

Pinelake's #1100 Anniversary Hash!

Niplets & Wife Beater

GENERAL RAY DAVIS MIDDLE SCHOOL Thunderstorms threatened earlier in the day, but that didn't stop the hashers from lining up for the Pinelake 1100th. Translation: it was hot and humid as hell. Typical Atlanta summer, so no complaints. The hares directed us to far southeast metro Atlanta, near Panola and Arcadia Mountains. We knew we were in for a treat and they did not disappoint.

Surprisingly, **Wife Beater** and **Niplets** opted to pre-lay trail, but with a pack that size I can't say I blame them. Late-comers were common with an early start, but the pack was off around 2:10 around the back of the school and into the woods. Unsurprisingly, **Dawgy Style** and **Okie** were among the leaders along with **Oops**, **Little Willie**, **Little Easy**, **Dribbles**, **Jamaican Me Horny**, **Emergency Blows** and **Smells Like Fags**. It was a long way to the first check, all along trails in the woods and then through the woods to a river. The pack scattered searching for trail, eventually finding it under the bridge along the river, gathering faces-full of spider webs. Off we went, hitting a blazing-hot power line cut and climbing ever upwards.

Sweat was running freely now as the pack stretched out, gasping for breath. Luckily there was a fringe of shade we could follow, as trail climbed and cut and reversed, allowing shortcutters to short cut – or *smart cut* as I prefer. Back into the woods, across a river, along the river, and back up another power line cut to a check and water stop. Across the power line cut to more trails in the woods, this one actually a

marked loop trail. More hills awaited and the pack up ahead looked like refugees trudging to their destinies, but then the blessed Beer Near was spotted and those with anything left trotted gamely to the end.

It was hot at the end but the river was right there, and there was some shade to be found. Two kegs were worked over by the hashers and car hashers, despite the seemingly-faulty taps. Late comers continued to come in, including **One Ball**, **Dorothy Camel Toe**, **Snail Trail**, **Poonshine**, **Will You Suck, Bean**, **Hand Tossed**, **Spermier**, **Slippery** and **Royal Fuck**. Some had good excuses, some not so much – but all got cold beer. Subway sandwiches were devoured along with orange food until it was circle time.

Pot Pi called circle to order, allowing **Little Willie** once again to show his demonstration prowess and impressing all the virgins who were next to drink. **Itchie** drank for having a

birthday, along with **Big Bore** for getting engaged to the best woman in the world, and **Smells Like Fags** and **Oops** for being racist. **Itchie** has been on the road hashing in DC and brought a brand new hashshit for **Shiggy Pitts**. A couple more Rule 6s drank and then it was off to the on-after.

A huge thanks goes to **Ballerina** for managing the beer, and **Pot Pi** for a great circle. I'm sure others helped so if you want to get involved, there are always mismanagement positions for those willing. –*Davey Crochet*

On On

