

PineLake House House Harriers

Because Life's Too Short To Drink Cheap
Beer

Hash #1050 **Star Whore, Kaptain Krash, Stink or Swim, Too Quick** 07/07/07

We Who Flock: Cheaper Than Trick, Nancy Brooking (1x), Tripod, Ouch, Afterbirth, Tranny, Phred, Minnie Brew, Micro Brew, Back Seat Box, Foreign Lesion, Shiggy Pitts, De-Boner, Boner, Burning Rubber (Houston H3), Burning Bush, Show Uranus, Fill My Cavity, Slippery When Wet, Spermier, BreastStroke, Surley Temple, Wet Dreams, Ballerina Booty Boy, Nipleets, Fisticide, Brad Grava (2x), Hung & Harry, Friendly Thighs (Chicago H3), Oops, Deposit Slit, Whole 9 Yards, Nathan Koskovich (1x), Lost & Fucked, Dunkin' Ho Nuts, Pull My String, Miles Byntin (1x), Tastes Great, Coffee Bean, Sleazy Rider, Little Easy, Dah Do It Later, Butt Floss, Crip Teaser, Swinger, Pigwinkle, Katy Sullivan (1x), Anal Fissure, Rat's Ass, Jamaican Me Horny, Ass We Go, Grape Nuts, Dr. Doo Doo, Hot Pocket, Read My Boobs, Hired Snatch, Short Stump, EZ Checks, Tailgunner, Butt Bob, Asspacker, Ann Koch (1x PH3), Henry Koch (1x PH3), Boner Rooter, Portuguese Water Dog

'Twas a beautiful day for hashing, but not just any ol' hash -- nope, this be the big One-Oh-Five-Oh and by the looks of the list above, nearly all of Atlanta came for what was promised to be a cool, wet Pinelakey hash. We met at the southeast corner of Cumberland Mall up there in CornCobb County and whilst waiting to git goin', lo and behold, **Dr. Doo-Doo** comes drivin' up with none other than the old PH3 bib pole which had been MIA for many a-year (for those of you who don't know what a bib pole is, consult one of the old-school Pinelakers). Anywho, we were finally off at precisely 2:30pm (shyeah, right) and proceeded to run the entire length of the mall heading towards the Perimeter. Over Cobb Pkwy and under 285 we went solving checks like they were ... um ... checks. We hung a right on Circle 75 then dove into the woods ne'er to set foot on pavement again until the end. Sho' nuff, we hit the first tunnel with much bravado (well, there were glow sticks every few feet so minimal bravado was actually needed) heading under 285 into the netherworlds. Except for the squirrels nibbling on our ankles, we emerged beside the Galleria relatively unscathed. Until we climbed the hill of death to a YBF. Damn you wily hares! True trail continued down the creek to another tunnel and upon emerging on the other side, we found a glorious Beer Stop. And there was much rejoicing. We drank for hours, uprooting trees, bushes and flowers, with horns on our oops, wrong verse. After the Beer Stop, another tunnel, some easement running and then On-In across a treacherous creek. So treacherous that **Star Whore** was attacked by not one, but two beavers. Alas, we saw no beaver on trail that day, but here's looking forward to seeing some soon. The end was fab-u where we had beer and lounging by the creek, then the food showed up, then no beer, but then beer again, and too many Down-Downs to mention. Now all we need to finish commemorating the 1050th is the much anticipated 2006/2007 PineLake calendar! On-Out

Scribe: **Rat's Ass**