

Pinelake H³ #866
Saturday, November 1, 2003

Start: Kmart on Tara Boulevard

Hares: **Elvis** plus the mystery hare (**Fucowee**)

Hounds: **Ho Checker, Yassir Cream Her, Cheaper Than Trick, Asscracker, Niplets, Lemon Nads, Pisticide, Krispy Kreme, Jerkin Gherkin, Canucklehead, Penalty Box, Jill Gerlach, Squid Dick, Yoron Weed, Little Easy, Davey Crochet, One Ball, Matt Smith (a/k/a Missing Dick), Richard Bryan, Stiff Upper Clit, Colonel Clit, Cum Scout, Dain Bramage, Shiggy Pitts, Ass Packer, Kaptain Krash, Stink or Swim, Too Quick, and Wine Ho.**

It was another brilliant fall day in Atlanta and the pack was excited by the prospect of swamps, swamps, and more swamps. Only bad directions could keep them from the start, but since everyone made it – eventually – we'll put the directions down as “need improvement”. The ValuCity (which per the directions could have been the start) served as a check as hounds went searching in all directions, with **Kaptain Krash** and **Wine Ho** being DFLs to the start.

The mystery hare remained a mystery although **Elvis** seemed wet and dirty, causing many to question their resolve. Right on hash time, **Elvis** streaked from the start like a rat out of the gulag, throwing copious amounts of flour as he went. The hounds should have smelled the deception but like good lemmings took off after **Elvis** five minutes later. The trail followed Tara Boulevard back towards ValuCity, but then confusion ruled as the dreaded CB69 was discovered. The milling pack shuffled in disbelief and then trotted back to, and then past, the start which actually went around behind the Kmart to the first of MANY checks. **One Ball** as bimbo dutifully laughed at and helped out the pack as rumors began spreading that **Fucowee** was in fact the mystery hare (fuk zem hares!).

The checks were eventually broken and led across the street into a field and from there into what deceptively looked like a nice forested area. As the pack had guessed, the ground was about as soggy as Michael Jackson's pillow after being kicked out of the Boy Scouts' meeting. The first major obstacle was a mud-filled ravine which got most dirty from the waist down, followed by miles of Grade-A swamp. One check in particular was difficult to break and the pack stung out as distant whistles were heard. The mud was slick, the rivers cool and refreshing, and briars were had by all. One hound (to remain nameless – oh what the hell, it was **Squid Dick**) was reported to have enthused, “This is better than a Black Sheep!” Eventually the trail skirted a beaver pond where **Lemon Nads** decided that it couldn't be THAT deep (he was wrong). Finally a large area of downed trees was reached and calls of “ON IN” came from the bimbo.

But wait – where were the hares? More and more people staggered in (or in the case of **Pisticide**, fell flat on his face mere feet from the end!) as the hares remained conspicuously absent. Finally a small group including **Ho Checker** came in escorting the

mystery hare from hell – **Fucowee**, of course. Turns out many of the FRBs had passed within yards of **Fucowee** as he lay face-down on the ground trying to avoid detection. **Ho Checker** made the snare by pulling **Fucowee** off the ground, and then making sure **Fucowee** didn't get too lost on the rest of the pre-laid trail. But now where was **Elvis**? Just before the true DFLs – some of who (like Wine Ho) knew it was OK to start as long as 40 minutes after the rest of the pack – came in, **Elvis** staggers in looking like the wodka on trail was good. Turns out a cramp had sidelined our illustrious hare for some time, once again proving that haring SoCo and then prelaying and haring a trail the following day is not for mere mortals.

Circle happened and a demo down-down went to **Shiggy** for bragging that he was to be married in two weeks. The FRBs – no surprise here, **Little Easy** and **Niplets** – plus others (**Davey Crochet** and **Yoron Weed**) finishing before the hares were asked to drink followed by the last group of DFLs less the now-missing **Wine Ho**. These DFLs included the Clits (**Stiff Upper Clit** and **Colonel Clit**), **Yassir Cream Her**, **Richard Bryan**, **Ass Packer**, and **Kaptain Krash** and offspring who were busy doing non-circle-related activities and were spared down-downs. **Jill G** thought that taking a call at that time was a good idea, until she was asked to drink for it after the mangy mutt got his face in the pisspot. **Lemon Nads** and **Cheaper**, our intrepid Macon hashers, were given too-long / visitor down-downs as was **Squid Dick** for his Black Sheep comment on trail. **Pissticide** drank for his face plant within sight of the end, and a naming was invoked for a 4th timer. Seems that **Matt** had thought wearing a costume on trail was a good idea, but since most of the crotch and almost all of the legs of his doctor's scrubs were gone maybe he should have thought through things first. Regardless, good fodder for a naming and The **Missing Dick** is now a proud Pinelake hasher. Circle meandered its way to announcements and finally to the on-after across the street from the graveyard behind which down-downs were held.

In the end much fun was had by all. In a tribute to our soon-to-be departing mystery hare, the screams of “fuck” and “ow!” from the hounds going through briars ensure that whenever hashers run through a swamp, “fuck” “ow” “we” will be remembered!

Thanks **Elvis**, **Fucowee**, and our bimbo/beermeister extraordinaire, **One Ball**. Ya dun good.

On On