

# Pinelake #899½

## Euro Trash Hash

July 3, 2004

So mismanagement again miscouted and though we're salivating for the 900<sup>th</sup> we had one hash to put in the books. The Europeans stepped forward to show their American patriotism (alright, so I'm just a little naïve) and laid a great trail on one of the hotter days so far. Yes, it's July!

We gathered at the now-defunct Rocky Mountain Lodge, speculating on just what about the place was supposed to remind us of Vail (and also wondering where the hares were, but that particular mystery was solved when **Colonel Clit** and **Foreign Lesion** appeared right on hash time). Thirty-two hounds gathered and received the requisite chalk talk, before lumbering off right on time (i.e. 2:51). Assured a 2.9 mile trail, the beer was practically in our reach... or was it?

Flour led briefly through parking lots but for the most part stayed in nice Gwinnett-style shiggy: kudzu, streams, mud, and tunnels. Speaking of which, just a few minutes into it all, trail took a hard right up a fairly steep hill. A CB 10 was found by those front-running bastards like **GE**, leading the pack back and into the first tunnel. Upon exiting said tunnel, a turkey-eagle split presented itself and we found out just how much hashers pay attention during chalk talk – not even **Stiff Upper Clit**, spouse of one of the hares, heeded the warning about no dogs on the eagle trail. It became apparent as we reached a fairly lengthy set of ladder rungs embedded in the end of the next tunnel why dogs weren't allowed; the **Clits** retreated while **Tail Gunner** tied **Tail Sniffer** around his back and with a little help from his friends navigated the climb up (and climb down the other side).



By this time the heat was on maximum and the blackberries were just too ripe to pass up, as **Yoron Weed** and **One Ball** made stop after stop. Trail led through wooded paths and across one particularly confusing monstrosity of a parking lot (OK guys, did we really need a QZ in the middle of the Home Depot parking lot?) to a power line cut, and eventually another tunnel. This last tunnel dumped us onto a pleasant stream bed... or so we thought. The front of the pack, led by **Woody Shaft Me**, had the unpleasantness of finding a YBF off the check. The rest of the pack fared even worse, as **Star Whore** and **Rojo Ho** were attacked by bees, both getting pricked more than once. Apparently the best part of the bee attack was watching **Rogue Anus** run towards – and fall face-first into – the stream to avoid the bees.

Sensing the BN the pack accelerated, only to be dumped onto a road snaking between business park after business park. Said road of course was all uphill from the stream area, so the pack huffed and puffed up the hill, ending at the same area the **Colonel** finished his SOB. **GE** and **Ho Checka** beat the rest of the pack in (OK, they're fast, but were they on trail?), followed by 10 or 12 other hounds. Then the waiting commenced, fuelling speculation that the trail was closer to 4.5 miles than 2.9. Damn metric system! Regardless, the now-beaten and bruised pack stumbled in or were picked up, and the Benedryl and other medicines were applied. Especially to **Maggie Thrasher**, one of the Europeans who fared poorly and broke out in hives over every inch of her body. Some would say it serves her right for running so damn fast, but whatever plant form attacked her probably didn't realize that. The high point of everyone arriving was that **BWANA** (car

hasher) and **Cums Collect** (way too long) finally stopped talking politics, letting our ears stop bleeding. Props also to **Anal Fissure**, our snack whore, for hooking us up with fresh strawberries – reminding us that yes, this is Pinelake.

So with everyone present and accounted for, down-downs commenced. **Shiggy Pitts** and **Au Whatta Pair** presided over circle as our newcomer **Just Steve** was welcomed into the Pinelake fold, followed by the afore-mentioned FRBs and our DFLs, **Smells Like Fags** and **Just Lizzy**. All the “men” wearing sarongs/skirts/whatever – including **Davey Crochet**, **Stupid Is As Stupid Does**, **Tail Gunner**, and **Yoron Weed** – were rewarded with a down-down, followed by our too longs such as **Cums Collect**, **Rojo Ho**, **Smells Like Fags**, **Hat Trick**, **GE**, and **Wine Ho**. **Elvis** told another incomprehensible joke and still got a beer (how unfair is that?!) during the Euro Trash down-downs awarded to him, **Dain Bramage**, **Stiff Upper Clit**, **The Italian Guy**, **Colonel Clit**, etc. Even our hares imbibed prior to circle going in peace and getting a peace.

Because they didn't do anything particularly memorable or probably because your scribe's memory is shit, the following people were there but haven't been mentioned. So I guess I'll just tell you who they were and what they did this wonderful day, whether it's true or not:

**Snail Trail** was there, wearing a silly Hawaiian shirt on Euro Trash day. Stupid Americans!

**Square Meat** was there and was one of the few who avoided the major accident traffic on I-85 as he lives within spitting distance of the start (he's a good spitter).

**Crack Pusher** was definitely there and probably did something memorable; not his fault I have no memory although I know he came in towards the rear of the pack so probably has some great bee attack stories.

**Wienerschlutzel**, **Size Doesn't Matter**, and **Lefty Loosey** were in the final pack to make it

to the end, some 90 to 100 minutes after we left the start. Nice 5 km trail, guys!

Next hash is the Pinelake 900<sup>th</sup> in Newnan – come catch the **Crabs** with **Shiggy Pitts**!

On Out,

*Davey Crochet*