

LinePake Hash House Harriers

Because Life's Too Short To Drink Cheap Beer

Holder of the HashShit: Can it still be Little Easy?

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Your 2004-2005 Mismuddlement

Grand Master:	Sky Pilot
Religious Adviser:	Shiggy Pitts
Joint Master and Mattress:	Davey Crochet Wiener Stutzel
Hash Cash:	Yoron Weed
Phone Sex Kitten:	Psychedelic Pussy
Hareraiser:	Niplets
Haberdasher:	Size Doesn't Matter
Bier Meister:	One Ball

Hash # 971 December 10, 2005
Hares: EZ Cheeks and Just My Size
Venue: W.D. Thompson Park – Mason Mill Road

It began as all other hashes began: the vapid look of confusion, the quick finger-pointing of blame, cats humping strangers' legs, staple guns not being used for their intended purpose. If only the rest of my life could be this predictable.

Our hares du jour promised a wild and wooly time, and we had no reason to doubt them. Okay, we had every reason to doubt them ... they're hares, they lie. Nonetheless a gargantuan pack of 21 hounds gathered round on this lovely afternoon.

"I'm a good little doggy!" proclaimed **Just My Size** as she and **EZ Cheeks** attempted to 'splain what was in store for us. Meanwhile, the pack enjoyed tea and crumpets, while **Pisticide** provided rousing renditions of various show tunes.



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With the traditional utterance of “What in the Wide Wide World of Sports is going on out here,” **Niplets** declared the 2004 Olympic Games open, and we were off. **Davey Crochet** took the lead by sprinting down the middle of Lawrenceville Highway, which was strange in itself as we weren’t anywhere near Lawrenceville Highway.

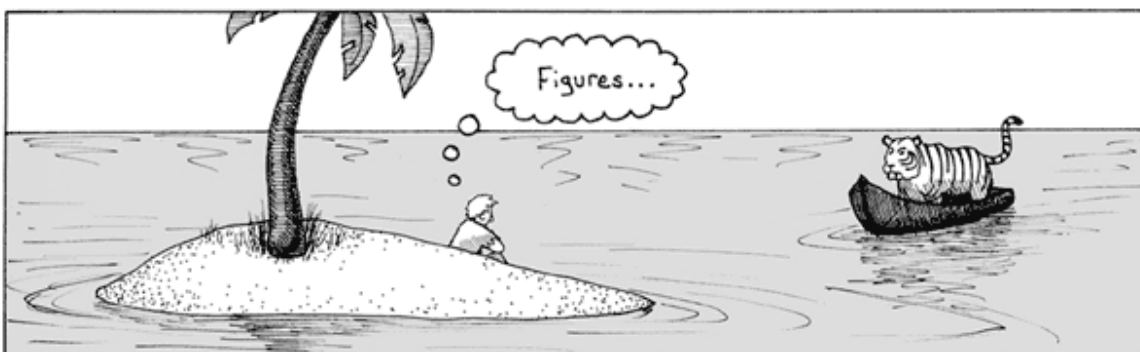
As for the trail, well, who can remember. It was a week and a half ago, and the full frontal lobotomy has diminished my memory a bit. I know there were woods and squirrels and trails and wombats and creek crossings and rabbits with sharp pointy teeth (sorry, wrong hash).

Trail wandered on the network of trails in Thompson Park until we emerged behind an apartment complex off Lavista Road near Toco Hills. A nice 350° check at Lavista allowed some of us slower hounds to jump to the front of the pack as we heard **Little Easy** blowing On-On behind the shopping center. Considering the hares mentioned that this was going to be a nice trail-running trail, I figured we were headed towards Mason Mill Park. Sho’ ‘nuff ... we crossed Clairmont Road and headed into the woods towards what **Yoron Weed** called his “favorite swamp”. Except **Weed** found out true trail really didn’t go through it -- I nevertheless didn’t want to take that chance, so I long-cutted up to N. Druid Hills Road and boxed over to the railroad tracks ... where I ran into **Yoron** again. And it seems I was a trendsetter as **Butt Floss** and countless others came On-In with dry shoes as well.

Anyhoo, trail hit the trails, up and down, down and up ... except for us wily old-timers who stayed low by the railroad tracks as to avoid the hills. And there’s **Weed** again. Hey, and there’s **Niplets** and **Little Easy**, wandering around a check. The four of us continue to wander around until flour is found heading towards the apartment complex and then across Clairmont behind the VA hospital. Lastly, a little more trail running behind Emory and Yerkes led us the highly anticipated BN off the beaten path in the woods next the the VA. And there was much rejoicing. And yeah, it was real shocking to see the SCB’s **BWanA** and **Dawgy Style** already in. Well, them and **Pull My String**, **Show Ur Anus**, **Donny thu Retahd**, and **Ho Checka** who all magically found the end ... by car.

Down-downs proceeded after much gnashing of teeth because several intrepid souls hadn’t been seen for days, including (much to my surprise) **Yoron Weed**. But before we could skewer and roast our hares, the stragglers arrived with only a minimal loss of limbs and life. Let’s see, we had us a virgin, **Tyler Townsend**, and **Niplets**, who made him cum; a veritable cornucopia of Too-Longs: **Phred**, **Killer Bee**, **Furry Balls**, **Maxwell Twat**, **Front End Loader**, **Boner Rooter** and **Rat’s Ass**; **Ho Checka** turned 21 again; **Tailgunner** looked like the Michelin Man; and a bunch more that aren’t written down on this yellow sheet of paper I’ve got.

And that be that. Scribe: Rat’s Ass



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