

# Pinelake #939: Commie May Day Hash!

April 30, 2005

Hares: Dain Bramage and Elvis

*In America, you can always find a party. In  
Russia, the party always finds you.*

*-Yakov Smirnoff*



## Hounds:

Anal Fissure

Bone Hole

Boob Teaser (too long)

Butt Floss (100 run mug)

Canucklehead

Cock-A-Noodle (renamed

Bring Em Young, hammock  
down-down)

Cynthia F\*cker

Davey Crochet

Deposit Slit (too long /  
bimbo)

Donny The Retard

Dr. Doo-Doo

Everqueer

Goldiloxxx (too long)

Ho Checker

House of Boobs

I Da Ho

I'll Folk Her

Just Matt (virgin)

Just Matt (3rd timer)

Just Ryan (2nd timer)

Just Terry (4th timer / too  
long)

Kaptain Krash

Krispy Kreme (too long)

Little Easy (snare)

Major Wanker (namee)

Niplets

On All Fours (bimbo)

Ooops (too long)

Pissticide

Port-a-Jay (snare)

Psychedelic P\*ssy (too long  
/ bimbo)

P\*ssy Pilot (too long)

Runs Down My Leg (too  
long)

Shiggy Pitts (bimbo)

Size Doesn't Matter

Soggy Dick (too long)

Squid Dick (FRB)

Star Whore

Tail Gunner (FRB)

Tastes Like Sh\*t

To Kill a C\*ckingbird

Urine Development

Wine Ho

Yoron Weed (snare / FRB)

***Good day, comrade! Velcum to zee segund anyooal commyuneest hash of ze  
Pine-Lyake Hash Houze Harriers!***

It was a beautiful gray "Leningrad-like" day in DeKalb County...gray like the fur-lined coats of the KGB, gray like the bowls of gruel ladled to the workers, gray like, well, it was damn gray. The group gathered at the Murphey Candler Elementary school, dressed in their finest Commie attire. My favorite shirt was **P\*ssy Pilot's** Ronald Reagan as Che Guevara tee. I must say, I was surprised at the amount of Communist propaganda items the PH3'ers owned...although **Niplets** was representing his peeps with a POLSKA Olympic shirt. Solidarity indeed!

**Solidarity**



The pack was in for a long Stalin-esque death march over, around, and through Arabia Mountain. With the rain sweeping through the area that morning, it made for a pretty treacherous hike through land that resembled the basin of The Sea of Tranquility. The pack was off and was a bit thrown by the first check on trail. I stood by with **C\*ckingbird** and other clever hounds...let the FRBs find the YBFs! We trekked through trails in the woods on the mountain and navigated some newly built beaver dams. **Yoron Weed's** friend **Just Terry** instructed his virgin **Matt** on the finer points of toilet paper while **Pissticide** made his way through some Jurassic briars. Your scribe, **Star Whore**, ended up with some fine company in **IDaHo** and the ever-fetching **Surly Temple**, resplendent in his red spring dress.



The threesome made their way across the rocks and shared stories of happier days: when being stoned on Stone Mountain and watching the Laser Show was all in good innocent fun, when a five foot tall man in a dress could get drunk in Savannah and "bow up" to the locals, and when- well...it was determined if you could remember the "good old days", you are probably lying.

**Surly Temple's** dress didn't hold up through **Elvis and Dain Bramage's** Siberian Hash Express and tore in the back. He looked like an escaped mental patient as he crossed Klondike Road (I think...the one that runs through the park). Just then, **IDaHo** and **Star Whore** noticed some interesting scratch marks on **Surly's** back...hmmm. While we were making our way, we were passed by **Donnie thu Retahd**, who was overachieving his way down the hill, apparently followed by **Wine Ho** (who I never saw come by- she's too freakin' quick). I laughed to myself as I thought of possible names of Donnie's mother...I like Short Bus, as she once carried Donnie (get it? Damn- I am so clever ☺)!



We saw a gathering crowd of red-shirts at the base of the mountain and felt that we were edging closer to the BN; however, to our surprise, it was just a vodka stop...with a circle of folks studying a map. We were greeted by **Bone Hole**, looking a little like a Christmas elf in his red and green hashin' fashions:

Howdy y'all!  
Wanna vodka  
shot?



