

Pine lake hash house harriers

Holder of the HashShit: Shiggy Pitts & Butt Floss

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Your 2002-2003 Mismanijmnt

Grand Master:	Sky Pilot
Grand Damn:	Down Under
Joint Master:	Shiggy Pitts
and Mattress:	Size Doesn't Matter
Hash Cash:	Pissticide
Hareline:	Yoron Weed
Haberdashery:	Wienerslutzel
Bier Meisters:	One Ball
	Square Meat
Master Scribe:	MIA

Run # 868 **November 15, 2003**
Venue: **Camp Creek Pkwy & 285**
Big Cheeses: **Krispy Kreme &**
 Jerkin Gherkin

Nibbling rats: Pissticide, Psychedelic Pussy, Rat's Ass, Butt Floss, Tail Gunner, Nipleets, Pork Me Please (1x PH3), Canucklehead, Ho Checker, Anal Fissure, Royal Fuck, Star Whore, Elvis, Dain Bramaged, Dorothy Cameltoe (1x PH3), One Ball, John Queere, Spermier, Slippery When Wet, Tail Gunner, Wet Dreams, Tastes Great, On The Rag, Dangling Partisnipple, Redneck Mutha, Lick Her Itch, Crash Potato, Palm Palm, James Hicks (1x), Scott Goad (2x), David Cater (2x)

What We Have Here Is The Failure To Communicate:

There's nothing quite like the sight of police officers heading towards the circle in the middle of Down-Downs. And I, of course, was wearing my moose-antlers hat.

Ah, but I'm putting the cart before the horse in this tale of PH3 Hash #868.

It was a gloriously warm and sunny day that brought out the 30 hounds to our old familiar stomping grounds of Camp Creek Parkway. What wasn't familiar was this big ass Target shopping center where woods used to be.

After a quick memorial service for yet another loss to "progress", our hares informed us that trail started across Camp Creek at the big white sign. We were greeted by a barbed wire fence and no apparent way to pass. Flour was finally found paralleling the fence up to a gap that allowed the pack to pass. **Tail Gunner** and I decided that bypassing this area of confusion would be best, so down Camp Creek we strolled to a construction site.

Spermier soon emerged from the woods, short-cutting a check, and the three of us made our way to a newly constructed bridge, watching the pack slither through the high grass by the creek below us. With our subjects looking so reverently up to us, we declared ourselves their gods and then beat mightily upon our chests.

But I digress.

True trail continued due west on the easement along side the creek while **Spermy** and I stayed high, running in a new housing development (again, more hashing territory just **gone**). After finally deciding to join the fray on the easement, we all emerged at an office park (the site of many **Niplets** trails), and true to form, we stayed on the easement until reaching the Field from Hell.

The FRBs dutifully dove head-first into the briary tangly mess, apparently having missed a check that was inconspicuously placed in the creek. "On one ... on two ..." then nothing more. **Tailgunner** and I decided to forgo that mess and continued running parallel to the creek, figuring to cut over at the railroad tracks. Lo and behold, flour! Quite the ruse, that field was. But our joy was quickly diminished at the next check at the railroad tracks, as nothing could be found in the creek or on the road, and the tracks were occupied by a lengthy train. As soon as it passed, sure enough, **Canucklehead** found true trail heading north.

To make a long hash even longer, the hares decided that we needed a mile of railroad tracks. Yay! Finally off, we headed east again and came to our water stop. The rest of the trail was great meandering through the North Camp Creek Nature Preserve, which is where the troubles began. An apparent "caretaker" / hunter-redneck began to yell at our intrepid pack as we traipsed through "his" woods, scaring off all the deer. At 4 pm. Next to a loud and busy I-285. Um ... OK. We quickly forgot about him as we made our way On-In on the west side of 285 through a nice tunnel.

Sadly, we could not forget about him for long as he and his sons came down from above and told us we were still on "private property". Our hares weren't worried since there were no posted signs, but this didn't deter one hasher (who shall remain nameless, right **Pissticide?**) from being quite belligerent towards the "caretakers". After warning us that they'd call the cops, they quickly made good with that promise after a certain someone's little tirade.

Note to the hash: when civilians are pissed off with us, try to refrain from YELLING at them ... it generally doesn't help.

Down-downs were brief, since the cops dutifully came and told us we had 10 minutes to vacate. So, I think we got the virgin and our first-timers, some too-longs, our FRB **Redneck Mutha**, and our DFL's **Psychedelic Pussy**, **Dorothy Cameltoe**, and **Star Whore**.
Scribe: **Rat's Arse**

