

The noxious mixture of the Pride Lake Hash and the Cobb Chamber of Commerce wrought the predictable result during Saturday's poison-ivy-palooza that left this scribe still scratching himself in wonderment.

Ye hares be thus, the young lovers One Ball and Snail Trail, affectionately known in the collective, as One Snail Ball Trail. Oh, what a sticky residue they left on the sacred remnants of blood smeared valleys and hollers 'round the Chattahooch where Sherman made his fateful crossing and Gen. Johnston lost the last of the Confederacy's good paying jobs. Fergit Hell! Sonny Lied!, and such.

Onabout 30 or more hashers gave threatening skies the collective "yo-daddy was a Pine Lake Hasher!," as we braved the puddle-worn ample drainage infrastructure that safely gathers all the poo of stately east Cobb to a fine distillate to be rendered into the Atlanta Hash's drinking water. Beer good, water bad.

This scribe carpooled, and had his tithe paid for by the Atlanta Regional Commission. Poolmate BoobTeaser provided sufficient road soda to make the long journey across eastern Continental Divide (reckon that's about where the Gold Club used to be) worth my while. I arrived at the Cobb Chamber's parking lot to find Pine Lake legends the likes of Yoron Weed and Davey Crochet sitting side-saddle astride a manly SUV-type vehicle, and collecting money. Hmm. Never has the Cobb Chamber parking lot been so fabulous.

The cops were already there, but only Forest Park's Pridliest, Krispy Kreme. But as we soon found out, the law in the aggregate and in its lesser rentable form would soon meet unamicably with this pack of merry men. The start commenced with the ubiquitous salutary presentments of Shiggy Pitts whose blatherings were necessiated and lengthened by the presence of virgins Travis and Chuck. They came together, or so we all assumed.

A half-hour later or so, we found ourselves marveling at the transparent absorbency of flour on wet pavement and grass – who knew? But translucent toilet paper hanging from trees – they didn't use the cheap stuff; it hung a full three minutes before absolute disintegration – was our guide through the resplendent shiggy in the shadows of the federal interstate system.

Your scribe was soon at the back of pack, that's where he likes it at Pine Lake so no one comes in behind him all-of-a-sudden. I watched Ass Cracker peel away the miles like a sprightly man of 51. We scaled craggy creekbed and farted in tunnels. The clouded creekwater of a month's record rainfall smelt of Smyrna.

The hounds complained like unveiled Arabian school girls during a fire drill due to the heat and humidity. The trail wandered to and fro, undulating gently between the catch drains and Taco Bell's of the historic Highway 41 corridor, where the buses run bereft of passengers but on time. Front runners Urine Development, Porta Jay and Little EZ found the end first, at the end of an abandoned street once home to a village of fastidious Cherokee Indians cast out from their great civilization because their tee-pees were a little too brightly colored.

At the end was much rejoicing, followed relief that DFL Shiggy Pitts had not – as expected – died on trail. Money was then exchanged. The over-under is now Aug. 23rd, by the way. Pays 4-to-1, but you can double down on Thanksgiving Day with Anal Fissure. Pays 16-to-1.

Hashers spoke tall tales, and Cobb resident Tastes Like Sh*t told and retold his bug-swallowing yarn. He went to Northside Hospital's ER, and left a proud father. Fellow hounds Col. Cl*t, Cigar Box and Tastes Great stared longingly into the crotches other hashers present but not yet mentioned like Redneck Cowboy, Hangs to the Right, To Kill a Cocking Bird and Canuklehead. Hashers with names like Toothless Beaver, Semenhole, Square Meat must have done something worth mentioning, but they, too, like Worthless Sack, Bonehole, Buttfluss and Busted Cherry can tell you about it themselves. As for Ah'll Folkher and Runs Down, well, you don't want to know what those two were up to – so don't ask. As for Penalty Box, well, her sports bra said to me everything but left me wanting more.

Well that's everyone so let's get to the tension and conflict that has led you to read this far, you fucking simp. Our circle proceeded apace, but the pee-yellow flashing of the rental constabulary was fast upon us. One Ball implemented his Canadian negotiating skills made famous by the likes of Gary Bettman and Bob Goodenow. The gig was up, and we piled into the backs of pickups, forlorn like a pack of southbound Guatemalans after a housing bubble.

There was talk of a Mexican Restuarant, and revolution against our hated oppressor. But let this be warning to you Pride Lake hares-to-be: Cobb is home to a tight-sphynctered pack of rent-a-pricks whose lives serve only for to spoil the joy of others, backed by the force of a radioed-in a call to 911 on his supervisor's speed-dial. Such was our undoing. The cringing terror led us, like our Confederate forbears, to retreat to fallback positions in Atlanta behind the glowing ramparts of Blake's and the Bulldog – where those pesky Cobbers wouldn't dare show themselves.