

Pinelake Hash #814, October 19, 2002

Hares: Spermier & Slippery When Wet

Hashers: Penile Code, Wet Dreams, Tastes Great, Jambi, Dangling Partisnipple, Uh Huh Baby, Nipleets, One Ball, Royal Fuck, Elvis, Krispy Kreme, Pissticide, Dr. Doo Doo, Jerkin Gherkin, Two Crabs Fucking, Sleazy Rider, Afterbirth, Dick Woody, Ellie Mae Slappitt, Little Willie, Phallicaster, Whine Ho, Tailgunner, EZ Cheeks, Little EZ, Bashashi, Yoron Weed, FishDicks, Tastes Like Shit, Pinocotwat, and the unnamed Frenchman known as Vincent Broqha.

It was a beautiful Fall Saturday afternoon as I headed towards Stone Mountain for the 814th Pinelake Hash. Little did I know that finding the start would take longer than finding the On In. After circling around in the boondocks on a number of roads all named Rockbridge, I found Rock Chapel Elementary where our beloved Hares, **Spermier** and **Slippery When Wet**, were warning the pack that the shaggy included chiggers, so we all sprayed up to avoid chiggy shiggy.

Then, we took off—32 of us in all—not bad considering we were practically in the North Georgia Mountains and the Hash was competing with the Decatur Beer Festival.

Shortly after the first mark, **Nipleets** was harassed by a little guy packing heat who sought to intimidate **Nipleets** with his large voice. The little guy didn't seem to mind anyone else's presence, but he wanted **Nipleets** to know that we were running on private property. When told to get off the property, **Nipleets** informed the little guy packing heat that there was a throng of manhood and womanhood behind him, and we were in the process of following a trail and would be vacating the premises as fast as we could, hence, the running.

Later, we were surprised and delighted to find vast expanses of exposed granite. It was pretty cool, though admittedly (and appropriately) "slippery when wet." I almost stopped and admired the scenic view, denoted by an enormous "SV" marked in flour over the granite. Due to some brain cells I had killed the previous evening, however, I had temporarily forgotten what the "SV" was supposed to stand for.

The trail was well marked, running through awesome terrain, and I didn't get chiggers. There was a tire swing on trail, but no reports of anyone swinging on it. There was also a "quiet zone" because of private property concerns, but no one was accosted, not even **Nipleets**.

The end of the trail featured a whichy way with one path leading up and over a bridge to the finish underneath the bridge on the other side, and the other way leading through a strong torrent of a very murky river where people throw used murder weapons.

Two Crabs Fucking swam across to claim the title of FRB. **Little EZ** would have, but it was way way way over his head. He and **Jambi** went up and over to join **Two Crabs** in being the first three in. I (**Royal Fuck**) crossed over the bridge next where I could personally witness the "cross or swim" decision being made by the rest of the pack. **Tailgunner** came over and across next, not surprising anyone in his decision to keep his shoes dry. In fact, the only other overachieving swimmers were **Yoron Weed** and **Anal Fissure**. Eventually, everyone made it in with **Tastes Great** taking the title of DFL.

Down Downs went to a bunch of folks, and due to some crazy beer from San Salvadore I can't really remember them all, but in addition to FRB and DFL Down Downs, others included:

- **Tastes Like Shit** for a demo Down Down.
- The Swimmers (**Two Crabs**, **Yoron Weed**, and **Anal Fissure**)
- **Niplets** for being harassed on trail and for finding his bib
- **Elvis** for visiting (though 2 weeks in a row)
- **Basashi** from the Netherlands for visiting (named in Okinawa, meaning "raw horse meat"), who also attempted to question Pinelake Hash Etiquette.
- **Ellie Mae Slappit** for visiting from Savannah (who happened to have personally witnessed **FishDicks' Cheesy Poofs** incident at the Savannah Red Dress)
- **Dr. Doo Doo** for false accusation and for finding a new job
- The WheelHopper Crowd for visiting (**Dick Woody** and **Phallicaster**)
- **Whine Ho** and **Yoron Weed** for a Way 2 Long
- The Hares for Haring
- **EZ Cheeks** for a self-wedgie on trail
- **Pissticide** for being drunk on trail (6 beers while playing tennis before the hash)
- **Vincent Broqua** and **FishDicks** for overachieving by going to the beer festival in Decatur before the hash
- **Royal Fuck** for volunteering to serve as scribe with **FishDicks** for not scribing when he was supposed to

Krispy Kreme didn't get a Down Down, but probably should having a private party involving **Vincent** and certain French words **Krispy Kreme** was learning...

Tastes Like Shit complained that we kept singing the same song, though **Jambi** and **Dangling Partisnipple** helped out by teaching us some new ones. I was personally upset we didn't sing "Him" or "Hog Killing Time in Nebraska." After everyone left and no one returned with cars to get the last of the drunkards, I finally made it back to my car and found my way home on a much easier route (I-20).

And that's the way it was. I think.

Disrespectfully submitted,

Royal Fuck