

Pinelake H3 Hash Trash #879, 7 February 2004

Start: Kroger on Howell Mill

Hares: Pork Me Please and Lesbe Friends

Hounds: Yassir Cream Her, Yoron Weed, Davey Crochet, Jack Ass, Snail Trail, Au Whatta Pair, Keyless Entry, Hired Hand, Canucklehead, Square Meat, Penalty Box, Maximum Penetration, Just Justin (virgin), Bard Bag, Just Mark (virgin), Wet Dreams, Tastes Great, Daddy's Penis, Phred, Lady Dewalt, Just Jeannine (virgin), Foreign Lesion, Slippery When Wet, Spermier, Woody Yank Me, and Squid Dick

Snow?! Are you kidding me? Rarely has such a cold-looking pack straggled to the start, sitting in their cars with the heat on high. But straggle in they did, and straggle out on trail they also did after a little coaxing from the bimbos and hares. Trail wound through the kudzu-invested abandoned asphalt area around the shopping center before hopping Howell Mill and winding through a hotel parking area. From there it was into even denser kudzu, across a small stream, and up a steep embankment. The hounds spread out more as the FRBs found the first check – horrifyingly close to what Yoron Weed terms “Little Sister’s favorite tunnel” on this blustery February afternoon. Luckily Wet Dreams somehow was already past the check on the road and found trail going left from the check. The pack raced on with dry feet, finding the turkey-eagle split (which apparently most people missed totally). As it was, four hounds chose the eagle as Penalty Box, Virgin Mark, Canucklehead, and Davey Crochet turned right. The trails stayed on road and joined again, leading eventually to a power line cut. Although there must have been some downhill, it seems like a lot of climbing with one additional small stream and a fence crossing thrown in. The pack was treated to a scenic view by looking up at some mistletoe hanging far above trail. The same railroad tracks were crossed, re-crossed, crossed again, and finally crossed a final time without the pack ever touching foot on the actual tracks as trail led around Atlanta’s finest water treatment plant. A final check briefly slowed the hounds but eventually the end – at Pork Me Please’s (thankfully) warm town home.

The pack trickled in, with Yoron Weed being the FRB and Penalty Box and Virgin Mark being eagle FRBs. Squid Dick showed up – backpack on shoulders – as he had been out planning that night’s Full Moon trail and stumbled across flour, following his natural urge to drink beer as soon as possible. The stragglers wandered in, followed by the walkers, until everyone except the fleet-footed but sometimes-“shortcutting” Spermier was the remaining hound on trail. Ironically he and Slippery only showed up because Red Eye talked them into it and then turned into a no-show! Eventually Spermier did make an appearance, climbing the fence behind Pork Me’s place and treating everyone to an early full moon as he changed clothes. Mismanagement called for circle to the response of “HELL NO WE WON’T GO” from the now-defrosted pack defiling Pork Me’s living room, but eventually they were coaxed outside (after all, that’s where the beer was!).

Down-downs commenced with a fine demonstration by Square Meat, followed by a host of too-longs: Yoron Weed, Davey Crochet, Slippery When Wet, Spermier, and Wet Dreams. Squid was awarded an overachiever down-down for running Pinelake's trail prior to his live Full Moon trail that evening. Pork Me Please was given a much-deserved down-down for having Rug Rat napkins in his house – visible to anyone who looked! Yassir drank for car hashing, while Foreign had a special down-down for getting injured while bimbo-ing. The virgins eventually got their turns and Virgin Mark got a second turn – along with Penalty Box, Yoron Weed, Davey Crochet, and Canucklehead – for being so damn quick. Spermier drank for his tardiness, Davey for being anal about keeping his run counts, and several lucky lottery winners including Hired Hand, Jack Ass, and a couple others. Nameless, shameless plugs rounded out the circle and after more coaxing the pack was off to the on-after at Mama Niki's (the meat pie rocks, by the way).

Thanks to the bimbos for doing what they do so well, and good luck to Foreign with his injury. Finally, thanks to Lesbe and Pork Me for pulling together a great trail with a great end on somewhat short notice.

Your Anal Scribe,

Davey Crochet