

7/30/07 Full Moon

"Harlot and her Spunky wet Monkey"

Under the watchful eye of Mall security and Tucson's finest, a large group of brave souls gathered outside Sears, Bus Job's favorite store, in anticipation of a wonderful evening. Sierra Vista was well represented, probably 20 strong and in fine spirits. I'm guessing 2x4 had found some spirits on his way up to town unless he normally does parking lot donuts in his semen colored bug.

Mr. Blister surprised us as he jogged in from a quick trip to Victoria's Secret wearing actual Cargo shorts! Not one prone to change, he smirked like Forest Gump on the Shrimp boat, and removed the outerwear to reveal the infamous and well traveled package check shorts.

The hares, Charlotte the Harlot and Funky Monkey Spunk, took off as the thunder and lightning drew near. "We thought you needed to see some real weather up here, so we brought a storm with us!" commented Candy Ass. As the mall security finally got a 4th backup vehicle to assist with the wrangling of our frightening herd, we left them behind with little more than a single finger wave from Did'ya.

The pack weaved in and out of the neighborhoods surrounding Park Place Mall, and were rewarded with a beer check in a parking lot as the rain began. Before we knew it, we were thrown into a monster monsoon, and trail vanished down raging washes. Abu Grab Me and Stella decided it wasn't worth wearing their hash gear, so they ran down the streets naked as the day they were born. Thanks for the Mammories attempted to shelter Zamboner from the storm under her wonderful sweater puppies, but even she could not provide ample protection in this hurricane. Butthead gained an extra 50 pounds during the storm, as he was still wearing his race approved Levi's.

There may have been a 2nd beer check in another parking lot, but I could not see far enough to make out the figures huddled around a car. Eventually, the hash collective decided they had enough of nature's wrath, and found their way, unaided by flour or trail markings, to the Salty Dog, where the hares happened to be. "I haven't been this wet since that week in Venezuela!" was all Bimbo By Day could say as she entered the tavern.

The bar check lasted for hours as the wet Harriette's took to entertaining the locals with an impromptu wet T-shirt contest. It was Nipple-palooza! Sadly, it had to come to an end so we could rush off back to the start and hold down-downs. The Sierra Vista crew was nominated often, and Foo drank many a Coors out of his miner's helmet.

Come on out to the Happy's and Tucson hashes later this week to cheer on the Sierra Vista crew as they continue their quest to hash everyday for a week, or 14 days, or 13 days, or something like that. Hood Ornament will be glad to explain the process to you if you have any confusion.

-Fatty