

9/26/07 Full Moon Trash

"Did'ya Bite my Stud's Happy jHavelina?"

aka

"Where in the world is Charlotte Harlotiago"

The Chuck E Cheese parking had never seen so many immature individuals prior to the September Full Moon hash, which happened to coincide with a Happy's #69 hash. Bavarian drove his POS around in circles for half an hour hoping to get some paint applied, or at least splatter it with annoying white trash spawn. Studmuffin and Did'ya were patiently awaiting the pack while openly taunting any teetotalers with their Miller Lites. Harlot warned nearby parents that she had just spent a weekend at Peter Piper Pizza, and would not be responsible for any harm that might be inflicted on children passing by. Slow Ride changed into his running gear right under a street light in front of the Cheese, causing many parents to avert their eyes, and many children to ask why a man would have a tattoo of a ballerina on his tush.

"I got it after a run with Pie and CHASE" was all he would say, slinking off to drink another Steel Reserve.

Amazingly, the pack was gathered and the hares were ready for departure by 7:15, so Stud and Did'ya tore off to the West, promising us a short trail. They weren't gone 3 minutes when we suddenly heard a crash. The horrific sound could only be described as a truck hitting a fully grown bear, and I immediately feared for Stud's safety. Well, actually I feared we might not find the beer checks or the finish, but hoped Did'ya would leave him behind to carry on with the trail. After discussing with A-Rod and Cavity how we would find a casket big enough for the Muffman, Half Hash announced it was time to go and we ran straight into a wash. A dark wash. With tunnels. And homeless people. And spider webs. And shiggy that left us with little skin.

"Crap, how am I gonna stare at these fine pieces of ass with all these branches in the way?" shouted Napoleon as he entered another rabbit hole.

"Second!" answered Balls of Gold, with his Mohawk covered in burrs.

Eventually, we were led out to a neighborhood, across Tanque Verde, and back towards some high walls and fences. I took a wrong turn and ended up scaling a 7 foot wire fence, all while shouting "True Trail" to the approaching pack.

"Where did he come from?" asked Cockstalker.

"More importantly, how do we send him back?" responded Hot2twat.

Another row of fences and walls were soon upon us, and we ended up on a private road.

"I've told you trashers never to come back here!" shouted a comely lass from her driveway as Slow Ride streaked by.

"You seem nice, do you need a house sitter?" asked Urine my Pants before continuing "It's OK, I'm really good with cats and bitches."

Once the pack safely exited the private property, we were led across a tennis court that appeared to have last been used around the same time Arthur Gash was slipping on his Boris Becker tennies whilst working on his civil liberties degree at ASU.

As you, my fine reader, could probably guess, the trail then led us into a wash. This one was the worst of all. We all got bunched up like cattle while trying to find any dollop of flour between the tree branches and dead animals.

"Smells like an evening out with Bearded and Did'ya" S&M&M shared with us. It didn't seem possible, but we soon wormed our way into an urban cactus patch, and the pack could be heard shrieking across the moonlit trail. No need for whistles, as you could follow the never ending cursing of yours truly. After escaping that mess, we crossed another wash, and ended up in a neighborhood occupied by handicapped hookers.

"Are you guys in the Army?" asked one such corner dweller.

"Sure" I answered, hoping she would give me a discount on a patriotic salute.

"The others went that way" she pointed up the street. Fine, I figured, let the rest of the pack have at this trollop, and I continued through some DP's, ending up at LB's.

"Oh Oh!" shouted Studmuffin upon my entrance. "You know it's a good trail if Fatty FRB's into a beer check!"

Having had the ego just beat out of me, I grabbed a frosty beverage and sat down in the library section to peruse some fine tomes dropped off by the regulars. One of these fine, upstanding citizens walked passed Hot2twat and me asking "Who's your Daddy?"

"Where's your parole officer?" I whispered back to him as he lurched by. More of the pack soon poured in, followed much later by Bavarian Crème and even later by Slow Ride, who announced he thought we would be at Kappy's. The only one apparently missing was Harlot, so folks frantically began calling her, but no one got an answer. Stud pulled out his phone to try, and realized he had missed a call. He called the mystery number back, and reached the El Charro massage parlor.

