

THE HAVASU AFFAIR
OR
DAMON MEETS THE ROCKET SCIENTIST

by O'Man

The YIP!

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Maybe it was Karma or some cosmic hare's curse for driving at night without his much needed contacts and massacring a rather large Jack rabbit which led Dr. Roberts to that fateful encounter with Damon. Then again, by the time all was said and done, it would be more accurately described as "an unmistakable regression into the anal sadistic."

Oh, it began innocently enough one sunny and lazy spring morning as the Lizards indulged themselves in a brunch fit for reptilian royalty made all the more delectable by the waterfall fed turquoise pool, which graced their secluded and shaded Havasu Canyon camp. Like some winged messenger from heaven (to Dr. Roberts it would soon seem more like hell), Damon mysteriously appeared sporting dreadlocks and toting a video tape featuring Robert Redford denouncing the evils of nuclear waste and that unresponsive bureaucratic army commanded by the Great White Father in Washington.

A Havasupai Indian by birth and a Rastafarian by consumption, Damon availed himself of massive quantities of the Lizard's alcohol, ganja, and day-old Burrito Surprise (made by the Rocket Scientist himself) and spoke of the need to cleanse the earth of corrupt governments which poisoned the world with chemical, weapons, and war. One by one Damon confronted each Lizard about their personal philosophy of life and how what they did for a living either contributed to the welfare of the destruction of the earth and its inhabitants. The morbid sound of the rabbit's skull pounding against the undercarriage of the van was still reverberating through the forest when Damon's piercing eyes locked onto their target. "And what do you do?" Before Dr. Roberts could divert his eyes and pretend not to hear Damon's question, a crescendo of Yips from his fellow Lizards filled the void: "He's a rocket scientist...He works for the Navy and designs the communication software which sends the death signals and guides the missiles of destruction!" Damon had his prey just where he wanted him. Frantically Dr. Roberts blurted out some nonsense about studying dolphin-human communication for the Navy. But it was too little, too late. Once again, the Lizards had left their dead by the side of the trail.

Although the Lizards encounter with Damon was certainly memorable, he represented just one of the multitude of stimulations and delights which made a lasting impression on the Lizards during their backpacking trip to the Havasupai Indian Reservation in Arizona this past Spring. Like some dream, the Lizards found themselves one afternoon reclined in their Power Loungers, sipping dry vodka martinis, surrounded by the sights and sounds of 200-foot Havasu Falls, and merrily gazing at a contingent of bikini clad Aspen High School coeds. ***Paradise found!*** Later that same day, the Lizards crawled through tunnels and clung to an anchored chain as they descended Mooney Falls where they met Nurse Jody and Nurse Barbie, who would later provide an indescribable panoramic view as the Lizards followed their lead back up Mooney Falls.

A 14-mile roundtrip day hike to the Colorado River presented the Lizards with the challenge of crossing Havasu creek and changing their boots and socks 18 times. Fortunately for the Lizards they met some day hikers from a river rafting expedition who graciously offered up some beers. Unfortunately for the Lizards, they became hopelessly confused on the return hike and ended up needlessly crossing the creek 1.5 more times than the hike down to the river and scrambling up vertical cliffs of lose sandstone

leading nowhere. Were it not for a couple of more evolved life forms perched on a ledge and signaling to the idiots below the right path to follow, the Lizards might still be wandering about the cactus gardens and sumptuous flora of Havasu Canyon.

Speaking of idiots. The *You Idiot Award* was once again presented to The Lone Lizard for slipping into the turquoise pool next to camp with his down booties on in an attempt to retrieve a miss guided Frisbee despite being warned by O'Man and having observed all the other Lizards throughout the day sliding in the same spot as they intentionally entered the stream to go swimming. Finally, the Lizards wish to dedicate this account of their spring excursion to the *Havasupai Devil Dogs* – idiots of the canine persuasion: *May you always remain free to charge blindly through spikey cactus while pursuing your prey!*

YIP! YIP! YIP!