

Pinelake Hash Number 925

Little Easy and Gasshole

January 22, 2005

Gasshole's and Little Easy's Cajun-style Birthday Hash

Well, let's start with who was there, then we'll get to who did what, and with whom. There was Prick Head, all the way from Pensacola, Yoron Weed, our FRB, Davey Crochet, our stand-in GM, Krispy Kreme, Pussy Pilot, Keyless Entry, Anal Fissure, Bone Hole, Jason Springer, virgin *and* FRB, Jay Halliman, another virgin FRB, second timer Taylor Barton, first timer Josh Armentrout, third-timer Michelle, Butt Floss, Ball Handler (too long and DFL), Arbitrary Sex (too long), Canucklehead, Quick 'n' Hard, another too long DFL, Cynthia Fucker, Lil' Sister, One Ball, Snail Trail, General Erect Dick (FRB – ok, who was first FRB? We had 4), Wine Ho, Elvis, Square Meat, and Jambi, who was too long and who slipped in late.

Well, the menagerie gathered at the 135 Bldg. on Highland Ridge Rd. expecting something easy. Some were dressed in their festive Mardi Gras attire in honor of our hare and it almost being Mardi Gras and who's against a party? Easy and Gasshole were turned loose at 2:30 Pinelake time with flour in hand. Meanwhile the pack was going through the box of party favors the hares had provided, masks and beads and whistles that broke when you blew in them. But they were all colorful.

As soon as they had finished pillaging the goodies, the pack was off in pursuit of the hares. They picked up trail headed south, down an embankment and onto... the railroad tracks! Who would have thought that the hares would resort to such a cheap trail, and so soon? But these hares were onto something else. They never stayed on the tracks. They went down the side of the tracks and over a steep embankment; so steep that all the poor hounds got their shoes full of railroad cinders and would have stopped to empty them, but the trail was fresh, and went across the icy cold Nickajack Creek, so everyone decided to endure the pain in hopes of snaring the hares. So splash through the creek we did, right up to our willies, and straight into a YBF! Oh, we were pissed! Back to the check, which was almost at the start. True trail actually went the opposite direction, across the East-West Connector and onto the Silver Comet Trail. There we picked

up Jambi and Sampson, who had conveniently arrived late and missed the entire YBF. Well, we got into a bit of a groove, trucking down the Trail, with no sign of the hares. Little kids coming in the opposite direction reprimanded us for being in the wrong lane. We ran pavement until our feet were sore, when the trail went left into the familiar territory of briars and swamps. At one point we thought heard Gasshole groan, "Easy! Easy! Oh, Easy! It's too long!" Whereas Easy replied "You're the one who wanted to make it hard!" But although we heard them moaning in the wind, not one hound ever caught sight of the hares. So long and hard it was. The hares looped us through tunnels and creeks, across swamps and creeks, and back up to more railroad tracks. At one point the briars were so thick that Prick Head was worried he was going to live up to his name, so he turned around and backed through them, pushing his ass in everyone's face as he slid down the hill. This is not what sex on trail is supposed to be about.

Well, after 6 or 7 miles, we figured we were either going to come to a beer stop (hey, this was an Easy trail!) or a BN. At a powerline right-of-way on the back side of a ballpark the trail ended. By the bags of garbage strewn around, this must have been the previous site of an Atlanta Hash. This is where the party began. Gasshole made a big bowl of cajun nuts and other tasty treats, and as always, there was beer aplenty to be had. Elvis finally figured out that this was a theme hash, and tarted himself up with a party mask and beads before telling a joke. This was followed by Prick Head, who was not tarted up, telling a second joke. We found out that our virgins could not only run like pros, they could also drink like pros, too. No need for instruction here! We sang and drank until the temperature dropped and the wind picked up, at which time Pussy Pilot complained that the wind blowing up his kilt was too cold, so we packed it up and headed for the house. Many of these fools headed to Easy's for a late night fete to celebrate he and Gasshole's 26th birthday. Happy Birthday hares! Excellent trail.