"This is Studmuffin, was someone there trying to reach me?" he asked. Turns out Harlot picked up a temp job there, and called him just to say hi.

With her whereabouts taken care of, the hares left, and we were instructed to sing a few ditties to the toothless wonders that occupied the rest of the tavern. Then the turkeys were allowed to leave, while we were forced to stay. Slow Ride and I were busy dissecting a "How To" manual, apparently written by the Latter Day Saints, when we both saw Half Hash peer in the doorway, scowl, then exit. We found this to be more than a little funny, and as were spitting beer out our noses, Wrong Room Bitch did the exact same thing. Then she did it again. The third time must have been the charm, so she danced her way over to us, all while keeping to the beat of "Any Way You Want It" by Journey, to ask us what was so funny. By the time we dried the tears from our eyes and stopped rolling around the filthy floor, she had exited again.

"I think she told us to eat Wendy's potato" said Slow Ride as we gathered our belongings to head back on trail.

A few miles later, and only one more wash, we arrived at the finish. The hash altruists piled into Did'ya's truck and headed back to the start for a vehicle run. As we pulled into the lot of Chucky, we all burst out laughing as we saw Harlot emerge from the bed of my truck.

"So much for that place" she said. "They wouldn't even let me use a ball gag! I told them to fuck off and headed over to Joe's Crab Shack."

We took the disturbed Harlot to the finish, promising her the beer would be plentiful. That immediately lifted her spirits, and soon enough, we were in Cavity's hole - err circle, sorry. Harlot won the Shit award for being led off trail by Slow Ride, and for trying to pick up extra cash while hashing. Nappy won the Bitch award for squealing like a young girl while hopping a pipe in tunnel. Balls of Gold won most of the other awards for deep throating his bitch liquors, and then doing shooters of Cheetos.

As this was also a Happy's evening, we turned the gorillas sign on and let the pack have at each other. Half Hash sensed this wouldn't turn out well, so he abducted all willing members to sneak out of circle to head home - without kneeling for a final down down.

"We will not let this go unpunished!" shouted Zammy as they pulled out of the lot. She then took out her frustrations on Mammaries, and had her do 7 consecutive down downs. "You didn't have to live with her" was her only excuse for this harsh treatment.

With plenty of free beer remaining, the pack choose to move out of the pig sty and into the rectum by ending circle and meeting up at the Cow Pony. Mammaries eyes were popping out like she was an extra in the Thriller video as she entered the barroom. Nappy wandered through the massive (and by massive, I don't mean there were many people) crowd looking like Bilbo Baggins. A friendly Angel of Hell greeted us at the bar, and the best I could guess was that he was foreign, as I didn't understand a word he said. We all ordered various spirits and found a safe corner to watch the eventual fistfights. Did'ya explained to all of us that this was his place, and that it was often frequented by "Geeks, sportos, motor heads, dweebs, dorks, sluts, and buttheads". Wow Penis - was Ferris Bueller not in class today?

After Slow Ride had a few cocktails, and more importantly the stirrer straws, he began to fill in some plumbers cracks around the bar. Realizing that wasn't enough of a challenge, he then reached under a young maiden's dress and tried to fit one in her crack. "Ahh!!" she shouted after he hit gold. "Was my skirt up? I'm so sorry" she said to our amazement.

"Yeah, yeah, of course it was!" he replied, knowing we were all in tears laughing at her confusion. "My name is Bunny."

"Mine is Bambi, nice to meet you" she responded while grabbing a seat next to the good Doctor. We realized that none of this was going over well with the Devil's Rejects cycle club that had been eying us, so we tried to sneak out unnoticed.

"Hey there baby. How are you and your sister?" asked the one of the bartenders to Harlot. "Fine, goodnight." was all she could say. It was soon revealed she had no idea who that was, nor did her sister whom Slow Ride called from the parking lot. We hopped in our chariots to get a few more vessels of liquid courage at Bob Dobbs, where the hours passed on until last call. I'm sure Slow Ride went home with dreams of stirrer sticks dancing in his head, and somewhere out there, a young lady went to bed dreaming the same thing.

On-On
~Scoop Fatty