

Well, Saturday morning found me walking thru creeks and through woods as I worked on an upcoming hash for AH4. Upon completion, I had a great desire for Cheap Beer, but the ATL hash would already be starting, so I decided to wander on down to the Ponce Kroger and see what the Pinelakers were up to. **Afterbirth** grabbed my money and put me on the list and *then* informed me that today would be a DAY-BOO virgin lay for our hares, **Pot Pi and Wife Beater**. Oh my God, I've wandered into the land of fruit and lace and dark beer only to be held captive by virgin hares!

The hounds started gathering and moving about restlessly, pondering what our hares may have in store. I discovered that our hares belonged to a growing radical group known as the **Elmira Gang**, a hash terrorist group paying homage to their lord and creator, **Pigwinkle**. This knowledge led most of the hounds to believe that we would be heading into that area of the 'burbs'. **Grape Nuts** and **Pushover** spoke of flour sightings in that vicinity, so our plan of attack was laid before us.

Our hares gathered us up in the parking lot to give us instructions, and to introduce us to a new mark for today's trail --- an "HH", which meant that we were passing a house of a hasher. Woo-Hoo -- all I want to see is a "BS" or a "BN"---that is what is important to an old gruffy hound like me. Show me the Beer -- not the House. But thanks, anyway, guys.

Off we go out the ass side of Kroger and headed toward the scenic vistas awaiting us in the land of the Carter Center. One of the great things about virgin hares is how they send us through shiggy that is new for them, but most of us have been through it before. So, at first, I thought to myself that we would just be seeing the same old urban trails, just in another direction or combination. I didn't care -- I just wanted to get to the brew, you know. But soon, the hares would put together a great concoction and mixture of new and old!! Old railroad tracks, bush and briars, skate park, graffiti -- we saw it all as we headed through the quaint Euclid and Little Five Points area.

What's this? A "BS!!!" How great....and it's Atlanta Beer, too! Thanks, guys --

just the right thing at the right time! This trail is looking good... well, to everyone except a virgin hasher, who had a meltdown and shouted "Death to the Hares!!," and "Off with their Heads!" (Head? who said...) Apparently, it was too much -- this thing of running to the beer, so she opted out and headed back sobbing into the real world, destined to never return to the world of "On-On" and "Down-Down."

The second part of the trail involved some great sections. After going through a small neighborhood filled with "HH" houses... (I guess that meant we could pee in their front yard... well, maybe not, but I couldn't help it -- figured the hasher living there would understand), we headed off through a park full of John McEnroe and Jimmy Connors wannabes, and moms hurrying to hide their small children from the brew-breathing hounds. **Okie Pokie** was off somewhere in the lead hashing stealthily, and apparently, he had scared the locals enough to make them throw tennis balls at us as we headed into a cavernous wet black hole (Don't get excited here, **Doo-Doo**). This led us eventually into another hole and creek. Smelled like breakfast -- used breakfast. The hares had found us a beautiful sewage-laden creek -- a great source of shiggy and disease. Gotta love Hashing!

We popped out next to Candler Park, and at this point, some of us noticed that our two hares had a definite different style of flour tossing. One of them obviously went to the school of "Let's make it easy -- pile it up on the road;" while the other, basically said "Fuck-em... Fuck-em all! I will make my two pound bag last all four miles, by George. Here, see this little white spot on the pole. What more do you need? Just shut up and hash!" But eventually, we were on the trail, headed into one last valley of thorns and bush, and stumbled upon the "BN" -- a welcome sight for these tired old eyes. Apparently **Pushover** and **Grape Nuts** had spread the news about their earlier sighting of flour and they brought in a group of hounds on a slightly shorter route. We all arrived at the gazebo at Lake Claire Park to the sounds of "On-In". Finally, **Okie Pokie** was making noise. Fucking FRB!

Over the next half hour, the groups of haggard and thirsty hounds wandered in, and as we downed the dark beers and orange food and cookies, the crowd began to put away any slight thoughts of "Hash Shit" to proclaim that our hares had done a super job and given us a great DAY-BOO hash. Upon the arrival of our DFL group, **Star Whore** and **Ballerina** began to pour the cold and frosty brew of Down-Down fame. Pinelake actually has a mismanagement position that all hashes should have: Down-Down Demo Guy -- **Little Willy** made sure that everyone would be prepared. What a Guy!

Down-Downs proceeded smoothly without a hitch -- except for the fact that **Star Whore** lost control at one point and reverted back to her teacher voice -- whereupon the circle quickly came back to order (Yeah -- right) Congrats to our FRB -- **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie** (Bastard!) and welcome to the virgins and 1st timers (**Andrew, Courtney, Emily, Julian, Jason, and Todd**), and glad you finally showed up -- you DFL's (**Hitler** -- and all the other names you go by, **Monique, Courtney** the virgin, **Quack Whore, and Itchi**).

Nice to see the Too Longs who decided to join us -- **Krispy Kreme, Salty Semen, Catonic Colonic, Big Bore, Quack Whore**, and myself -- **Dribbles**. Hey -- you can call me Too Long anytime! During the period of time that the circle became a Cluster Fuck -- we decided to name our hasher **Mike... Cluster Fuck**. *Welcome to the Hash!* Thanks to **Davey Crochet** for his great song about Leprosy, and to **Sleaze Puppy** as she sang and bragged about her penal implant.

Most of all -- thanks to the hares for a great beginning to your many years of laying flour. A fun time was had by all and continued later at the local Mexican restaurant. Ahhhh, tradition. Thanks - Pinelake, this old AH4 guy had a great time.

-Dribbles