



Pinelake answers the age-old question...

What do you get when you cross a Squid and a Gator?

Hey kids! Remember me? I am Elizabeth's Half-Visitor child from the TV series *V!* I couldn't help but wonder what type of spawn this genetic impossibility would render! Figured that I, being half intergalactic lizard man and mild-mannered suburban earthling woman, might look like the progeny about to spring forth from the womb of *Size Doesn't Matter* ... the said Gator. Imagine my immense existential sadness when I realized that there could only be one freakish, reptilian anomaly in this world and, sadly, that is I. Oh well ... more rats for me to devour and one more human to harvest for our leader, Diana. She's one hot piece of Visitor Commander Ass! DAMN! Resist this, bitches!



Pinelake Hash #964 October 22, 2005

HARES: Size Doesn't Matter and Squid Dick

Hounds:

Two Crabs
EZ Cheeks
Pissticide
Anal Fissure
Pussy Pilot
Cums N Glows
Star Whore
Rub Me Now
Just Tayven
Titwit
Pigless
Bloody Barbie

Dr. DooDoo
Ass Cracker
Weiner Schlutzel
Hired Hand
House of Boobs
Surly Temple
Butt Floss
Yeaster Bunny
Slippery When Wet
Spermier
Front End Load Her
Auto Erotic

Little Easy
Hide the Salami
Where's My Nipple?
Donnie Thu Retahd
Tailgunner
F*ck Me Pumps
Just Nathan
Just Patrick
To Kill a C*ckingbird
Snapping Hyman

The trail:

Let me begin by making something abundantly clear to all you girls and "men who like boys who dig girls like they're boys" out there ... BOYS LIE! BOYS LIE LIKE DOGS! Front End Load Her graciously offered to give me some insight into the Eagle trail, which I heard was scrumptulescent, and, much like C*ckingbird before, has reneged on the offer. Well, maybe that is a little harsh ... maybe he forgot. Maybe he has better things to do with his time than record the "doins" of hashes past. Maybe I am big ol' pussoi and should have done the Eagle trail so I would have something interesting to write. No matter ... boys are big smelly liars. So there.

Anyhoo- enough man-bashing ;)! This was an extra-special hash as it was in celebration of the shotgun nuptials of our own Squid Dick and Size Doesn't Matter. The two got hitched up "all respectable like" over Labor Day weekend and announced soon thereafter that there was a little hash-child on the way ... thanks to the Clits and their magnificent fertility-drug margaritas! I will stay as far away from those as humanly possible, thank you!

As we waited at the Wayfield Foods on Metropolitan Parkway (always a sign of some ghetto-rific shiggy!), Size informed us that Squid was setting the last part of the trail. This had our Forever-FRBs, Two Crabs, Little Easy and Pussy Pilot chomping at the bit for some snaring on a *dead* trail. Apparently, it nearly happened at some random tunnel containing some dead animals that was near some homeless camp on the EAGLE trail ... but we'll never know for sure if that is the case, shall we? ****ahem****

We were off ... the Eagles across the street and the Turkeys down Metropolitan Parkway to a school bus depot (or maybe it was a parking lot ... or maybe someone was living there, who freakin' knows?). Butt Floss, Slippery and I jogged through some neighborhoods and admired the fine black lacquer furniture deposited on the sidewalk. Why did someone throw out some perfectly good furniture like that? It was a mystery...

We sauntered into a park and searched a bit at a check. Once we sorted out that the trail ran parallel to the creek, we soldiered on and discovered some brick oven/ chimney things along the path. Butt Floss quipped, since the brick structures were square, that Square Meat now had a place for his, well, meat. And OH HOW WE LLLLAUUUGGHED!

As we exited Perkerson Park, EZ Cheeks found a little pussy on trail. It was a little worse for the wear and looked like it hadn't had any attention for days. She carefully placed it close to her chest and made sure that it was well-satisfied once we reached the On-In at the under-renovation homes of Hired Hand and Squid Dick. It then went to Auto Erotic, who made sure it was warm and secure under her clothes. Tailgunner and F*ck Me Pumps took the little one home and have made her part of the family. If that doesn't warm the cockles, I don't know what will ;)!

Hired Hand, Weiner Schlutzel, Size Doesn't Matter and Squid Dick had a keg waiting for thirsty hashers at the end, as well as Sloppy Joes (the whole Key West thing) and lots of fry-able nibbles to soak up the beer. Pussy Pilot presented Mr. and Mrs. Dick with a Key West flag, which Doo-Doo announced was the first flag to be emblazoned with a labia. After circle and a seemingly endless list of down-downs, we gathered to toast the happy couple. Altogether, it was quite the enjoyable affair ("it was quite the enjoyable affair").

Down-Downs:

Two Crabs- FRB (eagle)
Cums N' Glows (DFL)
Star Whore- FRB (turkey- does that even count?)
Just Tayven- Virgin
Titwit- Too Long
Pigless- Bimbo
Weiner Schlutzel- Bimbo
House of Boobs- Bimbo
Hired Hand- Bimbo
Surlly Temple- FRB and Being Davey and Yoron (...no idea what that means)
Slippery When Wet- FRB (turkey), Too Long, October Birthday
Spermier- Too Long, FRB (eagle)
Little Easy- FRB
Hide the Salami- Overachiever ... going for a run after the turkey trail because it was too short
Where's My Nipple?- October Birthday
Donnie thu Retahd- DFL
Just Nathan- car hashing
To Kill a C*ckingird- car hashing
Just Patrick- car-hashing (respectfully declined down-down despite much goading)
Snapping Hymen- car hashing (went to a lecture rather than hash that day...but still made it to circle ☺!)



AND A RENAMING!

Yeaster Bunny is now known as CAPTAIN CHENILLE! I mean, really ... Who wears a CHENILLE sweater to a hash?

Best wishes to happy couple and baby!

*on-out...
Star Whore*

