

# ΠινεΩακε Ηαση Ηουσε Ηαωιερω

Holders of the HashShit: Beavis & Co-Hare du jour

Boysenberries? You Want Boysenberries?! - Call the Hareline (770) 455-6952 ext.114

## There's Hash in Them There Hills

August

22 #606 Sleazy Rider  
29 #607 Ramsquat

September

5 #608 Wet Dreams  
12 #609 Do Tell – It's an OPEN date!  
19 #610 Rat's Ass & Testiclees present  
The 6<sup>th</sup> Annual Rat Race – Rat Camp  
26 #611 Breaststroke

Grand Master:	Sky Pilot
Honorary:	Down Under
Joint Master and Mattress:	Afterbirth Slippery When Wet
Hash Cash:	Rat's Ass
Hareline:	Sleazy Rider and Nipleets
Haberdashery:	Sneak-a-Peak and Soft Balls
Hashtorian:	Back Seat Box
Bier Meister:	Testiclees
Master Scribe:	Rock Hudson

## Convulsions and Convolutions of your Mismanagement



**WANNA BE A HARE?:** Please call **Sleazy Rider** (404-982-9269) to sign up for a run. It's not that hard, really ... just pick up the receiver, punch in the appropriate numbers on the keypad, and speak in a clear, loud voice into the mouthpiece. Of course, you may want to wait until someone actually answers the phone first, real or machine.



**HASH TRASH:** Know how to string words together that sorta form complete sentences? Then you too can write the trash. Contact **Rock Hudson** at 404-589-7616 and he'll gladly lend you his crayons.

**Run # 604**      **August 8, 1998**  
**Hares:**        **Lost Cause & Viper Vixen**  
**Venue:**        **Macland Point Shopping Ctr.**  
                      **Powder Springs Road**

There is no one available to take your call. Please leave a detailed message after the tone and someone will get back to you very soon. Your call is very important to us. Thank you and have a great hash.

Seventeen ... is the loneliest number that you'll ever know. Nope.

Sweet Seventeen, you're beautiful and your mine. Nah.

Seventeen Wee Little Hashers showed up last Saturday (did not ... did too) for a fine hash through the woods and the trees and the apple dumpling bushes. The start was out there near that there Kennesaw place, you know, where all the fightin' was done just a couple years ago between the politicians and the alternative lifestylissssssst.

Thank goodness I bought enough beer for 400. And in the fine tradition of AH4, the 17 of us drank every last goddamn one of 'em. Yeah!! Damn straight.

In case of an emergency, we left the shopping center through the rear of the parking lot, only to be greeted by a check. I found true trail immediately (because I'm that good) into the deep dark woods where spider monkeys attacked me

from all sides and made me their love slave. I guess that's what the hares meant when they said there were Count Backs to slow down the FRB's.

Looping back around to the other side of the shopping center, we crossed John Ward Road (better than crossing John Ward), went by this church and cemetery (sorry, my trusty map doesn't break them down by denomination), and then skirted Powder Springs Road along some construction and old dirt roads. Yeah, groovy.

Well then the fit hit the shan. Nancy Drew, Park Ranger decided to take action when she spotted us hooligans (I'll break your fargin' nose if you call me a Houlihan again) entering the ol' Kennersaw Mountin Nashunal Battlefeeld Park, following blobs of what appeared to be (gasp!) bleached out human ashes!

"Whut 'chall dewin'?" she mumbled, careful not to lose any of the chaw nimbly tucked between her teeth and gums.

"Why, dear, sweet lady, we are nothing but lonely travelers, wandering the National Parks of this great nation, in hopes of learning all there is to know of this land and the heritage of our forefathers, so that we can truly appreciate our freedom that we have recklessly taken for granted for oh so long," orated **Lame Bahrain**.

I, on the other hand, replied something along the order of "I'm a good little doggy and I must find a place to tinkle."

Sufficiently distracted, little miss uniform chick left us to our meandering. By then, of course, the pack is gone, and I'm left in the company of **Rock Hudson**, **Little Willie**, and **fifth-timer Woody Brown**. A fine group, ours was ... we fashioned bows and arrows out of branches and vines, we killed numerous protected wildlife to sustain our thirst for blood, we bonded as only men can ... we ran around with women's underwear on our heads.

All through the lower tiers of the Park we wandered, until the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains were within our sights.

Somehow, we ended back on some road, took a left at the power lines, took a right into some neighborhood, and On-In at someone's house whose name I do not know (and who wouldn't do a down-down for letting us use his house).

So there you go, fine hash, fine folks, fine wine,

fine fine fine fine fine.

Oh yeah, the down-downs. Everyone drinks!

**Rat's Ass** - forgetting Lost Cause's 100<sup>th</sup> mug and the down-down mugs; **Wisecracker** - DFL; **Breaststroke** - babyless; **Kaptain Krash** - baggy shorts; **Moontang** - too long; **Lame Bahrain** - learned how to lay flour; **Pam Martin** and **Grattan Walsh** - virgins; **Woody Yank Me** - ugly ass shirt; **Woody Brown** - named **Slipped Dick**; **Little Willie** - lost his chalk on trail; **Rock Hudson** - only other mismanagement; **Cheetah** - almost arrested again; **Lost Sole** - didn't lose his sole this week; **Mr. Twister** - hadn't paid hashcash yet; **Beavis** - running without the hashshit; **Flabio** - talking too much.

Scribe: **Rat'th Ath**