

Pinelake 938 – 23 April 2005

Our hares, 2 Crabs Fucking and Bitch with an Attitude, had chosen a not-often used (especially for Pinelake) corner of SE Atlanta for the 938th running of the Pinelake hash. 39 hounds heeded the call and arrived on the sunny but cold afternoon. The two virgins, Brian and Chris, were regaled with the chalk talk by Shiggy Pitts as the hares bounded away – in different directions. FYYFFs! Casting aside all logic, most of the pack followed Bitch with an Attitude on the road, around the corner, and to the YBF. I repeat, FYYFFs. So back past the start where the bimbo Donny was grinning like a, well, like a retard watching us retrace our path. As we would later learn the real joke was on GE and Little Easy, who decided that running through the YBF was a good idea.

Trail wound down into a wooded area, a veritable field of poison ivy. Forging ahead (HEAD?! Who said head?) we made our way through the woods and to a tunnel or two



(about which the hares had uncharacteristically warned the pack). Trail did indeed go through the tunnels and along a creek, eventually leading to a confused-looking Elvis standing at the intersection of the creek and an easement. A check was found off to the side, leading up and almost doubling back the way we had come. Although not rivaling the quarry from the last Black Sheep, we were faced with quite a climb,

eventually spilling us up onto a flat, sparsely wooded area. From there it was back out to a road before again finding more woods to follow. Eventually an easement was found and followed for quite a while before – you guessed it – more woods. Everything seemed to be going smoothly, with Worthless Sac firmly in the lead, when a call sounding like “beer near” was heard. It may actually have been “hare near” as Bitch with an Attitude was waiting for the front of the pack in front of a beauty of a swamp, belly-aching about running out of flour and TP. Davey provided a few more squares of TP as Bitch with an Attitude promised to pick up his flour on the other side of the swamp and come back and mark trail. Being the heartless people we are, the five minutes elapsed and we were off again. Although going at a snail’s pace due to the think muck, very soon after we found Bitch with an Attitude again heading towards us, laying more trail as he went. Part of his plan was to sucker us (well, Elvis, to be more specific) to a drop-off that took the unwary from balls-deep to swimming depth in the space of one step. We were lucky, although not everyone appeared to emerge quite as dry.

From there it was around some softball fields, the BN, and the on-in behind some small office buildings. The first 10 minutes or so were spent listening to Crabby make fun of Bitch with an Attitude for running out of supplies and getting snared, especially since Crabby went back and laid the last part of trail before Bitch with an Attitude got there. Eventually everyone made it in, including TLS riding in a car with Bagless, Fag Hag, and visiting Wedgie. General Erect Dick and Little Easy came in almost an hour after the FRBs, telling stories of how boxing doesn't always work (ya think?!). I'll Folk Her and Size Doesn't Matter rounded out the DFLs and then it was circle time.

Size Doesn't Matter was called out of retirement and Davey was pressed into service as down-downs were awarded for a variety of totally made-up reasons. Butt Floss provided the demonstration down-down and then the virgins followed suit. First-timer Waaaa and



a whole slew of too-longs including Fag Hag, Gentrifukation, Butt Nutt, Dain Bramage, Fallopian Tuba, Elvis, and Dain Bramage joined our visitor in a down-down. Our socialites, Toothless Beaver and Hangs to the Right, were awarded beers for talking on the phone after trail. Surly Temple was given a down-down for his new Surly (Superman) pants, which look just like the PJ bottoms he usually

wears after circle, just slightly gayer (if that's possible). The "two ugly chicks" – Little EZ and GE – were given their drinks for their box debacle and were regaled with "here's to sister hasher, sister hasher..." Worthless Sac received his just reward for his first-ever snare, the hares did their thing, and then Pinelake employed the totally-random Bitch with an Attitude method of "lottery" down-downs to make anyone we felt like drink. Circle was called to a close and it was off to Gravity for more beer.

Thanks to the hares for an awesome trail and thanks to Donny for stepping up as bimbo. Till next time...

On Out