

11/10/07 Trash

3:00pm. Jessie Owens park. Bring running shoes. This was all we knew when we met up on this wonderful day of the year. November 10 is quite important to this hash trash reporter as it always seems to allow for free libations at any respectable, and ideally unrespectable, establishment. Must have something to do with Veterans day.

The small but lively group was ready to go on time, and even got to pick thru Boner's box of goodies for a possible prize. I came out with a Haz Mat T-shirt, as did many others, but a few unlucky souls just found old bath towels.

Joystick Cowboy and I Rubbed A-Rod took off out of the park promising 6 miles of trail, and at least 20 DP's per mile. There was rumor of a turkey trail, but this reporter saw no such thing. There were also rumors of certain turkeys executively spreading their Cockstalker's around certain DP's, marking them as bad trails in every direction while secretly giggling as the pack wound its way onto the turkey trail, but I assure you these are just speculations at this time. Trail took us all around and around the finest smelling alleys loaded with dog feces, eventually dropping us into a tunnel that could only be described as a wide and deep birthing canal, ala Meat Flaps.. The group went into elephant mode, hanging onto whatever could be grabbed on from the person in front of them for the 1/2 mile journey underground. Bearded Clam kept dropping back to assist more Harriet's with something to grab, but Did'ja was always there to tunnel block him.

Dr. Whacksalotte was helpful as always with his remarkable trail scouting technique, also known as run 3 feet down a road and claim the trail died. This turned out to be fortunate, as this section was where the turkeys sent us backwards on their trail. Non Skidsky and Go F*ck myself didn't catch on to this, and ended up running all the way back to the tunnel before realizing their mistake. They should have known something was amiss, as Bavarian Creme was seen jogging along in the same area.

Just for fun, the hare took us all the way around the park to lead us to the finish, which I might add, was the first beer stop of the day. Within 10 or 20 minutes I realized my surroundings.

"Hey, this was the start!"

"You're really quick today Fats - forget to eat your Wheaties again?" asked the always incredulous Stella the Fella. Turns out he got lost fairly early on trail and came back to the start to get his car and happened upon the beer coolers - lucky bastard.

Dr. Slow Ride, having overcome the insurmountable odds of escape at the bunny ranch, called from Speedway and Wilmot, nowhere near trail, to ask where we ended up. He arrived a few minutes before Cavity Search came in, who was looking very perturbed that no one marked any DP's, even though there was no chalk at the start (that's my story and I'm not changin' my mind!).

The crowd gathered where they collapsed at the finish line and went thru a lovely circle. Happy Sock was nominated for bitching about the heat and the long trail, not realizing she was so drunk she missed her home hash in Colorado's start by 800 miles. All the husbands were nominated for escaping their wives, and I was nominated for blowing out some sort of candle - I promise, it wasn't near Stella.

Finally, as darkness approached, we were notified we had 2 naming's to complete. After much deliberation, and many more frothy beverages, it was decided we would forever refer to this lovely couple as Acid Refux and Full metal hard-on (or something like that - Sorry, I just found this draft from a month ago and wanted to finish it). Acid Refux for her many partners during her hippy days, and Full Metal for all his hard work polishing his alkalines in China.

Weary of what this reporter might write, some of the group took me out to Long Wong's, the Buffet, the Shanty, the Meet Rack, etc. until they figured all memory would be erased from the day. All I can say is, well, thanks - job well done!

~Fatty