

Hash #896, In Which the Pack Wonders:

“Woody Shaft Me?”

Yoron Weed had a bad case of blue balls. He'd been dick slapped before, but this was the worst. **Squid Dick** had committed and **Yoron** had him lined up. Just when he was ready to lay back and enjoy himself, **Squid Dick** pulled out. Just like that. If he'd said something earlier, **Yoron** could have dealt with it, but this was coitus interruptus for god sakes!

Squid Dick knew what he was getting into. “No problem”, he said. “Got ya covered. I'm all over it.” He assured **Yoron** he was ready to satisfy. Then this! Last minute change of heart, without even a kiss good-bye! This was no Budweiser hash, dammit! This was Pinelake! We've got Rule Six, and this was a flagrant violation! **Yoron** knew his hare-raising ass was on the line. He had a big hole to fill and he was at a loss. It was Monday night already. He needed a **Dick** replacement and he needed it now! But where to find this stand-in on such short notice? His ass puckered at the thought of what the pack would do to him if he didn't throw out the right meat.

Yoron felt the bottom of his bag. He knew what he was looking for. As he'd done so many times before, he yanked out **Woody**. Ooh! Yes! Yes! Yes! That's it! Although **Woody Shaft Me** had just run a near perfect trail the week before with **Square Meat**, he claimed he could go another round. **Yoron** wondered. **Woody** was young and virile, but he was no Dirk Diggler. Was he hard enough to stand up to the Pinelake pack if they got rough and rode him hard? Did he have the balls to spit it right back at them? **Woody Shaft Me**? He had to take the chance...

Yoron did the wise thing. He neglected to send out an e-mail advising the pack of the change. He also had **Psychedelic Pussy** name another **Woody** as the hare on the phone line. So far, so good. If he had to leave the country on short notice, he was ready, but he had to find out how good **Woody** actually was.

Woody helped in the deception. His directions to the start gave Exit 8 off of Stone Mountain Freeway, when in fact Hugh Howell Road is actually Exit 7. The pack was not to be fooled

however. **Puff N Stuff** was the first to arrive. He'd been biking at Yellow River and decided today would be a good day to Bimbo. **Square Meat** was next. **Woody** was the next to come. Soon the lot was full of hounds. There was **Yassir Cream Her**, **Boner**, **Dental Damn**, **Pussy Pilot**, **Royal Fuck**, **Psychedelic Pussy**, **Anal Fissure**, **Shiggy Pitts**, **Davey Crochet**, **Aimee Henderson**, **Kaptain Krash**, **Butt Floss**, **Spread Eagle** and her dog, **Lefty Loosey**, **Wienerschlutzel**, **Yoron Weed**, **Elvis**, **Dain Bramage**, **Dawgy Style**, **Matt Lewis** (friend of the hare - why are all these guys named Matt? Was there a sale that year?), **Short Stump**, **Pissticide**, **Cootchie Mud Pie**, and her lovely virgin **Audrey**. They were all ready to take on **Woody**...

For the benefit of the virgin and the too longs (**Dental Damn**, **Boner**, **Royal Fuck**, and **Butt Floss**), **Shiggy Pitts** felt **Woody**...should explain the trail. Was it hard? Hard enough, but there was a P and an E version (**Woody** was corrected for future reference, the correct notations were T and E.) Was it live? Sort of. The middle where the Eagle and the Pussy trails divide is pre-laid, but the beginning and maybe the end are live. Maybe the end? As he leaned secretly into **Puff N Stuff**, **Woody** let on that he still needed to work on the end. “Happy Hash Shit”, was all **Puff N Stuff** could mutter.

Then he was off... 2:38 Pinelake Time. Down the road and off onto a power line right-of-way. The pack gave him five and then was off with a vengeance. They had been deprived of **Dick** and wanted to catch **Wood**. They were put off at the first check, but soon got back on trail. As they headed out of the woods onto the first road crossing, **Woody** passed them, driving in the opposite direction. The hounds were hot! They pursued the trail with abandon, straight up a steep hill and into a YBF. They chafed and whined, but soon got back on true trail. All except one. This wise hound ran through the YBF and soon picked up trail 100 yards down another power line corridor. Yes! Nothing like the big payoff when you gamble at a hash. The trail wound down Stone Mountain Creek and to a big...long...low... tunnel. With an on-over

marked on the top. So like the obedient hound that he is, the wise hound went up and over...Hwy 78. Did I say wise? That should have been stupid. Not advisable in retrospect. Ever seen what cars doing 80 can do to a deer?

