

Because Life's Too Short to Drink Cheap Beer

Pinelake Hash House Harriers

928

February 12, 2005

NARVIE HARRIS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - *Hares*: Redneck Mutha and Skypilot; *Hounds*: Davey Crochet, Yoron Weed, Just Jason (1st timer), Donny the Retard, Niplets, Dangling Partisnipple, Boner, Bone Hole, Star Whore, Pluck My Pubies (visitor from Minneapolis), Toothless Beaver, Canucklehead, Just Josh (3rd timer), Butt Floss, virgin Dana, Spermier, Slippery When Wet, Squid Dick, Shiggy Pitts, To Kill a Cockingbird, Hangs to the Right, Anal Fissure, virgin Steve, Rat's Ass, General Erect Dick, Wine Ho, and Tailgunner.

Well, as you can see from the list of hounds: **a)** the weather was pretty damn nice, and **b)** it was a normal Pinelake hash with the late-cummers cumming late as usual! (Sorry General Erect Dick, Wine Ho, and Tailgunner but it's true!) After a little more urination than normal – come on people, it wasn't that long of a drive! – Jambi reappeared just in time to give the special instructions (none) and take off on his five minute head start. We made up stories about trail marks for the virgins and mocked Spermier for going shopping for (*gasp*) new shoes instead of running trail. But soon enough it was that time for “many to die” and we were off.

Trail led around the back of the school to some sewer easements along Snapfinger Creek. After a check or two and some “last mark!” calls we found our way over or in some cases through the creek and onto a suspiciously similar sewer easement. But soon enough we were plunged into hamsterland, hunched over like Quasimodo on a bad day. Much blood flowed as briars attacked from every direction, slowing the pack to a crawl. This lasted for the better part of 30 minutes, until we broke out into a neighborhood and crossed a road to get to more delicious shiggy. There were power line cuts, briars, streams, whole acres of downed trees, briars, forests, more briars, etc – just what a Pinelake should be! Eventually we saw the surreal view of a satellite farm in front of us, and trail skirted around to the left past some nicely fenced DeKalb County Conservation areas. (No, no one has any idea what they are conserving!) Suddenly trail broke into a large open field – at the bottom of it, of course – and the bag truck was spied. Cheers of “beer near” were equal to the groans of the weary contemplating crossing the field (all uphill) and then getting past a fence to the end. Luckily a ladder was available for the fence crossing and there was still beer at the end as the hares trickled in after the FRB Niplets.

Although a bit nippy, the weather held while the last of the pack (less Tailgunner who started really late) made it to the end and got changed into drier, warmer clothes.

Spermier eventually returned from his shopping spree with new shoes to show for it. Circle was called to disorder by Shiggy Pitts, who proceeded to finger Bone Hole (yes, I know, it's a scary thought) to provide a demonstration down-down. Bone Hole availed himself very nicely and the two virgins, Steve and Dana, were able to follow suit. Our visitor from the Great White North, Pluck My Pubies, showed us how down-downs are done up there (gee, just like down here!). The too longs – including Slippery When Wet, Spermier, Dangling Partisnipple, General Erect Dick, and Wine Ho – weren't gone so long that they couldn't remember what to do. Niplets got his just rewards for being so damn fast, as did the DFLs of record (where the hell was Tailgunner?). Jambi and Slippery received their 200 run patches and Skypilot his 100 run patch (this event actually took a while considering Slippery's drinking pace).

So the next step were two namings – **Michelle** and **Taylor**. Sounds straightforward enough, especially considering that there was dirt on both of them and Shiggy Pitts had been crowing for a week that **Michelle** was from Prince Albert, Canada. Maybe it was the long trail or the long weekend, or our general level of stupidity, but we had *nuthin'*. Even lame names were hard to come by, and yours truly couldn't help but give Shiggy Pitts a down-down for not knowing what a Prince Albert was after all the commotion. So we moved on to giving the people who made the namees come (Canucklehead and Star Whore) some Bigfoot ale while we all thought... and thought... and thought. Finally the name “**Toothless Beaver**” was thrown out and agreed on for **Michelle** while **Taylor** was dubbed “**Hangs to the Right**”. Thank God we didn't screw that up!

So with a final few lottery down-downs going to Donny the Retard and someone that looked blurry at that point, announcements were made and the pack dispersed to the far corners of Atlanta and Minnesota. A great trail resulted in a great time for all, and our namings are out of the way (for a while.) Third-timer Josh will be the next victim so get those twisted thinking caps on.

Next week's hash will be hared by the ever-lovely Star Whore and her trusty manservant Niplets, standing in for Cheese Eating Surrender Monkey a/k/a Master Bates. 'Til then.

On Out