

Hash de Tucson Fall 09 -November 6-8, 2009

The six VIVVAAA LAS VEGAS hashers, Just Kim, Doublemint Cum, Golden Eagle, Up Drunk the Junkie, Adios Motherfucker, and Hunka Hunka Burnin' Shit, volunteered to write the Hash Trash for the HdT this fall. Since there were six of them and six hashes for HdT, each wrote a chapter. Thanks to the VIVVAAA LAS VEGAS hashers for stepping up and telling their tales.

Chapter I: The Friday night Pub Crawl hared by Stella the Udderly Bi Fella, Has-Hid-Dick, and Half Hash and written by Just Kim.

Ok, so we flew from Vegas to Tucson on an airplain and then we were no wait, me and Junkie, ohhh Junkie – he's so awesome so me and Junkie drove in a car and the other guys flew on an airplain and we picked them up and then went to a bar and had drinks and then to another bar and had some more drinks and then well you know what I mean, and then there was this Russian guy that was soooooo trashed and Junkie told me, ohhhhhh Junkie – he's so awesome, so Junkie told me that his name is Non Skidski Butt Plug hilarious name I don't have a name yet, well I have a name, Just Kim, but I don't have a hash name so maybe I can get named here, but maybe not, and finally in the end we got really trashed and went to the hotel to sleep.

I hope you like my hash trash story but I'm not a good writer but hope you liked it any way cause I used to be blonde before I stopped bleaching my hair.

Just Kim

Chapter II: Hash de Tucson leg #1 hared by Didya Bite My Penis and Bavarian Creame and written by Hunka Hunka Burnin Shit

Awards:

FRB	Follows and Swallows
STUD	Funky Monkey Spunk
SHIT	Stella the Udderly Bi Fella and the Hares
BITCH	Klitty Litter

You know man, this is the type of trail I really dig. Like, it doesn't matter that the hares pre-laid some and then even pre-laid over each other's trail and the pack got split up and lost. What matters is that we figured it out and ran about 7 miles and everybody made it to the end and we sang and drank. That is really all that you can ask for in a hash. Running some trail, singing some hash songs, and enjoying the golden nectar.

I did hear Bavarian saying something about Dr Whacks being "on his list" for pre-laying over his trail. And that S&M&M&M chick said she was chewing on Stella, something Stella claims every chick in the Tucson hash has done to him. I wasn't sure if he thought that was a good thing or a bad thing

But this kind of hashing is what it is all about. Dude, shiggy, bad trail, lots of DP's. Hell, if the jH3 hares can get their shit together on the next couple of trails, I might consider coming back to Tucson.

On - On,
Hunka

Chapter III: Hash de Tucson leg #2 hared by Bimbo By Day, Illegal Entry, and Redheaded Woodpecker and written by Up Drunk the Junkie

Awards:

SHIT	Just Amanda (who the hell is Just Amanda?)
FRB	Up Drunk the Junkie for zenning into the finish in a town he doesn't even know Wait, he grew up in Tucson
STUD	Spermuccino because he took off his shirt on trail and covered a mud hole so the harriettes could cross without getting their shoes dirty.

Leg two of the Hash de Tucson was a good trail and more than made up for the first leg. There was some shiggy running with a lot of street running. A well marked trail with lots of DP's and checks Awww, who am I kidding? I didn't run trail. I was FRB. I zenned right to Bavarian's place. My internal compass can detect beer from a mile away. I had two beers in me and was half way through my third before the second place wanker, Go F*ck Myself, arrived.

On-VIVVAAA LAS VEGAS!-On
The Junkie

Chapter IV: Hash de Tucson leg #3 hared by Twice Smitten Always Spitten, Follows and Swallows, Funky Monkey Spunk, and Go F*ck Myself and written by Doublemint Cum

Awards:

FRB	Foo Cum You for being FRB
BITCH	Doublemint Cum for bitching about how much work she did for LVRDR
STUD	Adios Motherfucker for listening to Doublemint's bitching
SHIT	Newt for dumping on trail

Has anyone seen my purse? I got really wasted at the hangover hash and lost my purse with all my stuff.

Anyway, the third Hash de Tucson trail was really fun. The trail was a combination of street running and shiggy running, was well marked, and just the right length. At circle Joystick Cowboy got sprayed in the face with beer while trying to change the taps and there was a naming that was hilarious.

A guy, Just Jerry, told us some great stories and his wife, Cherry Pickin, gave us some great information about Jerry as well. We had some fantastic names like Take a Number, I Like to Watch, and Hoosier Black Snake, but in the end Just Jerry will forever be known as SWEATIN' LIKE A RUNAWAY SLAVE. If you saw it, you'd think it was funnier. There was a visual that went with the naming.

