

8/11/07

The "New Creamy Smell of Whiny Turkeys hash", aka "F\*&^ the Police hash"

The pack gathered on a warm Saturday afternoon in a deserted parking lot behind the historic Garcia's restaurant in downtown Tucson. As we all started to prepare for the inevitable death march the hares would bring, a strapping parking lot supervisor stopped by to explain to us we could not park in his lot. Now, I'm no parking lot expert, but I'm pretty sure this knob didn't own the lot, nor did I believe it had been or would be used for anything short of meth dealing for years. We collectively gathered our aluminum pre-lubes and drove back out to a blocked-off dirt lot, tore down the barricade, and set up shop alongside Congress and I-10.

Meat Flaps and Sextortionist held onto each other for dear life as they prepared to lay the afternoon's turkey trail, obviously still reeling from a day in the vineyards. "I'm sooo drunk, I could mmash ummpt sumpt beziou!" announced Meaty as Sex tossed the hash cash around to temp the local crack heads. "I'm not so sure about this" stated the stressed out German hare to his cohort. "The turkeys are sloshed, and Stella and Fatty aren't" agreed New Car Smell. With the evening sun setting, winds gaining strength, and bums a plenty, the hares finally started trail at 6:00pm.

With 12 minutes to kill, Just Steve regaled the group with hashing stories from the 80's, when they didn't bother with any of these "gay nickname things". Stella heard that and immediately fell in love with the mustachioed giant. "I agree. Some of these names do sound gay!" replied the Utterly Bi Fella.

Mini Muffin gave away his remaining moonshine to a lot lizard and donned a pair of tighty whiteys on his Head, who said head. Who did this loud, brash, bearded guy remind us of? Speaking of beards, the rarely seen Clam made an appearance on this fine day as well. "Gotta get back in shape" he said. "My cans are growing more magnificent than Repo's!"

With the sounds of another homeless guy breaking into Napoleon's SUV, the pack took off in many directions. Soon enough, the Eagles were trapped in a construction zone near the TCC, with Security guards bearing down on us with all their power. Once we were free of these dangers, there was nothing left to do but press on down the city streets in the searing Arizona heat.

At about the 4 mile mark, the hares decided to give the eagles a quick beer check, though only water was seen in the beat up old cooler. "3.9 miles my Fucking ass!" screamed Charlotte the Harlot as she strode in, obviously fuming from an error in judgment in believing the German's earlier trail description.

Before any of us could utter the words "heat exhaustion", the pack was back on trail. Now, I thought I had seen all the homeless camps this fine town had to offer, but I was given a rude awakening. We plowed thru some of the nastiest washes and past the snarliest of canines, all while trespassing in Tucson's El Hobo estates. There were 1/2 acre lots completely furnished with the latest transient-sheik patio furniture. As we neared the Santa Cruz River, the estates only grew in size. Bearded Clam and I toured one such mansion whilst lost on trail. This place was 3 stories high, and even had a wine cellar. "What a view they must have during the monsoon!" commented the never ending student as we exited the property.

Soon, we were being lead West, right up into the Tucson Mountains. Of course, we soon found the always popular "CB 69" as we neared the David Yettman trail in Starr Pass. With smiles on all our faces, we retraced our steps back to the adult detention center where Stella was waiting for us. "How did you know we would have to come back here?" asked Dr. Slowride, upset at himself for following trail for once. "I didn't. I was just remembering back in the day when I worked on this farm." We all looked at each other confused, and Miss Chokes on Dick slapped

him upside the head shouting "This is a prison, you idiot!" Stella looked confused, and replied that he had handled many a cock there in the late 90's, and was told he was a good hand.

With that bit of vomit inducing history past us, we climbed down in the wash and followed the exact same path Andy Dufresne followed in the Shawshank redemption. Our running shoes were covered in what we lovingly referred to as "mud", but we were rewarded with a "beer near" marker located between the locals' gang graffiti. A few stream crossings later, we arrived at the finish and opened many a cold beverage.

The rest of the Eagles slowly made it up the final stream bank, but the Turkeys were nowhere to be seen. Before a search party could be created, we heard the most hideous shriek from up the river walk. We thought Cock Jaw finally pressed his luck with his ever groping fingers, but it turned out to be Meaty falling off the wagon. She came in babbling something about her bloody cunt, and proceeded to lift her skort up to show us her world (sorry Dave Mathews). From previous outings with this group, I could tell she needed medical attention and quickly pasted up her bloody gash with the adhesive "mud" from my lower extremities. I believe this helped, as she quickly made friends with Mini Muffin and spoke to him at lengths about dating a 3rd cousin. "Honey, all ya's got to do in that there situation is stop counting how many ya done!" he expertly advised.

The pack of turkeys luckily found there way to the finish, no thanks to the hares who were admitting they had more of a wino smell than the folks whose homes we passed. Just Jess and Blarney struck up a conversation with Just Steve until they were abruptly interrupted by In the Butt Bob who pushed them aside to announce "Dude, you must be hung like a war club!". The crowd was so offended by Bob that some sneaky member (Dr. Whacks?) dialed 911 and asked for immediate police assistance to deal with this hooligan.

As the crowd gathered to begin circle, Slow Ride told our RA Cock Stalker someone wanted to talk to him behind the manzanita, and quickly stole away the spot in the center to tell his own joke. Cavity was luckily able to regain some control of the group, and nominations began in earnest. Unfortunately, Tucson's finest were so upset at the latest donut shop closing that they planned to gang rape a squirrel at the same location we were occupying. They were not too happy to see us there already, and proceeded to turn on every flood light available to prevent us from sneaking away without exerting their ultimate authority.

"Lemme me take care of this" slurred In the Butt Bob as he raced into the lights. Thankfully the group has such an elegant orator as spokesman, though we began to question his abilities when we were all placed under immediate arrest, and were being marched down the road to the detention center. We may have faced a night or 2 at Stella's farm had it not been for the quick thinking of Dr. Slow Ride, who took off all his clothes and ran up to I-10, crossing 8 lanes of traffic and causing numerous wrecks. The Po Po quickly released us and went after the good Dr, who has not been heard from since.

Godspeed, Slow Ride, Godspeed!

The evening was not a total loss, as Bavarian Crème felt so bad for all of us that he decided to throw a party. Many a Heineken later, this reporter can only attest to every one being in great spirits, and the evenings horrors had receded to the cellar of our memories. Have a great time in Bisbee wankers!

~~Fatty