

9/15/08 Full Moon

Dr. Slow's wild Ride of Foo

The pack gathered in the beautiful windswept parking lot of Reid Park, mumbling and grumbling about needing someone to take money so the bills would not weigh anyone down during the run. Eventually, Bavarian Creme decided he would not follow trail anyway, so he could afford to be slowed down by the heft of currency, and proceeded to collect all the cash.

"Its not easy breaking all your damn \$20's!" he mumbled between tokes from his cigarette.

Klitty Litter felt so bad for him she volunteered to take over hash cash in the future so the problem could be avoided. GFM stood proudly behind her and smiled, looking like he might say something, but apparently thinking better of it.

As the gusts grew more intense, Foo and the good Dr. tore off in search of the most terrifying alleys they could find. While waiting, the pack decided to confuse the hares by moving all the vehicles behind the local health food store / cock fighting arena.

"I no feel safe leaving my shaguar in this place" said a worried Non Skidski.

Soon enough, new fears would arise for the always happy Russian and his friends. The trail began down a scary alley loaded with pit bulls, all for the sake of a check back. The pack quickly raced back through the danger zone, and spread out into the park. The packed bobbed and weaved through the night, taking in all the beauty of Slowride's neighborhood.

"I think they are trying to beat Joystick Cowboy's record of longest full moon trail that goes nowhere" said Stella as he pranced along.

"Yeah, but there is actually flour - we must not be on Foo's portion yet" I replied.

Eventually, the trail wound its way to the Greens, and the pack gladly poured in. Unfortunately, the trail did not, so everyone had to leave without any tasty refreshment. We were then treated to some lovely movies at the drive in as trail wound around the entire complex, eventually spitting us out at the Chatterbox.

And now, a political message for all those in need (no need to worry - no links are included):

Lee Hyun-Soon, president of Hyundai, told the Wall Street Journal last week his company will meet the entire 2020 fuel efficiency standard by 2015, and will do so entirely with conventional vehicles -- no complex plug-in hybrids, just sensible engineering using existing technology. Whenever Washington seems to get serious about oil waste, Toyota, Honda, Hyundai and Subaru put their engineers to work -- then build, at American factories staffed by American workers, vehicles that comply with MPG rules. Whenever Washington seems to get serious about oil waste, Chrysler, Ford and General Motors put their lobbyists at work to dilute or evade the standards. There are only 535 people in the United States so gullible they would believe Korean engineers can meet a technical standard, yet American engineers cannot. Unfortunately, those 535 people are the members of the United States Congress.

Has anyone from the mainstream media followed up on how last year's seemingly strict MPG bill is being watered down? As Eric Patashnik of the University of Virginia details in his powerful and timely new book "Reforms at Risk," reporters are often present when "dramatic" legislation passes, then treat the enactment as the end of the story -- paying no attention as lobbyists later water down a bill. As

Thomas Friedman points out in his important new book "Hot, Flat and Crowded," the refusal of Congress and the White House to take any real action against oil waste has had the effect of transferring hundreds of billions of dollars to Moscow, and to the oil sheiks who support anti-Western and anti-Israel terrorism. If MPG standards were higher, oil demand would fall. Instead, high demand holds up barrel prices, enriching Persian Gulf dictatorships and Vladimir Putin. Why, Friedman asks, is Russia suddenly confrontational? Because in the past two years, Russian elites have gotten super-rich, owing to rising oil prices brought on at least in part by U.S. stupidity regarding petroleum waste. If Congress grants Detroit the MPG waivers it seeks, the stupidity will march on.

Meanwhile, back at the federal budget: In 1976, the entire U.S. national debt was about \$800 billion, converted to today's dollars. Last summer, Congress without debate and with barely any notice added \$800 billion to the national debt ceiling -- raising that ceiling by an amount equal to the *entire* debt a generation ago. With no debate! The U.S. national debt was \$5 trillion in 1997, and has doubled to almost \$10 trillion since. Why aren't the young outraged? The old are acting irresponsibly -- spending like crazy but unwilling to tax themselves, then handing the bill to the young. If the young were spending borrowed money like crazy, the old would be lecturing them. How come in Washington, the old can get away with behavior that would be called reckless for the young?

