



Hare: Ho Checka

Hounds: Yoron Weed, Davey Crochet, Little Willie, Bone Hole, Two Crabs, Donny thu Retahd, Tripod, Ouch, Deposit Slit, Canucklehead, Butt Floss, Oops, Cynthia F*cker, Star Whore, Anal Fissure, Elvis, Dain Bramage, Dawgy Style, Pull It Out and Sniff, Just Georgia, Just Andrea (virgin), Stiff Upper Clit, Square Meat, Just My Size, Toy Boy, Little Sister, Gasshole, Kaptain Krash, Too Quick, One Ball, Snail Trail, Little Easy, Hat Trick, BWanA, 4" Hole, Cheese Eating Surrender Monkey

Scribe: Star Whore's hangover

The day began as any Saturday in December. My mistress, La Puta Estrella, had over-imbibed at yet another party and I made sure that she woke up hungry, achy and confused. Oh, she was well aware that the hash was for our own dear Surly Temple...but that was not enough to get her out of bed. She suddenly remembered that her two friends, Just Steve and Just Andrew, would be at the hash. Now, Just Steve would have completed his fourth hash this blustery December day, but it would be Just Andrew's virgin hash, so Star Ho' HAD the be there for the festivities. Both the boys had reminded her of this momentous occasion several times during the week, first at the Duran Duran show they recently attended, and she had visions of Andrew running through the woods as a reincarnated William Wallace (he's Scottish, you know)...so she rushed through the house, me (the hangover) in tow, to collect her needed hash accoutrements-

Steve and Andrew didn't show. They didn't even return her phone calls. And the guys that coerced Steve and Andrew into hashing, Jerkin' Gherkin and Krispy Kreme did not show either.

Not a happy Ho...not happy AT ALL!!!!

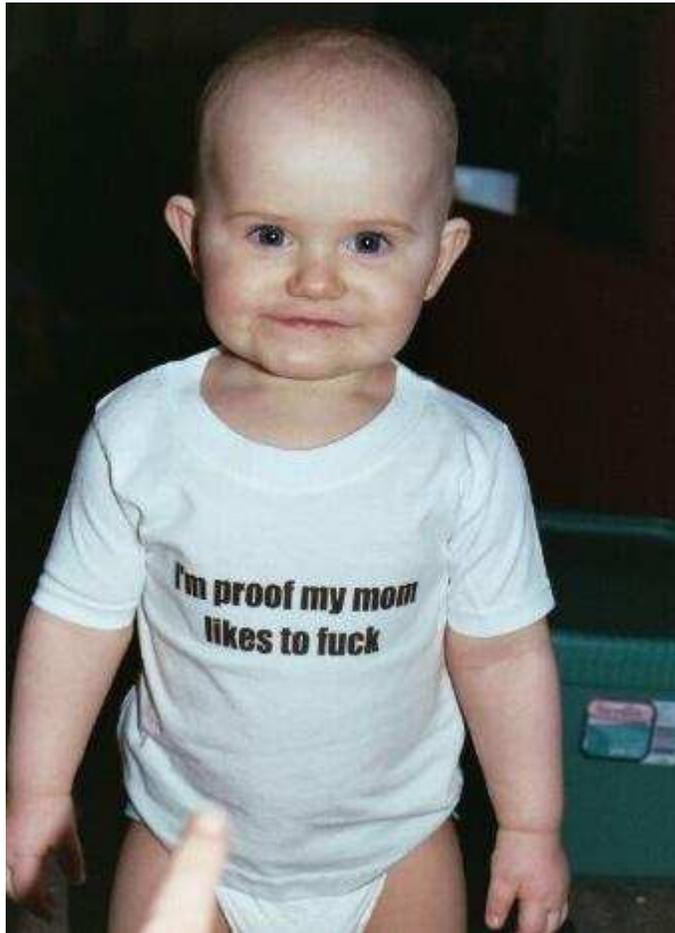
So...let's start with the weather. FREAKIN' COLD! And drizzly...the hounds gathered at the defunct Circuit City on Memorial Drive. My Whore mistress contemplated leaving...since it was but a stone's throw from her home...The Tortilla Flat. However, she remembered the G's original intentions for the hash, to rid of me, the Hangover. Also, we were all warmed by the neon glow of the Canadians' track suits (Thanks to One Ball and Canucklehead for reminding us why the neon trend never came back ☺!), which made the cold a little more bearable. Cynthia Effer was resplendent in his Steelers gear, although underdressed for the occasion. Judging from the random jigs that were breaking out at the start, he was not the only one. My lady Star W was ready to take off and warm up as she was practically in her PJs that day. One lady, Just Andrea, was overdressed in a fur-lined leather jacket. She was immediately dubbed Ms. Pinelake 2004 for her "formal attire."