Once again into the woods the trail wound through some very scenic areas, going through the appropriate amount of shiggy, and around a nice little lake, where the trail ran out. Apparently, the hare hadn't gotten back there yet to complete this section, and the wise hound who had shortcutted came upon him in a parking lot looking a bit perplexed.

"Bad news", he said. "What?" says the hound. "I lost my keys, and everything is locked in the truck. There's a check over there and the trail goes that way. I'm going to the gas station to get some toilet paper to finish the trail." "OK, but this counts as a snare," I say, as I grab for **Woody**. As I examined ways to break into **Woody's** truck, he soon returned, saying, "I know where the keys are. I hid them in the woods." Good job, **Woody**. Then I was off again. I heard a noise in the woods, and **Woody** yelled, "Are you?" "On-on" came the reply. "Oh, shit", said **Woody**, as he jumped into his truck and drove off.

It was **Dawgy Style**, and he was hot on the trail. We ran together past a sub-station and a junkyard, where a dog came running out full speed, bent on chewing on my ankles until I yelled at it and it hesitated long enough for me to get away. **Dawgy** and I followed trail along East Ponce until we saw **Woody** up ahead laying flour. Before we could get to him, he sped off, tires smoking. We soon caught up to him on Rock Mountain Boulevard however, where **Dawgy** gave him a good humping on the side of the road. At this point **Woody** divulged that the trail would end at a blue tower. Since he was still laying trail, **Dawgy** and I ran on ahead, without the benefit of flour. Cutting cross-lots, I soon came across **Puff N Stuff** sitting in the bag truck. "This the end?" I asked. "Dunno," he says. "We just kinda found this place. Is the pack on the way? Think it's safe enough to unload?" "Sure", I responded and got the bags off just as **Dawgy** came in. Soon after, **Kaptain Krash** and the first of the pack came in, marking trail with toilet paper. **Woody** showed up with **Psychedelic Pussy**, **Lefty Loosey**, and **Wienerschlutzel** in the back of

his truck. The adrenaline still running high, he was exuberant. It wasn't long before the entire pack, with the exception of **Yassir**, who turned back at the tunnel, was in. We reluctantly returned to the start to get him.

Everyone soon got into the spirit of the hash, chewing on **Woody** for this infraction or that, but his spirit couldn't be dampened. He'd had so much fun it just rubbed off on everyone, and soon all was forgiven. Especially when **Shiggy** reminded everyone that **Woody** had taken the staff on short notice and had done a great job. They then proceeded to take on **Squid Dick** for a while (have we got a beer for you, **SD**).

The circle was a huge success, with the aforementioned hounds drinking a mix of Beast and cherry soda for too longs, being virgins, leaving virgins on trail, and the usual Rule 6 violations. **Dain Bramage** kept getting phone calls. It was suspected from the scratches on his torso that **Dental Damn** had been raped on trail, but no blood was seen trickling from his butt or anything. He still had to drink for it though. Was there a smirk on **Woody's** face? He did smoke a cigarette later...

Short Stump got mugged for his 100th, and then came the naming...

Matt Lewis, who was growing tired of being one of five white college-age Matts who hash with Pinelake, decided to show up for his naming. Not much dirt could be gotten on him (what evils could a frat boy do?), but he did divulge that he masturbated in the shower. Having a history of psychotic girlfriends, **Woody** suggested we call him Psycho Slit. After he revealed that he was a computer engineering major, with a history of psycho girlfriends, the pack decided on the wonderful name of **Sybil Engineer** for our newest named friend.

Elvis told a joke about a nun putting a condom on a candle that nobody got, so he told another joke about pussy that everybody got.

All in all, I think that the pack would agree that **Woody** satisfies. He definitely delivered the money shot on this one.