

The Holy Grail Hash

T'was a beautiful day for a quest,
and *quest we did*. ❧

The pack gathered in all its glory and regalia in the heart of merry old Midtown, near the intersections of the ways called Peachtree and Spring, in a most appropriate meeting area henceforth known as "The Hall of Rhodes." Our trusty guides, **Sir Ouch**, **Lady Tripod**, and their faithful manservant **Ratsy** bestowed upon all a charm of good luck, to provide protection against the sharp, pointy teeth of briars and monsters that lay waiting ahead. A fine gathering it was, with nigh on two score and nine faithful followers in attendance. After a warning to all of the dangers that lay ahead, and amidst the pealing of chimes from bell towers on high, the brave followers set out upon their quest. ❧

T'was brilltig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe: all mimsy were the borogoves, and the mome raths outgrabe...

Ooops; sorry: Wrong Quest. ❧

The faithful followers found themselves almost immediately slowed by their first challenge: a requirement to count backward from whence they came; despite confusion, a few forthright knights were able to count back said marks and find the true trail to the grail. Or so we thought, for not long after, a most curious marking of a cross surrounded by a circle was found. After much puzzling, a trail of white and reminiscent of the color of the Cliffs of Dover, was found descending down a steep slope

adjacent to a dark tunnel whence strange vehicles of silver were seen to emanate every fifteen minutes or so (poor, poor souls who had to wait for said vehicles at their loading stations for excessively long periods because the masters of those vehicles are incompetent boobies; but enough about the Mysterious Aluminum Riding and Transport Apparatuses). The trail of tears led us down to the bottom of the high walls of a mysterious castle, whence the roar of machinery of a most sinister type would be heard. Fearing for their lives, the brave lords and ladies crept along the bottom of the castle, until lo! A rabbit; with vicious, pointy teeth was seen to be guarding the way though a tunnel that lay beneath the castle. ❧

Good fortune smiled upon our brave ladies and gents, and all were able to sneak past said beast with nary a scratch. Fortune changed to doom soon enough, as the pack entered the thickly flowing, stench-ridden waters of the river called "Phew!" Footwear was seen to melt off feet, and mail seen to corrode in a most horrifying manner. After many horrible tens of minutes, a clear path was seen whence to escape the horrors of Phew. ❧

Much to the dismay of all, a fearsome **Black Knight** was awaiting the followers upon their escape. However, one brave knight stepped forward before any others could stop him and he slain the **Black Knight** then and there. Unfortunately, none could witness this fight, as all were turned into newts upon exiting the River

Phew, along with the memory loss that accompanies such transmutation. Thank be to God that all got better quickly, only to see the scattered remains of the **Black Knight** and the Elixir of Life which he had guarded. ☞

The way became hazy after, as the heat of day wore on. Other monsters were overcome, other rivers crossed, and other castle walls scaled. Caves were explored and briars beaten. Ivies of poison took their toll. But at last, through a narrow gap between the huge trees of the forest of Ansley, the resting place of the Holiest of Grails was glimpsed, residing in the wondrous Castle *Rattus rattus*. ☞

And yea, did the brave knights and ladies penetrate said forest. And lo, was there not much rejoicing upon said penetration. For there was nectar of the gods and manna from heaven, and cheesy-poofs from Publix for all who partook in the quest. And it was good, even the oral sex. ☞

Honors were bestowed upon the bravest of knights and ladies: **Sir Gunner of Tail**, for his brave quests through the years, this being his 500th. The **Great Knight of Teasing Boobs** and his companions **Master Niplets**, for their leading of the pack through the final boles to the grail, and to many who had been long away from the hashes of Pinelake: **Sir Stupid**, **Master Dicker**, young **Ho Checka** (whose wisdom lies well past his years), the **Virgin P Pussy**, the fearless **Baron von Calamari Richard**, the **Lady Schlutzel of Wieners** and her companion the **Lady Scooter of Cooters**. And we cannot forget **Sir Balls of Fur** and his fine mistress, the **Lady Twat of Maxwell**, and the **Choker of Chickens**, **Sir Okie Pokie**. Many

foreigners were seen amongst the masses as well, including the **Brave Sir Iowa Setter**, the **Almost as Brave Sir Cynthia Fucker**, and the **Not Really So Brave, But Really Well Endowed Lady HatTrick**. Others, too many to recall, were blessed with the fine Ale of Ratsy as well. ☞

Grub was served to quench appetites, and grog to quench thirsts. And then, a most amazing miracle: through the wonders of Heaven oh so magical, the brave souls were able to witness the story their travels in quest of the grail upon the wide screen, as told by **Sir Monty Python**. It is still truly an amazement that **Sir Monty** could have taken the story of our brave souls and delivered upon us the memories so soon after the Quest's conclusion. Alas, never doubt the power of *the Holy Grail*. ☞

A listing of the Brave Knights and Ladies not mentioned above: **Sir Yassir**, **Lady Porkin Annie**, **Sir Davey Crochet**, **Sir Doo Duex**, **Sir Spermier** and **Lady Slippery**, **Lady of the Known Trick**, **Sir Shiggy**, **Sir Floss**, **Dry Hole**, **Lady S Whore**, **Siranus**, **Lady SDM**, **Lady Cavity**, **Lady Dewalt**, **Boner Rooter**, **Sir Matt McDermott**, **Ladies Box and Penetration**, **Sir Bitch** and **Lady Hole**, **Lady Pair**, **Sir Numbnuts**, **Sir Weed**, **Sir Meat**, **Lady Cheeks**, **King Lesbian**, **Sir Jambi**, **Sir Sac**, **Sir Fissure**, and **Lady Cocker**. ☞