

7/28/07

"A Wet, Slow Ride on Urine"

The storms of the day did not deter the pack of 40 who met up alongside the railroad tracks to enjoy the afternoon running through homeless camps and mud. A large influx of hashers from Sierra Vista that included Mr. Blister and his favorite shorts joined us to complete their quest to hash everyday for 5 weeks. Do any of these folks have jobs?

Dr. Slow Ride tried to outwit some of the known short cutters in the group by scattering maps around the start of areas to the East of us, where no powder would ever be seen, as we headed west most of the day. Within minutes of seeing the hares take off, the Candys got so excited that they forgot to wait for the rest of the pack, and started clearing trail.

"We don't want to lose any powder to the storms!" shouted Candyman as he power walked out of view.

The rest of us soon followed, and we were treated to a trail unlike any I had ever seen. It is not often that runners can be seen climbing along highway embankments and crossing 10 lanes of highway traffic, but these hares saw no problem with leading us through these obstacles. There were many confusing DP's to clear, and when all else failed, we followed the compass in Blister's shorts that always seemed to point in the right direction.

Everyone in the pack knew we were heading to Tucson's famous high end tavern, The Buffet, but most of the group avoided the temptation to short cut straight there (except Bavarian and Studmuffin, of course). "You'll never lose any weight that way!" sneered Vomit Nazi to a shocked Stud as we entered the VIP section. The clean cut regulars were amazed by her abuse of the portly fellow, and stayed clear of her for the rest of our stay. Having the strictest dress code in town, The Buffet refused to allow Napoleon in with his wife beater on. He walked out mumbling some choice words to the door staff, but quickly realized he could cross the street and buy a 2XL flannel shirt from Lesbians Are Us. He was soon able to join us, and looked fabulous in his new housecoat.

Just Jeff was a favorite of the crowd and held court discussing the local politics. "There is too much sex in Tucson", he exclaimed. "That is why there is violence in Chicago". We all agreed, far too scared to admit we didn't understand a word he was saying.

Just Chuck was slamming beer like a frat boy, and had to be physically removed from his bar stool after the check ended. "Follow me, I know the way!" he shouted to us while running headfirst into a vagrant's shopping cart. He quickly collected his pride and joined us for the remainder of trail, wherever that may have been. I always believed a double true trail arrow was correctly pointing out the way to go, but with these hares, it just wasn't so. After 20 frantic phone calls, we found the group gathered around a pond. Mr. Blister was knee deep in the muck, scanning for any signs of sea life. "I miss Orca" he sobbed, obviously reeling from some traumatic childhood memories.

Charlotte the Harlot was also keen on wild creatures, and proved it by showing her box to everyone. Zamboner seemed quite taken by this show, and asked if she too could play with the pussy. Half Hash knocked over a few virgins in his frantic race to watch these events unfold, only to be sadly taken aback by the actual cat in Zabby's hands.

Cavity Search ran a great circle, and many worthy hashers received special awards. Everyone agreed to meet at Belushi's, and I was able to catch a ride back to the start with Dr. Slow Ride. I marveled at the wonderful sense of humor hashers possess, as anyone who named him might

reconsider his moniker after going through the Baja 1000 with him. He quickly returned us to our vehicles (amazingly still there and in tact) without once using a road or his brakes.

I believe we all had fun at Belushi's, but I can't recall much of what transpired. I was in a rush to offend some folks on the west side of town, and gathered Papa Don't Peak and Stella the Fella to assist. I assume the rest of the hash fared better than I.

Take care you wankers, and hope to see you out tonight for the Full Moon run tonight!  
Fatty