

Pinelake Hash House Harriers

*In association with Psychedelic Pussy
and Snail Trail Enterprises*

Present

The John Holmes

Hash

PH#903

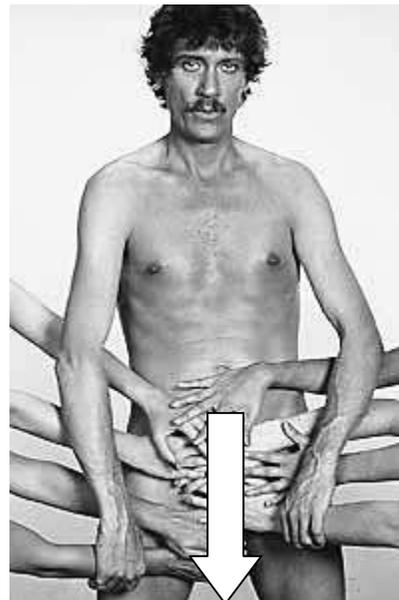
Hounds: One Ball, Davey Crochet, Yassir Cream Her, Au Whatta Pair, Cynthia F*cker, Anal Fissure, Deposit Slit, Oops, Boner, Penile Code, Royal F*ck, Steve Coffey (Inc*cknito...right?), Star Whore, Dawgy Style, Little Willie, You Bastard, Lady DeWalt, *Noelani Anderson*, Spermier, Slippery When Wet, Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie, Canucklehead, Busted Cherry, Size Doesn't Matter, Hide The Salami, BWanA, 4" Hole, Tail Gunner, Where's My Nipple?, *John Moor*, Rogue Anus, Spread Eagle, Yoron Weed, Butt Floss, Brown Hole, EZ Cheeks, Shiggy Pitts and various 4-legged creatures...

July 13, 2004 - Let the innuendos begin!

It was a hot, steamy summer's day in Atlanta. The air was aquiver from the hot Georgia asphalt and the fat, glowing orb of a sun hovering in the sky. Obviously, these hounds were "hard up" to get into some deep shiggy and were trembling with excitement. With hares like **Psychedelic Pussy** and **Snail Trail**, we were sure to get very, very dirty and very, very wet.

Your scribe, being a nice, innocent, Catholic girl, had no idea why John

Holmes was such a popular character **ahem!**... thankfully, through a laminate and an impressive show of hands, my understanding of Holmes' long-standing fame *came* to light:



CHECK IT OUT!

It takes *eight* hands to cover his manhood! Someone get me a copy of *Deep Throat*, quick (kidding!)! However, *damn*, he is an ugly mofo... Anyhoo, we were given instructions to look for items on trail that were 12 1/2" in

length and 2 ¾" in diameter. I felt sorry for the Canadians, **One Ball**, **Canucklehead** and **Lady DeWalt's** virgin **Noelani**, since these instructions were in imperial measure and all (but in case you were wondering, that equals 31.75 cm in length and 6.985 cm in diameter).

In an *almost* ironic hash moment, **Size Doesn't Matter** decided *not* to do the "long, hard" Holmes Hash and opted to join her sister, **Hide the Salami**, and niece **Where's My Nipple?**, on an abbreviated jaunt to the end (not truly ironic, though "ironic" in a bad Alannis Morrisette way). The hares sent us across the park to the first mark. We set off, some with tape measures in hand, across Medlock Park and into the woods and abruptly to the first check. (Side note: I must give props to **You Bastard**, who offered to carry my camelback so it would not disturb my new tattoo! You rock!). **Au Whatta Pair** wondered aloud when we were going to get our "ba-donka-donks" wet, and sure enough, we dipped into a small stream. Even though it was at the beginning of the trail, it was a welcome refresher as our wily hounds searched for trail after the check. By the way...

ba-donka-donk

amazing bootie...so much that when she walks it looks like it is trying to talk to you, or or trying to get out of them pants

*Daaaaamn! Mommie got **ba-donka-donk!***

- from *Urbandictionary.com*

As we traversed the trail, ba-donkas, shama-lamas, boom-shaka-lakas, hootie-hoos, and **Little Willie's** in-tow, we *came* across a "historic site" that

resembled a place I went as a teenager, where I would drink "Suicides" concocted out of various beverages from my parents' liquor cabinet. I realized that it was not my old house, but some other graffitied, abandoned, decrepit building. It was an interesting find, especially the science experiment of a cesspool behind the structure. Remembering **Poo-say's** hatred of swamps, I knew better things lie ahead.

As we entered an upscale neighborhood, we encountered several odd stares as many of the hounds looked wistfully at the garden hoses watering manicured lawns and garden chairs. The three Canadians (see above) were wandering in circle at the end of a cul-de-sac. Seems the Georgia heat was a bit much for these three. As we entered an apartment complex, many hounds felt that a beer stop might be approaching, but none was to be found. We exited the apartment complex and found ourselves by a Bruster's®. After a brief moment off trail, we were put right by two women eating ice cream. *Lucky bitches!* We finally got off the pavement and into Mason Mill Park, to a water stop! Several hounds drenched themselves and quenched their thirsts with the lukewarm water. A few took advantage of the pee stop. A couple even found time for a quick swing on the playground (not that kind of swinging, mind you!).

A few of the hounds found items on trail (cucumbers, carrots and other phallic items from **Pootie-tang** and **Snail's** collection), while others tried to make do with whatever they could find that was not normally on trail. **Au What a Pair**, driven by **Shiggy Pitts'** acquisition of a large cucumber tied with a festive blue bow, tried to pass

an empty bottle of Jack Daniel's® as a sexual aide required by one of John Holmes' many partners. **Yassir Cream Her**, who joined **Shiggy Pitts**, **Star Whore**, and **Au Whatta Pair** after their rendezvous with a random walker (who, by the way, was on the way to an Irish wake serving several hundred dollars worth of liquor... and we STILL made it to the end- we're such *fools!*), gave up on looking for items when **You Bastard!** discovered a Hoover® on trail! **Yassir** said he had given up on the Blue Moon Hash™ that night... yes, the trail was that long!

We finally reached the BN in **Crazy Poontang's** neighborhood and enjoyed the beer, shade, and hose (Hos! Where were the hos?!?) in her backyard. We all breathed a sigh of relief when we saw that **Deposit Slit**, who twisted her ankle on the railroad tracks, made it safely to the end! Down-downs were downed, dogs chased each other, and phallic items distributed (Note to PH3: *we need to learn some new songs!* Thanks to **Snail** for bringing a new tune to the circle: "bang! bang!"). Afterward, we held each other, cried softly, and promised to call each other the next day...

Down-downs and stuff:

Virgin Down-Down: Noelani Anderson and John Moor

Too Long: Oops, Penile Code, Royal F*ck, Lady DeWalt, Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie

FRB: Boner, Busted Cherry, Brown Hole

DFL: Spread Eagle

Car Hash: Yoron Weed, Butt Floss, EZ Cheeks

RULE 6:

Sympathy Down-Down: Deposit Slit

Incognito Down-Down: Steve Coffey (can't remember why!)

False Accusation of Sex on Trail: Yassir Cream Her

Overachievers: Bitch with an Attitude and 4" Hole

Laundered Shoes and New Tattoo: Star Whore

Worst Shortcut: Spermier and Slippery When Wet

Prizes for items on trail resembling a large penis:

GRAND PRIZE WINNER: You Bastard! (for the Hoover)

One Ball, Little Willie, Canucklehead, Shiggy Pitts

AND A SPECIAL HOWDY-DO TO:

ROGUE ANUS

For his

100th PH3

get a life!!

On-out!



Star Whore