

# The Hashional Enquirer

Because Drunk Minds Want to Know

Vol. 69, Run #737 Pinelake Hash House Harriers April 14, 2001

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## Easter Bunny Hoax Revealed!!!

Children around the world were disheartened to learn this Easter that the legend of the Easter Bunny is nothing more than a hoax perpetrated by a subversive group known as the Pinelake Hash.

Eyewitness accounts put two miscreants (known only by their street names as **EZ Cheeks** and **Li'l Easy**) as the main culprits of publicity nightmare. It seems they were laying a trail where plastic eggs filled with candy were hidden for their "followers". About 23 of these "hashers" ran in search of the treats, ruining the fun of the neighborhood kids who thought it was all for them.

Local residents off Flat Shoals Pkwy south of I-285 reported that they had some "splainin to do" to their children after the "Easy's" instead of the Easter Bunny were seen hiding eggs. Lawsuits have already

See "**Can Easter Bunny Be Resurrected?**" p.11

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## Bulldozers Bury Runners

In what's been described as a freak accident, several members of the Pinelake Hash House Harriers were run over and buried by bulldozers in a busy construction site near Flat Shoals and Wesley Chapel Road.

According to one member of the group, whom we'll call **Niplets**, they were following a trail of flour when it suddenly stopped in the construction zone. The group then fanned out, which is when it was believed that they lost track of some of the members.

Cries for help were apparently drowned out by the blowing of whistles as the pack found true trail again on the far side of the construction site. Unaware of the plight of the fallen comrades, the group continued on through the woods before exiting into a quiet neighborhood.

Based on police reports, even had someone from the group realized people were missing, they would have returned to the scene far too late to help. According to the coroner, death was instantaneous, but painless as the intrepid hashers consumed mass quantities of emergency ration beer just prior to their untimely

**"Can Runners Be Resurrected?" cont. on p.4**

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## Alien Rocks Found In Southeast Atlanta

A group of Easter weekend revelers may have found the first signs of alien intelligent life here on Earth.

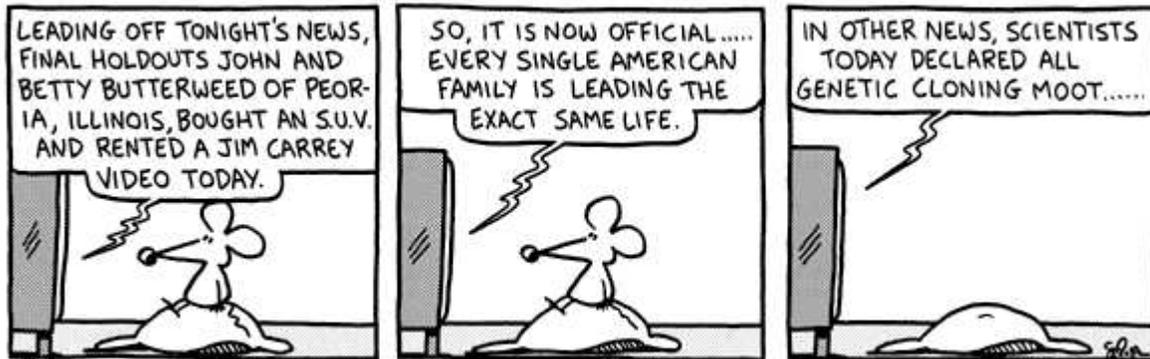
The group of runners, known worldwide as PH3, were running on an access road along South River when what appeared to be a rock "moved under its own power from 50 feet away and lodged under my right foot, causing much pain and consternation," this according to the runner known as **Rat's Ass**. **PV Semen** seconded this account, claiming that "Rat's Ass is far too experienced a runner to just trip over a regular rock and sprain his ankle."

The suspect "rock" was gathered up and taken with the group on the rest of their journey, which for the most part, paralleled the river behind houses and through the woods.

A short time later, the pack convened in a small city park to discuss the find.

By that time, Rat's Ass' ankle swelled up to the size of a small squirrel, and the only painkiller available was fine imported beer, which appeared to do the trick as he was unable to feel his ankle (or anything else) afterward. The group concluded that they were too drunk to determine the origin of the rock, but were convinced of the signs of intelligence. Then again, they were comparing it to themselves.

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### Down-Downs

- Chris Stevens (3x) - Left his virgin on trail
- Brian Cartin (1x) - His virgin
- Afterbirth - Bringing Coors Light to Pinelake  
(how does that saying go again? Life's Too Short ...)
- Bitch w/an Attitude - Marking a Check wrong on purpose
- Tinkle Toes - Ditto
- Tailgunner - Being aloof
- Rat's Ass - Misnomer
- 4" Hole - Being one of two chicks at the hash
- Sleazy Rider - Chick #2
- Penile Code - Too Long Between Hashes
- Li'l Sister - New Hareline
- Rat's Ass - Sprained ankle
- Drew Marlow (5x) - now known as **Bickering Prick Picker**
- Stupid Is - Found egg on trail
- Nipples - Yeah, him too
- Rat's Ass - Egg, shmegg, just give me a beer
- Asscracker - DFL

The On-On was at Earl's in East Atlanta, where we stood out like sore ankles. Go figure.

Scribe: Rat'th Athhhhh



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