

Pinelake H3 Hash #1113

September 20, 2008

Blue Ball Special and Bone Hole (Plus Middle School Boy and Max)

The Pinelakers made yet another trip OTP to Roswell, meeting up at Big Creek Park. **Our hares** were aware that this is quite the mountain biker hang out, and there was even some kind of festival for ~~people who can't run~~ mountain bikers going on. They figured bikers wipe out early and often, and would be long gone by 2pm. WRONG! There were zillions of bikers and cars, which gave the **hounds** a bit of trouble finding parking. But at last, we all assembled on time. Actually, all of us except for **Star Whore**, who's got a bum leg which makes her drive slower (because she can't walk fast...?)

Hounds and hares assembled for no special instructions, except **Pissticide's** insistence that he had ended many hashes just over yonder, down the power line cut... The dead trail started right in the middle of biker central, and followed the park path for a ways. First check was found by **Niplets** (shocking!) who immediately hauled off in the wrong direction. **Pisst** and **Lots of Practice** found true trail, taking them right into the woods and the mucky-mucky. Trail wound it's way through the creek, some good swamp-alicous shaggy, under GA-400, back in the creek, back out, through more swamp...

Bone Hole and **Blue Ball**, left us a lovely CB10 ¾ of the way through trail, assumedly expecting a bigger crowd, and such a thing necessary for keeping the pack together. Instead, **Niplets** and **Butt Floss** found it long before anyone else and took off boxing. **Pissticide**, on his own, decided to box North, and got very, very off trail. Meanwhile, **Yassir Creamer** and **Practice** stumbled upon the count back, cursed those evil hares, and headed back toward trail. They met up with the lolly-gaggers (**Two Buck Fuck**, **Drags Wood**, et al) just in the nick of time, and the bunch set off back into the creek. **Lots of Practice** decided to **practice** her swan dive technique while running across the creek, receiving a 7.2 from the Russian judge and a very

wet set of clothes. The hounds made it out of the creek and found themselves in a Mexican apartment complex. They also were confused to find **Pissticide** coming up behind them, looking tired and feeling stupid for his bright boxing plan.

After a lovely jaunt down a utility access road, back under 400 and across the creek *again*, the hounds scrambled up a slippery embankment to find a much-needed "BN" and the On-In, exactly where **Pissticide** said it would be. Much beer was had while we waited for late-arrival **Asspacker**, plus two dogs, to make it the end. We gave up waiting. It was also realized that something interesting had happened on trail, because **Star Whore** observed that **Bukkake Bill** had some dirty hand prints across his chest-icles, and **Lots of Practice** was wearing **lots** less clothes than she had started the day with.

Once circle began, **Star** gave them each down-downs for their risqué trail behavior. As there was lots of beer and few hashers, **EVERYONE** got a down-down (or two, or three) – our hash Virgins, **Just Crystal and Nathaniel (the junior co-hare)**; the hares; **Niplets** for FRB-ing and being born; **Foreign Lesion** and **Yassir** for too long gone; **Butt Floss** and **Pissticide** for overly fancy accoutrement (who runs with a Rolex? Really?); **Ballerina Booty Boy** for his **Larry Craig** moment with some young-in on a bike... **Yassir** got a second for letting **Papa Smurf** – aka a blue cupcake – leave a little sticky icky on his face. **Drags Wood** and **Two Buck** had theirs for wearing a fancy new watch and getting too close to a Black Widow, respectively. **Asspacker** arrived just in time for a down-down, and the hashers headed off into the sunset.

Scribe: *Lots of Practice*

