
Pinelake Hash House Harriers

Life's Too Short to Drink Cheap Beer

Hash #845

Atlanta, Georgia

May 31, 2003

Scribe: Puff 'n Stuff.

DECATUR – If Pinelakers Saturday were looking for adjectives on trail instead of flour and toilet tissue, they'd likely have found the word "hellish" scribbled up and down Emory University's downtown Decatur campus -- written in Russian, of course.

Post-Cold War comrades **Elvis**, **Dain Bramage** and not-so-mysterious cohare **Pinocular** slammed the Iron Curtain shut May 31 on Pinelake run #845, a dazzling six-mile-long test of mettle into deep shiggied "Czech" marks, count backs, festoons of toilet tissue, more shiggy, Peachtree Creek sludge marches, railroad tracks and yet still more shiggy.

If it had rusty barbs and needle-sharp pricklers, Pinelakers were in it. If it had dark green, three-pronged leaves dripping with skin-scorching poisons, Pinelakers were in it. If it bubbled a brothy concoction of black tar sludge and E. coli, well, Pinelakers were in that too.

Elvis and company had the Pinelake pack all shook up. And with temperatures in the low 80s and skies as clear as **Au What a Pair's** strikingly beautiful eyes, who in their unright mind could resist? Obviously not very many, as a healthy pack of loons – some 24 strong of the two and four-legged variety – gathered in a parking deck off Clairmont Road and Starvine Drive, tucked just inside the ominous foreshadow of **Yoron Weed's** luxury high rise from across the street.

There he was, that **Elvis**, that bearded and bandannaed bastard, squinting through the mid-afternoon sun. He rosined up a cigar-sized chunk of yellow chalk and went to scratching hasher hieroglyphics on the sidewalk. "*Dis is a cownt beck foor tee foor,*" **Elvis** exclaimed over the sounds of gasping hashers and whimpering canines.

Bladders burst and damned if someone didn't shit their pants right then and there. Thankfully, **Elvis** was just joshing about "*foor tee foor*" *cownt becks*. Still though, what horrors lurked ahead the pack could hardly fathom. But with four coolers slam packed with ice cold bottled beer, you bet your

Sweetwater 420 drinking ass the end would be found come hell or high water.

Best believe Pinelake got both that day in fine order.

Elvis with the five-minute headstart and on out to a forested picnic area, which would eventually come full circle to serve as the end. Up a trail and onto railroad tracks. North, then left to a hobo trail, diving into floodplain that cradled an apartment complex. Muddied and mangled, the pack emerged, skirting Emory campus, stomping through thick brush and a succession of "Czech" marks. "*You know ween you are own troo treal ween you see shek mawk,*" **Elvis** doted in a reassuring slur.

On-On to yet more shiggy stomping action, through Peachtree Creek, crossing at an abandoned mill site (scenic view) near Wesley Woods retirement plaza. From there, a short, paved reprieve led back to railroad tracks, where by now, at 4:15 p.m., the searing sun pounded from above. Wide open, no escape, noxious fumes from creosoted railroad ties, puddles of diesel fuel, fist-sized gravel jabbing underfoot: the pack was nearing meltdown.

The end, damn it ... how.... much... further... to... the... END?!

Finally the paper trail had run its course, right back to where it all had started. Shade and a natural carpet of pine needles and poison ivy never felt so good.

They say life's too short to drink cheap beer; it's even shorter when you're not running Pinelake.

Hounds

Circled up and drinkin' 'em down were (if legible and not mentioned already): **Butt Floss**, **Davey Crochet**, **One Ball**, **Hired Hand**, **Krispy Kreme**, **Suction Eight**, **Cock-in-Mouth**, **Royal Fuck**, **Beavis** (too long, creek puke), **Squeals Like a Pig**, **Maria Anderson** (3-timer), **Wet Dreams**, **Tastes Great**, **Cheese Nips**, **Little Willy**, **Ass Cracker**, **Puff 'n Stuff** (SARS, TUMS, quasi-too long), **Shiggy Pitts**, **Deposit Slit**, **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie**, **Gentrifuckation** (visitor), **Lick Her Itch** (too long), **Crash Potato** (too long); **Cigar Box** (too long), **Square Meat**, **Jim Marshal** (virgin), **????**, **John**



Queer, Hide the Salami, Thar She Blows, Maui Wai (welcome back from San Diego), **Spread Eagle** (too long), **Pissticide, Little Easy** (FRB).

On After

On-after was mini-Hedon at **Yoron Weed's** pool and 16th floor balcony. **Elvis** brought a Rasputin-sized jug of potato vodka, and the other 15 attendees went on beer runs. Meat sizzled on two gas grills. Whence it came, we know not. But the meat was so moist and tender those who ingested suggested that **One Ball** may have taken a large slab off a gelatinous carcass he spotted on the railroad tracks earlier that day. Slowly then, when the sun faded into oblivion on that June eve, so too did our sensibilities. Dearest **British lady** who stayed on late: If you survived the escape jump from **Yoron's** balcony, please forgive me. It was the vodka. But you really do have great legs, though. –PUFF 'N STUFF.

Other News

Want to be in the Pinelake Hash House Harriers Directory? Need to update your directory information? Send your hash name, real name, e-mail address, work fax, cell number, jock strap size, etc. to: directory@pinelakehash.com.

Upcoming Hashes

July 12: Pinelake Hash House Harriers hash #850.

June 28: No Pinelake Hash. Pinelake Hash House Harriers hashes with the Atlanta Hash House Harriers and Harriettes.

July 2: SLUT H³ OLPM Pre-Lube.

July 3: Our Lady of the Painful Member

July 4: Peachtree Pub Crawl

Next Inter-America's Hash: Toronto, 2005.

Mismanagement

Grand Master: **Sky Pilot**. Grand Damn: **Down Under**. Joint Masters: **Size Doesn't Matter, Shiggy Pitts**. Beer Meister: **One Ball, Square Meat**. Hash Cash: **Pissticide**. Hareraiser: **Yoron Weed**. Haberdasher: **Wiener Slutzel**. Mug Meister: **Bullshit**.