And off they went...round back of the Circuit City and into a creek. Thus began the string of expletives that would line the course like flour. The pack stopped at a check and we thought aloud how the first mark would be through the tunnel under the interstate. And, of course, we were correct. Now, Star has vertigo in tunnels. She has been known to bite it in tunnels (not what you think, boys). She really gets woozy when her head is spinning and she's nauseous from too much booze(y)...of course, all because of me, her hangover. She was urged on by various hounds who were wondering why she was holding on to the wall and cussing out Ho Checka at every step.

Once out of the tunnel, we had more creek, more mud....and a lovely Scenic View of a RAW SEWAGE WARNING! This was found by ChESM and Star once they did the "barbed-wire limbo" under a collapsed fence (ChESM -or Monkey Bates, whatever- went over the fence while Star decided to go under...and wallow in the contaminated mud). I was wondering at what point Star would realize this was a HO TRAIL and was not going to be a leisurely hash through the parks and neighborhoods of Decatur and Avondale. Speaking of 'hoods...some of the apartment complexes were visual representations of the havoc I wreak on Star's body at least once a week. The kids were friendly enough as they lead the pack through the appropriate tunnels and over the safest rotting mattresses lining the creeks.

ChESM kept my mistress company on the trail and entertained her with stories of vitamin therapies and romantic pursuits...so much so, that they lost trail about three times due to the all the jibber-jabber. They were fooled into following the CB 21-8...which Elvis apparently felt was a CB 16. You know, they have the metric system in Russia, so maybe the numbers are different there! After a short jaunt on some railroad tracks and a scenic walk through beautiful Avondale Estates, we arrived at the On-In, the lovely home of Ho Checka's Momma. At this point I, Star's hangover, had packed my bags for the week, awaiting another morning to do my dirty business on her head and stomach!

Ho Checka's momma shared baby pics with us as we enjoyed orange food, and a fine spread of meat provided by Gasshole and Li'l Sister (get your half-mind outta the gutter). I confiscated this pic of our birthday boy framed above the mantle:



HOW ADORABLE! HO! WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?!?!

Since it was Surly's b-day, several gifts were given, even one to Pinelake. Little Easy, Two Crabs and BWanA were presented with a new PISS POT to

replace the one destroyed at the last Second Amendment hash. We'll see how long that lasts!!! Hat Trick was given a down-down for using vocabulary that indicates that she might be a $\frac{3}{4}$ mind and not a $\frac{1}{2}$ mind. For those who were scratching their heads and drooling dumbly:

Main Entry: **my·o·pia** 🗣️

Pronunciation: mɪ-ˈoʊ-pi-ə

Function: *noun*

Etymology: New Latin, from Greek *myopia*, from *myOp-*, *myOps*

1 : a condition in which the visual images come to a focus in front of the retina of the eye resulting especially in defective vision of distant objects

2 : a lack of foresight or discernment : a narrow view of something

- **my·o·pic** 🗣️ 🗣️ /-ˈoʊ-pɪk, -ˈä-/ *adjective*

- **my·o·pi·cal·ly** 🗣️ /-pi-k(ə-)lə/ *adverb*

Main Entry: **dog·ma·tize** 🗣️

Pronunciation: ˈdɒg-mə-ˈtɪz, ˈdäg-

Function: *verb*

Inflected Form(s): **-tized; -tiz·ing**

Etymology: French *dogmatiser*, from Late Latin *dogmatizare*, from Greek *dogmatizein*, from *dogmat-*, *dogma*

intransitive senses : to speak or write [dogmatically](#)

transitive senses : to state as a [dogma](#) or in a [dogmatic](#) manner

- **dog·ma·ti·za·tion** 🗣️ /ˈdɒg-mə-tɪ-zə-ʃən, ˈdäg-/
noun

- **dog·ma·tiz·er** *noun*

We also celebrated Little Easy's 100th Pinelake and Dawgy Style's 140th hash...get a life!

Overall, despite the weather and the long-ass dirty trail (lovely!), a fine day was had by all! Happy birthday to our little Ho Chaka, I mean, Checka!

On-out!

Star Whore's Hangover