

# Pinelake Hash House

Holder of the HashShit: Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie

Call the Hareline @ (404) 377-2888 ... I did it, and it made me millions!

Pinelake Hash #809

September 14, 2002

Hare: Rogue Anus

Hounds: Kaptin Krash, Too Quick, Krispy Kreme, Jerkin Gherkin, Square Meat, Little Willy, Little Easy, Cork Screw, Dumbo Dick, Check My Bag, Uh Huh Baby, Sleazy Rider, Dr. Doo Doo, Fishdicks, Jambi, Whiner, Gentry Fuk Ation, MC Hasher, Ralph Kitller, Mark Kilpatrick, and Rat's Ass.

Venue: The Home Depot off Ponce de Leon

This was our punishment, so claimed our Hare, to endure a last minute urban assault by our hare raiser himself. If no hare would step forward, how could we expect any more (or less)? The hash was by all means a regurgitation of the regular fare, highlighted by a dash of kudzu stirred with the turbulence of fall hurricane weather. The stormy weather and the realization that we would receive what we deserved tempered the pre-hash mood.

Twenty-one half-comatose hounds (or was that just me) gathered at The Home Depot off Ponce de Leon. The beginning was innocuous enough, a visit by the police – something to do with a terrorism threat – who was quickly assuaged by the soothing realization, “oh, so you guys are just hashing.” It's nice to be so well connected with the men in blue.

## 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

After in depth pre-hash preparations by our illustrious Hare, **Rogue Anus**... “you'll start with a little shiggy along railroad tracks behind The Home Depot, after running through Piedmont Park it's mostly road, after which I've ended it with a little more shiggy through an off road section down some railroad tracks right before the BN...” the hounds were off, only to discover, much to our consternation, that the hare was all too right – the trail was just as he claimed.

The amount of flour used to mark the hash was astounding (20 lbs claims Mr. **Rogue**). This amount was all the more confounding when juxtaposed with the lack of flour after the third and last checkpoint – all of a quarter

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mile from the BN. So impressive was the lack of flour that nary a soul came in on trail, and at least one **Square Meat** never made it to the beer at all. At least three – after searching in vain for 30 minutes – including yours truly, **Dumbo Dick** and **Little Easy**, opted for going to the beginning and finding the trail via conventional methods, a.k.a. auto-mo-bile. Some 2 hours after the journey began, **Sleazy Rider** and **Dr. Doo Doo** were still circling like buzzards around the infamous check point before **Rat's Ass** threw **Jambi** a bag of flour to strategically place 5 flour marks... flour marks linking the check point to the end... which only resulted in a barrage of verbal abuse from rescued **Sleazy**.

Highlights included observing the approaching squall as we trudged grudgingly down 2 miles of Monroe/Boulevard asphalt... picking an incredible crop of hitchhikers off our shoes, socks, shorts, shirts, and most depressing of all, our hairy legs (that's right, not everyone on Pinelake shaves)... listening to **Sleazy Rider** exclaim repeatedly, "I'm not drinking for that hash"... watching **Rogue Anus** pick at his hashing pants as the pile of hitchhikers grew by his seat, only to have those very hitchhikers tossed backed on his body as he drank his down-down (a bitter

sweet revenge? Nah, just our FRB **MC Hasher** acting her age).

All in all, not even the no-end ending, the miles of smelly Atlanta pavement, the surprised residents of the Piedmont Park forest trails, and the pounds of hitchhikers could sully the mood of these determined hounds. **Rogue** had only given us what we expected and we accepted our lot with the indifference that so many years of hashing wear and tear can produce. As **RA** exclaimed before his down down, "if you're unhappy with this hash, volunteer today to set one."

Down-downs included **Kaptin Krash** (new mug, private party), **Krispy Kreme** (matching shirts, whining, fake accusation), **Jerkin Gherkin** (matching shirts), **Whiner** (whining in spirit), **Little Willy** (demo), **Rat's Ass** (car hashing), **Mark Kilpatrick** (wrong start), **MC Hasher** (FRB) **Uh Huh Baby** (for being who he is), **Jambi** (boy scout, scribe de jour), **Fishdicks** (bimbo), **Dr. Doo Doo** (exact change, DFL) **Dumbo Dick (too long)** and **Sleazy Rider** (or, at least in spirit).

On On at The Local.

~**Redneck Mutha**