

PineWake Hash House Hawwiers

Holders of the HashShit: Niplets & Back Seat Box

I Can't Find My Mommy - Call the Hareline (770) 455-6952 ext.114

There's Hash in Them There Hills

January		
3	#576	Cums Collect & Screw Ewe
10	#577	Sleazy Rider & Minnie Brew
17	#578	Dead Root
24	#579	Butt Nutt & Holy Dick
31	#580	Beavis
February		
7	#581	Breaststroke, Good Head & PACII
14	#582	Sleazy Rider & Afterbirth Wedding Hash for MC & Whiner
21	#583	OPEN
28	#584	Ramsquat

Grand Master	
In Absentia:	Sky Pilot
Acting:Down Under	
Joint Master	Afterbirth
and Mattress:	MC Hasher
Hash Cash:	Rat's Ass
Hareline:	Minnie Brew and Sleazy Rider
Haberdashery:	Dr. Doo Doo
Hashorian:	Back Seat Box
Bier Meister:	Breaststroke
Master Scribe:	Niplets

Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh of your Mismanagement



WANNA BE A HARE?: OPEN dates?! Do I see OPEN dates?! Get your lazy asses off that sofa, get that fruitcake out of your mouth, and put that beer down. OK, forget about the beer part. Sign up for a hash or we'll be forced to have **Back Seat Box** fly in special to lay another marathon. Call **Sleazy Rider** (404-982-9269) or **Minnie Brew** (404-325-1373) and fill those empty slots.



HASH TRASH: Know how to string words together that sorta form complete sentences? Then you too can write the trash. Contact **Niplets** at 404-378-4104 and he'll gladly lend you his crayons.



HASH DIRECTORY: Whoa, Nelly! Could it already be time for a new directory? Well, when I first started writing this, it was. Now it's too fucking late. Waahhh. If you're gonna have changes, additions, or corrections to the current bestselling thrilling pageturner, contact **Rat's Ass** at 404-876-5076 or e-mail at ratmanh3@mindspring.com.

Run # 573 December 13, 1997
Hares: Niplets & Back Seat Box
Venue:Sorta Near Northpoint Mall

The Faithful Few: Rat's Ass (DD-just because), Afterbirth, Eata Puta (DD-too long between), In & Out (DD-bringing too many virgins), Breaststroke, Sleazy Rider, Byte Me, Minnie Brew, Goldilocks, Paul Bell (DD-1x PH3), John Kerner (DD-1x), Butt Nutt, Cheetah, Mark Jardina (DD-1x PH3), Beavis, Lou Beasley (3x), Slippery When Wet, Double Pecker, Bullshit, Captain Krash, Cumcierge, Holy Dick, Tailgunner, Asspacker.

four, adj. – totaling one more than three; cardinal number between three and five

mile, n. – a unit of linear measure equal to 5,280 feet (1,760 yards) or 1.6097 kilometers

seem, v. – to appear to be; give the impression

“It seemed like four miles to me when I was laying it.” **Niplets**, 5:32 pm, prior to receiving the Hashshit, as we (not quite FRB) come wandering On-In out of the cold, dark night.

"You go on up ahead and tell **Back Seat Box** that **Breaststroke** is coming, she's mad, and she's got her fist cocked." **Breaststroke** to **Rat's Ass**, 5:28 pm, in the neighborhoods.

"Just because **Back Street Fox** is leaving town, that means he has to lay all the parts of all the trails he hasn't done yet in one fargin' hash?!" **Rat's Ass** to anyone who'll listen, 5:03 pm, somewhere paralleling Holcomb Bridge Road.

"Hey, where'd **Asspacker** and Wylie go? **Breaststroke**, 4:55 pm, looking for flour and any sign of other hashers in the free world as we know it.

"CHECK??? A fucking CHECK??? What a great ending!!!! Why didn't we end HERE??? What the hell are they doing???" **Breaststroke** to **Rat's Ass**, 4:32 pm, at the lovely little cul-de-sac, which would obviously have been the perfect ending spot, behind Wal-mart.

"Great mountain-biking trails ... didn't the hash that you and **Butt Nutt** laid a while back that started near the Wal-Mart and ended by Northpoint Mall run through here?" **Rat's Ass**, 4:09 pm, to an obviously tired and pregnant **Breaststroke**.

"Comin' through!" **Wylie**, oblivious to time, heading straight for the swamps in the woods somewhere between Mansell Road and Old Alabama.

"OK, so I was a little late getting to the start ... seems there was an accident on GA 400," **Tailgunner**, 3:42 pm, whizzing by **Breaststroke** somewhere near Big Creek.

"Hmmm, doesn't look like a very big pipe to cross ... I guess I'll take the high road ... wonder which is the high road?" **Rat's Ass**, 3-something pm, still talking to himself.

"Are you?!" **Rat's Ass** to himself at the which-a-way leading to Big Creek.

"At least the check kept the pack together," **Sleazy Rider**, after 10 minutes of wandering around a lovely field.

"Could've run through those woods ... but Nooo, there's a backtrack," **Cheetah**, critiquing the trail.

"Why are we running roads when we're in North Bumfuck, GA?" **Bullshit**, questioning the sanity of the hares.

"On-On!" da pack, leaving the parking lot behind the Hampton Inn (I think), sorta near Northpoint Mall.

"We kinda got stuck in traffic ... seems there's a wreck on 400," the hares to the pack, as to why the hell they're so late and shall deservedly receive the Hashshit.

"Hashshit!!!" 22 anxious and cold hounds, waiting not-so-patiently for the fucking hares to show.

"Stupid moronic asinine clueless imbecilic dipshits!" **Rat's Ass** venting about the wreck on 400 that made him 15 minutes late.

"Let's see, it's a Saturday afternoon and I've got nothing better to do than to have a wreck," stupid moronic asinine clueless imbecilic dipshit, 1:53 pm, driving north on GA 400.

**Not-Really-All-That-Pissed-Off Scribes:
Rat's Ass & Breaststroke**