

September 18, 2010: Pinelake Hash #1212 with **Meat the Beaver**... probably better than his last attempt to hare a trail from what I understand.



So we get to the start. It's seems we had just been here because we had, the Chandler Elementary School. It's hot-as-balls and the pack is trickling in, not your normal Pinelake crowd but a crowd that is anxious to see what awaits us on the Arabia trail. Your hounds, **ShiggyThePits**, **Pisticide**, **EverTheQueer**, **IcingOnTheCock**, **JustBecky**, **JustJeff**, **ShaveTheVaJJ**, **BananaLicker**, **CockOSoreAss** (aka **LotsOPractice**), **LickHOLA**, **TheFaithfulLittleWillie**, **Tranny**, and another **JustStacey**; and two cheers for **B3** the bimbo and as always taking care of Beer. Three virgins though; we better have some chalk talk. Who better to give chalk talk than a guy who came out of the Korean Hash and Augusta...I think we were all confused. But **MeatTheBeaver** was very thorough. He explained the trail for hours until finally I was a little scared and off we were.

As in the past behind the school and we hit the trails; reasonable check, nice woods and skirted the creek. **Banana** took the lead while **Everqueer** took his place exactly where he wanted to be, on his own trail. Over the river and through the woods we went up on to the road solving left and right and on to the concrete path which led us to the stone hills of the Arabia Mountain.

Here's where the fun starts: Check and four marks in every direction except for where the trail actually went. I went straight, **Banana** came up from behind (like he likes it) and went right. **Everqueer** went with him and I followed for a bit – but thought better of it – and went back to solve the check. Here's where the pack caught up with a smile on their face.

Lickhola "ya know what, we have a map"...*big mistake*. **Willie** pulled out the map and said it should go straight and hang a hard right. So I did. I just started running and made my peace with the mountain and the sun as my hatred toward **LittleWillie** grew as I found no trail after a good 20 minutes. Finally I tracked back down the road where I found two lovely ladies who were taking pictures and asked if they had seen where everyone had gone, seems the trail went straight to the right off the check. *Nothing like adding a good mile plus, trail for the sole*. Anyways, I found the trail up and over the mountain again and to chalk on the road. I figured DFL for sure – nope. Up to the pack **Shiggy** and the virgins along with **Tranny** trudging

along. **Pissticide** leading way complaining that checks were not kicked. I don't think he knew that he was the front runner and off we went. More rock and more rock, some service road and woods. All was good down the service road to a check, left, right, straight... nope to a hazard mark, next to back track marks and a hare arrow.

HASHSHIT!

What to do? I really don't know but we milled about till I finally just figured it went straight and it did. Down the road, up the road, passing the dead deer and into the neighborhood onto the easement and cemetery where we had just so recently ended.

To the End where **LotsOPractice** had communed with Rockdale County's finest but pulled some Jedi mind tricks on them, so all was good. **B3** decided to go pick up the walkers and got a few takers and the pack came in one by one pretty quickly except... **Banana** and **Everqueer**. So we drank. They were pros. They would be in anytime now, right? Nope. Seems that the back track was supposed to keep people from going to the right. *Nice move on that one.*

Oh yeah did I already call it... HASHSHIT!

Banana and **Everqueer** took a trail that led to hunting property that **MTB** decided was a bad idea but at the same time did not think to pull the trail. Sweet, I do love hashing and this is what it is all about, negotiating your way thru deer stands on a beautiful Saturday afternoon. Anyways on to circle where girls wore underwear, CarHashers were called out, **LittleWillie** was called out for having a map but still getting lost and leading us astray. Much, much more – but most of all we drank good beer, hung out with good people, and ate great orange snacks... not to mention ran a most excellent *shitty* trail. Thanks **Meat The Beaver**...Oh yeah we sang about a lot o dead people and having sex with them and dead whores... *really creepy*.

ON-ON!

Icing on the Cock