

## An Anonymous Account from a Potential Participant in the Gobi March 2009

### **Pre-day 1 –**

So far fairly uneventful. Flight from Tokes to Beijing, G-Lo came late, had to pick up a last shag w/ his girl, I concur w/ his choice. Fay also showed, tasty 4<sup>th</sup>. Chillin Burger King in the Beijing airport – lots of orange paint in the rafters. On to Urumqi and then Kashgar, Bo sherming for us expediting. Kashgar check in I get the room w/ Fay, HOT!

Chill in sleep 4 hours, up @ 7. Check the downstairs for a weight room for yoga, turn down a cheeky r and t from the maid sleeping down there (lots of watching eyes + gotta keep focus). Yoga back @ room instead. The check-in rigmarole, bus out to first camp. I hit it off w/ a couple rotties, Kimberly and Simone, also staff Leslie, Terri, couple genki's, + ½ Fr ½ Spanish Rial. Rotties are married but agree to suck me off later.

Opening ceremony over at village lots of clapping locals. I catch eye of one of the dancers, NICE looked South American. Find out how to say “you danced very beautifully” in Chinese – “Ni tiao der hun mei.” Unfortch don't see her after, her man must have felt my presence through some local witchery. Watched the goat polo next – literally polo w/ a goat carcass – awesome local gamesmanship. They sacrifice a horse in the race to give the elders later.

Fay didn't bring a sleeping pad – FOOL. So lucky she's hot and I want to take a desert night walk with her. I ask around for a sleeping pad for her. So far no luck. My desperation is imminent.

### **Day 1: How to get excited and then FAIL:**

Pretty sht sleep even though I'm rocking the envy of the camp – the Thermarest hyperlight inflatable air mattress. Actually some other btch had the same one and I was like wtf that sht came out two months ago. Will have to inform Dan the gear man that something better and more one of a kind is probably available. I can guarantee no one had my Western Mountaineering sleeping bag, though, which rocks. So slept poorly and developed a cold, can't imagine how Fay the “Way” slept, no pad and my nasT mouth roaring in her ear all night. Good thing I had ear plugs (she also neglected those – ha-MONG).

So bit of a dooby dooby doodle and we were out. Byron the smokin Texan pullin up the rear w/ us smokin a quick stoge. Fay the Way pulled out early ahead of us but we overtook her before the 1<sup>st</sup> checkpoint (CP). Then she blew by us at the CP as I spent 20 minutes unpacking and packing my bag to fill my Platypus 3L hydration bladder. This proved to be her winning strategy. We also overtook my South African would be lovers (were it the 60s when they were teenagers). I said whats up geezers, showed them my bum and moved on (they also ended up smoking me; in the race, not my ck).

After CP1, we met up w/ Hana, the British TV producer who talked like a waterfall. Mostly mindless drivel but more than what us mongs had to say, so we let the tape play. She was good friends w/ Michael Jackson, who vacations with her which is faabulous, but who cries on her shoulder all the time, b/c the media and paparazzi treat him like a chimpanzee, which is awwwful. She also took some nude shots w/ Sierra Millet or some such famous hottie then got caught, and now she dreadfully hates the man who got them, but like her friend says, “keep your friends close and your enemies closer” and “revenge is a dish best served cold.” Yeah, I also have a friend who says that – he’s called “The Book of World’s Most Common Quotes” by Elizabeth Douchehole.

True friends are hard to come by. My ck is also hard to come by, but I can still get off, so I pepper her w/ some romantic advice that should lead her on a romantic walk to the outdoor latrine w/ me later. She’s single and has a rack fit for organizing my 8-ball, but I decide to leave her in the dust and finish the CP (she also will finish stage 1 before me).

CP3 is pretty uneventful, just me G-Lo and Bo the Ho wanking each other over hill and dale. Bo and I run into the checkpoint and he splits off to go slash off a rope. I chill there w/ some yoga moves as Damien rolls through to patch a blister. I inspect my feet and it turns out I have some sick blisters so Rick the Dick patches my feet up for the next 30 minutes as literally everyone I’ve blown by handily pass through.

