

The Harvest Moon

Run #286

Saturday, Sep 5th, 2009

It was the start of an interesting night. I headed over to the run start wondering just what was in store for the pack as Dr. Dive was leading them on a pub crawl to help celebrate Showerhead's birthday. Just as I got to the start, a San Diego police car pulled up and the officer started talking to the throng of hashers (if by throng, you mean 6) standing in the triangle shaped island in the corner of the road. Turns out it was just Skidmark admonishing Dr Dive for having a hash when he couldn't be there.

After Skidmark left, Dive led the pack over to "the wrong side of the freeway" to a little Mexican bar, "El Uno," a couple of blocks over. Inside it was a bit crowded, but they made sure that if you understood Spanish, you would have no trouble hearing the soccer game that was on.

Then it was on to Showerhead's place for more drinks. It was several blocks away from the first bar, and Showerhead must have been really thirsty as she showed the way at a brisk pace. After Showerhead's, the pack was on the move again, and stopped by Dr Dive's favorite gay leather bar called "The Eagle." The decor included such delightful items as a set of stocks, a cage, and a blowjob chair. Just a nice little place.

Once again, after a few minutes, the pack was off again to a bar called "Tobacco Rhonda's," another charming establishment. Here it announced the pack would be hanging for a while and could go get food from across the street if they wanted, so did. The rest was content to drink and some played naked picture match. Around this time, I went over to watch Dr Dive try and win something from the claw machine and somehow I and managed to get stuck inside. I did see that Dr Dive gave Showerhead the cute stuffed animal. The night was still young, but it took me all night to get out of that damn machine.

Anyway, through my networks of spies, I found out that the pack then headed to a beer check in the back of Dive's car, and then to "Redwing Bar," where everyone seems to have a good time, even Wax you managed to fall flat on his ass while trying to sing karaoke. My spies tell me that after a considerable amount of time there, what was left of the pack headed back to Showerhead place, stumbling and bumbling along the street. I even hear that Showerhead had to be carried back to her place. I understand that only three hashers had their way with her.

Apparently, everyone was too drunk to note if any down-downs were done or not, but considering this crowd and the shape they were in I doubt it.

After all the fun at Showerhead's, Dr Dive decided to finish off his evening back at "The Eagle."

The Fly on the Wall