

Hash trash Pinelake # 859

Hares: **Slippery Slit** and **Dain Bramage**

Start: Wakefield Foods on Bouldercrest Road.

The parking lot was slowly being taken over by a mob of oddly dressed folks who were really turning some heads as the shoppers were looking for a parking spot.

Shiggy Pitts and **Pissticide** had their greeting chairs set up and were busy taking down all the names. 45 hounds today, evidently the rumor of two girls laying something live brought folks out in droves.

Lefty Loosey, Weiner Schlutzel, Square Meat, Terry Nickelson (1st timer), **Penalty Box, Meg Hanna** (Virgin), **Jill Gerlach** (Virgin), **Rat's Ass, 2 Crabs Fucking, Pussy Pilot, Slippery When Wet, Elvis, Butt Floss, Spread 'Em, Kaptain Krash, Too Quick, Jonathan Dornblaser** (Virgin), **Pierce Plumbley, Au Whatta Pair, Debra Bacek** (1st timer), **Meg Rouan** (1st timer), **Sleazy Rider, Canucklehead, Afterbirth, Liz Worster, Ass Cracker. Hired Hand, Mark Kilpatrick, BwanA, 4" Hole, One Ball, Stupid is as Stupid Does, Yoron Weed, Cum Scout, Ryan Johnson, Davey Crochet, Tailgunner, EZ Cheeks, Nipleets, Little Easy** and **Nick** all came to check it out.

Dain Bramage was wearing "Le Coq Sportif" pants. **Slippery Slit** had a small backpack on. Both were a little nervous. This was promising to be quite a show...

Oh! The trail was going to be laid live....

The Hares asked for 10 minutes and were off. Meanwhile **Shiggy Pitts** was giving our Virgins a chalk talk. They listened intently, but it was pretty unlikely that anyone could get lost with a pack of this size. I mean really, 45 Hashers – whistling – yelling.....you'd really need to have only ½ a mind to lose this herd!

10 minutes pass – On Out! We're off. The locals thought a Mardi Gras parade was passing through as the noisy pack headed east along Bouldercrest, lost trail and then picked it up again across the street. Only 150 yards of street and then we're crashing into some quality urban vegetation and shiggy behind **Stupid** as he freaks out the locals, virgins and first-timers by bellowing out a wicked loud Tarzan style "Onnnnnnnn- Onnnnnnnnn". Briars – an old mattress – briars – an old washing machine – briars – an old sofa – more briars – more urban vegetation. It was surreal – We heard Tarzan calling us in the background while running through what looked like an old flea market decorated with briars.

The pack was moving slowly through the briars, nobody wanted to leave too much clothing or skin behind. The Hares first few checks are excellent. The pack was still tight as we dropped into a nice creek and followed it for a nice long while. Everyone is totally soaked! Awesome. After a few more checks along the creek, the pack was still fairly tight. Then – "the check". It looked simple enough, there were lots of good directions the hounds figured the hares would lay trail. All proved wrong. These Hares are good. The pack, now 30 strong and growing was stumped. Where the hell was the trail? Finally someone who probably was looking for a private spot to pee yelled "On One!".

Wow, we had to mountain climb the highest part of the riverbank and then head into Hamperland. Jeez, briars with thorns on steroids. This is some bad-ass shiggy.

We finally got out of the woods into a clear cut subdivision. Water Stop! We left the water stop and the sun baked us nicely as we headed along the new pavement to the top of a hill, where we were rewarded with a beautiful view of downtown. After the requisite ohhhhs and ahhhhs, we continued along the blacktop. 1 mile of blacktop later and there it was: "BN".

On In baby – Pinelake’s finest was ice cold and waiting. Delicious as always.

The pack started to arrive. Once everyone was in and had time to refuel on Oktoberfest Beers and Orange food, the circle was ready to start. Wait....where’s **Square Meat**? Ok, 5 more minutes....5 more.....5 more. Oh well, we start without him. The circle must go on.

Canucklehead was asked to demonstrate the proper way to do a down-down for our Virgins. “Good job – good job” **Shiggy** voiced his approval.

Next came:

- Virgin down-downs: **Meg Hanna, Jonathan Dornblaser** and **Jill Gerlach**
- 1st Timer down-downs: **Terry Nickelson, Debra Bacek**
- Too Longs: **4” Hole, Yoron Weed, Cum Scout, Davy Crochet.**
- FRBs: **Niplets** and **2 Crabs Fucking**
- Bimbo: **Shiggy Pitts**
- Birthday down-down: **Weiner Schlutzel**
- DFLs: **BwanA** and **4” Hole.**
- 2 broken bottle Sacrifices to the beer gods down-down: **One Ball.**
- Hares: **Slippery Slit** and **Dain Bramage**
 - **Elvis** brought a tear to our eyes with his poetic remastering of the classic:
“They’re the meanest.”

“She’s a Communist.
She drinks the Russian Vodka.
In the gulag....
....she took it up the ass.
Drink it down-down.”

Elvis that was beautiful man!

- We also had a naming. **Mark Kilpatrick** had joined us for the 5th time. He was getting married in a week and out hashing with the boys for what is hopefully not the last time. **Hired Hand** was asked to give us a little dirt on **Mark**. Wow, the dirt he was dishing out was really making the naming easy:

“Uh...I’ve known him for 20 years.”

“Duh...we were roommates once.”

“Um...he’s no good at Pictionary”

Shiggy interrupted the chorus of dead silence that followed those little gems and learned that **Mark** was a Quarter Master in the Army. That was it - “**Quarter Masturbator**”. Everyone agreed. Welcome brother Hasher – don’t be a stranger!

Circle closed. Another great day at Pinelake. Nice trail ladies!

Hey wait! ...what is a homeless guy doing all the way out here? Man he looks like he’s been rode hard and put away wet. No it’s our DFL!! **Square Meat** finally made it in. Where the hell have you been? It turns out he’s had quite an adventure. How did he manage to lose 44 people with whistles when he wasn’t even boxing? Who knows, all hashers have their moments of retardation. Today was his turn. His final insult? The only things we had left to offer him were a few cans of down-down beer (Old Milwaukee Light!) and 3 Ginger Snaps. Boy was he happy.

Oh well – you pays your money, you takes your chances.

On Out
One Ball.