

Pinelake Hash #1190
April 3, 2010
Bickering Prick Picker and Just Michael

Hounds:

Star Whore	Just Whitney (virgin)	Ballerina Booty Boy	Itchiecoochie
Deposit Slit	Just Krista (virgin)	Spermier	Rat's Ass
Oops!	Okie Pokie Chicken	Slippery When Wet	Niplets
Just Michael (X2)	Chokie	Touch Me In My Special	Meet the Beaver
Just Sarah (X3)	Fish Dicks	Place	Tailgunner
Lots of Practice	Vegetative State	Scared of Pussy	One Ball
Royal Fuck	Oral Fatigue	Long and Red	Dorothy Camel Toe
Just Matt (virgin)	Little Willy	Banana Licker	Hired Snatch
Just Linda (X3)	Tampon Queen	Orgasm	
Shiggy Pitts	Snail Trail	Back Seat Box	
Just Kevin (X1 PH3)	Frat Boy Slim	Just Jason (virgin)	

It's been a long damn time since I've written a hash trash... like, years. However, if someone didn't preserve this hash for posterity, it would be a crying shame. *Crying*, I say!

After what could have been the shittiest winter since the Ice Age, we were blessed with a gorgeous day (yet "tree-jizzified") to say the least (damn pollen). The hashers came out of hibernation and we had quite a lovely crew, including *several* too longs (**Itchiecoochie**: looking at you girl ;) !!). **Ballerina Booty Boy**, after sacrificing his butt cheeks at Black Sheep (ask him later), arrived with the long lost bib pole. **Just Michael**, the Mystery Co-Hare, brought some lovely Easter basket cupcakes for the pack, and **Banana Licker** came with Krispy Kreme doughnuts, so we were all fueled by sugar and carbs and ready to tackle the day! With a pack this large and so many virgins to tend to, **Bickering Prick Picker** was getting a little nervous. He mentioned to me that he hoped his marks hadn't "blown away." With it being a relatively wind-free day, I was wondering just what he meant. We soon found out...

The pack ran willy-nilly behind an office park and into some woods which lead up to a railroad track. On this track was parked... a train — and no marks. Some of the braver hashers climbed over the train to the other side while others, like myself, stayed to one side and waited to hear if anyone found

flour. Just as **Fish Dicks** was about to climb over, the train started to move. He jumped off as the train slowly lurched forward... and the pack had no choice but to wait for the train to clear the tracks. This train also cleared the marks; so after it had moved on its way, we were left guessing as to where the trail would take us. The virgins and first/few timers got an education on the difference between flour and train shit from **Oops!**, and **Niplets** tasted the marks to make sure they were flour. Once he had determined that they were, we were off. Before the pack had a chance to get off the tracks, another train passed us, taking away even more of the marks. Good timing, **Prick**...

Just when we were about to give up, virgins **Krista** and **Whitney** rallied the pack with a hearty yell of "*Goonies never say die!*" Urged on by this rallying cry, **Scared of Pussy** and others scattered into the woods to find trail. Someone, I believe **Royal Fuck**, found a mark down the hill to the left of the tracks. Down the hill, cross the creek, up the hill, through hamster-land, repeat... we had finally found what was to be the start of a lovely trail, and were relieved to be away finally from trains!

The trail wound its way through the Silver Comet and went through a tunnel. Now, at first sight, this seemed like a tame tunnel by tunneling standards. We had no idea what dangers lie ahead in the darkness. A family

was playing in the creek at the edge of the tunnel, seemingly amused that we were all traipsing through it. They laughed and pointed us into the dark entry with a lighthearted "they went that way!" *Evil! Evil! Evil* lurked inside this tunnel and the seemingly mild-mannered family was pointing us towards certain doom. **Just Sarah** fell hard in the middle of the tunnel into what was one helluva hole. **Just Michael** straddled the hole to make sure there were no other casualties. Once we got to the end, we found the tunnel had claimed many victims. Damn family... *damn hole!*

When we finally arrived at the On-In (after being yelled at by some woman who claimed that we were on her property, even though a public trail ended on her "property"), we shared stories of train

dodging and hole diving around a skull adorned with flowers provided by **Itchicoochie**. **One Ball** and **Dorothy Camel Toe** joined us at the end after their hockey game and the DFLs, **Shiggy Pitts**, **Snail Trail** and **Hired Snatch** (who wasn't at the start when the pack went out), made it to the On-In before all of the beer was consumed!

In circle, we "crowned" the new Pinelake Joint Mattress, **Lots of Practice**. She handled the many down-downs and the large pack with aplomb and there was much rejoicing. Frisbees flew into the heads of any a hasher... much to their chagrin. Most of the beer was consumed... even the crappy bottled PBR that has somehow contaminated the coolers. We parted ways, drunk and happy, and remembered why hashing with Pinelake in the Spring is such a fucking good time J!

Down-Downs of Note:

- FRBs Nipleets and Banana Licker
- FBI Itchiecoochie
- DFLs Shiggy Pitts, Hired Snatch and Snail Trail
- First Timers Just Kevin, Tampon Queen
- Virgins..... Just Matt, Just Whitney, Just Krista, Just Jason
- Bimbos Deposit Slit, Touch Me In My Special Place
- ...and about a gazillion others I do not remember ;)
- And for her 100th Pinelake: a mug for **Snail Trail!** *Get a life!*
- On-on! -*Star Whore*