

Pinelake Hash House [ed. Harriers]

What : Pinelake Hash #810

When: September 21, 2002

Hares: Square Meat and John Queere [ed. Clueless & Son]

Venue: A Publix in Gwinnett County

Hounds: Just My Size, Dr. Doo Doo, Pisssticide, Okie Pokie, Asscracker, Bickering Prick Picker, Afterbirth, Slippery When Wet, Spermier, Size Doesn't Matter, Niplets, Weiner Slutzel, Lost Cause, Easy Cheeks, Tailgunner, Bwana and Snowball (the real hounds)

A tale of THREE trails ...

It was the best [ed. Breast] of times ... it was mostly the worst of times [ed. not really ...]
I invoke Lost Sole's trail 4 years ago] ...

So we began this hash innocently enough – the hounds gathered on schedule (well, except for **EZ Cheeks** who was running “errands”) and since this was a live hash the hares were given the usual 4 minute and 30 second Pinelake head start before the pack took off – we found the first mark – which went around the Publix (gee – that's a first – a hare heading *around* the building) and toward the first of many water excursions.

Niplets, looking for a challenge, went through the smelly sewer, while the rest of the pack went around it. At this point the weather is clear, the trail is well marked, and the hares happily were able to avoid what little shiggy seemed to come our way. More trail, more marks, and then ... much to our consternation, a real tunnel. A Southern Comfort style tunnel – right through 85. **Weiner Slutzel** and I decided we'd try to go around I85 (NOT) and crawled up a hill only to discover massive barbed wire over the interstate. Now why would anyone want to fence in I85 [ed. um .. to keep toddlers out of traffic ...] ? Back down the hill and sheepishly through the tunnel we went. A little ditty [ed. ???] around an apartment complex brought us to tunnel number two which only my niece **Where's My Nipple** [ed. (or a squirrel)] could have navigated standing.

So at this point in the hash we've had a bit o' [ed. oooo look ... she's Irish ... wow] shiggy, tunnels, a little road – it [ed. 's] all good. We see an office complex ahead – what a great place for an end! We pass another office complex, and another, and another. We hunt for that elusive b [ed. B]eer n [ed. N]ear – but we are rewarded with only another glob of white powder. So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past bringing us to the end of the Pinelake meets Southern Comfort [ed. I'm

pretty sure she hasn't done a Southern Comfort ... I don't recall it being dark or puking up thorn-covered frogs] portion of the hash.

The flour stops. Could we have missed the end somehow? We check out more office buildings (ANOTHER potentially great end) and trudge back to the last mark and discover flour mysteriously reappearing across the road down in some marshy looking shiggy. The Hog Mountain trail begins.

We follow flour [ed. the rest of the trail is spent chasing turds down 2 or 3 miles worth of sewer easement]. **EZ Cheeks** calls the cell [ed. phone] to tell us she is running road to the end. Smart woman. We tell her we are "on trail" and don't need any hints. Dumb women. [ed. We start seriously contemplating lesbian love. Dirty, *dirty* women.] We sludge [ed. trudge] over the river and through the woods, down the backtrack (even though **Just My Size** marked it so) [to grandmother's johnson's house we go ... hey, where were they anyway?] where the cell phone meets [ed. meets? *Meets*? Is anyone getting sick of past imperfect or whatever fucking annoying tense this so-called English teacher is using? C'mon, you with me?! Piss off then] its demise in a very large swamp. More water. More creeks. [ed. More swamp the size and smell of Anna Nicole's hoo-haw. Complete with snake carcass.]

With subdivisions glowing in the distance [ed. in our fondest dreams] (could THIS be the end??) , we find the last check – unchecked [ed. unchecked? I think she means unmarked]. Thanks [ed. donmentionit]. We find flour – what a surprise – going up a creek and into the subdivision where we have at least another ¼ mile of road [ed. about 40 meters or so] down to Square Meats abode -- just in time to do our DFL down-downs in front of a very somber group of tired hashers. Speaking of which, those were given to:
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Niplets – FRB birthday

Tailgunner for bringing a virgin dog on a hash

Asscracker – visiting

Slippery and Spermier – too long

Bickering – too long

Lost Cause and Pissticide – just because

EZ Cheeks – being smart and taking the road

Just My Size – shorts on backwards at the start

Spermier drank for a parched SDM who was voted "scribe" in her absentia.

-- Size Doesn't Matter [ed. & ed.]