

7/7/07 - Let's Get Lucky Rubbing Napoleon's Rod

The vibes felt strong on this luckiest of days. A large group of us squeezed into the Nazi mobile and tore off at troubling speeds to hash land, also known as the FAR East side of town, where we seem to end up every week. Our group arrived just in the nick of time, and we were able to enjoy standing around in the heat for an hour whilst getting eaten alive by red ants. The kindly gentlemen in the hash were all a twitter over the arrival of comely lass, adorned with multiple hash tags from all over the world. It may have been my misunderstanding, but the Harriet's did not seem as welcoming to this beauty. Meow!

Before the hares decided to leave, we all witnessed an ugly spectacle as a wrestling match broke out between Urine my Pants and Bavarian Crème. No one understands what caused the skirmish, but the deep voiced German was overheard crying out "If you didn't want to ride with me, you could have just said so!"

"It's OK, mein freund" I said. "Maybe next time you can borrow the Idiot's GPS"

As 6 o'clock was quickly approaching, the hares decided it was time to leave, and both took off, seemingly carrying the weight of the world on their shoulders. Napoleon was teetering dangerously to the right, and A Rod was barely hitting a 5 minute mile pace. From what I hear, just Andy, who was visiting us from Ireland, slipped some chutney ferrets in their hash bags prior to the start. "Even Apollo Field, Britain's legendary boxer has been known to train that way!" he mumbled to me between sips of his new favorite American beverage, pickle juice flavored tequila.

Soon enough, the pack was off, doing our usual orderly Frogger-esque street crossings. Stud and Foo decided they needed alone time, and danced off to the north together hatching evil Karaoke plans while the rest of us headed East. We had a few moments of relief from the heat in some tunnels, and I tried to find a Harriett to play some grab ass in the dark, but only Dr. Whacks seemed willing. Apparently he was still suffering from heat stroke stemming from his couples only trip to Greece. Questions of who was his date on this event received only scowls from the good Doctor, though under the 42nd bridge he did remind me that Greek pharmacies don't sell little blue pills.

Somewhere between mile 3 and 14, we found a large pile of flour on the side of the trail next to a small boulder. I guess the bag got a little too heavy for A Rod, so he purged some dead weight. Alas, there were no ferrets spotted in the area. Just Andy broke off from the group to "purge the nuggets", and was quickly joined by a Harriett with nice double D's who was apparently studying foreign anatomy. Bavarian seemed upset that she didn't offer to study him, and was last seen wandering off into the desert puffing away on his ever present running companion.

With thunder and lightning surrounding us, the hares thought it was a good idea to give us a beer check at the bottom of a wash, so we all gathered around metal picnic tables in a beautiful mesquite grove. Stud and Foo arrived, and seemed quite pleased with themselves. "Look, I found a pool on trail!" Stud joyfully exclaimed while shaking his wetness all over us. Foo grabbed a beer and went off in the bushes to remove stray thorns from his beard. The lovely girl with the hash tags adjusted her sports bra. Vomit Nazi asked Urine for some toilet paper, only to receive a giggling response of "Boy, are you asking the wrong person!". Some no names filled their pockets with extra beer to ensure they stayed hydrated on the rest of the trail. Meat gazer chased a rabid stray cat over a fence. Business as usual and we were soon on our way.

With the storm growing ever more ominous, the group circled up in a parking lot next to a large metal light pole. As down downs began, so did the buckets of rain. I hid myself under Just Jana's, Harlot's and Vomit's plentiful bosoms, and stayed dry until I was called out to take nominations. The brothers Cock (Cock Stalker and Cock Jaw) quickly took my place. The elderly and infirm hid in vehicles. We all thanked Andy for bringing the rain with him from Ireland, and he pointed out the bad meteorologist in the group who told him it was too late in the day to rain. "I told the sorry chap, there will always be wet women when I am around":

The moment the circle ended, the group sprinted to the awaiting cars and squeezed into them to enjoy the smell that could only be described as "wet dog". I can't attest to the other vehicles, but I have a sneaking suspicion that Meat Gazer was to blame for some of the bad odor in PO's shaggin wagon. Most of the group sped up the highway to Chuy's for more merriment. Andy introduced us to an odd Irish custom of bearing buttocks near small children, and Vomit introduced me to Michaladas. I did not fully understand either one, and vowed to look up info on both when I returned to the newsroom.

With dinner ending, Stud begged the group to move inside to cheer him on while he sang. As we sat down near the Karaoke screen, Foo stood up and belted out a perfect Holy Diver by Ronnie James Dio. Not one to be outdone, Nappy took the mike and sang his heart out to Hakuna Matata. Devilish as always, Stud secretly filled out slips with my name, so I was soon on stage singing a touching version of Cher's "If I could turn back time" to a standing ovation. I heard a vicious rumor that they were standing to leave, but that seems a bit harsh. Vomit admitted she was so taken by my singing because I bore an eerie similarity to Meatloaf. I later discovered she didn't mean my vocals.

Before I had a chance to serenade all those remaining with Nelly's "Hot in Here", the vomit comet whisked us away to Harlot's where we were soon enjoying German Schnapps and utterly offensive slurs, both thanks to Andy. My last memory was of Cockstalker assuming the position, and we all snuck out praying we would be able to wipe that memory from our minds.

See you all next week, and if anyone needs a good barber, Tiny Whitey asks that you give him a call, as he has the best in town.

Scoop Fatty