

Pinelake Hash #858

Shiggy's 60th Birthday Hash

It was a overcast, relatively cool day, and 25 hashers showed up at the CVS lot at the end of Moore's Mill Road for the 858th Hash. Hares **Shiggy Pitts** and **Butt Floss** ended the trail at Tanyard Creek Park on Collier Road. **Christine Bellord**, a 5th timer, got named "**Whore d'oeuvre.**" **Penalty Box** brought a pan of delicious brownies, and a card for the birthday boy. Everyone drank some beer and then went home.

What? The run? Oh, *that*. Well, actually, it sucked. It was a *clusterfuck*. The biggest problem was when PH³'s trail merged with the SLUT's two-day-old trail. *Oops*. Of course, some of the pack followed the SLUT trail, to a Beer Near, then an On-In... *and nobody was home*. What a mess. The hares had realized too late that they were laying on top of another trail, and marked "PL" with arrows, at various points in hopes of avoiding the screw-up. Fat chance.

Anyway, the trail began across Chattahoochee Avenue, heading southward to a check near a back road that goes into the humongous Crestlawn Cemetery. Some old pros had checked up the cemetery road and hadn't found flour, so the pack looked elsewhere. For maybe 15 minutes. The trail did go up the cemetery road. Finally someone rechecked thataway, found flour, and all was well. The trail looped around and through Crestlawn, eventually heading into dense underbrush. This turned out to be a big YBF loop, to an on-over arrow crossing the original trail and, eventually, out of the park.

From there the trail led into the vast CSX rail switching yard. **Rat's Ass**, **PMS** and **Jambi** pretty much skipped the cemetery and picked up the trail as it went into the rail yard. **Rogue Anus**, who arrived late, circumnavigated the entire cemetery, couldn't find flour, and eventually phoned for directions.

The shortcutting FRBs, **Rat's Ass**, **PMS** and **Jambi**, came on-in an hour and a half. **High Dicker**, **Doggie Style** and **Squid Dick**, FRBs who did the entire trail, were fifteen minutes behind them. *Jesus*. Nearly two hours for the front runners. The rest of the pack, some of whom had gone back to the start and read the directions to the end, dribbled in over the next hour. **Pissticide**, who had played three sets of tennis earlier in the day, was almost DFL, but **Ouch**, who, with **Tripod**, wore the most amazing shoes with external coil springs in the heels, had that distinction.

In addition to those already mentioned, **Niplets**, **Yassir Cream Her**, **Little Willie**, **Kaptain Krash**, **Stink or Swim**, **Ass Cracker**, **Krispy Kreme**, **Penalty Box**, **Wine Ho** and two virgins, **Liz Worster** and **Pierce Plumly**, ran, while **Cooter Scooter**, **Furry Taco** and **Low Fur** bimboed.

Down-downs were awarded to the six FRBs, **Ouch** and **Tripod** for their amazing shoes, **Ouch** again for being DFL, and **Rogue Anus** for circumnavigating Crestlawn. The consensus of the pack was that the trail sucked, and the hares got a chorus of "Shitty Trail" with their down-down.