

Pinelake Hash House Harriers

Life's Too Short to Drink Cheap Beer

Hash # 863, Georgia

October 11, 2003

Scribes: **Size Doesn't Matter**
Terri Nicholson

TUCKER –

Word must be out that Pinelake has all the good lookin' women because the Mag 7 was out in full force on this wet (spittin' on ya) and rainy day. 28 hounds came out for the "stroller friendly" (well, sort of – **Wears My Nipple** and **Hide the Salami** are training for the **Kaptain Krash** school of hashing) trail set by two wild and crazy hashers **Lost Cause** and **Thar She Blows**.

First mark was down the road behind SAMS ... behind more buildings and into the urban woods which were appropriately littered with shopping carts and trash ... FRB **Redneck Mutha** resisted the urge to test the small stream of urine which seemed to permeate everywhere ... while in this urban muck **Penalty Box** did penance for leaving her virgin on trail by falling into a hole not once but twice. **Spread Eagle** and **Ass Packer's** dogs participated in a dog hash of their own (now dubbed "Reservoir Dogs?") ... Some rogue hashers searched for trail amongst the old tennis shoes, tires, and discarded food containers behind an apartment complex, but soon realized they had taken a wrong turn at the disintegrating mattress by the creek and quickly set out in the right direction. The hash continued through the urban woods and came out (surprise) by Tucker proper and the ever-present (wouldn't be a hash without em') railroad tracks. After a water stop there was a lot of road (especially for the stroller crew who decided to overachieve and do the trail backwards). The trail passed through Tucker High School (Go Tigers!) where **Ass Packer's** dog **Bluey** did his part to "keep Tucker tidy" by retrieving empty bottles on

the campus. At two different points on the trail, **Terri** notes that random civilians kept trying to give them directions, which were invariably wrong. Lesson learned. The woods on the "other side of the tracks" were much more amenable to trail-running, given that they were reasonably trash and shopping cart free. We passed across a lovely small waterfall and up some thigh-busting hills. At the end, there were many brews and frivolity had by all, despite the gray and chilly day!

Hounds

Afterbirth, **Anal Fissure** (St. Paulie E mail), **Square Meat** (FRB), **Butt Floss**, **Sleazy Rider**, **Terri Nicholson** (x4, cup), **Knucklehead** (FRB), **Shiggy Pitts** (I'm sure he drank for something), **Little Willy**, **Psychedelic Pussy**, **Weiner Schlutzel** (too long, DFL), **Hot in the Middle**, **Liz Hodges** (Virgin), **Asscracker**, **Size Doesn't Matter** (too long, DFL), **Penalty Box** (abandoned virgin), **Wenda Gribben** (virgin), **Joy Shehee** (2x, cup), **Kristen Shehee** (2x, cup), **Spread Eagle**, **Barf Bag**, **Hide the Salami** (DFL, stroller), **Wears My Nipple** (sleeping on trail), **Ass Packer**, **Redneck Mutha** (FRB), **Nick Fourie** (x5 – named **Afro-Quacker**), **Short Stump** (too long), **Boner** (shamelessly trying to get a Pinelake Mug)

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.