

10/20/07

"Don't choke on a rod, miss"

With rain destroying his previous attempt to run us through the gang infested south side, A Rod leaped at the opportunity to hare the area again, this time with a co-hare, Miss Chokes on Dick. He asked Did'ja to get to the start early so they could get the beverages out on trail, and away they went a little before 4:00. Unfortunately, they forgot to get anyone to follow them so they had to return and ask Chokes on Dick to leave the school children alone and follow them out. This delay would have enraged Cavity and Whacks, but luckily they were not present on this beautiful afternoon.

While we were waiting, we got a chance to see Zamboner's mischievous (criminal) side as she decided it would be fun to throw a brick through Sloppy's car window, allowing for some much needed air flow.

"You can't keep a car that hot in these dog days of summer!" she giggled to us. Sloppy returned from his shopping spree at Target to quite a shock, but he knew better than to take on the mighty Boner when she is on a rampage. He just put his tail between his legs and walked away.

When trail finally began, a few of us seemed to have first hand knowledge of the trail. Well, I guess we did, in that it was exactly the same as his previous trail. We crossed the Santa Cruz and meandered into the fine neighborhoods that were covered in gang tags. Before long, I was lost and saw Slow Ride a few blocks away. We both swore we saw flour in the area last time, but the devilish hares threw us for a loop. We eventually dropped down into a wash and joined Chokes on Dick for a drink in the bush. Other eagles made their way in to this beer check as well, and soon we were off in search of A Rod. After crawling under a bridge, we saw a large DP with Bavarian's pack arrow. He had skipped the first few miles to get a head start on a snare. It might have worked if A-Rod had not been so good at camouflaging himself with the shiggy.

A few miles later it felt like we had crossed a mountain, and, in fact, we had. And a long nasty wash. At least we were soon rewarded with a cooler full of...Water? Not funny hares, not funny. We followed a multitude of flour dollops to the finish, a very scenic garbage dump on the side of the road. The turkeys, slower eagles and Clam eventually all made it in (well, except for Sloppy who was strangely absent). Zammy shared with all of us that she enjoyed going through the cornfields, and at one point dropped trou and ran backwards.

"It was just like a night at Harlots" she advised.

Circle was especially brutal this fine evening, with many slanderous and downright awful things being said. The hares seemed to take most of the abuse and were called out for nearly every award. Clam and Stud won the twins award, a lively necklace donated by Peter or Tool.

"If he's gonna wear it, it should have a cowbell on it" joked Stella about the Muffin man.

Crusty thought that was hilarious, and suggested when Clam gets his chance to wear it, "he should attach a ball gag so he can't talk to anyone."

The group re-gathered at the Greens, a swanky bistro on the Alvernon for dinner and drinks. Balls of Gold joined the group and got to join the man can chorus line we formed at the table, along with Stella, myself and Zammy. Beer was served quickly and voluminously, and I might add, at quite an affordable price. Food, on the other hand, seemed to take an eternity, and if Stud's turkey spamwich was any indication, it was not worth the wait.

The group dwindled down throughout the evening, leaving just Chokes, S&M&M, and the crafty

veteran Did'ja to try his "Two's company, but three's a butt load more fun" speech. Some others went out to sample more beer in the presence of the always inviting Sweet D, and to dance, dance, dance the night away at Maloney's. Rumor has it Studmuffin was mumbling at everyone on the dance floor, but not even the keen Alabama ears of Meaty could decipher any of it.

HDT in one week - warm up your livers!