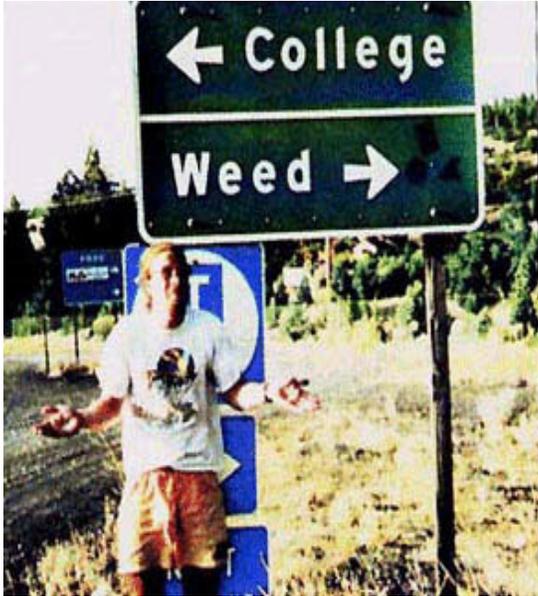


Pinelake Hash # 979



**February 4,
2006
Yoron
Weed
and
Runs Down
My Leg**



Hounds:

I Da Ho
Little Easy
Dunkin HoNuts
Afterbirth
Smells Like Fags
Anal Fissure
Yassir Creamer
Just Suzanne
Spread Eagle
Star Whore
One Ball

Donny thu Retahd
Canucklehead
Toothless Beaver
Okie Pokie Chicken
Chokie
Little Willy
Snot Rag
Dorothy Camel Toe
Dick the Boy Wonder
Pissticide
Grape Nuts

Tastes Great
Wet Dreams
Wine Ho
Dr. Doo-Doo
Three Beer Queer
Tailgunner

...and several dogs in
various states of
usefulness (see Yassir)

The Trail:

Mason Mill Park, ah! The stalwart of all hash starts! Even on the coldest, nastiest day of the year thusfar, the allure of Mason Mill Park drew a crowd of brave hashers worthy of the mantle of "G." The morning was bright and warm enough for the first hash of February, yet by 2 PM it was a nasty, cold, drizzly mess of a day that some hashers, myself included, were not prepared for when they left their domiciles. Just Suzanne, to be named next hash, was sitting at the wrong end of the lot when I arrived. It is a mistake easily forgiven as she is still green; however, I Da Ho was also sitting at the wrong end of the park. After a quick point in the right

direction, I Da Ho informed us of her nasty hangover from the night before. My hangovers leave me hungry and confused, writhing in self-loathing. I Da Ho's leave her directionally challenged, apparently! Yoron materialized at the start with a bag of flour, making some of hashers, okay Little Easy, hoping for a live trail. Instead, he trotted off to lay the first few marks that were neglected earlier in the day. Usually a bad sign...but not today!

By the way- Yassir...dearie me. I do apologize for calling your dog useless, but it has become more of an extension of your body and less of a pet. You seem to carry her everywhere. It's a little off-putting. I think for your birthday I will get you a bag for your dog:



This looks like something both you and your hairy, yippy appendage would enjoy.

Maybe I should stop ragging on you and your dog...By the way, have you seen my new ID?

I'll get you, my pretty! And your little dog, too!



Anyhoo- back to the trail-

We skirted the freshly squeegeed tennis courts and came to our first check. This lead us down a slippery cement slope into the woods and near a creek. This is where the hounds had to use their "Spidey-sense" ... You see, there have been three trails set in that area in the past week. Yoron had warned us to look for fresh flour and toilet paper at the start,

but it is difficult to determine HOW fresh through a morning's worth of rain! Tastes Great stood on the hill and yelled "Are You?" to responses of "Looking" and "On-On" and "Boxing" and "We don't know WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE!!!" I followed Dick-the-Boy-Wonder and Grape Nuts on a mad chase for One Ball, who seemed to know where he was going. Dick-the-Boy-Wonder opted out of the creek option (as long as he could), while Grape Nuts and I tried to zen our way out of the creek and towards One Ball on the railroad tracks. We finally found our way through some hamsterland and some kudzu to true trail and whistled to the remainder of the pack, who might have been on SoCo's trail at that point...

After Grape Nuts and I survived the kudzu maze, we ran into Snot Rag, who should have received a down-down for chivalry-on-trail! He lead Grape Nuts and I through some funky swamps, taking care to walk ahead of me so I wouldn't get lost in the muck. He even offered me his extra pair of underwear that he had stashed in his hash bag. Ladies, you know that is a difficult offer to reject, but I didn't see how I could explain coming home in another man's briefs to my husband. I do want to continue hashing, you know...

Afterbirth and Little Willy, after spotting Grape Nuts and I emerging from the kudzu prior to the swamp, told us they planned on boxing the trail by staying on the tracks. After Snot Rag, Grape Nuts and I emerged from the swamp from hell, they joined us back on trail. We wandered through some lovely trails and found ourselves on the SLUT trail from two days before. With the help Donny, Wine Ho, Tailgunner, Pisticide and Wet Dreams, we eventually found our way through someone's backyard and into a quiet neighborhood near Emory.

We ended in the parking garage/ loading dock of Yoron's Emoroid condo...which provided a delightful, pungent shelter from the blustery day. Since this hash took place in February and I am just now getting around to completing the hash trash in, oh August...I have forgotten the down-downs, although I am sure they were plenty and apropos, so I will leave it at that.

On-on!
Star Wh*re

