

Pussy Pilot et Le Lapin Mystere, Foreign Legion

I'm always lost going to a hash if it's outside of Gwinnett, and half the time when it's in Gwinnett. I just don't get out enough. I know just enough Atlanta landmarks to get myself turned around, thinking I know what I'm doing. I read and re-read the hash directions while driving, trying to stay in one lane while studying the printout, which inevitably ends up being in nine point Times New Roman font, and on two pages. The directions coming from the north, where no serious hashers live, usually read something like "when you get to ... follow the directions above from downtown (page 2)". I usually see the sign for "Too Far Street" as I read, "if you get to Too Far Street, you've gone too far". About this time my palms start to get sweaty from my loss of confidence, and I reach for the cell to call the hare line. I need some reassurance that I won't end up out of gas on University Avenue while some homeless guy is trying to wash my windshield for a dollar and some kids are eyeing the back of my truck.

So I was driving down I-85 to Exit 66, thinking I knew where the start was, but by the time I got to the airport I knew I didn't have a clue. This was on the way to Auburn, somewhere close to Two Crabs South Fork Ranch, but the neighborhoods in between looked like you didn't want to have to stop to take a shit any time soon. I could just imagine the burnt out stolen car lots we were going to have to run through, and it wasn't clear to me why I had decided to hash 50 miles from home in the midst of global warming. This was it. The temperature was so hot I knew that icebergs were melting at an alarming rate somewhere, sending giant tsunamis toward the North American beaches. I just hoped I had enough time to drink a few beers before they got here.

By the time I reached the Marta Park and Ride, there were already a few hashers parked. In the midst of a giant parking lot, you can always tell the hasher section. Besides the natty attire, who else sits in their cars in the blazing sun with their feet out the window? I just headed for hasher row and parked. I knew by the time the hash was over, though, my tires would be melted to the pavement. I left the truck running with the air on, trying to survive as long as I could.

Pussy Pilot arrived just as the hashers got into their grooves, chatting amongst themselves, stretching, and lathering themselves with sunscreen. "Everyone

move down here!" he said. I don't know why that row was any better. Maybe it would be the last row to burn. Anyway, we all followed his lead. At least it was near a landscaped area where we could find a bit of shade before the run.

As we all assembled for the start, the mystery hare was revealed, none other than **M. Foreign Lesion**, who had recently given a piece of lung in behalf of the hash, and was ready to give the rest. Thirty hounds assembled to witness the event. **Pussy Pilot** upbraided the assholes who ignored his instructions to wear a white t-shirt for a special hash event. (White t-shirt? I thought it was a WET t-shirt!)

The hounds were feeling benevolent this day, so they decided to give the miserable hares a *five* minute head start, and they were going to need every bit of it. When the "On Out" was hollered, the hounds followed trail through a wooded area that looped around through some delightful waist deep shiggy and across Royal South Parkway along a creek, or, in most instances, along a sewer line beside the creek. A half-mile in, we came to a check and picked up trail crossing the creek and into a construction site. Then we lost it. Three guys were standing near a house under construction, so I asked them, "You seen two guys running through here?"

They stared back at me.

"You seen two guys look like us running?" I asked again.

"No Inglez", one of them replied.

After we beat them and took their lunches from them, the pack fanned out back toward the last mark.

Then we saw it. On the back of a rock.

YBF

Those bastard hares had gotten away!

Well, we were a bit down-hearted from that point, but we continued on, knowing we had no chance of snaring **Messrs. Pilote and Lesion**, even with a bum lung. We ran through creeks and forests and briars and brambles toward Highway 29, mixing a couple subdivisions in to make it interesting. Up the side of 29 we ran, and then along the train tracks, where we again lost trail... under the train. Which began to move. *Verry* slowly. So we waited. And

waited. It was a long train. Did I mention it was still hot out?

