

Pinelake H³ Hash Trash #881, 21 February 2004

Start: Parking lot behind Fuddrucker's parking lot on Windy Hill

Hares: Yoron Weed and Missing Dick

Hounds: Jackass, Keyless Entry, Just Terry (1st timer), Canucklehead, Lady DeWalt, Check My Bag, Nipleets, Little Willy, Butt Floss, Size Doesn't Matter, Psychedelic Pussy, Snail Trail, Just Stan (virgin), Davey Crochet, Daddy's Penis, Lil' Sister, Squid Dick, Little Easy, Square Meat, Slippery When Wet, Dr. Doo-Doo, Swamp Thing, Puff 'n Stuff, Just Richard (now Cocktoberfest), Trifuckta, Star Whore, Shiggy Pitts, Cum Scout, Tail Gunner, Dain Bramage, Wet Dreams, Tastes Great and Kaptain Krash.

MIA: Elvis, One Ball and Kaptain Krash's kids.

A glorious February day brought some 33 hashers out to frolic in the sun. After the initial greetings, chit chat and "quick & dirty" chalk talk, the hounds were released. The start offered little sidewalk and black top before turning behind a business complex. There amongst a sandy bridge covered oasis, the pack encountered the most challenging check of the day. While the bravest traveled either along the creek, up to the bridge or up the hill to an apartment complex, the more hesitant of the pack were left to keep up moral during this dark time. Speculations of where the trail actually lead were tossed back and forth by the delegators. **Canucklehead** demonstrated how to cross the creek with style while **Lil' Sister** and **Daddy's Penis** disappeared into shortcutting history. **Check My Bag** was seen basking in the sun until the faint sound of whistles were heard. Faithfully following the FRB's, the pack jumped or waded across the creek, trotted through a short stretch of woods and hoisted themselves up through the poorly kept landscape of an apartment complex. Upon reaching the entrance of another business complex, **Psychedelic Pussy**, **Size Doesn't Matter** and **Star Whore** showed no remorse for the plot of pansies that stood in their path. The hounds then crossed a street and traveled down what was to become one of very many steep hills. At the bottom of one of these hills was a seemingly innocent little creek. Upon arrival, though, the hounds realized that this creek lay some four feet below land level. **Slippery When Wet** choose the riskier of options, as she was seen fearlessly crossing a fallen tree.

Ah, what is a trail without a good swamp. Luckily, this swamp was passable by way of a myriad of fallen trees. **Keyless Entry** could be heard afar when she lost her footing and landed on her rear. **Dain Bramage** was seen trudging straight through the swamp, knowing that crossing the trees would waste time! Cries of bewilderment turned to curses as the hounds gathered their wits and slowly crossed each wet, slippery log. **Jackass** was heard exclaiming profanities best left unwritten. More woods followed. More street ensued. Until finally, the pack was reunited in a lovely deserted parking lot. **Daddy's Penis**, video camera in hand, greeted the oncomers.

The sun shone brightly on the assembling circle and assembling circle smartly moved to keep in the sun. **Kaptain Krash** smiled brightly while we wondered, where are the kids? Once again eluding site on trail, **Little Easy** slowed down to enjoy the circle. After our reliable DFL's arrived, **Shiggy** doubled checked his list of attendees. Two hashers were missing. The pack waited. And waited. However when the sun threatened it's retreat, the stragglers were left to fend for themselves and down-downs began. **Squid Dick** graciously offered mismanagement his "chair," oops, I mean *table*.

FRB's included: **Lil' Sister** and **Daddy's Penis** (see above mentioned shortcutting). **Shiggy Pitts**, knowing better, was called out for wearing an AH⁴ sweatshirt. The pack was kept together by **Star Whore**, **Size Doesn't Matter**, **Tailgunner**, **Kaptain Krash** and **Psychedelic Pussy**. Our fellow Too Long Pinelakers were: **Check My Bag**, **Nipleets**, **Squid Dick**, **Slippery When Wet**, **Dr. Doo-Doo**, **Swamp Thing** and **Tailgunner**. **Just Richard** will not be known as Strudel Noodle, Suck My Noodle, or ... but as the incorrigible **Cocktoberfest**. Virgin **Stan N.**, defloured on trail, enjoyed his first ever

down-down. First timer, **Just Terry** enjoyed a frothy beer, just because we like him. Additional down-downs were awarded to **Lil' Sister**, for smoking at the start; **Tailgunner**, for his dry shoes; **Snail Trail**, for yelling out at the most inopportune time, "*I like anything with dick in it!*" and **Puff 'n Stuff**; for those darn overachieving push-ups. Lucky lottery winners were **Lady DeWalt**, **Size Doesn't Matter**, **Daddy's Penis**, **Slippery When Wet**, **Trifuckta**, **Dain Bramage** and **Tastes Great**. Somewhere amongst the flurry of down-down bliss, the mighty DDFL's, **Wet Dreams** and **Tastes Great** arrived.

For those who chose to continue drinking into the night, the On-After was held at a Mexican restaurant near the start. The fake-ID club passed with flying colors and all participating hashers enjoyed a night of fine Mexican cuisine, yummy margaritas and beer in "real" frosty mugs.

Keeping the trail wet,

S. Trail.