

Hot. Humid. August in Atlanta.

Dumb. Stubborn. Drunk. Hashers in Atlanta (or well, anywhere).

So there we were, baking in the parking lot at Paper Mill Village. I would have gladly crossed the 'Hooch multiple times just to get out of the stifling weather. And of course Pinelake was right on time, meeting at 2:00 and out at 2:40-ish. ☺

A good-sized pack headed out towards Johnson Ferry where a check greeted us, but luckily the hare had told us to be careful crossing the road so I actually listened and headed straight (OK, OK gaily forward) across the road and found marks leading along the road and into an apartment complex. Some momentary confusion greeted us as trail seemed to end, but we went towards the woods anyway and found trail down by a creek. Heading right, trail followed the creek for a time before a really nasty check in the creek had hashers everywhere, confused and looking for trail.

I think trail went up and to the right, then down the hill which is where most of the pack found it. A whichy-way caused even more confusion as one single mark was found to the left, but the paths in the woods didn't suck so I won't complain (too much). Eventually trail was found out next to the river itself, leading along the cut away from the main park and hopefully the park rangers! **Kaptain Crash** led the way with **Pissticide**, **Square Meat**, and a few others scattered behind.

The woods again beckoned after a short bout of running along what seemed like a power line cut without the power lines. This trail was even more fun as streams offered multiple opportunities for getting wet - it felt great. Multiple people were playing with their balls...mine was only the size of a golf ball but **Royal Fuck's** was huge - about the size of a softball. The stream had to end sometime, and did right in a subdivision where we scrambled up along ivy to someone's driveway. (OK we weren't exactly on trail but we were trail-adjacent - **Pumpt'kin** did a good job threading the needle.) From here it wasn't far to the blessed BN and the beer at the hare's townhome.

Hounds straggled in and the bitching had already begun... **Yassir** and **MC** were at the start looking for directions to the end. Knowing **Donny** was back in town they went to his place but we finally rounded them up along with **Pigless** who was wandering around the start, and **Two Quick** who was almost DFL except her dad went out looking for her (we won't tell **Cums First!**). Somehow **Afterbirth** turned up being DFL if memory serves (and it usually doesn't). Our bimbos - **Shiggy Pitts** and **Sleaze Puppy** - had no problem finding the end and were joined by **Toe Jam** back from Alaska and finally out of bed!

So the normal lies were told as we were greeted with canned beer (*gasp*) but it was OK because we were heading to the pool. Circle commenced with down-downs going to visiting **Beyond Your Anus** (oh good god - another member of the anus family?! uh-huh-uh, I said "member") and our virgins **Mike** and **Will. Pumpt'kin** got a lost property down-down for leaving her earrings on *my* bedstand LOL and **Donny** for being a returnee. Bimbos drank, injuries drank, and too-longs drank.

Then it was time to retire to the pool. A BBQ run was valiantly made to help absorb the beer, as more lies were told and the hashers got silly (that would be *you*, **Square Meat**). All in all, a great day - thanks to **Pumpt'kin** and especially **Afterbirth** as he played the part of beermeister and watermeister.

On-on to Puerto Vallarta!