

So **Yassir** stated multiple times that “Jesus Christ, I almost *died* on trail!” OK, so I made up the Jesus Christ part, but the rest is true. It would also be true that finding a nicer day to hash would be virtually impossible... the sun was shining, the temps were mild, no wind, the birds were singing (in my house – that’s what you get for leaving the sliding doors open while dog sitting). After chasing said bird out of said house (so much for a guard dog – she was asleep in the kitchen when the bird attacked), I headed to Cambridge Square Kroger down the road and found hashers already gathering for what was billed as an alternative to **BWANA**’s in-town swampfest.

I can’t calculate the exact ratio of bimbos to hounds, but it was up there. We were warned of a whichy-way gone bad (“go straight for the love of God” said the hare) and a count back 30 (apparently not everyone was warned of this). First mark was across Ashford-Dunwoody in Blackburn Park, so off we trotted. **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie** was on a tear, followed by **Wife Beater** and **Hired Snatch**. Trail wound around the back of the park and south a ways, where shortcutting **Little Willie** and **Afterbirth** joined the party, having gotten special info from (or given special favors to) the hare.

A mix of paved trails and shiggy lead into the woods and eventually to a new housing development before heading off into the woods again. Soon enough a creek was briefly followed, leading to a water stop in the woods. Trail continued up a steep but thankfully short hill, from the top of which it was apparent there was also trail below. Being in on the count back 30, I decided to go check it out – assuming **Okie** was off on the high road but actually leaving **Wife Beater** as FRB on trail. They eventually encountered the count back of course and backtracked to true trail.

True trail was mostly along a creek (we did indeed get our feet wet as advertised) and it was a cold creek indeed. Flour and toilet paper lead a long way through the creek before hitting a road and the BN... then a BAN (unexplained mark for Beer Almost Near, really meaning BVN – Beer Very Near). On In was in the construction area we

had already crossed, where the sun was almost hot but the near-zero humidity made it into the perfect hashing day... well, for some of us.

Okie was FRB on trail (minus the count back – hash smarter, not harder) followed by **Davey** but preceded by **Ballerina Booty Boy** who walked from the start. **Wife Beater** was first in to do the whole trail, and the remaining hounds including **Little Willie**, **Square Meat**, **Pot Pi**, **Hired Snatch**, and **Breach My Piece** rounded out the pack. But where, oh where, was **Afterbirth**? He’s a smart hasher – he’ll be here in a bit. So we waited. Then **Bubbette** and **Little Willie** went out looking and didn’t come back. **Yassir** went out looking and didn’t come back – it was like a bad horror movie as one by one the pack disappeared. Then everyone was back – still sans **Afterbirth** – and they were off again. Eventually **Afterbirth** appeared driving his smokin’ ride, and phone calls were made to bring everyone else in. I didn’t time it but I’m almost certain it took longer for **Afterbirth** to be rounded up than trail itself.

(In the mean time a security guard had come by, not bothering us – and I hate to say it, but probably not fit enough to cross the street and see what we were doing – but **Yassir** assured her we were just having a picnic. Her 53rd birthday was the next day but we never did get to sing to her.)

Regardless, **Afterbirth** called circle to disorder and proceeded to call every hound of the small pack into circle for a down-down. FRB, DFL, first-time Pinelake (**Breach My Piece**), racist-wanna-be (**Davey**), bimbos/walkers, rule 6 violations, etc – we all drank. From there it was back to the start and the convenient on-after cheap Mexican joint in the parking lot of the start.

