

# Pinelake Hash House Harriers

Hash Trash

4/29/2006 – Hash #991

## It Was a Dark and Stormy Night

**Hares:** Shiggy Pitts & Rat's Ass.

**Hounds:** Nipleets, Ass We Go, I Da Ho, All Hands on Dick (visiting from Las Vegas), Boner Rooter, Just Dave, Just Mike (virgin visiting from Michigan), Betsy (2 days later named Monthly Cycle), Anal Fissure, Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie, Donnie thu Retahd, Wet Dreams, Coffee Bean, Hung & Hairy, Snot Rag, & Star Whore.

**Car Hashers:** Dick the Boy Wonder, Some dude from Stockholm, Tastes Great, & Low Fur.

OK, it was actually a very nice day. Perfect weather for hashing. We started out at Powers Ferry & Windy Ridge in Marietta. This was a special “**Blue Angles**” hash as they were out flying overhead doing death defying stunts out of Dobbins AFB while the hounds were on the ground doing their own death defying stunts running the trail.

At the start we were promised by the hares that this trail contained no shiggy, no briars, no poison ivy, no wetness, and no hills. They lied on all counts! Here's a quiz: How do you tell when a hare is lying? Answer: His lips are moving.

It took about 60 seconds from the start to when we hit shiggy as we hit the hiking trails in the forested area between Powers Ferry & the Chattahoochee River Park down below. It seemed obvious that we were headed down into the park (Oh, how the rangers down there love hashers) but never made it that far down, just up & down the hills that weren't supposed to be there.

After about 45 minutes, the four DFL's (Hung & Hairy, Donnie thu Retahd, my virgin {just Mike}, and myself {Snot Rag}) were, for 15 minutes, unsuccessfully, trying to find the next mark from a kicked check mark when Rats Ass pulled up and pointed in the opposite direction of the kick and said the trail continued that way and was about another 30 minutes of running. Remember what I said about hares lying? I don't know, maybe he meant 30 metric minutes, whatever those are. At this point Donny opts for a ride in while the three of us continue on trail.

From here the hares must have decided they didn't like running on already established hiking trails and wanted to continue right through the deepest shiggy they could find. This is where the briars, poison ivy, & barbed wire that also weren't supposed to be on the trail, really came into play.

The trail eventually crossed west over Powers Ferry and through an office park, out the back and into an apartment complex. Things got a little interesting here. We came upon a check mark that wasn't kicked. We left Mike, the virgin, to stand and rest on it while we looked for the continuation since he's a smoker and is dying by this point. When I find the trail I blow my whistle. Hung & Hairy shows up, but not Mike. We went back looking for him, but he was nowhere to be found. We searched for 15 minutes and finally gave up. Our only conclusion was that he found the trail and followed it on his own. If we didn't find him by the time we got to the end, we'd organize a search party. I wasn't too worried since we had 36 hours to find him before he had to catch his flight back home.

So, back we went into more shiggy, down a big hill, more barbed wire, and across a stream where 10 minutes later, we find him. The trail now continues into a small tunnel going under I-75, but we opt to box it by using Terrell Mill Rd. After about 10 more minutes of cutting through office parks, we reach the end. Total time for the DFL's was 2 hours (45 minutes longer than the "just 30 more minutes"). I'm told the FRB's, Niplets and Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie, made it in an hour & 20 minutes.

After a little wait the car hashers arrive and Shiggy Pitts proceeded with the circle. The only rule 6 violations I can remember are for the car hashers, the DFL's, the second set of DFL's (no explanation was given for this), the FRB's, the virgins, the visitors, and Donnie thu Retahd for getting a ride back just when the trail was getting interesting. Actually, a reason was found to make everyone do a down-down (after all, we don't want to be biased). Niplets shows off the results of his fight with the barbed wire (I think the barbed wire won), and All Hands on Dick presents the hares with a gift of chocolate bars that had the Form-1040 printed on the wrapper (she is an IRS agent).

One other little strange note: Coffee Bean, the GM of Atlanta H4, showed up for the Pinelake Hash instead (Coffee's arm was twisted to make him come by All Hands on Dick), while Davey Crotchet, the GM for Pinelake H3, decided to do the Atlanta hash instead.

All in all, I think everyone enjoyed the trail and the air show, despite the lying hares.

*On-On*

*Snot Rag*

P.S. If anyone finds a lung, I think Mike coughed it up somewhere on trail.

