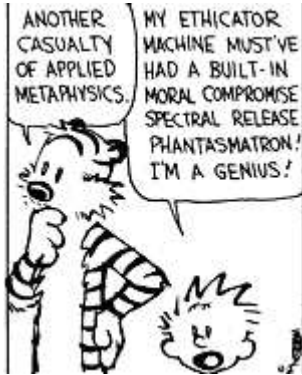


Pinelake Hash House Harriers

Holder of the HashShit: Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie

Call the Hareline @ (404) 377-2888 and learn to play the harpsichord



Actual quotes from the last Mismanagement meeting

Your 2002-2003 Mismanijmnt

Grand Master:	Sky Pilot
Grand Damn:	Down Under
Joint Master:	Dr. Doo Doo
and Mattress:	Size Doesn't Matter
Hash Cash:	Yoron Weed
	Just My Size
Hareline:	Rogue Anus
Haberdashery:	Bickering Prick Picker
Bier Meisters:	Fish Dicks
	Square Meat
Master Scribe:	Stretched Hole

The Following is a Paid Political Announcement from your Mismuddledment



CALLING ALL HARES: You know you want to ... where else can you throw flour willy-nilly, scaring the neighbors, and inciting riots? Don't answer that. Call **Rogue Anus** (404-584-6742) to sign up for a run. And don't forget your co-hare ... just ask Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie.



HASH TRASH: Ahhh, the written word ... sometimes considered art, mostly considered trash. Hey, if I can do it, so can you. Talk to **Stretched Hole** at the hash or annoy him at home (404-874-4708) and he'll gladly lend you his crayons.

Run # 786 **March 30, 2002**
Hares: **EZ Cheeks & Little Easy**
Venue: **Ansley Mall**

Was this to be another EZ Easter hash, with fun little gifts on trail, and the pack hopping like little bunnies through the woods? Hmmm, an Ansley Mall start ... not bloody likely!

It was a dark, foreboding day, with rolling thunderboomers looming overhead. The rain began to pelt the small gathering of shivering and shaking hounds.

No, we weren't shivering and shaking because it was cold ... we were scared shitless ... that lightning strike was damn close! The 10 of us huddled under **2 Crabs'** minivan hatchback and assumed this was to be the pack. Of course, we had no hares, but we had the beer and an inkling of how to drink it.

And then the deluge came. No, not the rain (that was later) ... 35 more hashers showed up, which prompted the question, why? You got nothing better to do on a rainy Easter weekend?

Apparently not. And there was much

rejoicing as the hares finally showed, and the bimbos were instructed, and the 5 minute head start was given.

And so the pack, all bedecked in their new Easter dresses, skipped merrily in front of the mall, in hopes of actually finding flour in all that rain. Oh yeah, the other deluge had finally begun. A pretty wicked check at the end of the mall at Piedmont brought us to a grinding halt. I checked south on Piedmont, thinking railroad tracks and Piedmont Park. Apparently, so did **Bitch with an Attitude** and **2 Crabs Fucking**, as they were already on the tracks, heading towards oblivion, as it turns out.

No, true trail went across Piedmont, behind the little shopping center and on over to Monroe Drive. As the flour was quickly washing away, **Sky Pilot** noted that his reign as Holder of the Hashit appeared over considering how difficult it was to follow trail. He also mentioned something about asking his boss for a little help with the weather. Hmmmm ... he works in mysterious ways, doesn't he. I'm talking about **Sky Pilot**, of course.

Anyway, true trail from here zigzagged through Morningside, the Highlands, the Georgia Mental Health Institute (where we dropped off [insert name here] for observation), Lullwater, and finally, Candler Park. That's right ... about 5 and half miles of mostly road, in the rain, all the way to **Garden Weasel's** house, which we then proceeded to trash. Because we like him so, donchaknow. Well, if it hadn't been raining (thanks **Sky Pilot!**), we would have only trashed his back yard.

Though not a hashit dagnabbit, there were

some fairly restless hounds. But as with all good endings, the beer did flow, and as an added bonus, beans and weenies. No, not **Coffee Bean** and any one of the Dick brothers, actual food.

And then, the Down-Downs, like anyone cared at this point. Ahhh, I sure do miss leading Down-Downs on days like this. But I digress. As is par for the course lately, the sign-in sheet was woefully marked regarding the offenses of the day, so I'll make some up as I go along. Too-long-between-hashes: **Foreign Lesion, Furry Balls, Maxwell Twat**; visitor from NYC: **Cock Strapper**; virgin: **Dan Bjurstrom**; 150 PH3 runs: **Whiner**; 200 PH3 runs: **MC Hasher**; 450 (!) PH3 runs: **Tail Gunner (GET A LIFE!)**; hashing the whole trail with an umbrella: **Square Meat**; fifth-timer: **Joel Trambley aka Stool Sample**; and, of course, the hares. We saved 3 beers for our DFLs **Bitch with an Attitude, 2 Crabs Fucking** and **Too Dumb To Die**, but they never made it in. Say la vee.

Scribe: **Rat's Ass**

Blatant Self-Promotion of Hashes

Come celebrate 10 Years of Cheese
With Rat's Ass and Testiclees

April 27, 2002
It's the 10th Annual Rat Race
Beer, Giveaways, Beer, Food & Beer

The Search for the Holy Grail Hash
With Sir Tripod and Lady Ouch
And their trusty servant Rat's Ass

May 18, 2002