

Run #233

The Strawberry Moon

June 21, 2005

Hares: *Art Dicko, UPW, and Dairy Queen*

With thoughts of strawberry delights swirling around my brain, I headed down to my good friend *Art Dicko's* homestead for the annual running of the Strawberry Moon. Knowing I would probably end up slicing strawberries or something, I arrived early. *Art* was dividing her time between caring for *Work of Art*, stirring a huge pot of sauce on the stove, and trying to show *UPW* how to use the mouse on her Apple computer. When he started wildly flipping through a Thomas Bros. Map book, not able to locate *Art's* home address, I got worried about the trail. A bag of flour in hand, and with not much of a plan in mind, *UPW* headed off to the run start while we finished up the dinner fixings.

I arrived at the start just in time to head off with *Deep Throat* and *Murphy*. After multiple false starts and a couple of backtracks, we headed down a canyon. *Deep*, always hoping to outsmart the hare, suggested we try to find trail on the road instead of flailing around in the shiggy. First Timer *Joel* joined us at that moment, having been ditched by *Hump N Dump* who brought him to the run. He joined us in our sojourn to find the trail amongst the endless one way, no outlet, and non-connected streets. We admired the architecture of the houses of North and South Park, then headed back to *Art's* place, only finding trail at the last moment. Turns out we weren't the only ones, and they were actually looking in the right areas! *UPW* might be a fast runner, but he apparently got his trails crossed at one point. The Turkey ended with a beer stop at *Art's* place, and many of the Eagles declined to continue the trail, and settled down for a cold beer instead.

Welcome backs were given to *Who the F*ck*, who claims to have run every Strawberry Moon, and *Pigeon Sh*t*, who was vacationing in San Diego for a week or so. *Moist Muffin* aptly produced the Hashsh*t demo, while down downs were doled out to #2, *Big Banana*, *Who the F*ck*, *Mojo*, and *Deep* who spent a good part of the social hour moaning and groaning over their veteran disability ratings. *Penis Machinist* was honored for being a lazy sh*t, apparently for run infractions. *Gag and Shag* and *Lone Twat* showed up on their bicycles to "run" the trail, and were thus dubbed by Grand Master *Deep Throat* as "Dykes on Bikes". *Andrea Chan*, not yet named, was given a down down for Quality, not Quantity, having only run Full Moon runs and few others. Hashsh*t was given to *Inspector Twat*, an OBGYN doc, for handing infant *Work of Art* over to *Baby Huey*, thinking he had some kind of "in" with babies. She was also picked on, along with her squeeze, *Poly Gonorrhoea* for their Vegan eating habits. Announcements included the Red Dress Run (of course) and the Bezerk Run, hyped by *Mojo*.

We all enjoyed the great pasta dish prepared by *DQ*, the awesome salad and strawberry dessert in the tranquil setting of *Art's* backyard.

Respectfully submitted,
Ass Transit