

It's hard to say no to a **BWANA** trail and this Pinelake proved no exception. Hashers came from near and far to Amwiler Road hoping to chase down **the bitch**, but the first surprise of the day was that trail was laid and there would be no snare this day. The second surprise was how hung over I felt, but unsurprisingly I was in good company. With a couple of virgins compliments of **Royal Fuck** and **Yoron Weed**, **BWANA** did the chalk talk honors while **Star Whore** got the gang signed in. Right on time (2:38-ish but well before **Dorothy Camel Toe** showed up – what the hell does he do to be perpetually late? even **Wet Dreams** and **Tastes Great** made it pretty much on time!) the pack was off, back to Winters Chapel and underneath PIB then north along the access road. Road rage ended soon as we ducked into the woods at the first check, where **Squid Dick** went correctly down to the stream but missed every mark. Yours truly followed and helped get the pack on track, as trail led up the stream. If anyone boxed it I didn't hear about it, but I did hear about **Cums Up Short** taking a spill into the creek after **ChewChew** told him, "Don't fall." Way to follow instructions.

Trail exited the stream and followed a ridge then down and back up a steep hill to the back of an office building where a check awaited. I went left while most everyone else stayed straight (insert joke here) and as we rounded the other side, a rather large deer darted across the road. **Just Patrick** was coming from the other direction and saw the deer too, but this wouldn't be our last run-in with these four-hoofed creatures. Eventually trail was found across the street back in the woods and we followed that over to the dirt bike area just west of PIB. Here a check really confused us as no one could find trail until I eventually got going no-no and reversed direction to head up more steep hills to see **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie** standing near yet another check.

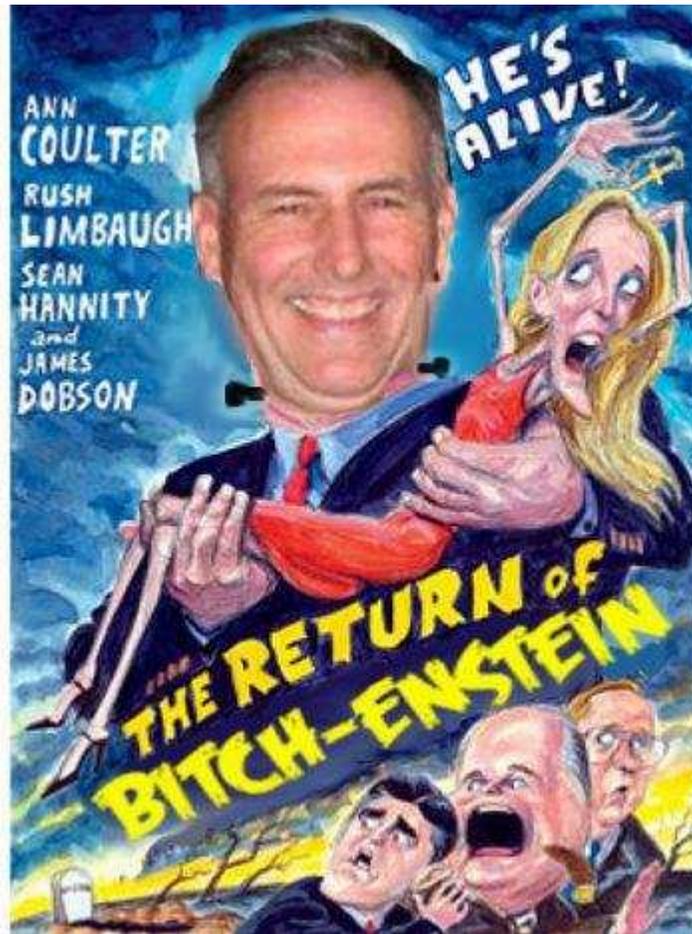
Heading up and around, we scared more deer (and possibly the same one again) from cover but did find trail winding back towards itself. Somehow the pack got permanently separated here as some people skipped different loops, but no one got lost (surprise!).

Square Meat and the newly-named **Hairy Spotter** and myself circled more office buildings and skirted an apartment complex to get back on trails next to a stream. These led to a sewer line cut to a small lake where a woman yelled over "Are you following all those runners?" Runners? HAHA no but we'll take any advice we can get. Telling us there were "like 30 of them" we were off on more cuts leading to a mini swamp and finally to the BN and On-In at the tennis court/pool complex.

There were many in before us, and some after. **GPS** was First Bitch In (besides **BWANA**) despite the hung-over, and **Squid** was FRB as usual. **Cums Up Short** decided to hash in naked, not knowing that his Facebook status had been hijacked by some bored hashers including **Red Slit** (who wasn't even there), **Star Whore**, and **Royal Fuck**. *Get a life!!!* Speaking of which, it was **Rat's Ass** 500th Pinelake and he received his patch and the right to never pay hash cash again – just in time before the rates go up next year! **Little Willie** did his usual perfect job with the demo down-down, and our virgins availed themselves admirably of their frosty cold beers. (Speaking of frosty cold, it was frosty cold out there! Circle kept creeping as the shadows approached, working for any sunlight to be had.) In addition to our two on-trail virgins there was also a random guy who said something along the lines of "based on the clothes and the beer, you guys must be hashers" and then joined us. **BWANA** got his haring down-down and got a good hearty belly laugh out of it – I always knew he was a Democrat!



Star Whore apparently didn't get that memo but backed down from using this great graphic as the announcement of the hash.



Ballerina got a special down-down for retrieving extra beer for the large crowd the **Bitch** attracted, and **Two Buck Fuck** and **Drags Wood** joined us in civilian attire (apparently they actually do have lives). **Pot Pi** enjoyed several down-downs for various infractions (people really do pay attention when you're running circle), as did all those in muck-mucks or other overdone footwear. The birthday crowd drank, including **Royal Fuck**, **ChewChew My Caboose**, and **I Dream Of Weanie** (one of the best hash names ever). Various other people drank for various other things. Funny how the memory gets worse proportionally to the amount of time (beer) circle lasts! I do know the most entertaining part of circle was watching the six dogs hump each other

in various configurations only dreamed of by the adult film industry. (At one point honestly there were three dogs fucking in a line, facing three dogs fucking in a line. Free entertainment!) With that we were off to the on-after for Korean food, where we determined **I Dream Of Weanie** should buy lottery tickets after getting a warning pulled over on the way to the restaurant. Honestly, 70 in a 45 with expired plates after a hash – and just a warning? Good for you.

So here are the lovely ladies of Elmira enjoying some great Korean food. A majority of people ended up at the on-after, joined by **Red Breast** who missed the hash due to errands but enjoyed some food and soju with the gang. On-On to T'giving and *Fat Boys Athletic Club*.



Remember, **Shiggy** is haring in September 2009.