

PikeLane Hash House Harriers

Because Life's Too Short To Drink Cheap Beer

HOLDERS OF THE HASHSHIT: WHO KNOWS? ANYBODY? BUELLER?

There's hash in them thar hills ... Call the Harel line (404) 377-2888 Ext. 1



Your 2004-2005 Mismanijmnt

Grand Master:	Sky Pilot
Joint Master	Shiggy Pitts
and Mattress:	Au Whatta Pair
Hash Cash:	Davey Crochet
Harel line:	Psychedelic Pussy
Hareraiser:	Yoron Weed
Haberdasher:	Wiener Slutzel
Bier Meister:	One Ball
Master Scribe:	Snail Trail

Hash # 910 **September 25, 2004**
Hares: **Little Willie and One Ball**
Venue: **Shamrock Plaza – N. Druid Hills & L'ville Hwy**

It began as all other hashes began: the vapid look of confusion, the quick finger-pointing of blame, hogs humping strangers' legs, staple guns not being used for their intended purpose. If only the rest of my life could be this predictable.

Our hares du jour promised a wild and wooly time, and we had no reason to doubt them. Okay, we had every reason to doubt them ... they're hares, they lie. Nonetheless a gargantuan pack of 46 hounds gathered round on this lovely afternoon.

"I'm a good little doggy!" proclaimed **One Ball** as he and **Little Willie** attempted to 'splain what was in store for us. Meanwhile, the pack enjoyed tea and crumpets, while **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie** provided rousing renditions of various show tunes. If only the rest of my life could be this predictable.



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