Hey, has any one seen my purse?

Cheers,
Doublemint Cum

Chapter V: Hash de Tucson leg #4 hared by Pickle Packer, Dr Whacksalotte, and Non-Skidsky Butt Plug and written by Adios Motherfucker

Awards:

SHIT	Redheaded Woodpecker for confusing Whacks and causing his trail to be f*cked up
FRB	Charlotte the Harlot and Foo Cum You for racing to the finish
DFL	Bearded Clam for showing up to the last circle... ONLY

By the time this hash rolled around, I was getting really wasted. Well it was only a warm up for what I would do on Sunday at The Harlot Ranch, but wasted none the less. So we ran a great trail. By the end, we had run approximately 20 miles in total. No one got hurt, no one got arrested, no one got lost, and the trails and the food and the beer were great. A really good time was had by all.

Except for that German dude Boston Cream Puff..... or something like that. He kept bitching about getting arrested for trespassing. I'm not sure what he was talking about. Dude seems to be wound a little too tight.

At the end, we were following the beer truck around in the wash like zombies, "BEER!" I even heard No Bone Go Home yell at Joystick, "We need some stinkin' beer. Get that wa-goon down here." To which Joystick replied, "It's easier to fly a 747 than it is to drive Scooby Douche's truck." Eventually Joystick managed to park the beer truck and circle was conducted.

After circle we all went to Dr Whack's Party Palace. Skinny-dipping, hot tubbing steak eating, and beer drinking were enjoyed by the pack. It was great to see I Love Fat Chicks and Anal Licked a Hole show up although I've never seen Fat Chicks so sober or nice. After dinner, every one drank and busted balls. Whack's place is very nice. Thanks, Dr. Whacks!

We eventually returned to our hotel to crash after a long day of drinking and running. I had no idea what was in store for me on Sunday.

VIVVAAA LAS VEGAS!

Adios

Chapter VI: Hangover Hash hared by Blocox and Cockstalker and written by Golden Eagle

Well, I didn't run trail. Me and the other Vegas hashers went to Chicago Bar to watch the Bears lose again, no wait that didn't happen until Monday night, but I heard the trail was a really good one. I also was told about the naming of Just Amanda and Just Tony. They were virgins at the Friday Night Pub Crawl, ran all four legs on Saturday, and did the Hangover Hash on Sunday. The sixth hash is a naming hash in Tucson, so now and forever more Just Amanda will be known as 'I'll F*ck You in Three Weeks and Just Tony will be known as Wet Back Sack. Saw the pictures on www.hashingtucson.com flash page. Awesome!

We did make it to on-afters at The Harlot Ranch. Upon arriving and hearing the naming story we decided to name Just Kim. It got really crazy with names like Crimson Tide, Hemo-goblin, Tampax Six Pack, My Pad is at the Y, and Red Wing Woman but, in the end, Just Kim will forever be known as CUNT 4 RED OCTOBER.

At this point Hunka passed out on the couch. Several jH3 hashers decided this meant that Hunka Hunka wanted his name to be changed to Hunka Junka and placed their junk in his face for pictures. Smile for the camera, Hunka!

Outside, Spermuccino was stumbling around drunk and complaining about his asshole being sore. Not sure what was up with that...

The party progressed into full out debauchery at this point. I felt like I was back in Sin City. Doublemint and Adios passed out. No one messed with Doublemint, but once again, the site of a passed out male hasher prompted the jHavelina male hashers to "whip em out" for the camera. Shouts of, "Tea bag the Vegas GM!" and "Brown eye for the Vegas guy!" were some of the war cries. Tea Bags, Cocks in Ears, Brown Eyes, and even a Chocolate Starfish on Adios' forehead were all recorded for hashing posterity.

Amazingly, we made our 9pm flight home to Vegas as the jHavelina hashers raged into the night and eventually killed the keg.

Thanks jH3 for the hashpitality!

ON-ON
Golden Eagle

Thanks to the VIVVAAA LAS VEGAS! Hashers for attending the Fall 09 Hash de Tucson and also for being guest scribes.

Also, thanks to all those hashers who attended and a **HUGE** thanks to all those who worked the event. Good job, drivers! Hats off to the organizing committee! Kudos to the behind-the-scene helpers! Thanks, Hares! The food committee is awesome! Hail to the GM's! Dr Whack's is The Man – thanks for the use of your place!

Fall 09 Hash de Tucson: The beer was cold and the trails were great!

ON-ON

Granny Panties