I run to catch up w/ G-Lo for the last 10km and quickly become dehydrated. I have peed once in the day so far and couldn’t squeeze a drop like Morgan Freeman in Shawsh post-release. I nail it out and finish stage 1 w/ G-Lo at 16:37:05.

42.5km in 7.6 hours so around 5.6km/hr. Not too bad but Bo the Go was 6:50 and Fay the Way was like 7:30. Fkrs. So I spoke to no one and walked around dispensing my fuming hatred for everyone, did my yoga routine, had some chicken salad w/ crackers and everything was aight. Couple cheeky feel and grabs w/ Fay and I was back on the right track.

Hosted a yoga teach in for everyone after dinner, which likely solidified Fay’s love for me, had some pasta roma and a 100 years black egg from our Chinese roommates, and called it a day. Oh we are staying in some temple or something so Fay will have a decent sleep despite not bringing a mat, plus I gave her some earplugs b/c I am a romo. She’ll have the one up, til I slip her a donkey punch!

**Day 2** – How to not fail but still suck:

Oh before I go on, Bo f’ing scored last night with Hana the Banana. He fking took my girl! All my talk about love and relationships and who would be right for her (tall boyish looking Americans with a sensitive side), and here all I had to do was bring up the illicit photos of her and some much hotter chick. Although Bo’s line was pretty well-placed – “Though, Hana, I have to be honest I wasn’t looking at you.” Ha-NEG hit, skillfully thrown. So that planted the seeds next thing I know Bo’s in her room in the temple “helping her stretch”... out her labia. Dick.

So slept a little shit again tossing and turning with visions of Hana playing w/ Bo's moobs, then hers, and comparing the two in great detail mid slam – “ohh, these are just to diiiiie for.” The whore. Woke up not refreshed, had some crunchies then set off. Bo the Go and Fay the Way left me and G-Lo in the dust and we never saw Bo again (he was probably off getting some shrub love w/ the Engo). Stage 1 was cake, though the old man right hip socket kicked in around CP1. We passed Fay at the CP but she blew on with her 30 second CP average while I jiggled my bag around.

Stage 2 was solid - some nice rolling hills really energized me. Rocked past Fay midway but she blew past us @ CP2 as I repaired feet and G-Lo was just romo'ing about. Stage 3 was flat and rocky and G-Lo and I talked about life and a lot of other sht I'm sure he found thrilling like if there would be time for the rule of shrinkage to apply if we went swimming in a bath of liquid helium. I contended no but G-Lo said yes because he's Asian and the rule always applies, even in helium baths.

Kojack would be disappointed that there have been no Kojack questions asked so far. Oh except this one: would you rather be walking in 46 degree rolling sand dunes with chronic ass cheek rash, or be Kojack. We all chose the former. Kojack and everyone not in the desert can suck our collective dk.

So CP3 was quick, then blew through most of stage 4 no prob. The last part was solid – I made the sand dunes my btch, for which I have photographic evidence. Also, while G-Lo was plodding along in front I found some shiny sand shale, which I carefully sculpted into a sand shale heart for Fay. I later gave Fay said shale sand heart and she tried to give it back to me. She'll catch a DP for that little gimmick at a later date.

Dinner and what not went uneventfully and G-Lo's asleep right now loading up on REM for another sesh of his snail's pace. Oh Hana came by for round two w/ Bo the Go just now, even bribing him w/ “salt tablets” (roofies) for the race and saying “foot massage in tent 12... Bo...” but Bo was no bid – “hey babe, sorry the moobs rub was a limited time offer – buh bye.” And so she walked away, dripping down her veiny thigh.

### **Day 3** – A chiller through the slopes –

Today was the “easy” day they threw in to buffer the 1<sup>st</sup> two days and the insane 4<sup>th</sup> day. G-Lo and I continued our chillery mcHillary strategy, keeping our strength, biding our time as the others drop out like turds in the riverbed. Speaking of turds, I think I just sht myself. One of the Chinese dudes in the tent with us was applying some of his mumbo jumbo Chinese herbal skin lotion. Whilst the French in our tent commented on the strange smell, I ripped a stalwart silent juicer that quickly permeated the tent. The English guy then said “Yes, I don't believe I've smelled anything quite like that” and left w/ the Frencher. Dirrrty Chinese.

