

10/6/08 Trash 10/6/07

"Harlot urinated in the wrong pants, Bitch!"

Dear Penthouse:

You'll never believe this could happen to a wank like me. I was perusing the local rag, searching the adult personals section, when a blurb caught my eye - "3 hot Harriettes ISO followers - catch us and we'll cover ourselves in flour". Who knew there were perverts of this magnitude in the Old Pueblo? Quicker than Papa in a Mexican strip club, I rushed down to Speedway and Cherry to check out the festivities. Unfortunately, 60 others had the same idea. These 3 ladies sure can draw a crowd - I mean, when is the last time you saw Sloppy out? Or Blow the Belt, or even the rotund Bearded Spam?

With the parking lot nearing capacity, the lovely ladies grabbed their sacks of the promised flour and raced off towards campus. The pack was so busy with "How have you been?", "Where you in jail?", "When are you due?" and a few "FU's" that no one bothered to do any school for the virgins milling around.

"Screw'em, they won't sleep with me anyway" joked Asshole in El Paso, back from his year long retirees retreat in Botswana.

Yep, the group was ready for a crazy day, and all we were missing was 2x4 to make the Haysh complete. Sloppy was able to not only impart his wisdom on the direction of trail, but also offend those out of earshot with his fine Nicaraguan stogie.

"At least he didn't bring any of his mangy mutts" muttered Napoleon while draping himself in his famous short bus, helmet wearing attire.

"I'd rather run next to those jackals than been seen next to Rainbow Brite" I whispered to Tourgasm who was also taken aback by Nappy's outfit.

Before we could find anyone else to pick on, Cavity shouted "on on", and the herd of happy, horny hashers hurried haphazardly down the stairs to one of the university tunnels.

"What this street?" asked Non Skidsky in his lame attempt at a Russian accent" "You drive in here?"

"You work on this campus butt nugget! Don't you know it's for bikes?" replied Just Chris, who sadly would not be seen again for hours.

The hasher formerly known as Sea Spanked galloped across Campbell, blowing his whistle like a madman.

"Was that a gazelle?" asked Ms. Chokes on Dick while scanning the nearby grade school for dates.

Before New Car Smell and Bavarian could reach Wilmot, we discovered a check back 16, which took us right back to the hospital. The trail was soon found, and we were given a lovely tour of UMC's bowels. While scanning all the trash lying around in hopes of scoring a condom, Papa Don't Peek discovered a little black book next to STD clinic reports. It was titled "Stella's Fellas", and apparently contained all the juicy tidbits of our good buddy's last few years. Upon seeing this lost treasure in Papa's hands, his face flushed and he quickly took Papa out, but not before we got to see the first page. Here is an excerpt: "Dear Diary: I met a great guy a few months ago, and things are going swell. He takes me out running every morning, and I take him out dancing every night. I couldn't ask for more. His name is..."

and that's where Papa had to stop reading due to the viscous kick to the 'nads he received. Sadly, we may never know the rest of the story as Stella soon ran off trail with Just Chris, LaaLaa, and Stuffed in my Box, not to be seen again for hours.

After Papa picked up his aching sack and bruised pride, he FRB'd us through a maze of streets. Studmuffin knew there was a beer check at my house, so he ignored the trail markings and went up there. Too bad his hayshing skills weren't on par with Sloppy's, as he sat on my doorstep for a good half hour without beer before retracing his steps.

Repo led the turkeys off trail for a tour of the U of A Law School, even showing off her favorite 3rd floor closet where she manhandled many a janitor. Cockstalker enjoyed himself during the tour, and even took Peter or Tool down the hall to a vending machine, all in the hopes of seeing some magnificent cans.

The trail continued to wander around the campus just like a mescal worm through Slow Ride, and as the sun was setting we were relieved to see the hares, and Bavarian of course, at a picnic table in crack alley. The coolers were immediately raided, as we all knew the huge size of the crowd would quickly take its toll. Stragglers continued to stagger in well after circle began. The police made many a circle around our area of the park, not at all used to seeing "our type" in this fine part of town.

The hares were awarded the "Bitch" award on principle, Butt Plug and Sloppy won the "FRB" award for arriving as we were loading up the cars, Men at Work won the "stud" award for assisting a local gardener with his tiny prick, and Slow Ride's virgin Fatima won the Bingo award. Whacks once again took home the "crotchety" award for an unprecedented 5th time.

All in all, a great day, that was soon followed up by a great evening at an unnamed pizza parlor across from the start. Our jaws dropped as Half Hash bought a round for everybody, and we all gave him the one fingered salute in recognition. Strong beer was consumed at a fast and furious rate, well; at least it was once the workers caught up with the back orders. Miss Chokes on Dick gave a lecture on bulimia, and luckily had Paco to assist in the demonstration. She also taught us about the dangers of statutory rape and proceeded to MILF the hell out of some random boy. His tonsils will never be the same, nor will his taste buds with all the previous lecture's leftovers lodged in there.

On - stay tuned for Papa's debut in the Pick Up Artist 2, Mormon Boogaloo coming to theaters near you - On

Fatty