Once we got around said train, we continued our journey through an office park where **Squid Dick**, **Anal Fissure**, and I, **Square Meat** found solace from the heat in a lovely decorative fountain, where we left a bit of shiggy. There was a water stop along the trail somewhere back there, but it didn't matter. Hounds were perishing from the heat left and right. We had to get through this. We plodded on through creek and forest, picking berries for the water content along the way. Just when it seemed that none of us would make it, after countless miles of trudging through the heat, we came to... a water stop. At a tunnel. And the water was *hot*. We drank what we could and proceeded into the cool darkness. There was a check as we came out, and as we stooped to get our bearings, we were ambushed! That asshole **Lesion**, piece de merde that he is, was pelting everyone with tomatoes and shooting them with a giant squirt gun filled with tomato juice. We retaliated as best we could, and then like the cowards we are, we ran to the On In, which was just up the hill.

Well, we milled about and rubbed ourselves with alcohol and changed into our fashionable Texas while we chugged beer, stashing as many in our hash bags as we could hold for the ride home. These are les chiens who made it to the end:

Mme. Au What A Pair (bimbo), **M. Yoron Weed**, **M. Davey Crochet** – BM, FRB, **M. Yassir Cream Her** (bimbo), **M. Screams Like a Girl** – TL, **M. Square Meat**, **M. Squid Dick** – TL,

M. Boner – Demonstration DD, **M. Pork Me Please**, **M. You Bastard** – TL,

M. Boob Teaser – TL, **Mme. Wienerschlutzel**, **M. Jens** (virgin), **M. Sean Williams**,

M. Seth Armour (virgin), **M. Colonel Clit**, **Mme. Stiff Upper Clit**,

The lovely **Mme. Ilva** (who was shamelessly making out with **M. Matt McDermott** - find an empty back seat somewhere!), **Mme. Lefty Loosey**, **M. Anal Fissure**, **Mme. Sarah**, **M. Jeff**, **M. Shiggy Pitts**, **M. Daddy's Penis** –TL (who paid with rolls of coins – maybe that was why he was too long, he had to save the six bucks), **M. Lame Cock** –TL, **M. Niplets**, **Mme. Size Doesn't Matter** – birthday, **M. Little Easy**, and **M. Jambi/Redneck Mutha**. **Mme. Hide the Salami** and her little cutie **Where's My Nipple** showed up to share the festivities.

It was suspected that several others were dead on trail.

The circle began with the usual confusion and hash inattention, until **Shiggy** beat and kicked several of the hounds into submission and got control of the crowd. We drank for being bimbos, we drank for too longs, we drank for being hares, we drank for being virgins, and we drank for no good reason. We sang a special Happy Birthday to **Size Doesn't Matter** and **Pussy Pilot** for being 29 again. **Hide the Salami** baked a cake, which **Bottomless Clit**, the **Clit** dog, decided to sample before everyone got served.

Then came the Big Event, the *Grande Finale!* We had a Naming! **Matt McDermott** was dumb enough to run with Pinelake for a fifth time and he had it coming. **Yoron** dished a bit of dirt on him. He was from Ohio. He had a twin brother, who was born first. **Ilva** (who thought she was the only one to know) revealed that Matt shaved everything but his ass. Not what the hash wanted to hear! (**Doo-Doo**, do you do asses? {ed. note: *Yes.*} This guy could use some help.) After it was revealed that, in addition to being second to his brother coming out of the birth canal, that he was also second going into a few, the hash decided on the name "**Second Cumming**" for the former Matt. Welcome to Pinelake, SC!

Soon after the naming, the circle was adjourned, and the pack went back to pilfering the last of the beer. When the last of the Beast was gone, we headed for the cars.

I don't remember getting lost on the way home, but the six-pack I brought with me may have helped. I retired to my hot tub with a couple of friends and a cooler of beer. The night was clear and we watched the fireflies in the dark night sky, while we waited for the giant tsunami to hit.

Great hash, guys. Thanks.

