



MIDTOWN June 26, 2004 – The Pridelake Hash was seen out on the town again this year, making it a anal-ual second. It wouldn't be proper mismanagement without the *mismanagement* however, including cocktail small talk of "We have to do this *every* year?" and plenty of "Girlfriend, I thought *you* were going to be the hare?"

Some say it began the night before, when a hare was home making a gay t-shirt even gayer when he should have been out drinking. And drinking there was, as the Friday Happy Hour Hash House Harriers were out in full force at one of the gayer restaurants in town (with parking), Cow Tipplers.

The start was the Ansley Mall parking lot; making it lucky for some who could walk there from the previous night's happy hour venue. Let's just call it "Vaseline Valley;" well, because everyone used to. You don't hear much of that any more, as there are a wide variety of options to Vaseline these days.

Tailgunner stepped in to save the day and hare the second anal-ual Pridelake hash, taking the more inexperienced but (I won't say "more virginal") **Queen Cobra** as his co-hare. **Tailgunner** had thirty-one harings under his waistband at the *other* Saturday hash (that'd be *Pinelake*) so he may have had a thing or two to teach his young co-hare (about *hashing*, that is). As it later was discovered, **Tailgunner** left out the *teaching* part; and in hindsight haring thirty-one hashes makes you a little brain damaged.

Your scribe would like to take a little time to publicly "out" the following hounds: One Ball, Yoron Weed, Davey Crochet, Virgin Brett Schaffner, Virgin Gary Cvitanovich, Dawgy Style, Keyless Entry, Yassir Cream Her, Star Whore, Tastes Like Chicken, You Bastard, Hermaphadyke, Mud Puppy, Dicky Retardo, Spread Eagle, Dribbles, Piggy's Bitch, Hired Hand, Purty Mouth, Sweet Chariot, Kaptain Krash, Stink 'n Swim, Square Meat, Dr. Doo-Doo, Maxwell Twat, Red Breast, Crack Pusher, Furry Balls, Wild Sex, Afterbirth, Gerbil, Tripod, Ouch!, Ho Checka, Nova Cum, Gaywatch, Daddy's Penis, Anal Fissure, Canucklehead, High Dicker, Deliveries in the Rear, Barf Bag, Boner Rooter, Nicola Russell, Dipstick, Spermier, Slippery When Wet, Hat Trick, Fill My Cavity, Addadicktomy, Stiff Upper Clit, Colonel Clit, Twelve Foot Max, Virgin Dan, Bagless, Fag Hag, Fish Dicks, Pornicopia, EZ Cheeks, First Timer Scott Allingsworth, Hide the Salami, Size Doesn't Matter, Full Leather Jack Off, Virgin David, Fourth Timer Darrell Drogula, TV Hair, Wienerschlutzel, Boob Teaser, Busted Cherry, Check My Briefs, Matthew Hoffman, Skin Flute Pie, Wet Dreams, Tastes

Great, I Know that Trick, Manscaped, Golden Showers, Hot in the Middle, Coffee Bean, Pigless, Fellatio Hornblower and Can't Get Twat.

The gayer than usual pack assembled in the Ansley Mall parking lot. The hares were sporting rainbow hare, and **Queen Cobra** was "reading" the pack and tagging them for who they really are. After some hubbub and a much appreciated few beers from **Furry Ball's** personal cooler, the pack was off. Well, then again, the pack is usually a bit *off* (nothing new there).

The hares marked trail with rainbow chalk. No, not a single piece of rainbow chalk, but rather *six* pieces of chalk that had to be laid in the *correct* order. **Tailgunner** was proud (it is *Pride* you know) that he figured out it was easier to use two bundles of three. Smart hare, that one.

It seems earlier that day while pre-laying trail, a civilian approached **Tailgunner** and asked him to remove the chalk mark "on *his* sidewalk" as it "does not represent him." After this civilian followed **Tailgunner** around in his *truck* (in Midtown) for some time (*does not represent him*, huh?) it had reached the point of being amusing. **Tailgunner** explained to him that he (**Tailgunner**) was not *stupid*, to which the civilian replied "I beginning to think you are." *Whatever*. **Tailgunner** asked him if he "was having fun..." The civilian replied "I've got all the *time* and *money* in the world." *Whatever*. After **Tailgunner** told him to call the police, the civilian decided to return to gerbiling or whatever he was doing.

"Hello. This is the Police. May I help you?"

"Some man put a chalk rainbow on the sidewalk in front of my house. It does not represent me. I want you to have him arrested."

"Thank you sir for calling and reporting this incident. Unfortunately as we are speaking on the phone and not in person, you cannot see I am non-verbally asking you to 'talk to the hand' and moving my head in a 'oh no he didn't' manner. Gotta run; me and my other fabulous police buddies are heading down to Blake's bar to have a few fabulous cocktails. Buh-bye."

At some point, the pack was sent off to follow trail; around the front of Ansley Mall it went. Your scribe, as is his fashion, was bringing up the rear; and maybe drinking a beer; I can't remember. I do remember giving **Bagless** a hand up the sidewalk, but then was



immediately distracted by **Queen Cobra** telling me where the beer stop was. Helpful hare, he was. *It was quite a happy hour that previous night.* The knowledge of the beer stop location in my head (*head... ?*) it took me half a second to change my course, making a bee line for the beer stop, dragging along a few more-than-half-a-brain-hounds the likes of **Red Breast** along.

