

7/21/07

## **2 Guys, a Meaty Cock, and Some Sex**

The pack seemed right at home in a small central park where even bartenders from the Meat Rack go to play. Tour De Bone was drinking the finest boxed wine available, and even offered to share some with a civil servant who rode by on a bike. "Watch out for the Peloton, they're right behind you!" he shouted out after his kindly offer was refused. The hares left the group only a half hour late, and Cavity hardly seemed to notice. The weight of responsibility must really be bringing him down, as he didn't even flash a badge at the neighborhood girls playing nearby. Fredophile certainly DID offer to flash something to them, but was soon stopped by the ever watchful Zamboner.

It was good to see Bavarian again, having disappeared along with a few others the night before at the Friday night hash. He admitted that he re-traced his route on Google maps, and was on trail for over 12 miles before giving up. Too bad he doesn't have a cell phone, as he could have just called for a ride - I'm sure that would not have been a problem. (Zing!) He appeared to have recovered well from the ordeal, and soon took off in the opposite direction of the pack as we began the hunt.

In no time, the group passed thru a nasty fence wrapped in illegal cable lines connecting various hovels to reach Bavarian's palace, where a much needed beer check awaited. Rather than walk inside, Non Skidsky decided to help out the German's potted plants by spraying them with his famous whizzinator. "I have a friggin' bathroom, Pavel" muttered the Creamy one.

After 20 minutes of socializing outside the hot-brau-haus, Fredo DFL'd his way through the gate, complaining about trail, cops, children, etc. No one seemed too worried about the big fella, as he was just as grumpy at the start. Meaty offered him a Sparks, and he offered her something too. "See, he's fine" announced Dr. Whacksalotte while grabbing another Coors Light.

With the sky turning even more ominous, we grabbed our chalk and once again hit the road, following the helpful markings of Half Hash who had left 5 minutes earlier. Within minutes, Cavity Search and I spotted Meaty hiding in an alley, so we chased her down. "I'm out of flour" was all she said, and I smiled, smacked her ass and told her to tough it out. The group then meandered around for another half hour before ending at a small park. We all bore witness to the obvious front runner for the Father of the Year award, as he taught his toddlers how to point and shoot air rifles towards their home, car, passing traffic, and Blarney Rubble.

Circle was a hurried affair, as no one wanted to test Cavity's theory of lightning safety, who had circled us around the largest tree in the park. The hares kindly did a car run, and brought back 2 vehicles to carry 45 people. The wind was really whipping by the time we discussed my potential snaring of Meaty, and as usual, it was ruled invalid, as she was apparently a Turkey hare. Fair enough - I guess I thought I heard something from her about competing in triathlons, and assumed she would be an eagle.

I was without any of my usual chauffeurs, so I elected to risk life and lager and hop in with Stella to race over to Ft Lowell Depot for on afters. We had a wonderful time there, and were soon called upon to assist the always pregnant hasher Ass Me in the Morning to awaken the crowd at a party on the North side. Upon hearing that, we were off quicker than Papa at a strip club, and soon made ourselves at home drinking and belching on as many people as possible. Unfortunately, the rain soon swamped the yard, and as we were not allowed inside, we disbanded and found homes to go to.

Here's to next week, where Slow Ride promises to really break in Urine to the world of haring, and show us all some of the finer south side railway locations.

On On  
-Scoop Fatty