

For once the hash Gods didn't smile on us as the clouds hung around, but that didn't stop 27 hardy hashers from showing up for Barf Bag's Pinelake haring debut. With promises of a Magnificent trail, the hounds weren't disappointed. Anal Fissure was a no-show but Coochie Mud Pie and her trusty sidekick Molly stepped up to help ensure Barf didn't screw up too badly. ☺

Starting from the Tara Theater, many suspected an ending at Barf's. Good thing we never trust our instincts, although for a while it was possible as we started out crossing Lavista and paralleling Cheshire Bridge. Trail wove towards and away from the street, dumping us into a large clearing near a radio tower for our first foot-wetting. And for the next 30 minutes it seemed like we ran around that tower, staying on trail and somehow not crossing ourselves. Eventually we took off through the woods and followed a stream, crossing and recrossing on pipes and sometimes through the water. The inevitable railroad tracks were found, which lead to Emory, where we stealthily entered the President's whatever (you know, the forest-preserve thingy) for a nice run through the park. The park lead to another stream and some muddy flats, as the pack began wondering just where we would end – would it be Yoron's? Maybe Little Willie's? Nope – the Beer Near was found near Mason Mill for a park ending (Mason Woods park maybe?). All in all, lots of varied terrain, no pissed-off neighbors or university groundspeople, and a great trail!

The grill was fired up for some burger flippin' as Shiggy marked people off the list as they came in. Bitch with an Attitude hadn't exactly followed trail but had made it in first, advising the hares, "F\*ck you, you f\*cking f\*ck." No burger for him! Krispy and Butt Floss avoided the pipe due to either 1) Kripsy's extraordinary fear of heights and everything else, or 2) Butt Floss' uncanny knowledge of the area. Regardless, those short-cutting bastards had caught up with the FRBs and got a down-down for it. Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie was the FRB on trail (I think), while the DFL was Pigless. The almost-DFLs who drank in circle while we waited for Pigless included Spread Eagle, Wienerschlutzel, Size Doesn't Matter, and Pull It Out And Sniff. Yassir Creamer was forced to drink due to his namesake (Mr. Arafat) up and kicking the bucket on us (finally!). Then we had some racists, including One Ball, Snail Trail, and Little Willie who thought it would be funny to all wear their matching race T-shirts from that morning. It was also Little Willie's birthday, and Davey Crochet was called out for bringing in flora from trail. Canucklehead was charged with aloof driving, as Shiggy claims to have been behind him honking and waving with no reply (Canucklehead admitted to being guilty as charged). Shiggy and Au-Whatta-Pair drank for being so damn sexy, and then our too-longs (Dorothy Camel Toe and Swamp Thing, the late starter of the day) were called up. Spread Eagle was recognized for her 228+ runs and received her 100 and 200 run patches, and Pussy Pilot was called up for impersonating a very tall munchkin (yes, guys, those socks are just *bad*). And our friend Cynthia Fucker was made to drink for impersonating a Falcon's fan (apparently somewhere in Pittsburgh there are a lot of naked Steelers fans since he's wearing all of their clothes!).

So then it was time for a naming, but first Master Bates was called out for duping the hash while being named at SOB on his virgin trail. When asked who made him come, he claimed to have come all by himself. Foreign Lesion and he told everyone his last name was Bates, thus earning an instant name of Master Bates. Well lo and behold, his real last name was Inman, leading to all sorts of interesting possibilities for a Pinelake name. But in the end ludicrousness ruled and Master Bates was renamed – get this – Cheese Eating Surrender Monkey. God help him!

Next was Matt, who by virtue of his living with Daddy's Penis and being kicked out of seminarian school at Baylor was also quite easy to name. In the end Friar Fuck was chosen, which is a hell of a lot easier than "Cheese Eating Surrender Monkey" to fit on a necklace.

So Pinelake #917 is in the books, with no report of food poisoning or any other maladies at this point. Congrats to our namees, our virgin hares, those filthy racists, and our birthday boy Little Willie. Until next time, that's all folks!