

Pinelake Hash #839

April 19, 2003

Hares: Easy Cheeks and Li'l Easy

Hounds: Afterbirth, Little Willy, Sleazy Rider, Au What a Pair, Ass Cracker, Weinersnitzer, Lefty Lucy, Kaptain Krash, Screams Like a Girl, Cheese Nips, Just Paul (virgin), Just Lori (virgin), You Bastard, Dane Bramaged, Elvis, Li'l Sister, Shiggy Pitts, Dr. Doo-Doo, Grape Nuts, Tail Gunner, Pissticide, Kevin

Too Longs: Pinochio Twat, TLS, Sky Pilot, Cigar Box, Dangling Partisnipple, Redneck Mutha, Psychic Pisspot

Snare: Elvis, Redneck Mutha

An Easy Easter, they claimed, and so it was with the **two Easies** laying the trail. That's just about where the easy came to its end. Almost immediately the pack of hounds was lost and confused, standing all over Jonesboro Rd., dodging cars, and trying to find trail from a well-placed check. And find trail they did... unfortunately, it was *old* trail left by **Fucowee** on SCH3 just a couple weeks before on the same street. The marks were even facing the wrong direction, but that didn't stop the clueless pack from following them a good quarter mile off correct trail. If this was a signal of what was to come, we were all in trouble.

Thankfully, when true trail was found, things heated up. Honoring large posted "No Trespassing/Violators Will Be Shot" signs, the hares stayed on road another entire 100 feet or so before turning into it. Perhaps the trail wouldn't be challenging enough without the added threat of gunfire? A brief dash on an off-road trail, about a quarter mile of spider-ridden shiggy, and another well-placed check brought them to their first bit of creek.

The creek started out simple and small and actually as a creek, with every other hound successfully hopping over it and back, keeping fairly dry. The hares, however, had other plans for them. Knee deep, they climbed the pack out of the creek and over a fence only to put them back into it and through a long wet tunnel... and that's where the real fun began! Sticking by the "once in the creek, stay in the creek" philosophy, they went deep, they got wet, and they found the simple creek turn into the murkiest, muckiest swamp in Atlanta. Taunts of snakes, dead bodies, and rabid beavers were passed, causing most hounds to mentally note the last time they had their tetanus shots. Even the dogs on trail whimpered and hesitated getting into this stuff! But the pack made it through and after emerging, there were more water-logged dashes through the trees, a brief road stint to get around Southside High School, and a dash through a tiny bit of ankle-biting woods before the blessed **BN** was found. More than a few hounds got caught on wrong trail up a butt-busting hill at the end, but all in all, everyone arrived in fairly good time -- just a little bit bloody, a little bit muddy, and all smiles and praise for a trail well-laid.

On-In was a dry slope of a hill that, contrary to private bets, no one fell down. Ceremony was had and down-downs given for visitors, first timers, snares, a misnomer, failure to give songs, too longs, actually understanding **Elvis**'s joke, punishment for shameless plugs, hash lottery, and whatever else our GM happened to think up. And it wouldn't have been an Easter Trail without Easter eggs -- eggs which brought prizes of prophylactics and penis nipples to the lucky.

Well done, you Easies!

Cheese Nips