

## Pinelake 986 – 25 March 2006

*“The blond chick with the big ass grabbed by dick like nobody’s business!”*

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ALPHARETTA, GEORGIA — How many times do you hear something like that at the Pinelake Hash? Well, this was evidently one of those times since the scribe smartly texted himself said quote in order not to forget after all the beer that day. *More on that later...*

Despite the cold snap gripping Atlanta a good crowd turned out in the soccer mom / mall hell that is Alpharetta for a trail hared by **Hangs To The Right** and his unannounced co-hares, **To Kill a Cockingbird** and **Frog Fister**. The sun was bright but the wind cold as we gathered around and got the virgins up to speed (and it looked like that would take a while: one was dressed in jeans and flat shoes!). Chalk talk complete, the pack wandered off in the direction of the swamp and river just south of the start.

Flour lead across the main road onto a side street then down into the swamp area. A check greeted the hounds as the virgins contemplated just what they had gotten themselves into. **Davey** spied a mark or two across the shallow end of the swamp although apparently there were a couple of marks leading back to the right. Trail indeed skirted the swamp and lead over near the river and a scenic view. But the hares had mercy and trail stayed along (not across) the river until we hit the Greenway path. The hares did a great job of laying checks off the path, sometimes on the correct side of the path and sometimes not so much. The FRBs were totally thrown off by a check on the left side of the trail (where a nice swamp and dirt path awaited) when true trail lead into the woods on the right. **Canucklehead** avoided the craziness

by boxing a bit while everyone else did trail, only find **Canuck** merrily making his way along the paved path. Trail kept on the path for a while until it lead to the turkey-eagle split.

Having been forewarned by the hares, many of the pack avoided the “boring” turkey trail and followed the eagle trail to the right. The check on the eagle trail proved a little tricky as **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie** relinquished his FRB status to **Yoron** and **Canucklehead** who declared “I don’t know how we’re getting across 400 because there is no tunnel here.” Trail lead, of course, to a tunnel after skirting some new construction (hey, it’s Alpharetta – what do you expect?!) and **Okie** again relinquished his FRB-ness when seeing something moving in the water (which was less than an inch deep!). We emerged on the other side and climbed up to another path skirting an office building, finding the BN and entering an apartment complex to find the hares sprawled on lounge chairs enjoying bottled libations.

In the finest hash fashion, the entire pack arrived within minutes although somehow **Little Willie** ended up DFL. Here is where things get interesting: it turns out the restrooms were unlocked and heated – key on a cold day like today – and there was a bottle of *tequila*. Circle was sort of a sidebar although the virgins, those who made them come, and visitor (**Back Seat Box**) were recognized. **Little Willie** of course did the demo down-down, while **Okie** received his 100 run mug and patch. The FRBs drank (**Yoron** was jealous **Davey** was FRB; so expanded the list to the first four to include himself!) as did our unioned car hasher, **Toothless**

**Beaver. Star Whore** regaled the hares with a song from “Hair” (or maybe “Hairspray” – anyway it was from a show tune and I am the worst gay man ever because I have no idea what the damn name is). **Okie** and **Little Willie** did multiple down-downs and hashes went to *get a piece*.

At this point several of the group retired to the womens’ restroom – hey it was warm and there were *women* in there! Beer – and tequila – flowed as **Little Willie** emerged from time to time grinning from ear to ear, earning him the title of DOM (Dirty Old Man). **Canuck** and **Beaver** came in from the parking lot saying they had been waiting for some time to go to the on-after at Locos but announced they were giving up. Which was probably a good thing as it was a while (translation: around two beers) before momentum overcame inertia and those left headed for Locos.

Now here is where things get, shall we say, *delicate*. This much I do know: there were hot cops, drunk hashers, woman-on-woman action in the restrooms (in Alpharetta: *gasp*), a cameo appearance by **Snapping Hymen** to retrieve **Cockingbird**, and some snacks and beer. Oh, *and darts*. And a *Wheel Of Beer* (similar to Hedon’s ever-popular *Wheel Of Misfortune*). Outside of that all I can say is “You should have been there!”

Refer to initial quote for more details. The Pinelake Hash just got a lot less gay and a dry spell (or two) ended. Who woodda thank?

Until next time – ON OUT!