

## Pinelake Hash #972

*Because Life's Too Short to Drink Cheap Beer*

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Ahhh... dear hashers do gather 'round and hear the story that was the not so **Little Easy** and Chafed **Niplets** hash (Pinelake hash #972). The sea was angry that day my friends; and the old north wind cut through each brave soul like a rusty knife, stuck in the gut. The brave souls gathered in a reputable Home Depot in the bustling slumopolis of Jonesboro. This parking lot boasts such a reputation that even our policeman friend **Krispy Kreme** refuses to leave his car there. Thankfully though the only thing that was lost this December afternoon was **Dawgy Style**, but we'll get to that later.

The surly lot of adventurers included **Davey Crochet**, **Yoron Weed**, **Frog Fister**, **Blow Me**, **Little Willy**, **Anal Fissure**, **Dawgy Style**, **Hangs to the Right**, **Urine Development**, and **Front End Loader**. The paltry group was a result of either fear of a **Little Easy/Niplets** collaboration or the confusing play on words used to describe the hash (diametrically opposed – scary stuff). As far as bimbos go, we had a fine lot of them. **Just My Size**, **Psychedelic Pussy**, and **I'll Folk Her** made up a group of the finest chemical fire makers this hasher has seen in quite some time.

As the hares headed out on their great adventure, **Little Willy** entertained himself by rolling tires – which seemed to captivate us all. Meanwhile, **Anal Fissure** attempted to drum up support for the Tacky Lights Tour. Most of his pleas, however, were met with grunts and snarls due to the bitter cold and alcohol withdrawal. **Blow Me** was contemplating bimboing, but stupidly decided to tough it out.

The hounds left behind their vehicles (to the delight of the homeless men hiding in the bushes) and started on the Sir Gawain-esque

journey. I personally found it humorous that the local Arby's had been shut down, but the Shrimp 'N Chicken shack was bustling with patrons (apparently if you order the #5 you get *Shrimp and Crack*).

Our time on the road was short lived, however, and we quickly entered what turned out to be a long, arduous shiggy filled wonderland. We entered the woods and soon were confronted with the omnipresent hasher dilemma – do I *try to stay dry and tip toe around the stream*, or do I say *f\*ck it, I don't care that it's 32.5 degrees out, and go up to my knees in sewage*. We all weighed trench foot vs. falling behind the pack... and trenchfoot won. Somehow not being able to feel your feet can actually be useful in situations such as this.

A short while later, we came across the Alexandria of South Atlanta: South Atlanta High School – where students come first... when you pass the dutchy. We were met with yet another test of mind, body, and soul: do we follow the marks or do we make our own path? Most of us, in fact all but one, patiently found the path (or let others find it then follow along) but not **Dawgy Style**. He may have watched the Howie Long Chevy Truck commercial one too many times, for he decided to make his own way. He was not to be bound by the well worn path. *He was his own man*. He would not be constricted by the white man's ways: following flour, saying "On On," celebrating a commercialized holiday, not wearing feminine undergarments, having flour before haring (see hash #937)... you get the point. As the group went one way, he went on his own personal hajj. We would not see him for another three hours.

Moving on, our fearless hares brought us through a shantytown, made up of

abandoned houses, strange tire formations, and a quaint outhouse (no, we did not run through it) that made even the most valiant bowel quiver. While running I felt as though we would be greeted by either a) the ghost of a small child asking where his mommy is or b) a homeless man asking *where his Olde English be at*. Unfortunately neither apparition appeared, but the scene playing in my head did quicken my pace a bit.

Hmm... how to sum up the rest of the trail... run, run, run, run, *sh\*t that thorn across my face really kind of hurts...* run, run, run, *are you f'ing kidding me?! Are we really running up that hill?* run, run, run, *awesome, we are going back on the road...* run, f\*ck we are just crossing the road, climb over a fence, onto a log, damn, **Frog Fister** just fell ass first into an sinkhole underneath some undergrowth... step carefully so I don't bust my ass too, run, run, walk, walk, start thinking, "When is this damn thing going to end?" when in reality you have three more miles to go... walk, walk, stumble, pass out after slipping on a rock and hitting your head... Block out the rest of the trail to make you ignorant enough to do it again the next week. *Beer Near!*

Our Bimbos were second to none this week, my friends. Not only did they build a fire that even the homeless man eyeing my CDs back at the Home Depot would be proud of, but they also procured a bottle of Hot Damn! to warm our weary spirits. The on-in was at the end of a fine development (sans houses) that was not only minutes from the ghetto, but also directly in the flight line of the airport. Lots are on sale as we speak! Good thinking Mr. *Let's Cut Down Every Tree in Atlanta Developer!*

Outfits were varied this week – ranging from **Psychedelic Pussy** and **Just My Size's** "Balls" sweatshirts to **Little Willy's** "Special Kid" Thrashers hat. Topping all accessories, however, were **Niplets'** rape gloves – the perfect gift for that special

someone who loves to force himself upon you. The quote of the night was, when explaining the importance of rape gloves, **Niplets** proclaimed, "There's being a rapist and then there's being inconsiderate." I couldn't agree more.

We decided to begin circle despite the fact that **Dawgy Style** was probably taking up residence in one of the abandoned houses (perhaps even cuddling with the aforementioned homeless guy and listening to my CDs that he had just stolen). The biggest news is that **I'll Folk Her** was renamed **Dunkin' Honuts** for reasons that only a few select hashers know. Other down downs included partner down downs – the Balls girls with **Frog Fister** and his Staff shirt (Balls and Staff – get it), **Hangs to the Right** (myself) and **Blow Me** (for our phallic names), and **Davey** and **Yoron** – our very own Sonny and Cher.

As the sun set on our glorious hash, out of the woods came **Dawgy Style** – resilient as ever. Apparently he shortcutted and then ran the trail backwards – twice. He was able to have his fair share of Hot Damn! before **Anal Fissure** choked it all down and the pack was whole again. As the rape gloves melted and a strange green mist emanated from the fire, we were once again reminded of the true meaning of hashing – to run, drink beer, and make fun of one another – a lesson **Psychedelic Pussy** was contemplating as she squatted in the bushes, trying not to be seen in her bright white sweatshirt. Eventually, we got back to our cars and the great hash spirit (or the Flying Spaghetti Monster) had kept the vehicles safe while we played our silly little running game. Back to reality for another week, only to do it all over again the next Saturday at 2:30. *–Hangs to the Right*