

PINELAKE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Saturday, May 19, 2001: PH3 Run #742. Hare was **Mall Shark**. Start on South Cobb Drive just inside the Perimeter.

In over a year and a half of hashing we've (that's the editorial *we*) never experienced such a grueling ordeal. It seemed to go on for hours, and for no good reason. Everyone was tired and pissed off by the length, and we expressed our displeasure with loud complaints and rude gestures.

No, we're not talking about **Mall Shark's** trail. We're talking about **Dr. Doo Doo's** Chalk Talk, which he forced everyone to listen to although we only had one virgin in attendance. Every possible trail mark and symbol was explained, including the chemical formula for water and how it's distinct from hydrogen peroxide.

Finally the pack was revolting. "Enough!" We screamed. "Let our people go!"

So the exodus began, attended by:

Clucker Fucker (1st Timer), Colleen (virgin), **Cheaper Than Trick**, **Little Sister**, **Rogue Anus** (humble scribe), **Rat's Ass**, **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie**, **Dr. Doo Doo**, Bryan Fenoff (4th Timer), Daniel Kenworthy (4th Timer), **Lost Cause**, **Niplets**, **Slippery When Wet**, **Spermier**, **Bickering Prick Picker**, **Yoron Weed**, Brian Curtin (5th Timer), Frank Wrenn (2nd Timer), Jason Carrington (5th Timer), **Penile Code**, **Double Pecker**, **Testiclees**, **Sucks Cock For a Living** (visitor from Waukesha, Wisconsin), **Tailgunner**, **Size Doesn't Matter**, **Breast Stroke**, **Afterbirth**.

It was quite a good trail, neither too short nor too long. The first half to two-thirds of the trail will be remembered fondly for the lack of roads, the hills, the railroad tracks and the dead animals.

The dead animals? Well, two, anyway. Draped over the railroad tracks was the mangled and lifeless carcass of a dead deer. Best guess is it was hit by a train, or it also had to listen to **Dr. Doo Doo's** Chalk Talk. Or maybe it listened to

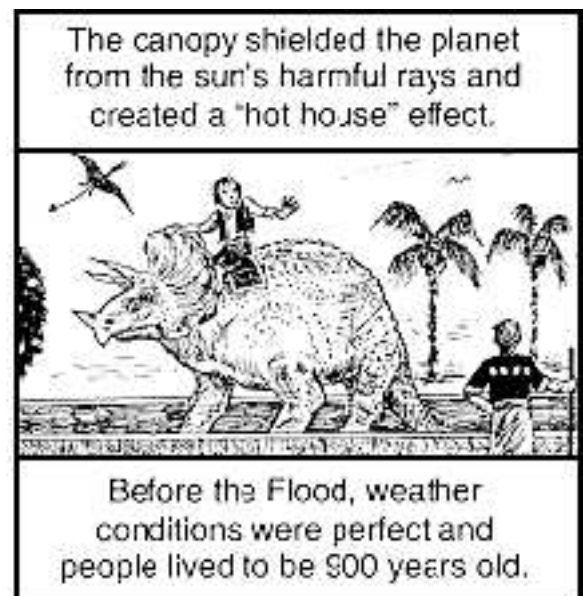
some of the Chalk Talk, then threw itself in front of the train.

We're told a dead dog was spotted on the trail too, although we didn't see it ourself. Er, ourselves.

It's possible both animals were on their way to meet an old man with an ark.



That's what we were thinking during the last third of the trail, anyway, as the heavens opened up and a Noachian Deluge fell on us. You know, for our sins.



Remember?

The torrents didn't let up, which was a problem because **Mall Shark** hadn't planned for them. The flour got washed away, but we caught a lucky break and found a few spots leading into a river. Figuring the trail would stay in the river for a while, we stuck with the stream and eventually found flour again.

The ending was in the woods next to a road. It wasn't covered, so we all broke out our umbrellas and had our Down-Downs in the rain.

We had to name two people. The first was Brian Cartin. When asked if he had any dirt on his friend, **Bickering Prick Picker** offered much more than any of us had asked for: apparently Brian is very fastidious when he masturbates, and lines his belly and thighs with several lengths of toilet paper. That's all we needed to know (more than we needed to know, actually). Brian is now **Tidy Jack**.

Next up was Jason Carrington, who hails from a small town in south Georgia we won't attempt to spell the name of, but which sounds enough like "rinky-dink" to justify his new name: **Rinky Dick**. **Afterbirth** complained loudly about naming yet another hasher "(something) Dick" but his complaints were ignored.

And with that, Pridelake . . . er, we mean Pinelake gained two more named hashers.

Breast Stroke and **Rogue Anus** got a down-down for their upcoming AH4 trail. Their entirely reasonable protestations that a down-down would be appropriate only *after* they lay their trail fell on deaf ears.

Clucker Fucker, running PH3 for the first time, got a Down-Down, as did virgin Colleen. A female virgin? What's that about?

Frank Wrenn drank for being a 2nd Timer (go figure).

And finally, a visitor Down-Down went to **Sucks Cock For a Living**, down South for a spell from Waukesha, Wisconsin. Of course, he'd deserve to drink anyway, every time, just for having such a great name.

Hmm. There weren't really very many Down-Downs, were there? You'd have thought there were more, considering how fucking long

they fucking took. Perhaps the new G Ms need to learn, as has your humble scribe, that brevity is the soul of wit.

The hash complete, we all proceeded to the nearest Mexican restaurant. On the way **Rogue Anus**, getting into the spirit of things, rear-ended **Tailgunner**.