

Pinelake H³ Hash #1110

The 7,348,034,765th Annual Kessel Run

Star Whore and Wil U Suck? – Stardate 62129.1

A long, long time ago, in a galaxy near Downtown Atlanta, a group of seemingly normal hashers assembled, preparing to infiltrate Dragon*Con, observe the nerd festivities and pretend like they didn't know **Batman** from **Boba Fet**. A healthy bunch from Atlanta Hash joined our much beloved Pinelake gang for this special day. **Star Whore** and **Wil U Suck?** had for us a pre-laid trail, including a purple sheet of special instructions and one hell of a scavenger hunt. Highlights included “**Buxom Corseted Wench**” of which there were many, and “**The Devil's Panties**,” which **Titty Sweat** sought after with great success.

Needless to say, few hashers stuck to the first part of trail, since all of us just wanted to go laugh at the crazy people inside the Hyatt/Marriot/Hilton. After wading through a clusterf*ck of nerd-shiggy, stopping for many scenic vistas and refueling at the various beer/mai tai stops, hashers found **The Emerald Empress** for further trail instructions.

Trail picked up again outside Trader Vic's, which was closed (although some hashers managed to sneak in and retrieve Menhune cocktail stirrers for extra scavenger points). Trail wound its way under Freedom Parkway, into Old Fourth Ward (surprising lack of nerds there. Hmmm...) and down into Cabbagetown. Virgins **Just Mary** and **Just Ny-Ying**, along with **Lots of Practice**, made the dire mistake of following **Tastes Like Shit** through this leg of the hash. Luckily, his beautiful fiancé, **Cums on the Ceiling**, rescued them and brought them safely to the end.

The On-In was finally discovered at an empty lot next to **Wil U** and **Fairy Juice** house. A keg-full of beer, many melted Jell-O shots and other forms of deliciousness were consumed in the blazing sun while waiting for the many *Con-loving DFLs to wander in. A few brave hash dogs sought shelter under vehicles and chairs, and did their best to beg for Jell-O shots to beat the heat.

Portuguese Water Dog and **Star Whore** called circle, assisted by **Rat's Ass**. Down-downs of nasty, gritty, warm Foster's were forced upon our lovely hares, as well as recently engaged (and doomed) **Swamp Guinea** and **Bunny Tuna**, our handful visitors and numerous virgins. FRB was **Squid Dick**, who was clearly so overwhelmed by the nerds that he sprinted with all deliberate speed to the end. Our DFLs, **Hung & Hairy and crew**, arrived mid-circle, claiming to have completed the entire scavenger hunt except for a picture of **Buddy Jesus**. Rule 6 violators included **Itchie Coochie**, **GPS** and **Titty Sweat**, for both car/taxi hashing, and having a love-filled run in with **Linda Blair** and the **Incredible Hulk**. Resident *Con celebrity **Walt Jizzme** took his down-down for being lame enough (or awesome enough?) to be speaking at the *Con later that night. Dollar Store crap, labeled “prizes,” were handed out to many *Con overachievers. Circle broke, leaving all sweaty, hungry and in serious need of therapy to get resolve our overexposure to geekdom.

Scribe: *Lots of Practice*