

Pinelake H³ Hash Trash #880, 14 Feb 2004

Start: Save Rite Hwy 29 and Sugarloaf Parkway

Hare: Burnt Rubber

Hounds: Empty Sac, One Ball, Sweet Chariot, Davey Crochet, Just Leslie, Dain Bramage, Square Meat, Anal Fissure, Colonel Clit, Stiff Upper Clit, Woody Shaft Me, Cum Scout, Trifuckta, Shiggy Pitts

Bimbo: Cheeks

Car Hashers: Yoron Weed & Brokin Bit

Actual Hound: Bottomless Clit

Risking the wrath of spouses and significant others, the faithful gathered as the cold rain drizzled down their backs. Nothing would stop the hounds from their quest for shiggy and beer. The pack was slow to start, preferring to admire the array of red and not so red apparel worn on this auspicious day. Once they were off, it was a quick dash across the highway to the blue roof building and down the hill. The hounds quickly discovered everyone's favorite rail road track and gathered speed--- until the first check. Which way to go? Hounds went east, west, north, and south to no avail. Oh the possibilities. One by one the brave chose a tunnel. One by one they returned unfulfilled. As the head scratching continued, the late young hounds appeared along the track, nipping at our heels.

Finally, the sound was heard: over the tracks, down the hill and into the woods we go!!!! The trail was brambly and wet, with a few stretches in between. And there on the rise it was- the tunnel. It was cold, but not so deep, so forward they all ran.

Under a bridge the treasure was found- a perfectly good shovel tossed to the ground. Quickly it was scooped up, as it could be a sign. A sign it was as it came in handy when a hound tripped on a sapling and fell to the ground. A crutch is a handy thing to have when your knee has a funny bone that laughs out loud.

Across a few streams by log they went to a stream with two logs strategically placed. One was only a floater it was discovered, but that didn't dampen the hounds spirit a bit. On they continued in their quest, when appeared the first challenging crossing. Some chose to show off and scamper across, while the tamer chose the tried and true cootchie scoot. Alas here's where the actual hound cried no and dad had to swim across with baby in tow. To the next big log I see and it was mom's turn to cry whee! as the water rushed in to places you can't see. All was well as under a bridge they crawled, a check underneath from a sneaky hare. The mark was found with confidence and ease, up and over to the other side please. As the hounds ran **Anal Fissure** was heard to say "I haven't gotten wet yet" so the omen was set. The first rushing river was up ahead, and wet they were to the tops of their head. Two more Class IV rapids there were, as the hounds cried out in glee. Finally through the briars and barbed wire there it was- beer and orange cheesy puffs galore!

The hounds milled about shedding their wet clothes, but alas no true flashings for the show. **Yoron Weed** arrived by car, startling the nearly naked--luckily **Dain Bramage** found some pants to wear. Then came another sound of a car-- it was **Brokin Bit** saying, "I told my wife I was going to the store...". A fire was stoked with great care and the circle began without delay. First came **One Ball** to demonstrate- followed by another down-down as he forgot to remove his hat. Next came the FRBs- **Davey Crochet** and **Dain Bramage**. Then the nearly naked **Stiff Upper Clit** and **Sweet Chariot** had a turn. On it went as the infractions below show:

Square Meat couldn't find a mark to save his life, **Anal Fissure** for his timely remark, the **Clits** for bringing a dog, **Woody Shaft Me**, **Cum Scout**, and **Trifuckta** (aka the Yuts) for arriving so late, **Yoron Weed** for car hashing with care.

Then came the ultimate test-- a name for **Just Leslie**. As names were tossed about she was sent away, the hounds trying to come up with something witty to say. Many names spewed forth, the list below- but alas poor **Leslie** remained unnamed. Next time they cried as the circle was closed, and on to Monterrey we will go.

Just Leslie (pick a name, *any* name): Another Stupid Bitch, Dill Hole, Prickly Pussy, Picky Pussy, Prickly Dill Hole, And so on and so on...

Sweet Chariot, *Your Virgin Scribe*