So G-Lo and I trotted along bonding with the villagers, saying Assalam Malekem to everyone. Got a nice desert rose, very fragrant, from a little Kyrgic boy in the streets of one town. I pressed my and G-Lo's in the pages of my pocket Tao Te Ching. Going at a chillery pace is cool because a) you're not a wanker like Bo the Go and b) because you

get to probe around and mesh with the scenery. One of the town rotties called me over to talk and pointed at my hat and I put it on her head. I thought I was in for a cheeky beej in the wheat field but instead she just waved and turned to go. I snapped the hat right off her head, you can be sure. So next she started pulling at my ultra-breathable CWX pants. Naturally I started to chub out and began removing them but was stopped dead by some glares of faces peeping out of the windows. Finally I just had to lope off, but I left regretting I hadn't at least left her my e-mail.

So I marched off to catch up w/ G-Lo the Not Go, and we trudged through some ditches and I picked up another sweet smelling white flower for my Tao. Struck w/ a sudden urge I dropped to the ground and lay out a thunderous deuce. Then placed the flower in my book, wiped up and caught up with G-Lo again. The rest of the trip went without a hitch – short day of 39km or so.

Trying to think any tent stories but not much. More me closing in on finally touching Fay in a romantic manner and Bo turning down every rotty I want to bang. Here he comes in the tent now. What a Douche!

**Day 4** – The master has nothing to prove. He simply does his job, and then stops.

**Day 5** – A surreal portrait of a long march:

Picture my ass. I just finished and I hate all. However here's how it started – w/ me losing my breakfast (not vomiting, actually misplacing) along w/ my spare spork, which had become my primary spork after I misplaced that one. There went my tasty hash browns and red bell peppers or whatever. Next a bus ride to the starting line. It's joke time w/ Rob, and that's better than the golden shower of piss that comes out of Hana the Banana's mouth. I'm not one to comment on Bo's cock, but that's probably the smartest thing that has ever come out of her mouth.

So we get there, prep up, and head off. And the winner of the Highest Altitude Dump of Stage 5-6: Me! Put that right next to my Largest Cock to Head Size Ratio plaque. So G-Lo was plodding along so I decided to climb up to the peak of a high section on the course and leave the mountain a final gift offering. I even built a little stone temple around the steaming mound, which I was so disappointed not to get photographic evidence of. It was just awwwwful.

After causing a minor rock slide that would have totally awesomely knocked some stragglers off a cliff had I not been in last place, I jogged off and caught up w/ G-Lo in a few minutes. The rest of the morning was split between what order I would like to 1) strangle G-Lo and 2) commit suicide.

At CP2 we were #90 (of 90, as far as I was concerned) and I think that put a bit more juice in the step. We played a little just the tip with the Hana 3some (she recruited the two South African rotties who I sat with in the bus Day 1, to listen to her spew inanities) - penetrating their vocal force field slowly, then falling behind, then moistening it a bit,

then back out, and finally unloading a tube of astroglide and busting the fk out of it. In the words of Bo – “Buh bye!”

Right before CP4 we surprisingly ran into Fay the Way (who had previously been handing us our asses daily), stumbling along as if she had been anally rammed by something other and larger than my ck, and I paused to think of what that could even be, wondering if it were really possible she could have been fk'd by Kojack's mom's vagina. Ruling this as the only possible option but still bewildered, I approached her. Her feet seemed to be badly hurt (I reckon tremors from the anal insertion of Kojack's mother's vagina), but she fell dutifully to her knees and began to fellate me. To which I said “Please, Fay, no, your feet are in pain, let's not damage your knees” and escorted her to a grassy patch where she could continue. When she had received her cortisone injection, I was confident she would be fine and G-Lo and I pushed onward.

We caught up with Byron the Bandit on the way to the midpoint, always a breath of fresh air (hot air, as the guy spews off more feces of the mouth than Hana at times).

