

EXTRA! Scribe Coerced To Alter Facts! Just as this Trash was going to press, the Scribe received a phone call, and a threatening voice told him (*told*, mind you, in no uncertain terms) that Mister Queen's name should be reported as Mister Cream. It seems that Mister Queen doesn't like his name, and the Voice sought to manipulate the Press on Mister Queen's behalf. To this, the Press says, "Manipulate *this*" and presents the Trash as originally and accurately written. While we do admit that there was some miscommunication at the time of Mister Queen's naming, it was all quite settled at the end, and we have the Yellow Carbon to prove it. Besides, if Mister Queen dislikes the name so much as to stoop so low (probably around the level of the Voice's crotch), then the name must be better than we had hoped. Those who would resort to such puny pettyfoggery as coercion of the Press should bear two things in mind (if they can handle the strain): 1) The Press will no longer speak to you, nor hear you when you speak, and 2) History is written by the victors.

Beatrix Pothead, Where Are You?!

Pinelake Hash # 787

April 6, 2002

The 787th PH3 presented features of both Bible story and fairy tale, but since the latter is generally easier to believe, we give you the following:

Once upon a time, in the far-off bland of Dunwoody, Chicken Little was enjoying the sunshine in a school parking lot. Suddenly, a golf ball hit her in the head, but rolled into the aspidistra before she could see what it was. "Holy crap," cried Chicken Little, "the sky is falling! The sky is falling!" Just then Okey Pokey Chicken Chokey happened by and heard her cries. "What's the buzz, C.L.," he said, "tell me what's a-happenin'!" "Run," said ChikLit, "the sky is falling! The sky is falling! A piece of it hit me on the head, and left a dimpled concavity as proof!" Alarmed, Pokey Chokey ran, he knew not where. He had read in the World Weekly News about a couple of kids named Handsome and Getsome, who got lost in the woods, so he marked his trail with flour. "Now I can find my way back to ChickLit," he thought, "Aren't I clever!"

Pokey Chokey ran and ran. When he became tired, he stopped in a field of poison ivy and looked around. He was lost! "Holy crap," said Pokey Chokey, "I have never seen this place before. I am lost! It is lucky I marked my trail with flour!" But when he

looked for the flour, Pokey Chokey was dismayed. He had not thrown down enough flour to see! And he had not placed it at sufficiently short intervals! But Pokey Chokey was full of woodsy lore, and knew just what to do. "I will follow the sound of traffic," he said. "That will lead me to Georgia 400, and you can go anywhere from there, as long as you have 50 cents!" So that is what he did.

When he found Georgia 400, Pokey Chokey ran and ran. When he became tired, he stopped in a field of poison ivy and looked around. He was lost! "Holy crap," said Pokey Chokey, "I have never seen this place before. I am lost! It is lucky I marked my trail with flour!" But when he looked for the flour, Pokey Chokey was dismayed. He had not thrown down enough flour to see! And he had not placed it at sufficiently short intervals! But Pokey Chokey was full of woodsy lore, and knew just what to do. "I will follow the sound of traffic," he said. "That will lead me to Georgia 400, and you can go anywhere from there, as long as you have 50 cents!" So that is what he did.

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Repeat ad nauseum.

A long time later, Pokey Chokey found his way back to the school. The sky was still there, but Chicken Little was not. She had gone to have her head examined. But many of Pokey Chokey's soon-to-be former friends were there. Perhaps they should have gone with ChickLit. "The sky is falling," cried Pokey Chokey. "Run! Run! Follow the trail of flour! Run!" So off his friends ran, while Pokey Chokey sat and laughed his ass off, and had a beer.

Many hours later, his former friends were still running. Happy Bushy said, "This trail sucks." Bicky Pricky said, "This is a total hash shit." Stinky Swimmy said, "I do not like Pokey Chokey. Oh, no, not at all! Never have." Roguey Poguey said, "I told him he should have a co-hare." When they came to a mile-long YBF, Stretchy Holey said, "Do you remember the movie 'Seven'? That's the kind of F'ed we have just been; with the razor condom." One of the friends found a page from a Bible, and it seemed to predict doom. [See end-notes. Ed.]

Many, many horrible things were said about the trail and Pokey Chokey. Alas for poor Pokey Chokey, but all the things were true!

At last, all the friends found themselves exactly where they had been just about a year ago, at a Little Sister hash. Pokey Chokey was there waiting for them. He thought they would be pleased. Alas, poor Pokey Chokey! He was wrong!

(This is where it gets incurably Biblical.)

And a little child shall lead them.

There were in that place children, God only knows why. 2And the children said unto them, "Hey! Yea, verily, there is a fire here in the bracken, with which we verily had naught to do, yea verily!" 3And some of the gathering went to see this fire, while others did sit on their fundamentals, and did imbibe. 4And those who went to look upon the fire said, "Yea, verily, 'tis indeed a fire." And a voice spake from out of the flames, saying, "this trail did suck!" Those gathered did nod in agreement, and did kick stuff about, and did quell the anger of the flames. 5Most of it. 6And when the fire was out 7(most of it), 8there was more imbibing, and fundament-sitting, and singing of bawdy songs. 9But not much, as the people were weary, and much fed up, and did yearn for their homes. 10New priests (some present, some not) were named. 11A shaven-headed virgin was sacrificed, 12and re-born in the faith as 'Mister Queen.' 13And yea, verily, abuse was thrown upon Okey Pokey Chicken Chokey 14(and he's lucky it wasn't rocks and jagged bottles) 15for laying a trail which, yea verily, did majorly suck. Amen.

Hare: Okey Pokey He-Should-Chokey. **Weary Brethren and Sistern:** Pissticide; Shyster; 1,2, and 3 Tequila; Floor; Asscracker; Kaptain Krash; Stink or Swim; Happy Little Bush; Sleazy Rider; Michael Connelly/Mister Queen; Bickering Prick Picker; Stretched Hole; John Queere; Afterbirth; Tidy Jack; Porno Potty; Butt Floss; Fishdicks; Rogue Anus; Square Meat; Wet Dreams; Tastes Great; Phred; Yoron Weed; Tit Wit.

Spooky Bible verse actually found on trail, rent from actual spooky Bible, and deemed spookily appropriate:

"In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; In weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."
2 Corinthians 12, 26-27. You can look it up.