

Hash #1103 "The Hollow-weenie Hash"

On this, the most eerie night of the year, the pack of hashing ghouls assembled at a secret location to celebrate this wonderful night of scary merriment Hollow-weenie. The hares, Klitty Litter, Funky Monkey Spunk, and Peak Climax were away. Unfortunately, the pack was immediately lost because Bavarian Crème decided to dress as The Friendly Sweeper. Carrying a broom on trail, BC swept away all the flours on the turkey trail. Eventually Bavarian started short cutting and the pack was able to find trail again. As the turkeys dropped into a wash, Pea Shooter was helping Master Meat Finder navigate down a steep embankment. A tree branch innocently stretched MMF's shirt exposing a "lovely ta-ta" to which Pea Shooter remarked, "If we could only train that cotton-pickin' tree to pull down yer pants Dag-gummit!"

Both the turkeys and eagles made their way through the neighborhood south of the University. Several parents were seen shielding their children's eyes as the pack passed by. One woman was heard saying to her children, "Stay away from that homeless man" (Neutered). Another family ran from the pack upon seeing Fucks Sheep for Jesus dressed as Cavity Search. There were also some costume compliments though. For example, many passersby thought we had the real Wonder Woman (Did'ya Bite My Penis) with us. Twice Smitten Always Spittin' and Follows and Swallows looked very cute in their Gay-Lick (or is it Gaelic) outfits. And of course Shitty Trail was the most masculine looking man in the whole group.... even with that non-stop erection. Like the commercial says, "Call your doctor if you have an erection that lasts longer than four hours."

After scaring the be-Jesus out of most of central Tucson, the eagles had a shot check, while the turkeys had a beer and candy check. As the pack made its way to the first bar check, Blocox, who was dressed as a ghost, scared some college kids who threw rocks and tree branches at her causing several compound fractures. Miraculously she finished trail and even made it to on-afters covered in blood and the remnants of the attack.

The first bar check at Frog and Firkin' was lively. The pack pounded pitcher after pitcher and was joined by Spermuccino's auto hashing virgin. We don't know her name because she did nothing of significance except for posing for that up-skirt camera shot that Granny Panties took of her that she didn't know about. But this brings us to the other virgins, Just Mary and Just Amy, who as all good virgins should be, were ritualistically sacrificed which in hashing terms means they were bartered to the bartender for more beer.

Eventually the pack was off to the second bar check, one of the scariest places in all of Tucson, The Buffet. As the hash arrived, The Buffet was holding a "Best Homeless Costume Contest." There were dozens of patrons with incredibly realistic looking homeless costumes. Several hashers joined in and were actually contest finalists. Indecent Disposal, Stella the Udderly Bi-Fella, and Joystick Cowboy all made it to the final round but were beaten by Scooby Douche who forgot to wear a costume. Congratulations Scooby!

The pack was off again, finishing at the park just south of the Buffet. Circle was loud and raucous as Spermuccino serenaded the group with a Hollow-weenie original note. Klitty, amazingly wasn't prepared to tell a sermon, so the Reverend Arthur Gash stepped in and saved the day.

Of special note, 1) Hash Jive dressed as Hannibal Lechter started and completed the entire hash without getting lost, having a show down with banditos, stopping on trail for a burger at McDonalds, or auto

hashing home. 2) Charlotte the Harlot won the best costume award for her interpretive take on the movie Clockwork Orange. Unfortunately Harlot wasn't presented her award, because just like Cinderella, she had to bolt from the ball. Harlot was afraid her Mogwai-in-a-bag would turn into a Gremlin at any moment.

Circle ended with an announcement about Hash-de-Tucson being held next week and that regos need to be turned in hint, hint, hashers.

On afters was held in a variety of places, first the Buffet, then Zacharys, and then O'Malleys. While at Zachary's, where we were joined by Deep Dish who was dressed very convincingly as a pizza shop waitress, Just Robin judged a Hollow-Weenie-Off between Popeye the Submissive Man, Funky Monkey Spunk, You're Too Fat to F*ck, and Go F*ck Myself. GFM finished in 22nd place even though he is always numero uno in our hearts (middle finger raised). Too Fat placed third since he never actually exposed himself boring. Just Robin had a difficult time deciding between Popeye and Funky for first place. She even asked the GM for assistance. Upon exposing themselves to Bavarian, he actually forked (not a misprint) both contestants at which point the contest was deemed a draw. Both Popeye and Funky now truly had hollow weenies.

Respectfully submitted by: "The Ghost" in Granny's Panties