At any rate, the moment another \$800 billion worth of borrowing was authorized, supposedly for "emergency" purposes, lobbyists got to work trying to seize every penny now. The big three automakers are now asking Congress for \$50 billion of that \$800 billion, supposedly to retool to build the fuel-efficient vehicles they had no way -- just no way on Earth -- of knowing they would ever be required to build. As Paul Ingrassia pointed out in last week's Wall Street Journal, when Congress bailed out Chrysler in 1980, the deal was structured so that if the company recovered, taxpayers got most of their money back. But what's being asked for now is pure subsidy -- money taxpayers will never see again, and that will be used in part to fund the bonuses of overpaid auto executives who got their companies into trouble in the first place. (The Journal opposes the bailout, though the \$50 billion would go to Corporate America.) Ingrassia further notes that when Chrysler's Lee Iacocca tried to weasel out of the deal and keep the money that was promised back to taxpayers, Ronald Reagan stood firm and would not budge. Contrast Reagan's sense of civic responsibility to the current president and Congress, both of which just cannot wait to give away other people's money.

Now connect the dots! The automakers are asking for \$50 billion in handouts to meet new fuel economy requirements -- *at the very time they are also asking for waivers from those requirements*. If the past is any guide, they will get both the subsidies and the waivers. The net will be zero progress, more billions of dollars for oil shipped to anti-American forces in the Persian Gulf, and more debt handed to everyone under the age of 30.

Ok, sorry - back to your regularly scheduled trash.

So they we were at the Chatterbox, when suddenly the pack saw Stella bring back a plate of food. Within minutes, the group all dove into the crock pot, even with this shudder worthy comment from Stella "These salty balls feel great in my mouth!"

IP Freely (aka On the Rag) kept us all up to speed on the Monday Night Football score while we

discussed the embarrassment of the camping hash - yes, I'm talking about the naming of Scooby in a Bottle.

"I'd be ashamed to have that as a name" Penis announced. The rest of us nodded our heads in agreement.

With 2 full pitchers left on the bar, the pack left the lovely Chatterbox, leaving just 2 real men to finish the job. Didja and I cozied up to the bar and knocked back those bitches while chatting up the bar maid. When we finally finished, we stumbled out the door and were immediately picked up by a lonely housewife looking for a good time. Not the type to leave a lady hanging, we hopped in behind the buxom blond and a lovely Beaver, and went to a nearby tavern. Low and behold, there was the pack at the 2nd bar check. Before I knew it, we were all sitting by Buttski watching Russian porn.

"What wrong with American pussy?" he asked to no avail.

The pack suddenly left again, out the back, over many a broken crack pipe, and into a frightening wash. As the official DFL for the night, I wandered into some sketchy areas to be sure, but eventually happened upon flour that led right into the 3rd bar check. Needing to calm my nerves, I grabbed a pitcher and sat down by GFM as he began to recount a very odd fishing trip. Needless to say, it turned into a shitty story, and I believe he was the only one to finger it out.

The pack then hustled out the door, once again leaving a full pitcher behind, so those of us remaining did our jobs and took care of the poor thing. Still keeping the lonely housewife in tow, we hitched a ride to the finish, where all that could be heard was a confused Woodpecker flying about, apparently unable to find a place to rest its tired self.

Circle was run through at a brisk pace, and many a deserving award was handed out. Bavarian had many issues with the trail, and therefore boycotted the finish. Half Hash raised his arm for a cheer, and Zammy choked her drink down in support. GFM was the absolute bitch of the evening. For reasons I don't recall, Woodpecker was nominated for finding some meat masterfully. Foo requested he be taken off the shitty hare list, as most everyone found their way, and then said "Obviously, the haring issues of the past are all on Funky!"

With that, the circle closed, and most everyone smartly went swerving home. Those of us with a little spring left in our step went to the Greens for on afters. Even though the place was packed with fun exciting people, we quickly decided to hit the Meet Rack for food, except Klitty who went cuckoo for taco bell.

The Rack was full of surprises, D lites and D zeases, so Dr. Slowride decided instead to turn around in their lot and see how many cops he could chase down on the way to the Waffle House. Amazingly, it didn't turn out to be hard in that lovely neighborhood, and he got to chat with one fine member of TUPD. With that out of the way, we met back up for last call at the Nugget, where this story will finally end.

Cheers!

Fatty