

# PineLake House House Harriers

Because Life's Too Short To Drink Cheap Beer

Run #769 - Hymen Hog & Burnt Rubber (Eagle Trail) - Nov. 24, 2001  
Baloney Pony & Cheeks of Hazzard (Turkey Trail)  
Somewhere off the East-West Connector, Smyrna

We Who Were Abducted: Afterbirth ♡ Rat's Ass ♡ Shiggy Pitts ♡ Little Easy ♡ Bagless ♡ 2  
Crabs Fucking ♡ John Queere ♡ Krispy Kreme ♡ Dr. Doo Doo ♡ 4" Hole ♡ Little Pussy ♡  
Butt Floss ♡ Asscracker ♡ Bitch with an Attitude ♡ Beats Me ♡ H<sub>2</sub>Ho ♡ Candy Crotch ♡  
Head Rice ♡ Rance Stilphon (6x) ♡ Eric Stilphon (6x) ♡ Muff Snuffer ♡ Amy (1x) ♡ Li'l  
Sister ♡ Butt Nutt ♡ Breast Nutt ♡ Dawgy Style ♡ Yoron Weed ♡ EZ Cheeks ♡ Niplets

Billed as the "Calorie Burner 2001 Hash", this hash had everything to scare the living shit out of us: a virgin PineLake hare, wild untamed territory, flying squirrels, a live trail with Burnt Rubber as co-hare, and special instructions that made even **Dr. Doo Doo** cringe.

A bizarre pack of losers who had nothing better to do Thanksgiving weekend gathered off the East-West Connector in Schmeeeerna, somewhere near the Silver Comet trail. Would we run the Comet, you might be asking ... you bet your sweet bippy. Albeit briefly. Then roads, not so briefly. I mused aloud, "Where are the fucking woods ... I know there are fucking woods ... I saw fucking woods at the start!" Apparently this startled our virgin, **Amy**, and she ran as fast as she could away from me. So what's new.

Then, a chalk arrow ... pointing in the direction of a driveway of a house for sale. Hare reasoning: if the house is for sale, and there's no one living there, we can run through and into the woods behind. Sounds good to me! And so began our venture into the woods, where we skipped and hopped like little furry animals, all the while holding hands and singing songs.

Now, inherently, we all knew that they were going to parallel us along the Connector, and sure enough, the woods led us to a tunnel underneath that 4 lane behemoth. Out on the other side, curious on-lookers gaped at us as we sloshed our way out from where no human should traverse. True trail then crossed Nickajack Creek into somewhat dense undergrowth. **Shiggy Pitts** and I decided that the nice 2- person wide path provided by the wonderful folks at the Cobb County Parks and Recreation Service would do just fine instead, and sure enough, we ran across the FRBs as they forged the creek one more time to our side.

Well, not exactly ... seems trail went into a veeerrry short (meaning height, not length) tunnel, under the Connector again. Shiggy and I decided to climb up to the road and takes our chances. And very good chances they were. After a brief run on some lovely trails, we popped out at the old

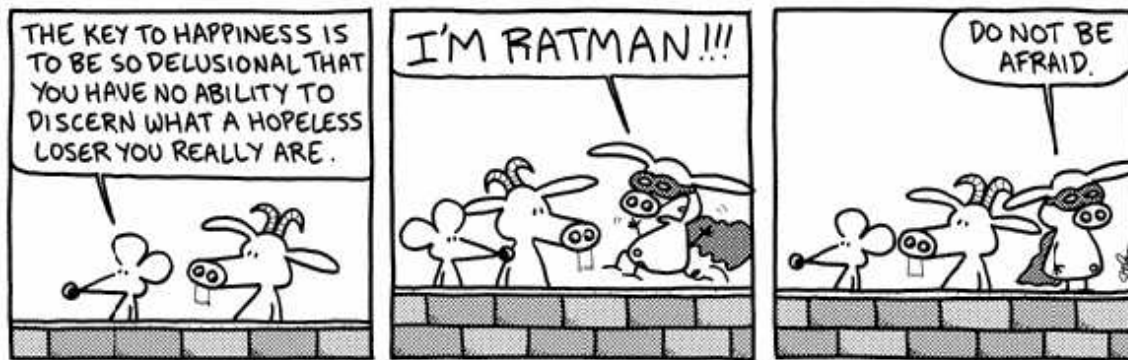
Covered Bridge, ran down an easement, and snared us a hare. Sadly, we were a bit late for the snare, as **Bagless** had already caught Hymen as he was dropping the beer at the beer stop. Beer stop! And there was much rejoicing.

After giving him his 5-minute lead, we were joined by **Dawgy Style**, but with no sign of the rest of pack. The four of us quickly found trail across the old Covered Bridge, then on into some neighborhood, up some power lines, through some more neighborhoods, yadda yadda yadda. Up and down and up and down and up and down along a gas line easement pretty much wore my ass out, and by the time we hit the railroad tracks (Yes! RR tracks ... a true PineLake hash if there ever was one), all I wanted was BN. Which we got. We ran backasswards into some park where there was shelter and food and BEER and hounds and hares. Yeah, those pussy Turkey Trail hounds were already in, and they missed a fine Eagle trail. Say la vee.

Down-downs were aplenty: **Shiggy Pitts**, **Rat's Ass**, and **Bitch with an Attitude** drank for snaring; **Krispy Kreme** was DFL; **4" Hole**, **Dr. Doo Doo** and others not listed on the damn sheet ran the Turkey trail; **Candy Crotch** and **Head Rice** graced us with their presence whilst visiting from Nawlins; **Little Pussy** was too-long-between-hashes (again!); sixth-timer **Eric Stilphon** was named **Grave Robber** (seems he likes older women) and sixth-timer **Rance Stilphon** (Grave Robber and Hymen Hog's dad) was named **Should Have Pulled Out**. Touche'. I know there were others, like **John Queere** and **Afterbirth's** lottery down-downs, but my memory ain't what it used to be. Tough shit.

The On-On was at the Monterey Mexican restaurant, of course, and everyone got gas.

Scribe: **Rat's Ass**



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