

Run Number 1128

Yes Boy George is Not Gay

Your Hares: Boy George and "Mysterious" Wild Bill

After nearly dying of heat exhaustion last Sunday on the Deja-vu trail, I decided to take advantage of the advertised "skatability" for this downtown tour. The start was in a parking lot with potholes a big as swimming pools on the South end of downtown. The homeless drug users were expecting us and had put three H's in our honor on the 20th floor of the building to our South. (They must've run out of bed sheets to make the fourth H.) The hares, on hash time, started us heading west at about 5:40 after a chalk talk which introduced the special "Boy George Memory Check Mark", denoting special places in BG's past. I was thinking...do I really want to go there?? Anyway, the pack followed trail for about 2 dozen city blocks and those of us with a natural sense of direction and no GPS suspected a giant circle jerk was in the making. We were wrong however...and after a particularly clever diagonal check the FRB's had us moving toward downtown. I enjoyed, for once, being hot on the tail of *Gaslight* and *Roller* due to the wheels attached to my feet. As for the advertised skatability...my teeth are still rattling in my head from rolling over the original 1920's macadam in several sections.

As we made our way North, I was sure one of *Boy George's* special "memory checks" would take us by the city jail, but then BG's alleged non-gay status may have been refuted by some of his friends over there and that would've spoiled his day...

About halfway though the trail I lost sight of the FRB's when they cut through a grassy park area. Rollerblades don't go fast on turf, and I had to go the long way round. Man, I'm never going to come in first...even when I cheat! *Hairy Palms* and I rejoined the middle of the pack just as they were going down the stairs into the Jones Hall underground parking area. Oops...my skates won't do stairs. We spied the gophers popping up over near the bayou beside the Wortham and rejoined them for a lovely roll along the water's edge. Trail continued past some familiar watering holes...including La Carafe (this should have been a lack-of-memory check), and then through the newly chicified section on our way to the magnificent new baseball stadium. At this point either I was hallucinating again, or I began to smell the end of the trail as thoughts of a chilly malted beverage were wafting through my brain. It wasn't much further to the On-On which was behind the George R. Brown in a shady grove of oak trees. Two kegs of beer were there to greet us - thankfully cold and refreshing.

Highlights of the circle included the naming of "*Bayer Ass Burn*", several humorous accusations revolving around alternative sexual preferences, and copious down-downs as *Dick The Boy Wonder* asserted his leadership and made those not paying attention drink out of his bed pan. You know, he uses that in the middle of the night when he's too lazy to get up and go to the flusher. *Grind Slut* did a solo auto-wanker down-down...that has to be a first for him! *High Maintenance* and I announced our engagement in the circle (sorry boys, not to each other). I'm still not sure how we got away without doing a 696-down-down with *Hairy Palms* in the middle. *Hooter* came in DFL during the circle and *STILL* managed to keep his shorts up. That's two weeks in a row!! Authentic Texan style chili (no beans) was served along with some lovely side dishes. The beer lasted through most everyone's second bowl of chili, and holding our tummies we proceeded On-On-On!

The already famous On-On-On convened at the Venture Inn right next to the start. It was, at the very least, a culturally expanding experience. I was thoroughly UNimpressed with the ladies room, although the reports of the fully mirrored men's room sounded interesting. *Hairy P* was afraid to go pee by himself so he took *DTBW* with him as an escort. The one and only time that the guys go to the restroom in pairs is in a gay bar!! We went upstairs to the plexiglassed dance floor and danced en masse, joined intermittently by the regular patrons. One in particular was considering pitching for the other team for one night as he gyrated in sync with *Bayer Ass Burn*. *Boy G* thoughtfully bought a round of drinks, and even tried to negotiate passes to the VIP section for everyone, but the nice man in leather said no. (OK by me). *Hershey Highway* was referring to himself as "Jay" and trying to keep his cute little butt backed up to the bar. I ducked out with my new fiancee just after *Wild Bill* got christened with flour on the dance floor for being a virgin hare. Those guys will be baking bread for weeks!!

*Wow Mom Wow*

P.S. Thanks to everyone for their happy congratulatory words!!!