

Pinelake Hash #883

"The Penitent Man Shall Pass...the Penitent Man Shall Pass..."

Start: Huntley Hills Elementary School, Chamblee

Hares: One Ball and Just Leslie*

**naming - see below*

Hounds: (in order of appearance) Spermier, Slippery When Wet, Just My Size, Yassir Cream Her, Krispy Kreme, Just Stan, Shiggy Pits, Pork Me Please, Kaptain Krash, Puff N Stuff, Red Breast, Yoron Weed, Butt Floss, Dane Bramage, Elvis, Too Quick, Stiff Upper Clit, Worthless Sac, Canuckle Head, Seaman Hole, Cheese Nips, Lil' Sister, Maximum Penetration, Just Mark, Snail Trail, Just Terry, Au Whata Pair, Show Uranus, Anal Fissure, Deliveries in the Rear, Barf Bag, Just Jeanine, Just Licks Dicks, Davey Crockett, JB (visitor), Likes it in the End, Fag Hag, Bagless, Steamer (visitor), John Queer, Just Scott, Fill My Cavity, Just Penny

Four Legged Hounds: Bottomless Clit, Cocoa, Snickers

When it's 70 degrees and sunny in Atlanta in March, is there any better place to be than the Pinelake hash on a Saturday afternoon? If you ask any of the 40+ hounds who showed, they'd definitely say no. So we gathered in the parking lot of Huntley Hills Elementary school to give it a shot at Just Leslie's* virgin trail, who, with a little help from One Ball (c'mon. we all know who did the *real* work, right?), laid a fabulous trail for the pack who showed.

We started our dash behind the school, over some sort of barrier that apparently meant to keep things out (silly, silly concept, don'tcha think?) and through the back field up to a bit of road. Your scribe heard at the start that only about 10% of the trail was road, but from here we had enough of a bit of road rage to make her wonder. But, indeed, the mole was correct: at the end of the subdivision came a little pebble path and set of wooden stairs that took us through some private property and back out to a street. The story is that our hares actually staked out the place and went up to ask the owner if it was okay to run through there (good hares!), only to find out that the owner is a hasher himself -- from Alabama or North Carolina, or something. Very nice! From there, the road rage ended as we got into our first little bit of shiggy; a nice, tame little bit of woods that only hinted at more to come.

Trail lead through these rolling woods to come out to our Church #1 (what was it the hares said? "Goddammit, there are a lot of churches around here!"). A check was laid there, but trail was easily found by Lil' Sister who was actually just trying to find a place to pee, and it took us back into the woods and, then, to our first creek. A sign of things to come? Of course! With this much religion on trail, it be sacrilege not to consider it a sign! (Scribe note: With over a half dozen churches on this trail, apparently our hares either knew we were all damned and wanted to give us chances at redemption, or they were simply mocking us for our wicked ways. Jury's still out on that.)

HWS, or Holy Water Stops, were placed a couple places on trail for the hounds, the first being immediately after Church #1. The sad thing is that half the pack shortcutted and missed it by staying in the creek instead of taking a hard right into the stop. What's even more sad is that the short cutters actually added time to their trail by coming out on a huge field in front of Church #2 and having to dash across the damnblasted thing only to see the rest of the pack who did stop slide down the hill at the very end of it to join us. *Bloody hell!*

From here, we went back into a creek. And as all hashers know, there's a saying here: *Once you're in the creek, stay in the creek!* Our hounds tried to fool us, though, periodically taking us up and down the embankments in the guise of turning away from the water, but, alas, creek was true trail most of the

way. When they had enough of it, they did take us out for good, through the back of an apartment complex and across Shallowford Road, where we ran behind some restaurants and shops to come to our first tunnel north under I-285.

