

9/15/07

Stella Spreads for the Hash

"Uhh, did you bring me back to the city?" was my first text message received the day after this festive hashing event. Yep, you know it must have been a good weekend when you wake up to some one's utter loss of memory. The hash was taken far outside the city limits, this time to Oral Valley for a shiggy-rific afternoon. We gathered in the Home Depot lot as severe storms swirled around the Catalinas and out in Avra valley.

I barely had time to pay my dues when the hares dropped their first dollops of flour. "Turkeys follow yellow powder" shouted Executive back to the still arriving pack. Too bad they seemed to have left the yellow flour in Stella's trunk, as I don't recall seeing more than 2 spots of it until the final half mile.

A quick schooling was given to newbies and to the flock of hashers no one has seen in years that heard rumors of a free party. Just Billy laughed nervously as the lightning strikes began closing in on us. "You might not believe this, but I've been hit a few times before" he stated for the record. I vowed to stay away from that lightning rod.

The pack was soon on its way through the lot and over the wall behind the Depot. The expansive wash was soon upon us, and we crossed it a few times, through the finest grass needles it has ever been my displeasure to come across (heh heh). We all kept stopping, trying to remove these little bastards, but nothing seemed to work so we pressed on, hoping that would be the last of it. We re-crossed the wash again and met up with S&M&M who was mentioning how well the yellow flour trail was working for the Turkeys. "3 F\*\$\$in drops is all I've seen" she mentioned to Did'ja. "Guess I'm an Eagle today!"

Once out of the wash, we crossed a road and dropped down in to a steamy mosquito-laden cesspool where the hares left us a beer check. "If the cheap beer doesn't get us, the West Nile will!" Vomit told me while cracking open a Steel Reserve. Most of us took the opportunity to pry some more of the stinging needles out of our shoes while pretending to enjoy our cold beverages. "At least we're 5 feet from the road in Oro Valley - it's not like there's cops up here" laughed New Car Smell.

"I can't believe Non Skidsky pulled me away from work to do this today" grumbled Crusty as she danced around on one foot, pulling out needles and swatting bugs.

The pack got back on the street and ran to a bridge which had 2 true trail arrows pointing different directions. I followed the one which took us to Oracle while others searched around a small plaza for trail. While waiting for the light to change to allow us to cross, a kindly local octogenarian leaned out his SUV and gave us some grandfatherly advice. "Why are you whippersnappers wasting all this energy running around when you could be driving?" he cackled. Why indeed, I thought, and waved goodbye as he waited for us all to pass by, obviously making him quite late for his latest "Viva Bush" bumper sticker club dinner.

The devilish hares soon took us straight up the mountainside, where one wrong turn could leave a nasty mark. Once we reached a peak slightly less elevated than Mount Lemmon, we dropped right back down to the desert floor, where we were left searching for powder, back in the thick of the stinging pricks. Everyone I saw had Chia pets for shoes. "I don't think I've ever had this many tiny pricks!" mentioned poor Tiny Whitey, whose surgical boot was coated so that you couldn't even see his toes.

Eventually someone found trail and blew their whistle, so we made it out once again to Oracle, and soon reached the finish near some Port a Potties adjacent to a building under construction. "Can we have circle in there?" I whined to no avail as the lightning started getting even closer. Most of the hashers climbed up to the Riverwalk and plopped down on metal seats to begin their

de-needling efforts. A few of us stayed down below, trying to stay out of sight from the ever-present po po. After about a half hour, the pack was still trickling in, and the rain was starting to make its presence known. Eventually, everyone made it in, chia pets included. Circle started with a sermon by Cock Stalker, and the pack groaned out their approval. "What do you expect, it's raining" he replied.

Tiny Whitey won many of the awards for his pin cushioned boot and foot. Vomit won the stud award for pointing out his "chub" in circle. Cavity quickly closed up the awards to announce that our free hash party would be held at the Men at Work Mansion, just a short 28 turns away. We collected our directions from him and wandered back to the start. Billy kept us entertained by sharing some of his exploits with the Rainbow group, and kept up a great pace for being barefoot in the desert. Double Dicker pointed out a Tarantula on trail, and tried to race it back. Not surprisingly, she won, but narrowly missed colliding into New Car in the Wash.

A not -so-quick stop at Target was all we needed before heading up to the party. Billy and Vomit's stellar deciphering of the directions allowed us to make it there with only 20 or 30 wrong turns. Trays of warm duck and cabbage greeted us as we made ourselves at home. The pool and hot tub were quickly discovered, and Papa decided to show his appreciation for our host by showering her mother with his underwear while entering the hot tub. "There's room for you" he told her and sent a sly wink her way. Just Billy decided to treat the poor woman right, and took the ladies back inside to discuss the merits of having enough broccoli in life. Realizing the group was starting to fade and the hot tub was losing its bubbles, reinforcements were called. Stud and Sextortionist wandered in from the U of A game, with Stud happily announcing the Cats were up and the game was over. I ran to get Chard & Clam, not knowing they had been in a bean eating contest all day. "Your truck smells of sex Fatty" said Chard as she climbed in. Not for long, my dear, not for long.

As hoped, the newcomers got the tub bubbling and the party back in full force. As I was getting a bit out of control, the pack begged Billy to get rid of me and snuck me out of Oro Valley, ducked taped and gagged to prevent any obscenities from being hurled towards the local police. The rest of the group kicked back with some porn, live and video, and had a wonderful, sweaty evening.  
~Fatty~