

Because life's too short to drink cheap beer!

Pinelake H³ Hash #1135 – February 21, 2009

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

Hared by Wil U Suck, Niplets, Wife Beater and Poonshine

Start: South Atlanta High Education Complex (yes, that's what it's called)

And the Lord said unto them, "Let there be hashing." And there was hashing. And the Lord said it was good. And shiggy-licious.

Pinelakers of all shapes and sizes made their way down Moreland, past I-20, past the new Sonic Drive-In, past the Starlight (the *real* Drive-In) to the South Atlanta High Educational Complex. Don't ask me who thought high education was a good idea, but it seems to fit the neighborhood. The lure of our four fine hares – **Wil U Suck**, **Niplets**, **Wife Beater** and **Poonshine** – drew quite a large crowd. The still-recovering **Dick Draine**y rolled up in his wheel chair, which many were glad to see. (**Your scribe** was personally relieved that sustaining three fractures at her birthday hash wasn't enough to scare **Draine**y away!)

After a garbled, confusing and uninformative Chalk Talk, the **hares** took off. The **hounds** stood around trying to comfort the numerous **virgins**, and assure them that they'd survive. Eventually, the **pack** took off, headed behind the school complex. We came across the first check and scattered in all directions. Actually, the fast hounds scattered, while **Team DFL** and the **virgins** stood around and waited. After much too long of a wait, we heard whistles and "ON-ONS" and headed into the woods.

Team DLF – **Itichi Coochee**, **Drags Wood**, **Two Buck Fuck**, **Lots of Practice**, **Fromage a Twat**, **Cabbage Snatch** and an assortment of **virgins** – had a lovely romp through mushy leaves and fallen trees, but

managed to catch up with much of the pack when all were slowed down by a barbed wire and chain link fence that had to be carefully scaled. More standing around and waiting.

On the other side of the fence, we discovered one of Atlanta's best swamps – complete with stinky muck, rotting trees, and all kinds of streams to jump across. The jumping got interesting when **Virgin Chip** miscalculated the depth of one stream (getting his pants nice and muddy) then jumped across another without waiting for **Itchi Coochee** to get out of the way. More mud for everyone.

After climbing out of **Swamp #1**, we ran for our lives across **Moreland Ave** and headed into some more woods. We found ourselves in some kind of construction site with giant mountains of dirt on one side and steep drop-offs on the other. The **hares** teased us by putting some marks dangerously close to the drop offs, and eventually took us down (albeit via **booty-slide**) a gentler slope. Across a (real) creek and back into the woods and swamps. Yay for swamps.

We eventually made it through the swamp to a lovely wooden boardwalk – no one really knows how or why it got there, but it's a good change from the mud and the muck. Our **hares** decided to employ a little-used mark known as the "**Whichy Way**" mainly to confuse and befuddle the **hounds**. We decided to go left, climbed up to some train tracks and followed those for a while. Thank

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goodness, at least for **LoP**, **Cabbage Snatch** and **Two Buck**, there were no snakes or trestle bridges.

A bit more swamp, a power line cut, more woods and a bit more swamp landed us in some familiar hash territory – what looked like and felt eerie enough to be **the old abandoned jail property**. And we were right. Soon, we could see the **hares** and **hounds** assembled up on a bluff by the jail. Trail went off around to the left, but **Lots of Practice** insisted on taking the short route – straight up the hill, over concrete slabs, kudzu and steel rebar – to the On-In. Only **Virgin Chip** was brave enough to take this route, and the rest of **Team DFL** went around the long way.

We were greeted by cold beer and orange goodness, and pleased to know there were other hounds still out on trail and we were no longer **Team Dead Fucking Last**, just **Team Dead Fucking Luscious**. Eventually the true slow pokes, and **DFL Hired Snatch** found their way to the end and our lovely **JM Pot Pi** started circle. How she managed to do that with more than 50 wankers standing around, we'll never know.

Down-downs were handed to our **FRB Butt Bob** and **FBI Fairy Juice**, **DFL Hired Snatch**, the hares, birthday hounds **Cabbage Snatch** and **Max (Bone Hole and Blue Ball Special's** beloved pooch) and **Wild Irish Hoes** for bringing his gaggle of (straight?) virgins. The rest of the virgins were brought up, and then it was time for an age-old story from veteran hasher **Rat's Ass**. He spun us a yarn to celebrate his 17 years of hashing, which started when **your lovely scribe** was just five years old. The interjection of this comment during his story made **Rat's Ass** call **Lots of Practice** into the circle so that her new bib could be blessed, baptized and adorned with a new pin from the **rat man's** collection.

After a few more down-downs and some good laughs, **Pot Pi** dismissed circle and the hounds and hares carried on for a bit, eventually riding off into the sunset (as fast as possible to get away from the **jail ghosts!**)

ON-ON! Your faithful scribe, **Lots of Practice**

Upcoming Trails:

Pinelake #1136 (2/28/09) Plus 2 Coon Ass & LickHoleAh – \$10 – Samedi Gras Cajun Spectacular! • Pinelake #1137 (3/7/09) Little Willy & Grape Nuts • Pinelake #1137 (3/14/09) Pink Slit, Leaky Faucet and Royal Fuck

Special Events:

April 4, 2009 – Pinelake vs. Atlanta Kickball Death Match! Stayed tuned for details!

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