

Pinelake Hash Trash #887, 3 April 2004

Hares: Elvis and Dain Bramage

Where: Martin Luther King, Jr High School in Lithonia

Hounds: Hochecka, Slippery Slit, Yassir Cream Her, Krispy Kreme, Jerkin Gherkin, Pussy Pilot, Asscracker, Will Stanley (virgin), Little Willie, Smells Like Fags, Star Whore, Lei Me, Davey Crochet, Yoron Weed, Colonel Clit, Stiff Upper Clit, Loretta Strauch (virgin), Butt Floss, BWANA, 4" Hole, Redeye, Dr. Doo-Doo, and Niplets.

Another perfect spring day brought out another rag-tag batch of hounds, ready to subject themselves to the whim of our crazy Russians. The hares trudged back from last-minute reconnaissance while the hounds gathered, paid up, and double-tied their shoes. The hares took off and the pack eagerly followed after the prescribed five minutes. Trail plunged immediately into the forest surrounding the school and lead on a circuitous route through all sorts of low-level shiggy, allowing the more fit a fairly quick pace. Little did they know they should have saved their energy, as trail kept going and going and going...

Eventually trail left the forest and skirted some houses before climbing a power line cut next to Panola Mountain up to a great scenic view on a big pile o' rocks. A water stop was found before we hit **the river**. It wasn't the biggest river we ever crossed, but after six or eight times across it adds up! **Colonel Clit** slipped and was almost washed away (apparently twice). Trail meandered back, and forth, and back, and forth across the river as the pack started staying on one side and hoping they ended up on the right side when it was all said and done.

Finally a large underpass was reached, with a nice area of shoals, and trail continued on the far side of the river (of course). Over a ridge and back into the forest, pack dispersed a bit until a wandering **Redeye** got us back on course. Finally the **BN** was spotted – within walking distance of the start, of course!

Everyone finally made it in, including **Slippery Slit** who had returned to the start. Circle commenced with **Niplets** and **Yoron** standing in for our missing Master and Mistress, and the normal sinners got their drinks before we moved on to the task at hand: naming **Dave** and **Stan**. After some consideration **Dave** was named "**Smells Like Fags**" forevermore. (Due to his smoking in circle and certain sniffing stories...). **Stan's** Hawaiian heritage caught up with him and thus he will be known as "**Lei Me**". The virgins did their thing, several too longs paid the price, and circle was adjourned to **Psychedelic Pussy's** birthday part as the on-after.

Thanks to our hares for laying a fun, beautiful, challenging trail. **Elvis**, one of these days we hope we'll understand one of your "yokes"...

On Out,

Davey Crochet