

9/8/07 Trash
aka "How to redeem yourself Spunky Funky Monkey"

The hares decided to challenge the pack with the most expensive shiggy per acre this week, and had us all meet at the Swan and Sunrise limousine depot. Womb with a View arrived in her finest derby hat and custom made running skirt, while others opted for much simpler attire. Bavarian Crème and I contemplated the benefits of having only one pair of running shorts, and Wrong Room Bitch quickly added that it worked well for wife beaters too. Dr. Slow Ride mentioned he didn't see the reason to wear anything at all, and decided to donate his well used attire to the Goodwill donation bin Just Billy had recently christened.

Spunky Funky decided to start haring at precisely 5:15pm, so as to not anger Cavity, and to make sure his co-hare was not taken in by all the talk of nudity on trail. Before we could we could shout "That's not my name!" Meat Flaps and the Spunkster ran out of the lot and straight up the nearest mountain they could find.

Cavity gave schooling to all the newbies and some seasoned vets who had burned out a few too many brain cells at the Mexican Interhash. With a quick "boob check" demonstration by Zamboner, schooling ended and the pack was off. Kemoslabio took an early "race" lead to track down the turkey hares. The rest of the pack, minus Slow Ride, ambled around the foothills for about a mile. As I raced down an embankment, I heard Billy shout like a little girl, so I raced over to check on my virgin. Thoughts of having to remove his carcass from a large Saguaro raced through my mind, but alas, it turned out to be a shout of joy. He had found the first beer check, a feat of greatness as most of the pack missed it. We both grabbed a cold one and joined the lucky few for a leisurely walk on the Western ridge of Swan while the thirsty pack cleared trail for us. Napoleon and Wrong Room looked absolutely horrified when they discovered there was beer back on trail, and quickly went back down the mountain to gather some much needed liquid. Foo Cum Yu and New Car Smell were spotted further up the mountain, possibly scouting trail for a future date as today's trail certainly never went that way.

"All you have to do is follow the smell of puke" laughed A-Rod, referring to Sextortionist's trail markings as the very drunk FRB. Apparently spending a week hanging with Studmuffin in Mexico can drive anyone to excess.

With clouds turning a deep red, we were finally brought out of the shiggy just long enough to torment the residents of a gated community. This was short lived, as after a few DP's and check backs, we were dropped back down in a wash, and followed it for miles to yet another beer check. The most beautiful words ever seen were written in the wash: "Beer Check Near". Half Hash thought it would be funny to walk at this point, preventing any of us from getting to the coolers until he was good and ready. Just Chris, obviously hanging around Charlotte far too much, smacked him upside the head and sent him sprawling into the cholla. We left our concern far back on trail, and rushed by him to grab a few Tecates.

Not wanting to be seen as a lush, Miss Chokes on Dick took swigs of everyone else's beer, and then notified us she had given oral pleasures to a sheriff while lost on trail. After a group vomit session and 30 minutes of milling around discussing the latest mosquito bites, the hares headed back on trail, trying to find Zamboner and the very inebriated Harlot. At that moment, those two stumbled into the beer check and performed a couple of package checks on the way to the now empty coolers. The hares soon left in the correct direction, taking us a few hundred yards down a wash to the finish. Somehow, this confused many in the pack, as it seemed to take them forever to reach the circle. Dr. Slow Ride finally appeared, and admitted to shortcutting to the on-afters bar.

"That's about 5 miles from here!" I exclaimed.

"At least" he responded while double fisting some PBRs.

Cavity got the group somewhat huddled and began one of the rowdier circles it has been my pleasure to partake in. I'd like to say I remember who was awarded the prizes, but I had long since fallen prey to the multiple beer checks. Now I know why Casual Friday used to use a notebook. I always thought it was required by the ADHS clinics, but maybe she had other reasons. I do recall one of our newer members, the 6'6 Korean, being named Long Duck Dong, or was it Kim Hung Nil? No I guess it was something else sharp and witty, but I can't remember it.

With circle wrapping up and rumors of cops swarming the trucks waiting to take everyone back to the start, Harlot and I raced across Skyline in a most impressive manner. "I'm free as a bird!" she shouted just before diving headfirst in the passing lane as a car quickly approached. "Whadjsaa shay?" I turned around to respond, and suddenly found myself face first in the cactus laden median, with half my beer spilled. Luckily, there were no cops to witness these acts of agility. Once the rest of the group emerged from various parts of the wash, we piled everyone in and got back to the start.

As Murphy's Law took over, I raced down the hill to reach the on-afters, joyous in the lovely day of hashing without getting lost. Yep, not getting lost until I ended up on the East side, nowhere near the Ft Lowell Depot. Note to self - stop texting Vomit to find the DUI checkpoints whilst driving in an already compromised state.

Some of the group was there when I stumbled in, and they all had a good laugh at my expense and some shots at Billy's. 10 and 2 and Ho2 joined us, and many stories of Tequila swirled around the table. At least something was swirling, so we got up and went off to the Mint, where promises of knife fights were made and Camelbacks were lost.

Ah yes, is it really 5 more days until the next jHavelina hash.

On-Why does my liver hurt so-On!
-Scoop Fatty-