

R. U. some kind of Monkey Cock?

A guest Hash Trash, lovingly crafted and presented by Dr. Slow Ride:

A very small crowd gathered for the hash, due in large part to a mass migration to celebrate Repeat's birthday up in Phoenix (and let me add my well wishes to the birthday girl at this point). The core of the Regulars having left, Reservists stepped in to help flesh out the pack. Prodigals included Booger, Pick, Yoda, Casual, and I wasn't really paying that close attention, but the rest of us were especially glad they came out for a change...it is almost as if there's some personality clash they are avoiding on other weeks.

We met in an office parking lot under overcast skies and in rainforest-like humidity. I am certain that there was pre-lube beer available and I want to thank whoever it was that provided it or, at the very least, whoever it was that left it unprotected; I had, by this time, worked off my earlier beer feast provided by the savages down in Sierra Vista and was in sore need of fluid replacement. Tour de Bone also seemed a wee bit parched but had brought along his own supplies, apparently purchased on the same shopping trip on which he acquired the new church outfit he wore to the hash; in deference to his sartorial choice, he opted for the Turkey trail, which, ironically enough, turned out to be the same as the Eagle trail.

The pack started out to the southwest, I headed west, and Bavarian disappeared somewhere to the north (although he reappeared regularly throughout the hash, in uncharacteristic fashion). I arrived at the first beer check just above the Rillito wash next to a puddle full of tadpoles that in two days time will be providing dogs and teenagers in this toney neighborhood insights into their souls that many of us only dream about. I had seen Bavarian Crème a quarter mile ahead of me futzing about with his shorts about a hundred meters before the beer check, and when I reached that same point in the trail realized that he was giving himself a package check as required by Hash Trail Marking Directive 17-2, "Exceptions to waiting for harriettes on package checks due to overwhelmingly sausage-like turnout." Drunk and tired at the start, I considered honoring the spirit and letter of the package check, briefly, and waited around a few seconds before realizing that if they haven't seen it yet, they ain't been looking. Besides, there was a cooler with something cold waiting for me within earshot, as Bavarian's whistle reminded me, Just Chuck, New Car Smell, and Cavity, who had caught up in my moment of contemplation.

As the four of us cracked open our refreshments, our Teutonic frontrunner was finishing his, scanning the horizon, mumbling "on-on," and diving down into the wash. The bulk of the pack arrived and most started drinking, but Double Dicker was antsy and ready to roll so I emptied my can and asked if she'd like to join me in the bushes. To my great disappointment, she assumed I meant to continue the run and we found ourselves back following trail almost immediately.

Or, perhaps I should say, "trails," since we were both on powder parallel to one another about 100 meters apart. The wash was especially hard packed and scoured along the edge where DD worked the southern line, but in the center of the wash I had an advantage in that I could follow the giant footprints left by one of the hares. "Ah," I thought, "these Peggy-Hill-like stompers can only belong to our R. U. My Meat Flaps." I looked over briefly to see DD scaling the shear face of the wash like a chimp on a break from masturbation, and assumed that her trail was taking her to new and more interesting sites...Godspeed, Double Dicker, Godspeed.

The powder had been especially sparse from the start, and I lost it completely along with the massive craters left by R.U.M.M. After circling the wash for a few minutes I decided to run up to the street and see if there were any signs of hashers, passing several shaky looking junkie girls en route (that is SO hot). I saw New Car Smell ambling my way and we both threw up our arms in the international signing symbol for "what the fuck?" I continued east 1/4 mile then followed another meth girl (this place is like cooter Nirvana, I thought), to the edge of the wash, opting not to chat her up at this time. Fifty feet from my return to low ground there was a "Beer Check Near" marking and I could hear the German's whistle back up top, about 100 feet from where I left my latest love interest at the rail.

The rest of the pack appeared across the wash and we guided them to safety, except for Non-Skidski Butt Plug who stayed behind gathering leaves, possibly to help clean up after a movement--although he still seemed as constipated as ever when he dragged his weary self up to the truck.

We continued east then looped back to the start, a perfect A-to-A if, as noted, not especially well executed. Notable sights on this last leg were the foam filled Spunk fountain, the boob check in clear sight of the finish, and the walkers trudging in a half hour later and not at all on trail. In an uncharacteristic spate of whinging (usually reserved for a blog entry), one of the Turkeys complained about trail crossing itself, or something, or something else (it almost immediately deteriorated into quacking as I remember, and besides, there were snacks to be had).

There are some points of business that presented themselves that we might address at some time. Item 1: Spunky Monkey Punk is baffled by the art of snaring, or that anyone would be so uncivilized as to shortcut a trail. Casual Friday, in an unrelated comment on trail quality suggested a "hare's boot camp." If her suggestion is taken to heart, it might include some more experienced hares hiding in the bushes ready to pounce onto and bag the trainees in burlap sacks, and beat them with automotive debris and thick branches; snaring will become a less formidable consequence of setting trail from that point onward.

Item 2: I don't know who will hold the kitty, but we need to start on line on how much longer Non-Skidski Butt Plug is going to keep coming out to play. He left the circle, Crusty, and their date behind early muttering something about dignity, borscht, the proletariat, or something. Whatever he was saying, the exit seemed prompted by his perennial re-nomination for the bitch award.

Speaking of the circle, it was a subdued affair, and I'm still trying to figure out just what happened or failed to happen. True, the average age had climbed significantly, but there wasn't exactly the stink of imminent death in the air.

There was, however the stink of ACTUAL death as Cockstalker's sermon fell flatter than Double Dicker at the aforementioned late boob check. Yoda stepped up quickly (before the vote could seal our RA's fate) with an alternate parable about a Rabbi and some congregants and an injury and travel and 40 years in the desert and how those bastards at the auto repair shop are screwing him and how you can't get good falafel down in Green Valley and how he's sick and tired of punk ass kids on those little bicycles (what do they think they are, Shriners?!?) and etc, and etc, and as the guest sermon dragged into the night the old man slowly became less animated and eventually his shrill incantation stopped with a satisfied smile/grimace. After an uncomfortable pause, the assembled few politely chuckled hoping against hope that the train wreck they were witnessing had finally come to an end. One highlight during this Fidel Castroesque marathon came as Yoda spotted a private conversation in the midst of his lecture and screamed, "Hey, I'm trying to teach you whippersnappers a thing or two!"

The circle was fairly quiet. Flying Booger gave us a very funny note at one point that none of us knew the lyrics to, as usual, but even on notes we are all grossly familiar with there was no enthusiasm. Mercifully, it ended and the crowd slowly dispersed, some off to Hooters, some continuing that slow march to the grave, some out to make small children cry for their own amusement. Fighting off a sinus infection, I abandoned the post-hash wake in favor of cold medicine and bourbon back at Maison Ride.

Your regular correspondent (along with the humorous content of the trash) should return next week.

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"Rejoice and be glad ... thou shalt be drunken and shalt make thyself naked." -Lamentations 4:21

