



Shiggy Pitts' Social Security Hash: Pinelake #956

We're all in danger of losing it!

August 24, 2005



Party like you're almost 99!

Hares: Shiggy Pitts, Low Fur, and Butt Floss

Hounds:

Krispy Kreme
Okie Pokie Chicken
Chokie
Rat's Ass
Ass Cracker
Anal Fissure
Double Penetration

Stupid Is As Stupid Does
Colonel Clit
Daryl (Virgin)
Star Whore
Yassir Creamer
One Ball
Snail Trail

Pissticide
Red Neck Mutha
Frog Fister
Boney Part
Donny thu Retahd
Yeaster Bunny

The trail:

I have a horrible habit of giving great... advice, and NEVER following it. It's been nearly two months since the hash and I am JUST NOW (in October) getting around to writing the trash. Yes, not good form at all. I'll remember what I can and, hopefully, give proper credence to this fine, fine hash!

The hounds gathered in the Perimeter Mall parking lot, which was cornered off by a bevy of emergency vehicles on display. Surely, they had been warned that **Shiggy** was setting the trail and the defibrillators may have to be used in case his ticker conked out on trail. Fortunately, he had **Butt Floss** there to revive him, or at least check for cavities, if something went wrong. As we were gathered at the start, a ghostly figure from a time long past materialized: **Yassir Creamer!** I almost dropped the colostomy bag I had purchased for **Shiggy's** birthday right there in the lot! He looked at me and said, quite smugly, "I have been at six hashes in the past two week... where have you been?" Damn, some things never change. He now has a little "yip-yip" dog that someone could have easily punted across Macy's if he were so inclined. I mean, honestly... those dogs are useless.

I had a feeling welling up in the pit of my stomach that we were in for a long day of going underground. I asked **Frog Fister** (who comes from a long line of meat-packers... as him about it!) to stay close when we entered the dark, dank bowels of Dunwoody and he agreed to be a gentleman and help a sister out. We were not disappointed as we were lead into the first round of tunnels near the "Fun-Hoody" MARTA station. A check was placed on a sandy bank between two tunnel entrances. What the "check-markers" didn't do was indicate which tunnel we should enter. By the time we got to the

entrance, our shouts of "Are you?" were fruitless. We took a guess and followed the tunnel that seemed to ring with the most "Whoo-Hoos!" and "Oh My Gods!" and "Don't step on that rat carcass!" (not **Rat Ass's** carcass, mind you!). We finally escaped the tunnel maze, and like good little lab rats, found our way to a water-stop. What? No beer?

We then wound our way through a neighborhood and an office complex and ran into **Frog Fister** emerging from a tunnel. We had found a check and he told us that we needed to go into the tunnel. We looked ahead and saw some of the pack going the other way. **Snail Trail** and I, having enough of mucky tunnels, decided to try to find our way around the tunnel and back on trail. Sure enough, we found flour... but no **Frog**. He went back into the tunnel the wrong way!

That Med School education didn't help ya 'that time, did it COLLEGE BOY?!?

After taking a little dunk into a pond and climbing up a ladder into ANOTHER TUNNEL, we arrived at a pleasant little creek. Snail decided she had to test the water to see if it was "healthy" and waded in thigh-deep water with a Gatorade bottle looking for living creatures. Thoroughly skeeved, I caught up with **Krispy Kreme** and we had a pleasant little jog through the campus of Marist High School.

The hash ended at a picnic area near Murphey Candler Park. I had horrible memories of the 45 minutes I spent at a check in Murphey Candler Park last summer. Thankfully, the nightmare of an aimless 45 minutes of hell and baseball had been replaced with a sleepy, dreamy afternoon of beer and camaraderie with a fine group of Pinelakers (not that the group I was with before was bad... just fighting mini-vans and wilting in the heat, away from beer, kinda blows)!



- Krispy Kreme- too long
- Rat's Ass- too long, shortcut through tunnel

Down-Downs of note (or noted):

- Double Penetration- too long/ visitor
- Stupid Is As Stupid Does- too long
- Colonel Clit- too long since his near-drowning (eh?)
- Darryl- virgin
- Yassir Creamer- bimbo
- Redneck Mutha- too long
- Frog Fister- FRB
- Boney Part- too long, lost at start
- Yeaster Bunny- showed up at end
- *AND OF COURSE:*
- Shiggy Pitts- Birthday Down-Down... we love you, man

on-out!
Star Whore