

PineLake House House Harriers

BECAUSE LIFE'S TOO SHORT TO DRINK CHEAP BEER

Hash #1042

Wet Dreams

05/12/07

Da Hounds: Little Willie 📖 Pisticide 📖 Just Brad (1x) 📖 Shiggy Pitts 📖 Jamaican Me Horny 📖 Square Meat 📖 Au Whata Pair 📖 Just Jim (6x) 📖 Southern Most Shrub Shag 📖 One Ball 📖 Snail Trail 📖 Psychedelic Pussy 📖 Davey Crochet 📖 Ballerina Booty Boy 📖 4" Hole 📖 Star Whore 📖 Rat's Ass 📖 Spread Eagle 📖 Niplets 📖 Kaptain Krash 📖 Too Quick 📖 Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie 📖 Mushroom 📖 Busted Cherry 📖 Everqueer 📖 Sleaze Puppy 📖 Asspucker 📖 Friar Fuck 📖

Happy Grajimation! A couple of weeks ago, PineLake gave a big "Ain't You Special" day to **Tastes Great** for getting her Master's degree in Underwater Basket Weaving. And here's a special shout-out to **Wet Dreams**, PineLake's new Hare Raiser, for throwing together a fantastic last-minute hash in honor of his wife.

We gathered over near Mercer University on a brilliant Saturday afternoon with a bit of reticence. After all, Wet Dreams threatened us the week before that if no one signed up for this week's trail, he would lay a ballbuster that we would ne'er forget. Instead, we were treated to a day of water balloons, deceit, squirrels and frivolity. And that was just the water stop.



Our wily hare set up three trails for the pack – GED, Bachelor's, and Master's. The GED was billed as walker/stroller friendly (shyeah, just ask **Mushroom** and [the original] **Killer Bee**), the Bachelor's was considered standard PineLakey, and the Master's was supposedly geared for Black-Sheep-ophiles.

After the first round of water balloon fights and general kindergarten-like behavior, the pack took off into the woods of Mercer. At the first check, I headed uphill and quickly found true trail. I was on fire – got 4 checks in a row right away and was blazing the single track trails. Meanwhile, that short-cutting bastard **Niplets** stayed low on the easement, avoided the hills and the squirrels (so he thought), and caught trail again just before the “swamp”.

I put the swamp in quotations because, well, you all know that the damn global warming has dried up everything, so there was little more than squishy muck to traipse through. (Ed. note: of course, those of you who did Hog Mountain's Stinko de Mayo know that there's still plenty of swampage out there if you look hard enough). Well, that was the Master's section. Apparently, on the Bachelor's trail, the hounds had to cross a creek that was balls deep -- well, at least **Little Willie's** balls deep (not that I would know anything about Little Willie's balls).

Let's see, what else ... beer/Jell-O stop (yay!), good conversation on trail with **One Ball**, the joy of seeing On-I n back at the start (bless you, A-to-A trail), avoiding getting hit by water balloon thrown by that bastard FRB Niplets, and not getting struck by lightning ... again.

Down-downs were plentiful but hurried (due to the aforementioned potential lightning strikes): **One Ball**, **Snail Trail**, **Au Whatta Pair**, and **Just Jim** for getting married (that's right, all 4 are married to each other); virgin **Just Brad**; Niplets for doing a squirrel on trail; **Southern Most Shrub Shag**, **Psychedelic Pussy**, **4" Hole**, **Mushroom**, **Killer Bee**, and **Friar Fuck** for being 2-long between hashes; **Davey Crochet** for overachieving (15K -- really? \$15,000/yr seems like underachieving to me); **Sleaze Puppy** and **Asspacker** for bimboing (now *that's* overachieving!); **Just Jim** finally got his hash name – **Stratocrapper** (ask him why); and of course, the hare. No doubt about it -- a great time was had by all.



Scribe: Rat's Ass

