for stimulating conversation and little physical activity. This is not the behavior I expected to see from a future tri-athlete and one of Tucson's finest, but apparently she was suffering injuries from spending too much time on her back, and needed to find a new way to stretch her legs.

The eagles raced off towards sewage plants, train tracks, and homeless camps, and in no time, Papa and I assisted some of the indigent water their flowers. Non Skidsky Butt Plug amazed us all by hopping on a moving train to take a break from trail and he choo choo'd his way North, hugging the caboose for dear life.

The trail continued uneventfully for a few more miles, weaving thru neighborhoods and parks. CHASE and Dr. Slow Ride led the pack, and the rest of us tried our best to not overheat in the tropical 50% humidity that enveloped southern Arizona. Sea Spank confided in me that he was enjoying his time recently, as he has not been around many dicks. Hmm, good to know man! During the final mile of the trail, many of us blindly followed a path on the side of a large wash, with no powder to be seen. This started to really concern Whacks and I, but we continued along, discussing the merits of overused jokes. Luckily, we were soon rewarded with a heap of coolers under a bridge, and the dulcet sounds of Slayer pouring out of the Duke's 8 track player. Amazingly, the hares were feeling kind on this lovely summer day, and had made this the finish, not a mid point on their way to Oracle.

Cavity had a very tough time getting the group into circle, and an even tougher time getting them to quiet down. After the hares were rewarded for not murdering the pack on trail, Royal Flush's

illegitimate cousins soon found their way to the center of the circle, and stayed there for an eternity. Meat Flaps tried her best to translate the Alabamanese, but even she couldn't understand them. As Arthur Gash truly got to know these specimens, having had relations that were owned by their relations, I would like him to give a review of an afternoon spent ridin' with the Dukes. Unfortunately, he is still so traumatized by the event; he can not share his experiences yet.

Maybe we can get him to contribute next week. I would be glad to give him space and feel it could be titled, "Tales from the Dark Side" or possibly "Reparation HHH". The Duke boys engaged a few Harriette's in a beer shower, and soon found themselves also covered in the sacred liquid. We were all surprised to see that Meaty and Vomit knew how to spit, but thrilled they were able to aim like sharpshooters, ya ho, ya ho!

The On-Afterers were at the Stadium bar, which is interesting in that there was no stadium that I could see within 5 miles of the place. We gathered in the back corner and took our assigned seats, and watched the Palm Pilot show begin. Hard to believe he is such a straight forward professional in his normal life, as he was cracking up the group with his impromptu skits all night. Sadly, the Redneck brothers were not able to attend these festivities, though I believe they agreed to meet Stella later in the evening at the Asylum. I'm sure they will get along like peas and carrots.

Many shots and cervezas later, the group descended back to civilization, and caused quite a raucous at the good ol' Meat Rack. Palm Pilot and I were so disgusted by the actions of our fellow hashers, we decided to find the nearest church and pray for their souls. I don't recall finding a church, but a porcelain god would have come in handy, as would a gun, as there was some confusion as to how I ended up on Miracle Mile, armed only with the confidence of the Jaeger.

On On fellow hashers, until we Meat again...

-Scoop Fatty