

# Pinelake Hash House Harriers

Hash Trash Hash #1030

by Tastes Great

A small but hardy pack turned out for 1030th PL Hash purportedly laid by **Shiggy Pitts**, **Butt Floss** and **Low Fur** (aka Mrs. **Shiggy Pitts**). **Butt Floss** putatively hared "in absentia" by laying his portion and high-tailing (high-butting?) it home before the start. **Star Whore** said **BF's** father "flew in unexpectedly" so his partner was roped (flossed?) into parent-sitting and could not be trusted to do it for very long w/o "cracking." No explanation was offered for the fact that "co-hare" **Low Fur** appeared at the start not only perfectly coiffed and sporting full face make-up (including, drum roll please, *eyeliner*) but nattily clad in classic navy trench and turtleneck, (relics of her stewardess years?) What? No red nose after laying trail on a frigidly cold day? Methinks (as **Whiner** would say) she hasn't even been *baking* with flour for quite some time. Hmmm... Perhaps **Pitt Boy** solo hared the "Tour de Mall" ...

But I digress... **Wet Dreams**, **Austin** and I arrived on schedule at 2:45 on this blustery day (no rain but strong wind chill factor) at the Wachovia Bank behind Perimeter Mall. Since the pack was long gone, **Pitts** graciously gave us a short cut that eliminated what he said was the portion of the trail that "looped around the mall" so we could try to catch up. The pack was fast because potential slow-be **Yassir** had shown up, then decided to drop his car off for an oil change while he bimboed to the end in somebody's Volvo.

We caught up with **Everqueer** and **Ballerina Booty Boy** as they crossed the street north of the mall, then spent the next hour running around the parking structures that fringe it. Next we faced the challenge of crossing Ashford-Dunwoody Road with **Austin**, always a thrill when you come between hordes of women drivers and the sale racks at Designer Shoe Warehouse. A frisson of excitement coursed through our veins as we traversed the entire "outdoor running track" of the Hyatt Ravinia Club & Spa, which I had previously seen only from indoors, after dark, while drinking pricey cocktails. It was a solid 1/16 of a mile of grueling terrain.

After skirting more parking structures, we clambered (I had to pass 85 squirming pounds of canine terror down into the arms of **WD** and **BB** who perched on jagged cement boulders) into a 20-foot ditch that led into a doglegged tunnel which let out near a mile or so of pretty trails that brought us into Murphey Candler Park, where we were on-in at one of the nice little pavilions. There was no bonfire, so **Davey** and **Star** waived Rule 6 (no headgear) and sped through circle with what might be considered undue haste on account of the fact that we were freezing our asses off.

DD's were done by the hares, FRB **Little Easy**, Too Long **Davey**; DFL's me, **Ballerina BB** and **Wet Dreams**; Bimbo **Yassir**; **Jamaican Me Horny** because we felt like it; **Square Meat** and me as lottery winners. Down downers – and pack members not yet mentioned – **Anal Fissure**, **Dunkin Honuts**, **Pissticide**, **Afterbirth** and **Grape Nuts** – drank much more tidily than usual, no doubt to prevent icicles from forming at slurpover sites. **Little Easy** shamelessly plugged the Black Sheep he planned to lay the next day in Pine Mountain State Park, approximately 300 light years south of Hartsfield. Distraught by the visible lack of enthusiasm with which the frozen, glassy-eyed pack greeted her sweetie's plug, a blue-lipped and trembling **Dunkin Honuts** piped up "There *will* be a Slack Sheep option!" but declined, upon questioning, to reveal who exactly might be laying it.

On out – **Tastes Great**