

**Breaking news:**

A Small New Country was Discovered by Pinelake Hashers

Everqueer is the Reincarnated Soul of Vlad the Impaler

No Children Died on Trail™

Saturday's indefatigable (slightly insane) hare, **Everqueer**, led us through the shiggier shiggy I've yet to encounter; let's just say Pinelake took on "Little Vietnam" and made it out alive. Well, mostly... my legs look like they've been afflicted by the Stigmata.

Waist deep, tea-coloured water, giant bamboo, slimy boulders, bats, and tombstones livened up the trail; unfortunately we missed the nest of snakes that **Everqueer** stirred up.

A few brave souls broke out ahead of the pack early; however, I suspect that the FRBs were plotting for our demise. They were later accused, tried, and hung for not kicking checks, a move that led the rest of the group wandering about the foul-smelling Atlanta Incinerator until chased out by security guards. A unanimous vote was cast to commit the sinful use of technology on trail- hey it was either make the call or become fodder for the incinerator...

On-In to circle was a joyous occasion; there was much celebration and bathing in alcohol, followed by the severe beatings of several FRBs (okay, so we decided against the hangings at the last minute). **Smells Like Fags** was further pardoned for his front running ways, as he twice snagged our hare, ultimately becoming Mongolian Co-hare. **Smells** was assigned guide, protector, and poop-scooper of **A-Dog** during his co-haring; a position that may remain his indefinitely... **Smells** yet again came to the rescue (and later received sainthood) when circle was called and it was realized that we were missing a very significant hash member. Alas, **Hired Snatch** had arrived late at the start and was still out there, crashing about on trail somewhere. **SLF** stripped off his post-hash clothing and streaked off into the woods wildly, completely naked, to our astonishment. Ok, ok, so he put his nasty hash clothes back on, and ran off, but that does remind me that **Tail Gunner** showed up completely late, in a *car* at

circle, and *then*, apparently thinking that no one was aware, *dropped throw* next to a tree. Not behind a tree folks, *next* to it, and completely blinded us all with the white of his ass, including our young innocent, **Budda Call**. If anyone has pictures, please post.

Back to our lost soul... **Hired Snatch** apparently ran half the trail and then doubled back; **Ballerina Booty Boy** and **SLF** made a successful rescue. We waited patiently till the beer gods demanded "we get on with it already, it's thundering!" Circle started with FRB (**Yoron Weed, Wife Beater** and **Anal Fissure**) and DFL (**Drags Wood** and **Two Buck Fuck**) down-downs. **Lots of Practice** received record number of down-downs for offenses too various to mention (quite a feat considering that she bimboed), **Gang Plank Skank (GPS)** and **Fromage a Twat** celebrated birthday down-downs. **Star Whore** and **GPS** were then called out for a "No Panties" down-down and a surprising number of fellow hashers stepped forward (this was actually quite frightening). At this time, **Hired Snatch, Smells Like Fags**, and **Ballerina** arrived, and ceremoniously joined the "No Panties" offenders to make up their missed down-downs. All in all, we had a sloshingly good time.

**Announcements:**

Haberdasher (**Itchie Coochie**) is looking for new haberdashery ideas. **GPS** recorded suggestions, but if you have any bright ideas for hash gear please contact **Itchy, Star** or **GPS** and we'll get the info to where it needs to go.

The phone hareline may be discontinued; mismanagement is soliciting your half-mind thoughts on the matter.

May the Hash Go in Peace, ~GPS