
Pinelake Hash House Harriers

Life's Too Short to Drink Cheap Beer

Hash #860

Atlanta, Georgia

September 20, 2003

Scribe: Bitch with an Attitude.

Hares: Ooops & Spermier.

CAMP OOOPS, LAKE HARTWELL – A joint hash and campout at Lake Hartwell hosted by our brethren from Black Sheep was on tap for this weekend. The Blackies and the Greenies got together for a half-minded cross-pollination. Pull up a camp chair; grab a cold one (No! Not that old clammy thing between your legs) and let's see what tall tales of trail would come from Camp **Ooops**.

The campers arrived at the camp for sign-up around mid-day. The welcoming committee was in full swing handing a Foster's or two to help take the edge off the trek north from Atlanta. At stroke of one, the campers piled into five pick-ups and proceeded to motor over to the hash start. Thirty minutes passed before the caravan arrived at the gravel car park of the Emanuel Holiness Church Inc. Gains Chapel. This chapel was no Alpharetta cathedral. The church was made up of two different but connected structures. The first a cinder block square, the second a 50's single wide. Both prime targets for a tornado. It was one of left wing dominations that sacrifices virgins just like the hash.

The hounds climbed out of the trucks and to circle up. **BWanA** blessed the hares and the hares ran down the street, turned left, disappearing from sight. With no time left on the clock, the flock made its migration down the road in pursuit of the hares. The tarmac turned to gravel when the hounds turned down a country lane and soon where upon the first check. The gaggle took considerable time to solve this mystery after being thrown off by a half-baked circle jerk from those e-vile hares.

After a lot of sniffing about the hounds picked up the flour scent in a field and yelps of "on-on" were heard from the squealing **Elvis**. Markers led the bevy across the field, then deep into the forest on sinuous plight that led to a swamp. The sw-amphibious sheep muddled through the morass to dry ground, then on-up a hill then back into a furrow of liquid mud. The front running litter of **Niplets**, **Taste's Like Shit**, **Bitch with an Attitude**, **Hand Tossed**, **Rat's Ass**,

Wine Ho, **Elvis**, **4" Hole** and **Boner** clawed their way across the pool.

Once reaching the other side, the pack went on up a knoll following markers that led them in a serpentine amble through the forest. The forest gave way to field with freshly baled hay that were decorated with swathes of TP by them thar hares. On down the field and into a gnarly briar patch that sent **Hand Tossed** running in the "no-no" direction. The bramble busters bush hogged their way through the thickets and into another field. This field had black cows with signs that read, "Eat more Beaver" instead of those black and white cows that carry signs that say, "Eat more Chicken". The Blackies are my favorite!

Through the field and over a barbed wire fence the pack followed TP back into the boonies. Before long the smell of swamp was in the air. Dry ground gave way to shiggy then shiggy gave way to swamp. **Rat's Ass**, **Slop**, **BWanA**, **4"**, **Square Meat** and **Elvis** moseyed along in thigh deep mire cussing the hares with outbursts of "fuk zem hares". The swamp faded and the flock was back into the woods for a brief period then unto a dirt road.

Dollops of flour led down the road to a junction with a bridge over a creek. Marks led over the bridge down the bank and on up the creek. The creek was refreshing and the shade from the trees gave the pack relief from the sun. All was peachy until the air was filled with a fetid odor. Lying on a sand bar was the source of the stench. A recently deceased buck with its insides torn out found his resting place.

On up the creek just a little further the trail turned left out of the creek. Meandering to and fro on winding deer paths the pack trotted in the woods beside several fields. An incessantly barking collie cheered the flock on as we passed the hay barn. The woods yielded to a dirt road and before long the BN came to view. Excellent job hares! The pack rolled in for the next 30 minutes and after light refreshments we packed it in for the ride back to Camp **Ooops**. The circle and down-downs were done on the dock. All participated!

I tip my Black Sheep short horn to all the hares for a great run. We appreciate **Ooops** and **Deposit Slit** for



accommodating us this weekend. Thanks to all for making it fun. Hope to see y'all at Black Sheep Hash #341. Our hare will be **Niplets**. On-On! -, BwanA.

Have a Laugh or Two with Elvis

☞ Joe walks into a bar for a drink. On the mantle over the fireplace are a couple of boxes and a sign that reads: "Blow-job Frogs: \$50"

"What gives?" says Joe.

"Oh yeah", says the bartender. "Best blow-job you'll ever have. Fifty bucks, guaranteed or your money back."

Joe slaps down a Grant and says, "What the hell. I'll take one."

At 3 AM, the wife walks into the kitchen in her curlers and housecoat and sees Joe throwing pots & pans around. "What in God's name is going on here with all this racket?"

"See that frog?" Joe says. "If I can teach it to cook your ass is out of here!" ☞

☞ A lady who had been married for several years was growing more and more frustrated at her husband's lack of interest in sex. She wondered about ways to add some pizzazz to their sexual relationship, and finally decided to purchase some crotch less underwear she had seen in a lingerie shop.

One evening when she was feeling particularly desirous, and he was, as usual, watching television, she took a shower, freshened up, and donned the crotch less undies and a slinky negligee.

She then strolled between her husband and the television, and suggestively tossed one leg up on his chair arm.

"Want some of this?" she purred. "Are you kidding?" he replied.

"Look what it did to your underwear." ☞

Notable Down-Downs

Birthday Niplets.

DFL **Hired Snatch** arrives 9/21 for 9/20 Hash.

Hounds

Pack: **Taste's Like Shit, Bitch with an Attitude, 4" Hole, Boner, Wine Ho, General Erect Dick, Canucklehead, Hand Tossed, Just Kevin, Krusty the Clown, Rub Her Lips, Soggy Dick, Red Breast, Insufficient Cums, Weiner Schlutzel, Deposit Slit, Check My Bag, Jackass, EZ Cheeks, Pull My String, Little Easy, Just Sophia, Slippery When Wet, Lost and Fucked, Niplets, Size Doesn't Matter, Pinocchio Twat, Rat's Ass, Burnt Rubber, Cheeks of Hazzard, John Queer, Square Meat, Dr. Doo-Doo, Elvis, Dain Bramage, Au Whata Pair, Circumpsychie, just Linnette and Just Debbie.**

Snare: **Niplets**.

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

September 27 ... Asscracker & Anal Fissure

October 4 Rat's Ass

October 11 Lost Cause

October 18 Square Meat & One Ball

October 25 Halloween Hash: Joint Hash with AH⁴

Mismanagement

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