The *first* beer stop was a small bar that's changed management more than most hashes (except for maybe Black Sheep). As our small drinking club with a stumbling problem sauntered over to it, **Dribbles** and **Dipstick** were spotted running into Burkhart's (*not* the beer stop). One had to wonder whether they were on the hash or were there just coincidentally. After a bit of yelling, waving and confusion, your scribe was able to corral them into a more beer-stop-like direction. The reason for their gayer than usual behavior was explained: there was a "BN" in front of Burkhart's! The trail couldn't be *that* lame?

Well, almost. Seems **Queen Cobra** put a "BN" in front of *every* beer stop. Keep a short leash on your co-hare next time Tailgunner! And when setting trail too! The "BN" was not for Burkhart's but rather for the other previously mentioned, smaller bar that was *closed*.

Closed. So we first few milled around the front of the closed bar, getting soberer and desperate. Just in the nick of time, before we had to drink **Dipstick's** urine (it is 40 proof), two guys showed up with the keys. Seems the bartender that should have been there was not, and he was the one who knew that we were to get a deal on beer. A deal we got, but pay we had to. Good thing, as that somewhat limited the beer I could drink before the rest of the pack straggled in, *three* beers later on a bar stool with **Dipstick** and **Dribbles**. Mr. Slave would say: *Jesus Christ.*

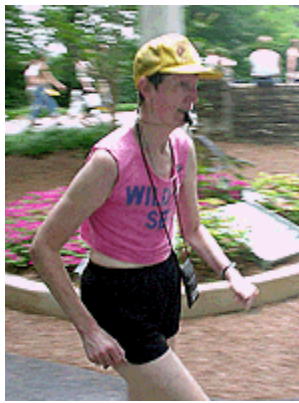
The pack arrived, with sweat that used to be in the inside of their bodies now on the outside; and not too sure what was up with the "pay for beer" concept. Evidently there was a trail; but according to the more sweaty hounds, trail marking was thin before the first beer stop.

Perhaps we are called a "pack" as that's what we had to do to get in to that closet of a bar. But out of the closet we came, with reassurance the next beer stop was free. Well, not entirely; there was to be yet more extra credit beer stop opportunities marked on trail. Your scribe can be a little more specific here, as he starts actually doing trail; albeit a bit buzzed by this time of day.

Hounds followed trail across the parking lot, through a bunny hole, and down a boulder hill. The hounds headed in single-file, and **Coffee Bean** and **Skin Flute Pie** took their time to ensure a lack of ankle-twisting. Into the ass-end of Piedmont park, the "Enchanted Forest," went the pack.

Asses a little worse for wear, the pack emerged from the Enchanted Forest and found themselves running through the Piedmont Park Pride Craft, Fried Food and Beer Fair. Locals were amused some of us were actually *running*, while others

asked us to *stop running, because it was dangerous.* Extra credit beer stops were marked in chalk at the back of a couple of long beer lines.



Beer stop number two was stumbled upon by the pack on Charles Allen Drive, punctuated by **Boob Teaser's** latest rainbow-colored t-shirt craft project "Pridelake Hash: Our dicks taste like shit, not our beer." and "Pridelake Hash: We like it in the bottle and we like it in the can." The pack sucked the life out of the single cooler, and was off again; all the way to Ponce de León Avenue and *away* from the end.

Your scribe, having some knowledge of the end and the distance to it, convinced **I Know That Trick** to join in for extra credit ice cream and donuts on trail.

After ice cream and donuts were tucked in our cheek pouches, we discovered the trail turned 180° and the hares, by way of chalk marks, dragged the pack all the way back to near the Park again to on-in at the home of **I'm Ready**.

Gaywatch, a hare of the first annual Pridelake Hash, declared this second hashing to be the best yet. Word spread fast, and even **Erection Master** was lured like a moth to these flammers, albeit too late to hash, but not too late to drink. Smart hound, that one.

The aforementioned Happy Hour Hashers brought commemorative Pride Festival cups to the hash in a rainbow of colors. Fortunately or unfortunately, a cocktail was at one time in each one of those cups, as Cow Tippers was serving their drinks in a "here's your cocktail, keep the cup" manner. **One Ball**, the beermeister, was pleased to see these festive drinking vessels, as he forgot to bring the more provincial ugly mugs. Down-downs were evenly distributed, and Pride commemorabilia was showered on the hounds.

Now here's where it gets interesting.

The on-on was held at El Azteca on Ponce de León Avenue. It came out (so to speak) in conversation to your scribe from **Tripod**, that the very same hound of renown Tripodness was utilizing the backyard of **I'm Ready** the way Nature intended; as **Tripod** released his member to the great outdoors:

A bird flew by, landed and perched on Tripod's penis.

Your scribe presumes it was the trunk-like nature of his penis, and not the surrounding two eggs in a nest that was the avian attraction.

Consider yourselves *On-outed* until next year.

Your scribe,
Dr. Doo-Doo.