At CP5, G-Lo got a steroid injection and started climbing up the tent and foaming at the mouth. After eating a mountain lizard raw and spitting out the skeleton with a hiss, I figured we were in for a pace change. And this is when G-Lo the Slow become G-Lo the Blow – the steroids (or the mountain lizard) gave him horrendous gas that he splattered constantly at me but he stayed ahead of me and I didn't have to scale Everest to bide time while he avoided rocks. Pretty soon it was clear that G-Lo the Flow was on the go, and I was down to ride, until the old gimp hip kicked in, shooting rockets of pain into my right hip socket with every step. I hobbled along as G-Lo ripped a crater into this lame excuse for a desert.

By the last 6km I was hopping along like a geriatric anal rape victim behind snarling G-Lo with bloodshot eyes. Reality lapsed as I tried to shift my thoughts from the lightning bolts in my thigh. I am walking through the rocks outside the Imperial palace, hand in hand w/ Fay the Way. Her teeth shine in the golden sunlight, and a soft breeze blows through her chocolate hair. As we step onto the sidewalk encircling the palace, it's A-town by my side. A-town, I didn't mean to hold your hand. Sorry mate. We continue on and wrap around to the koban (police kiosk). Good evening officer Kirkpatrick, fancy seeing you here. We wrap around to the highway entrance. ‘Ello Kilkenney, top of the evening to you.

As we pass into the forest I notice a strange procession. Every girl I have ever slept with files by me. All pretty hanging really. Hey, I thought there were more! Jesus walks by holding a candle saying “truth is a bitch, innit.” I whip around and say yeah the Bible didn't count brass either! Then Mary Magdalene popped out from behind a bush and threw a stone at my leg. Whore! I move on. As I reach the bridge out to the main row, my mothers and mothers' mothers, each in their prime, pass me in succession. I come from a pretty hot lineage. I turn the corner and all the Tokyo brokers pass by. A-town, I thought you were running w/ me. Guess he pulled a double take when he saw all my ex girlfriends.

Now I'm on the bank heading downhill. Carter Beauford is in the street banging away. The Gorillaz are in the moat playing. Pink Floyd is there chilling even though I don't know what they look like. Hey everybody look at me not these famous musicians! Everyone is now behind me. A drum strikes. I'm suddenly in Geronimo's shot bar – not this hell hole. I slam back a shot of 3 wise men and snap back as a cow unloads a turd on my foot. I keep walking. Bo is running towards me arms outstretched. Bo get the fk out of my dream. He runs right by me and begins sucking the teats of the cow that just shat on me. I notice the cow was Hana. Cool. I start running. Drums and sirens sound. I approach the massive surging gates. It's Kojack's mom's vagina in all its heaving glory. From the blackness the world in front appears, and I break through. I am born! Fuck you world!

**Aftermath:**

What more is there really to say. We spent a day in camp mostly nursing Fay's wounds, which Doctor Matt the Twat nearly refused to treat until Bo and I walked in and smacked him around like the little child fornicator that he is. Then G-Lo dragged me through the last stage through the town of Kashgar, still rabid on the ibuprofen steroids, taking us to a solid ~30<sup>th</sup> place finish in the stage and 10km in 58 minutes. Then I forewent pizza and went back like 5km to find Fay pulling a gaggle of local kids behind her. Nice guy? Yeah, I am.

Then she flew off to Urumqi with a gaggle of blond hair blue eyed Scottish or Irish dudes and got rogered 6 ways from Sunday. Japanese chick SPRIING BREEAK!

Then I spent the rest of the week reviving my digestive tract from the sht the Chinese in our tent put through it – cheap Chinese vodka on Saturday night, cheap SUPER-local Chinese food Sunday night. It's well after the race and I don't have race rage pumping through me. The race was a sick experience. I poured 6kg's of my sweat, blood, and tears into it, and our crew did similarly. It was an honor to walk the race with G-Lo and spend so much time with Bo the Go and Fay the Way, and to do one good thing in my year, for the kids. Thank you to everyone.