

Au Whatta Pair/ Strato Crapper (1st lay for **Strato Capper**) started their trail at Decatur High School. We were informed of the usual chalk talk marks, however there was the CS we weren't quite sure of. They explained we would see at least three of them on trail (the CS'). Have to admit they had a few good things on their side, beautiful fall day, nice turn out, (including too longs'... uh, the hares, **MC Hasher**, **Three Beer Queer-Bimbo**, & **Smells Like Fags**) and a kind Wheelhopper to help find those lost on trail, most of them anyhow... (*Ed. Note: the Wheelhopper was Dr. Doo-Doo*)

From the start the group was off to wonder who was really on trail and who saw marks on their way in to the start. **Kaptain Krash** was eager to let everyone know who had the true trail, ON-ON (chalk drawn arrows pointing late comers in the right direction in that **Krash** look out kinda way). Around the school down the street & thru Agi Scott, everyone is off to a great start.

The pack starts to thin, but for the most part the group is trying to stay close together. Now somewhere between the girls college and the baseball field, things got a 'lil spread out. The pavement was beginning to burn the ailing parts of injured hashers and those who just came for the beer.

Thru the Kirkwood hood, back across towards MARTA, down and around to the live railway tracks. Then back over to the Kirkwood side. (circles of miles) Where the hell was that knock off Wheelhopper when you needed him? Wasn't quite sure when we were supposed to jump from the tracks, but when we did there were no other hashers in sight, a nice long gap between the sets of runners, walkers, slow walkers, and, those who decided to crawl.

At the beer stop **Star Whore** and **Itchiecoochie** realized there was less than a 6° separation between them, *and* across the street from stop is the house a "un-named" hasher used to live in. Speaking of beer stop, the group chilling out on the porch needed to get back on trail.

Well, back on trail lasted about five minutes, 'til by some strange happening five or so un-named "runners" lost the trail. With every route they tried ending in everyone looking at one another like a bag of questions, finally they found a fence, a tree, barbed wire, and then freedom... *they thought!* If everyone could have seen **A.Birth** squeeeeeze all of his manhood through a crack in a fence, um, lets just say... wow! "Now we are on trail" the FRB of the five lost ones announces.

The three C.S. on trail were... cow stop, four dog crap stops, and the nice crack house. Most wanted to stop at the bakery and throw back a few pies, but that BN made everyone keep on for the best prize of all: BEEEEER!

The circle gathers and starts way before the DFL made it in: **Ballerina Booty Boy**, where he claimed at least four crap cakes for himself before his down-down. How long does it take to make 500 hashes? Well, ask **Afterbirth** the newest addition to the 500 club! Of course he had a down-down for that! **Pigless & Spermier** found themselves the proud new owners of nice used to be new mugs, all their own, name on them and all for their 100 PL. run. At the end of the day all could say is was a great trail and the beer was mmmm good!

*Ed. note: **Spermier** won a can of poo foam that smelled and spread just like the real stuff.*