"This is the driest tunnel I have ever been in," remarked Barf Bag at the time. Uh-huh. Smart hounds around him just let that comment go. But, indeed, it was dry and easy to navigate until the very end. At the end was a "road block!" as Just Terry exclaimed, and none new better than that than our poor little four-legged Bottomless Clit. He dragged his mom Stiff Upper Clit past many a hound only to jump dead on into a hole between logs. I actually watched as the poor little pup looked up at his mom as if to say, "um... a little help here?" as she apologized profusely to the traffic jam of hounds behind her and Just Terry helped her lift the poor little pup ass out of his spot.

From here, back into the creek we went again – but this time we cut through it and up a hill into some woods. Curving around what can almost be described as hamsterland, we eventually came out to a parking lot. A parking lot blocked by a fence, that is. A few hounds went over, whereas a few chivalrous hounds lifted the fence to let some lady hounds under. Good men, good men. From here, a dash across the parking lot brought us to the HWS #2 where chalk proudly read "Snare #2!" and hounds downed water before continuing on. Cheese Nips collected as many used cups as she could from the bushes and carried them with her, in hopes of a nearby trash can, across the huge back parking lot where Krispy Kreme was heard to whine, "I hate road!" Good for him, there wasn't much left from here. The parking lot ended in a little hill where Too Quick was smart enough to tell Kaptain Krash, "let me out (of the stroller)!" because at the top, Krash managed to pretty much take out the orange barrier that blocked our way. Down to the road we went, across it, down to an abandoned Texaco station, and to the Turkey/Eagle split we were warned was on trail.

Turkey suggested the hounds should shimmy under a wooden fence, whereas Eagle decided we should cut around a garbage dumpster. Hound after hound shimmied under until Snail Trail popped up and said she had done that, only to find no trail. She decided on the second route. Others paid her no mind, including Krispy Kreme, who got halfway under the fence only to proclaim he was "too fat!" and inched back out again. In reality, the trails combined again right after and through the woods we went again, only to come across a seven-foot high fence topped with barbed wire that the wily hares decided would be a fun and lovely challenge for their pack.

Thanks to Yoron and Davey, it proved very little challenge. A step on a log, and up onto the bend in the fence, one by one, they helped the group over and back into woods. Again, we wound 'round and 'round until we came to a stream that was crisscrossed by two big logs about four feet above the water. Gingerly stepping (or sliding, eh, what's the difference?) across them, the pack entered into another little bit of woods to finally encounter the last tunnel – a tunnel, which at the entrance, claimed a BN. If that doesn't get a hound to dash through shin-deep water, what would?

And, indeed, at the end, the pack was greeted by cheers of "On-In" and up a final hill we went into circle. Here, the fun was only just beginning!

Shiggy Pits took charge of the circle and handed out down-downs like there was no tomorrow. Kaptain Krash jubilantly started things out with a demonstration and it was all downhill from there. Car hashers and trail running FRBs followed suit, including Red Breast, Lil' Sister, and Canucklehead Head. Fag Hag and Bagless consumed for being both car hashers and Too Longs and our DFL prize went to Spermier -- honestly, nobody had any idea what the hell he was thinking. Butt Floss took this "religious hash" a bit too far and ended up on his hands and knees in the water and Fill My Cavity had decided the Turkey/Eagle split was a scam and decided to run two miles out of her way to prove her point. They both drank for that. Our visitors, JB and Steamer, were next, along with Yassir Cream Her for actually *being* a rule six violation and Puff 'n Stuff, in this scribe's opinion, for being dressed too

damn well for a hash. Our hounds were called out and much to Shiggy Pitt's dismay, no one had anything bad to say about trail. Apparently, the hares prayed to a Greater Power when planning this one. The same gods must have been smiling when it came to finally name our co-hare, Just Leslie*, who complements of Davey Crockett, was dubbed Cheery-os. Want to know why? Come on out and meet her!

Announcements were made, great food consumed, and a fantastic time had by all. If you were foolish enough to miss this hash, shame on you! Go to church and ask for forgiveness (any of these hounds could direct you to a good two or three after this). And for God's sake, just don't miss the next one -- Pinelake #884 when Afterbirth and Bubbette will be your hares.

On-on, hashers! And until next time.

Cheese Nips