

Pinelake Hash House Harriers

Life's Too Short to Drink Cheap Beer

Run #842

May 10, 2003

Today's trail began at one of the finest institutes of higher learning that Georgia has to offer: Minor Elementary School. There are a few other institutes in the area, but they teach some really horrific spelling as the GM found out when he was showing the hash marks to the virgins and stated that "CV" stood for "scenic view"...Well, I've heard it said many times that it only takes a half a mind to hash and I'm sure he was using his.

The hares were **Square Meat** and **Pixel Bitch**, and the Hounds were: **John Queer**, **Shiggy Pitts**, **Woody Yank Me**, **Quick Lick**, **Soft Taco**, **Furry Taco**, **Asscracker**, **Pissticide**, **Little Willie**, **Sleazy Rider**, **Elvis**, **Dain Bramaged**, **Cum Scout**, **Pearl Necklace**, **Rat's Ass**, **Dr. Doo-Doo**, **Davy Crochet**, **Krispy Kreme**, **Jerkin Gherkin**, **One Ball**, **Yoron Weed**, **Lefty Loosey**, **Weiner Slutze**, **Little Easy**, **Niplets**, and **Size Doesn't Matter**. No Names: **Susan Rainey**, **Diane Johnson**, (Dying Johnson?) and Virgins **Kristen Bellordre**, and **Nick Fourie**. What a pack! I'm sure the hares were a little bit nervous.

The aforementioned nervousness was quickly apparent because obviously the hares forgot to watch the GM describe the marks, especially what a checking is supposed to look like. There was some sort of lack of communication and neither of the hares laid the very first checking, they each thought the other was doing it. The pack followed the trail up asphalt, crossed more asphalt and promptly lost the trail in the middle of an apartment complex. We searched for what seemed like forever before the Hash Cash/Bimbo of the day, (**Pissticide**) showed back up in his vehicle and told us that the next mark was 1/4 mile down the road! The pack sped off at the normal blistering speed that hashers always seem to attain (meandering) in hot pursuit of the hares. After about a mile of asphalt avenue, we came to the first challenge of the day, a small creek, barely 15 feet across. There were two ways to cross this creek, either by the balance beam method across a dead tree, or wade...Oh I meant "swim." The balance beam method would have been fast enough, but one of the harrierettes got out in the middle and decided to shudder out there for a while, so the majority of the pack opted for the cold ass swim method.

After this, we had a bit of a range road to run down before the trail led off to the left where we got to explore some of the finer areas of Atlanta Swamps. The mud averaged anywhere from one inch deep to mid calf deep, but there were lots of minor creeks that we crossed that would wash off whatever the briars hadn't already scraped off. After a mile or so of this, we stumbled out to a field where we found the "water stop". I'm not sure what the water was for, but if it had cold beer in it, I didn't see it! Once past this, we plunged back into the desolate swamp again. The only thing that was living in this swamp was bacteria! There were no snakes, mosquitoes, or even any birds. The only thing that was alive and moving were hashers and some sort of red growth on top of the mud and water! We emerged from the swamp to the disgust of some of the locals and did a little bit more asphalt. Thankfully we were running down hill, but the thanks ran out when we got to the bottom of the hill and realized we had to run back up another hill that was much steeper than what we just ran down. We ended the asphalt part by running back into the same swamp we just left, only from a different angle, and ended the trail by crossing another creek and finding ourselves back at the same field where we found the "water stop" ON IN!!!

There was a wee bit of nekkidness (of course it was all done in the bush!) as everyone prepared themselves for the circle, and after the DFL's showed up (**Lefty Loosey**, **Weiner Slutze**, **Woody Yank Me**, NN's **Diane** and **Nick**) the GM (and **Elvis**) got things started with a bit of fire, one of those notorious **Elvis** jokes, and some sort of nasty beer concoction that never tastes the same twice. The virgins (**Kristen** and **Nick**) were introduced to everyone, then to down-downs. The visitors (**Quick Lick**, **Soft Taco**, **Furry Taco**, **Pearl Necklace**) were honored with a down-down, then the racists (**Davy Crochet**, **Yoron Weed**, **Soft Taco**) were chastised for competing in local R things. **Pearl Necklace** did something, one can only imagine, maybe across a log...and there was a vote to change her name to **Cooter Scooter**. Naturally she was honored with a beverage of choice. **Cum Scout**, **Krispy Kreme**, **Jerkin Gherkin**, **Size Doesn't Matter**, and **Woody Yank Me** must have been on a road trip because they haven't been able to find their way to the Pinelake Hash for quite some time. They too were honored with a down-down. There were FRB's, (**Niplets & ST**) and fake FRB's (**Dr Doo-Doo**), but **Niplets** was awarded an extra down-down for whining about the fake FRB. Excellent trail, excellent circle!

If I have left anyone/anything out, I guess it was a beer thing!

ON-ON -*Soft Taco*

