

PineWake Hash House Hawwiers

Holders of the HashShit: Yoron Weed & Rock Hudson (still, you say?)

Call the Hareline @ (404) 377-2888 for this week's winning numbers



Sage advice from Rat to you

Your 2001-2002 Mismanijmnt

Grand Master:	Sky Pilot
Joint Master	Dr. Doo Doo
and Mattress:	EZ Cheeks
Hash Cash:	Niplets
Hareline:	Rogue Anus
Haberdashery:	Dr. Doo Doo
Bier Meisters:	Rat's Ass
	Double Pecker
	Square Meat
Master Scribe:	Rogue Anus

Convulsions and Convolutions of your Mismuddledment



WANNA BE A HARE?: Call **Rogue Anus** (404-584-6742) to sign up for a run. It's not that hard, really ... just pick up the receiver, punch in the corresponding numbers on the keypad, and speak in a clear, loud voice into the mouthpiece. Of course, you may want to wait until someone or something actually answers the phone first.



HASH TRASH: Know how to string words together that sorta form complete sentences? Then you too can write the trash. Talk to **Rogue Anus** (pulling double duty, huh?) at the hash or annoy him at home and he'll gladly lend you his crayons.

Run # 775 **January 12, 2002**
Hares: **Sleazy Rider & Afterbirth**
Venue: **Medlock Elementary School**

A delirious pack of 35 hounds showed up for this annual celebration of Sleazy's birth, eager with anticipation of a fine trail through virgin territory. Yeah, right.

I was going to be very lazy with this hash trash and direct your attention to the trashes of 3 or 4 of her other trails which started at the school and ended at her house, but it would be more work just to find them than it is to write. So here goes nothin'.

With sunny skies and mid-50s temperatures taking a well deserved vacation in Florida, cold drizzly rain filled in admirably this fine January Saturday afternoon. Since I knew the end was at Sleazy's house, the thought crossed my mind to run straight there. Apparently, it occurred to **Dawgy Style** and **Bitch with an Attitude** as well, since that's exactly what they did. Of course, they had to endure the long and loud lecture from Sleazy while waiting for the rest of the pack. I think I'm glad I ran trail.

We started with the mandatory behind-the-school-jaunt-through-the-nature-trails

circle jerk, and found ourselves in Medlock Park. After a CB on a freshly cut easement on the other side of Willivee, the pack found itself trudging up Willivee towards N. Druid Hills. Hey, maybe we weren't going to Sleazy's after all! Shyeah, right.

Before the hash, I visited an ailing **Double Pecker** (who lives in the neighborhood) and I happened upon flour going past his house and down the power lines. Being the clever shortcutting bastard that I am, I took a quick right on Hunting Valley while the pack dragged ass up the big Willivee hill. Seems they ended up on the power lines the other direction, then hit the railroad tracks before coming back to Hunting Valley. I think I pulled something while patting myself on the back after hearing how much trail I cut.

After the power lines, it was all just big blur. Literally. My glasses kept fogging over, so I had to run sans corrective lenses. That poor lady out getting her mail is probably still wondering why some clown running in the rain kept yelling "Are you?" at her.

Then came the woods behind the Saturn dealership, more neighborhood running, the bamboo field behind the Lincoln dealership, the rakm-frakm creek (as if we weren't cold and wet enough), and finally on-in at (gasp!) Sleazy's house. One of the bimbos said something about a wet rat, which I summarily ignored, and headed straight for the hot cider (thanks again **Tripod & Ouch!**). As the pack slowly filtered in, we realized the maximum capacity of Sleazy's carport is 37. Down-downs were gonna be fun! With our Joint Master in absentia and our Joint Mattress not in the mood to run the

show, **Stretched Hole** and I took over in a bloodless coup and very little gnashing of teeth. Down-downs were plentiful, and as I remember:

Porno Potty, Square Meat, Whore Moan, and **Theresa Nash** (2x) were too-long-between-hashes; **EZ Cheeks** drank for abdicating the throne; **Spread Eagle** reached 200 hashes with PineLake; **I'm Not Ashtray** graced us with his presence from Hog Mountain H3; **Shiggy Pitts** tried to catch a stick with his eye; **Burning Butt Buddy** was a first-timer with PH3; **Bickering Prick Picker** drank for Stupid Ass Smiley Face™ socks; **Stretched Hole** was too tall(?); **Bitch with an Attitude** and **Dawgy Style** are desperately trying to get their PH3 100th run mug; **Tripod** and **Ouch** for cidering the hash; **Double Pecker** showed up at the end despite a bad case of the gout; and of course, the hares, especially the boithday goil.

The On-On was **not** at a Mexican restaurant, but it was still a gas

Scribe: Rat's Ass



THIS

SPACE

IS

FOR

RENT

(Call Rat's Ass for details)

