

Trash of the

Pinelake Hash House Harriers

"Life's too short to drink cheap beer"

Location: 2 Crabs' back 40

Date: 5/22/04

Porn Starlets: 2 Crabs F.cking and BWANA

Furtive Masturbators: Ho Checka, Yassir Cream Her, Ass Cracker (private party), Yoron Weed, Barf Bag, Matt Bass (1st timer), Pissticide, Snail Trail, Davey Crochet, Coochie Mud Pie, Blue Juice, Boner (too long), Elvis (Hare Porn? don't remember that down down), Dain Bramage, GE (snare), Deboner (too long), Ilva (2nd timer), Wienerschlutzel, Kaptain Krash, Pussy Pilot, Niplets, Size Doesn't Matter (got broke into, again), Stink or Swim, Too Quick, Dr Doo-Doo (demonstration down down), Fucowee (too long/visitor), Erection Master, Little Easy, Hand Tossed, Rats Petootie, Boob Teaser (1st timer), 4" Hole, Hung Jury, Woody Shaft Me (Dude, where's my car), Square Meat, and Psychedelic Pussy (DFL).

Well it's a month later. This hash has been ripening up on the sill, it's about time I trash it. I wish I could say that time has brought new perspectives on things, but I've executed a frightening number of brain cells in the interim, and held the rest hostage. Screw CNN for nudging me into that phraseology.

OK so we gathered near the front gate of **2 Crabs'** nice rural idyll on what seemed the hottest day of the year so far. New PH3 tshirts (thanks Milton High School t-shirt class(?)) were distributed, the hounds tried to look cool, and the hares looked downright scary in full body armor. "So maybe some briars" was a thought collectively shared. The hares gave some useless advice, and were off downhill towards the pond.

First check at the pole barn screwed the FRB's a bit. **Little Easy** went

right (right direction, but didn't find it). **Niplets** & **GE** were straight out into the woods. Nothing. Quite a while before someone found trail to the right of the barn on an evil trail which started *inside the woods*. Not a naturally occurring trail, which rarely spontaneously erupt from the forest, this one was instead carved by **2 Crabs** in anticipation of the hash. Let's see: 3-4 minutes gained on the hares, afternoon hacking away with chainsaw and machete. Makes sense if you can avoid being snared by **General Erect Dick** a few minutes later...

~ Interlude, birds chirping, squirrels squirreling ~

The hares failed to avoid being snared by the **General** a few minutes later. A couple well-placed checks had the rest of us looking around at creek bed for a while, and up and down for some nice forested ravine and ridge running. We hit the water stop just as **GE** and **Little Easy** were about to resume the hunt. Trail descended into a floodplain, where **Elvis**, **Ho Checka**, and other random fast people tried in vain not to trip up in the tall grass and hidden logs that led towards what smelled and sounded like a swamp up ahead. After teasing us for a while, we finally dove in.

The first cut across the swamp was slow-going superb muck and channels. Trail veered back into the gunk, but **Niplets** & **Woody Shaft Me** decided to try and box around. They were hosed as the hares had taken a much shorter route back across the swamp, and the would-be shortcutters arrived at the exit point behind the true-trailers.

Having disoriented everyone all to hell, things finally began to look familiar to those who had been out here before. We skirted though the neighbor's driveway, and back through the cars at the start. Trail continued on to the far shore of the pond, and the more adventurous did the back-stroke on-in to the hares, who waited on the damn dam grinning with grills and beer. A frikkin killer (in a good way) trail was the consensus. Rain threatened, so the lit grills were delicately transported to the pole barn. Of

course, nobody left a note or an arrow, so **Pyschedilic Pussy** was left to guess where the hell everyone had gone, and was on the verge of leaving when someone filled her in. Fine italian sausages were yanked wriggling from the cooler, deftly cooked by **Two Crabs F.cking & Rat's Ass**, and devoured suggestively by the ladies. Oh yeah and a couple of the guys.

- The scribe who, though small, is tasty.

