

## Pinelake #920 The Recycled Hash of the Sluts December 4, 2004

This week I, Cheese Eating Surrender Monkey, returned once again to the Pinelake Hash (#920). I was ready to face the ultimate challenge of a grueling trail mapped out by our hares for this week: **Lady DeWalt** and **Baron Von Fuctoften**. Since I am a slow runner I thought this might be my first chance to snare the hares since **Lady DeWalt** also runs about as slow as an eleven year old boy through the girls locker room fresh after a sweaty session on the soccer field. But **DeWalt** and the **Baron** outwitted us all by laying a dead trail. They had clearly done their homework on this one and were determined to put their creative minds to the task of mapping out the best damn Pinelake trail ever. They chose to recycle the last half of Octobers S.L.U.T and the first half was largely a standard bike path close to the Atlanta Rowing Club. I know what you all are thinking. Well what kind of hash is that? A fricken bike path, for God's Sake? Where is the shiggy? Since my introduction to hashing, however, I'm so used to running through swamps, briars, and steep inclines that I found a flat asphalt path to be extremely difficult. Luckily for me soon we began running through a wooded area where I had the familiar feeling once again of tripping over my shoes and stumbling into my fellow hashers screaming like an idiot. The first big hurdle came when we had to cross a large body of water. I was trailing behind the pack and ran into the FRB group who had chosen not to soak their nads in the blistering cold water that might just leave most men permanently shrunken to the size of the eraser on a number two pencil. So most of us chose to walk around a large pipe that hung securely over the water about ten feet in the air. At first this seemed like a great idea. I've only crossed water in this manner once before and I found the thrill and moderate danger to be exciting. This assumes, however, that the danger is falling into cold water and shivering through the rest of the hash completely drenched. What we didn't realize was that the danger here was more than merely cold water.

I, Cheese Eating Surrender Monkey, trailed behind the group once again and just as I started across the tubular bridge of danger **EZ Cheeks** admitted that she was scared and didn't have balance and chose to cling to me for protection. About half way across I looked down at the shallow water and saw below us that the bottom was covered with huge boulders. At this point I began to feel like a three week-old puppy trying to cross the autobahn. One slip and my ass might come crashing into my tonsils. Not a pleasant thought. Add to this the possibility of **EZ Cheeks** dragging me with her if she makes the plunge and I thought I was going to create a golden shower of my own right there in front of the ladies. We made it across very slowly and continued on our way to the Beer Stop.



One cautionary note here: If you happen to hash with me and there is a beer stop do *not* run behind me for the remainder of the trail. After I drink a beer and run afterwards I usually leave behind me a gaseous combustible cloud of noxious fumes. On a previous hash I left a barren wasteland behind me that Mad Max himself couldn't cross. We drank the brew of the gods and continued onto round two of the recycled hash. We crossed over a wooden bridge and ran alongside the river for another half mile until we came to the next perilous part of our journey. We had to cross over huge slippery boulders and scale the right side of an enormous waterfall. At first I naively thought that this was going to be a breeze. And for a minute I enjoyed the misty spray from the waterfall as it gently massaged my nether regions. Soon **Shiggy Pitts** and I (and another fellow hasher whose name I didn't catch) began to slip and slide on the edge of our deaths. We made it across but it was clear that **Shiggy** and I were just a couple of candy asses since we had to take a couple of breaks before climbing to the

top of the 20 foot cliff and back again to the rest of the trail. I was proud of the fact that we three were the only ones who chose this route since everyone else wimped out and boxed right past this portion.

I, Cheese Eating Surrender Monkey, walked the rest of the trail with **Shiggy** and soon we came up on **EZ Cheeks** and **Just My Size** who were deep in the middle of a conversation about men and their sexual prowess in bed. I heard terms I wasn't familiar with like "feelings" and continued along behind them until we met 2 angels along the path. two beautiful blondes passed along beside us and afterwards I walked just a little stiffer than I normally do on a trail. Closing in on the last mile of the trail we came out of a small section of woods and entered into a neighborhood. I was happy to hit asphalt once again until the earth opened up and we heard the bellowing sounds of the scariest f\*\*\*ing creature I'd ever seen before. Others would have called this monster a Rottweiler on a huge chain whose links would rival the size of my wrist. But I could have sworn I saw eyes of flame and poison fangs and the creature salivated to my fleshy calf muscles. **Shiggy** stopped and stood directly in front of the tortured beast and seemed to find it beautiful and fascinating in a way I can only describe as insanity. I kept screaming "LETS GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!" Finally we continued on our way until we finished the trail with a pool ending in a nice part of town.

After multiple down-downs we ended our recycled adventure buzzing and winded in classic Pinelake style. Thanks to our hares for a great trail.