

8/25/07 Trash

The brave and brain dead Jhavelina's once again packed up their station wagons and journeyed to the far corner of the desert, also known as Vail, hoping to enjoy a great trail on a cloudy evening. Many virgins were gathered at the start, all quite confused as to why they had been there since 5:00, when the hares didn't leave until 6:00. Dr. Whacksalotte assured them there would be hell to pay for this inconvenience, then pulled down Non Skidsky's shorts to prove he wasn't fooling around.

"His one skin hangs down to his one skin!" giggled an inebriated Arthur Gash.

Once the hares got back from the store to purchase flour, they quickly tore off towards the train tracks, forgetting only that flour does not lay itself, leaving the pack to follow nothing but footprints. Luckily, some footprints were slightly more blue than others, and that signified the Turkeys were going the right way.

Virgin Chris took to hashing right away, and smacked the diminutive Papa Don't Peek on the ass while racing by, all in hopes of winning the race. Stella was taken aback by that utterly bi moment, and vowed to stay away from virgins from now on. Lapdancer took away all our breaths as she made full use of every boob check marking on trail.

After 10 rugged miles, the hares felt bad for us and treated us to 12 degree climb up a dirt road, with a lovely beer check next to a lap tub. My name is (Chuck) dove right in to show us his underwater ballet tricks. Napoleon seemed most amused by this and had hoped to join, but soon realized it was likely too deep for him.

The sun was soon setting, and the hares promised a short section to the finish. We gave them the standard 3 minute head start, then raced back to the trail we arrived on, confused by many new trail markings. Back down the hill we were also treated to yet another DP, where some grumpy hasher was heard yelling "F#%\* me! A Turkey / Eagle split! How much farther are these %^&%!&#@#\*'s gonna make us run?"

And with that lovely expletive laden statement behind, the sky opened up and began to pour, much to the delight of everyone still coherent. Our old friends the Dukes wished us well from atop their quads, and told us to remind Gash that they still want to "hang" with him sometime. Luckily Gash was back in a car, drinkin' a 40 with Just James while tuggin' on a bottle of Hennessy.

With the clock striking 8, we finally reached the finish, and were welcomed with open arms by our hare's wife, Mrs. Spunky Monkey. She made us feel right at home, and before we knew it, they were smoking us all out in the backyard. Cockstalker ran a perfect circle, with absolutely no mistakes. Meat Gazer tossed a beer all over Papa Don't Peek, and Whacks tried to return the favor with a can of his own. Just James won most of the awards, and quickly warmed up to his fellow Alabamane, Meat Flaps. "I bet those thighs could pull a plow!" he whispered delicately into her ear.

Before I could get another beer the circle was ending and announcements were made.

Sextortionist advised us that there was another mismanagement meeting coming up, but that we need not attend, as she was pretty sure Cavity would make any important decisions without us. Cock jaw announced he felt it was time to give up his stranglehold on the beermeister duties so he could devote more time to his carpet cleaning business. Bavarian announced he was quitting smoking, as he was tired of supplying all the part time smokers with his little sticks of joy.

ON ON!  
Fatty