

## Pinelake Hash House Harriers

Trash #912

My, how we've become afraid of a little driving! Our lovely hare, **Sweet Chariot**, had planned a fantastic day at the lake (Jackson, that is) and although the water was a bit nippy a great time was had by all. Your scribe **Davey Crochet** was once again running late, with **Yoron Weed** and **Donny** in tow. We came screaming around the corner, pile out of the car, and find hounds casually sitting around the patio table looking quite comfortable indeed. **Sweet Chariot**, having laid trail, was working on her buzz – I'm pretty sure the Jaeger helped! **Caesar** was inside on the couch (well, one of the many couches to be had) not really watching TV, but just-on-the-couch.

Despite a suggestion that we blow off trail and limit our activities of the day to drinking, the hounds did indeed pursue those blobs of flour and sheets of toilet paper. Warned of several special instructions, none of which entered my consciousness then – which is probably why I can't recall them now – the hounds set off into the woods. The sneaky hare wound a trail through woods, gravel roads, and paved roads that led back the way we had driven. A couple of count-backs added to the general confusion, and short cutting was adopted by several of the pack, most notably **Shiggy Pitts**. One especially nice section of trail, along a small stream bed and surrounded by briar-protected woods, was only traversed by a subset of the hounds but it was quite enjoyable. Eventually we crossed the paved road and went into a section of trail that coincided with a BB gun shooting area, where the pack got amazingly strung out. A friendly local drove over and asked if we were having troubles, apparently after his daughter saw the pack milling around looking confused (we were definitely in the country!). At this point – knowing it was A to A and having seen flour showing the way home – it was every hound for himself for the final leg back to the lake house. Perhaps due to chivalrous waiting (um, maybe it was the party the night before), **Davey**, **Yoron**, and **Donny** were clearly DFLs while **Shiggy** was the shortcutting FRB.

The aforementioned **Shiggy** made the suggestion that perhaps circle wasn't really necessary. **Stiff Upper Clit** immediately countered with (think about her Queen's English accent here) "We are too going to have circle. This is the one and possibly only time I'm FRB and we WILL HAVE CIRCLE!" **Shiggy** was unmoved so delegated to **Davey**, who decided to make sure everyone had a down-down. **Shiggy** received several, one for short cutting, one for having 200 runs (along with a shiny new patch – a new Pinelake tradition), and one for having 100 runs (duh!). **Stiff Upper** received her glorious FRB down-down while her gimpy husband **Colonel Clit** was given a down-down for staying at the house. **Barf Bag** received his 100 pun – I mean run – patch as did **Yoron Weed**, who also drank with the DFLs (**Davey** and **Donny**). **Coochie Mud Pie** drank for no apparent reason; we've got to get that girl into some trouble! Our hare **Sweet Chariot** and hosts **Tim** and **Star** drank for their transgressions (of which there were none) and then the grill was fired up. The more ambitious ones grilled while over half ended up inside snoozing, but the timing was perfect as the meat came off the grill, the side dishes off the stove, and the lazy bums off the sofas for some grub.

A great time was had by all, so thanks again to our hare and hosts for the awesome location. Until next time;

On Out, *Davey Crochet*