The vodka was flavored with what I believed to be peppers harvested from Chernobyl. I was so thirsty at this point that I was willing to suck the rain out of the leaves on the trees, so the spicy concoction nearly made me hurl and made for less than enjoyable toxic belches on the trail.

*Thankfully, no one ended up like this poor babushka:*  
<http://tlc.discovery.com/news/atp/20031117/vodka.html>

**Oops!** felt the need to tempt fate by taking a shot and getting up close and personal with a bear trap. Maybe that bear trap was appropriate, because at the stop were the two Hares from Rodina (um, you know, The Big Bear)! Apparently, they were lost. While we waited for the hares to find their way, **Canucklehead** scolded me for reading up on *Episode III: Revenge of the Sith* before the May 19<sup>th</sup> release and told me about Kevin Smith's love of fellating

George Lucas. We were concerned about the hares lack of direction; however, it was all in the spirit of Glasnost, as we were within spitting distance of the end...and greeted by **Psychedelic P\*ssy** and her loveable companion, Pork Chop, **Deposit Slit, On All Fours**, and the super-suave **Shiggy Pitts!** Soon, the pack started to trickle in, including Team DFL, **Size Doesn't Matter** and **I'll Folk Her...**although they did not live up to their name as **Everqueer** made his way in as we began the circle ☺.

In the spirit of the day, **Cynthia F\*cker** donned an ushanka that made him nearly as tall as I am. After more rounds of vodka, bottles of lovely beer, and orange food, the down-downs commenced (by the way, I love anyone who offers me chocolate chip cookies and beer!). It was quite the lively group! **Butt Floss** received a mug for his 100<sup>th</sup> Pine Lake and we were graced with a special appearance by **Taste Likes Sh\*t's** hairy hiney (Get a wax! Get a wax!). **Dr. Doo-Doo** sang the classics and **Niplets** called out his friend **Just Matt** for saying that the Pine Lake hash reminded him of some "strange gay cult." First time Pine Laker **House of Boobs** (who has the same Jedi hash chair as me...damnit!) let him know that that was not necessarily true by displaying her two nuclear warheads replete with hardware (or was it the guys that had the hardware? Hmmm). I must say that **C\*ckingbird**, after the guys were eager to demonstrate to **Matt** that that was proof we were not all gay, leaned over to me and said, "Um...lesbians." Clever bird! The hares were generous enough to give out hats to the snares: **Niplets** (I can't believe the hat fit that noggin'), **Yoron Weed, Squid Dick, Port-a-Jay,** and **Little Easy**; however, we were left to wonder WHO DIDN'T snare the hares! We had a difficult time with the naming of **Krispy Kreme's** cop-friend-who's-nerd-name-escapes-me, but, as he had his hands in his pockets while in standing in the circle, he was quickly dubbed **Major Wanker**. Too Long **Cock-a-Noodle** made two grievous hash errors by bringing a hammock and then proclaiming he was tired because he was "up all night with his daughter." To prove how sick we really are (his daughter is NINE MONTHS OLD!), he was re-named **Bring'em Young**. After all this nonsense, **Little Easy** sang a fine and appropriate tune to our hares **Dain** and **Elvis**, and then **Elvis** graced us with one of his famous "yokes." I had to the pleasure of being with him as he told his joke, which obviously was funnier in Russian. I could not help but wonder what my lovechild begotten of **Elvis** would look like. I figured he would look something like this:

I love that he still goes by "Ken"



I was then attacked by the present members of the **Mag 7, Anal Fissure** and **Shiggy** (Shiggy's Mag 7? Please correct me if I am wrong...). My hash day was

complete! After appeasing the residents and closing the circle, we all took our four-wheel drive all terrain vehicles, bogged out of there and called it a day!

**Счастья и здоровья!**- Star Whore

*I apologize in advance for anyone I left out...if you have anything to add to future trashes, e-mail me at [terri\\_n73@hotmail.com](mailto:terri_n73@hotmail.com). The stupider, the better! Thanks!*



***Many people are surprised to hear that we have comedians in Russia, but they are there.  
They are dead, but they are there.  
Yakov Smirnoff***



I'll show you a "gay cult," boy! Ever seen *Deliverance*?

*For more pics- see the Photos page on the Pine Lake website. Thanks, Squid!*

*For more on the Elvis Trooper:  
<http://www.elvistrooper.com>*