

Pinelake Hash House Harriers

Run #811 - September 28, 2002

Hares: Bwana & Two Crabs Fucking

Hashers: Anal Fissure, Rat's Ass, I'm Not Ashtray, Jambi, Pissticide, Dr. Doo Doo, Shiggy Pitts, Square Meat, Snow Ball, 4" Hole, Lil Easy, Krispy Kreme, Uh Huh Baby, Butt Floss, Ralph, Fill My Cavity, Dangling Partisnipple, Kaptain Krash, Stink Or Swim, Slippery When Wet, Spermier, Fishdicks, and Penile Code.

We convened at I-85 Exit,61, a BP truck stop about ten miles south of the airport. The hashers parked their cars among a collection of semis in a bare dirt overflow lot next to the BP station itself.

Pre-run entertainment was provided by two Neanderthalian rednecks, apparently either too drunk or too high to speak or understand English, who watched with curiosity. Several of us tried to explain our game (How hard can that be?), and it just didn't sink in. The one wearing shorts, no shirt, work boots had nothing at all to say, and just kind of watched without comprehension. His buddy, covered up a bulging beer belly with bib overalls, did the talking.. Neither had shaved in a week or apparently brushed his teeth in this century. After our several tries, the closest they could come to getting it was when the fat one said, "Let Billy Bob here take off in them woods over thar and jest you try to catch 'em."

Their behavior alerted **Krispy Kreme's** cop sense, so he meandered over and took down their license plate number. If we'd had cars broken into or evidence of other criminal activity when we returned, our next hash would have been on these guys' Alabama front lawn. It turned out to be a false alarm, but we were glad **Krispy** thought of it.

After the traditional five minute head start, the pack set out after **Bwana** and **Two Crabs Fucking**. We went out the back end of the truck

stop, into fairly dense woods, to a check point. About half the pack ran left, somehow divining that the trail definitely went thataway. Nope. This split up the pack pretty thoroughly, and we stayed spread out all over the woods for the rest of the run.

The trail was a typically excellent Pinelake run, with no roads at all, tons of shiggy, creeks, swamps, woods, mud, and more creeks, all through virgin hashing terrain.

It was the best marked trail this hasher had ever seen. **Two Crabs Fucking** said this was because he's accustomed to setting night trails. Somehow, in spite of the excellent marking, **Penile Code**, our DFL, got lost.

We ended up somewhere in the woods next to a construction site. **Bwana** was fiddling with something about 50 yards from the end when **Lil Easy**, the front runner, spotted him, so we almost had a snare due to absent-mindedness. Didn't happen.

Down downs were assigned to **Lil Easy** (FRB), **Square Meat** (got promoted), **Penile Code** (new job), **I'm Not Ashtray** (visitor), **Krispy Kreme** (visitor), **But Floss** and **Fill My Cavity** (private party), **Shiggy Pitts** (writing this trash), **Spermier** (DFL), **Fishdicks** (visitor, FRB and beermeister) and **Anal Fissure** (wearing an AH4 bib). We named fifth timer Ralph **One Ball**.

Scribe: **Shiggy Pitts**