

Pinelake Hash #1178

January 2, 2010

Fourteen hashers showed up, braving the wind ch-ch-chill and evading a possible case of busted balls at AH<sup>4</sup>. The pack left the start, following **Trannies'** dead trail, followed by "lost finding the start" **Wet Dreams** and **Tastes Great**, who got short cut instructions from the hare.

Where's **Hired Snatch**? He never showed, so the hare and Beermeister/Bimbo **B3** headed to the end.

Approximately an hour later, there's **Hired Snatch** with **Big Bore** in front. **Big Bore** got lost on trail, went back to the start, found **Hired** standing there and lead him to the end.

There was mention of missing marks, and no marks, and one mark.

Hmmmm...

Someone calls **B3** and it is **2 Buck Fuck**, with **Dr. PP**: they are lost and can't find trail; something about one mark and then nothing.

**Tranny** takes the phone and give directions to our JM and partner. #6-technology on trail, ah, but it is cold. The pack slowly makes it way in.

**Yoron Weed** is the Turkey trail FRB, and **Niplets** the Eagle trail FRB.

And other pack members ask, where was the T/E split? Where were the marks, the flour, the chalk?

It seems the wind is capable of giving blow jobs to the flour and blowing it away.

Talk of **Niplets** waking up a security guard that was out of sight when the hare was laying trail, but in sight when the hashers came through.

Another call from **2BF** and **Dr. PP**; hand phone to **Tranny**.

Our short cutting FBI **Tastes Great** comes in, a little after our real FBI **Hot Pocket** comes in. Everyone is in, except our lost hashers.

Tales of a trail gone wrong and marks disappearing. 1½ hours, **Tranny** calls **2BF**, they are a few blocks away. **Stupid Is As Stupid Does** runs out and escorts **2BF** and **Dr. PP** to the end, our DFLs.

Time for circle, and small doses of down-down beer. **Down and Dirty** for visiting from the **Other Orlando Hash**. **Pissticide** and **Ass We Go** for Hash Lottery. **Dr. PP** for finding a pistol slug and **Stupid** for owning a gun. **Stupid** again for having a cartoon kitty phone holster. **B3** for Bimboing. **Tranny** for laying trail.

The On-After was at the 5 Seasons Pub.

*-Your Scribe and Beermeister, Ballerina Booty Boy.*