

So the hares had picked an interesting start area – Cascade Road and 285... destined to be shiggylful and/or THE HOOD. Turn-out on an almost-blustery Atlanta January Saturday (with the Atlanta Hash in town) was unpredictable, but the hares had marketed well and a great pack of 30+ hashers made their way to the southwest part of town. We were a little worried when one of **Star Whore's** virgins showed up in jeans and non-running shoes, but everyone pitched in to get him as prepared as possible. Seeing as this was **Just Shawn's** 5th hash, we were all excited to see **Niplets** arrive since his hash namings are legendary. In all there were virgins **Just Jeff**, **Just Keisha**, **Just Stephen**, and **Just Melissa** plus some other not-yet-named newbies.

After chalk talk the pack was told first mark was towards the southeast corner of the parking lot, and with that the pack was out. The first mark was found and then with **Everqueer** out front the pack floundered. Knowing the hares would mark well, your scribe luckily crossed the street and turned around to follow trail back under 285 where the first check greeted the pack.

Pundits firmly believed trail would go north, leading **Niplets** happily astray while us non-believers headed south and found trail along the power-line cut. Trail hopped up into some nasty briars in the woods and led to another check, where we not surprisingly crossed underneath 285 and back inside the perimeter. **Rat's Ass** wandered and yelled helplessly, adding *miles* to his trail (well, at least a few hundred feet... we've all been there). Somehow the pack had already spread out, leaving the walkers to be lead by the intrepid **Titty Sweat** (under the alias of **Hitler's Other Ball** for the day). Trail was well-marked though and led into the creek.

It's been said before and will be again: "Once in the creek, stay in the creek." Trail wound up and down and back to the creek more than once, with some excellent Hamster Land slowing the pack. Checks in the creek were fun as we over-thought them, assuming the hares had left footprints to fool the pack. (In the end I'm not sure anyone saw the lone advertised YBF.) We did find the strangest damn dam ever: made primarily of empty plastic water bottles and supported by balls of all types (basket-, tennis-, etc), it was enough to make even the staunchest Republican embarrassed.

Eventually though trail led to a cut in the woods and followed that a ways before dumping us onto – ugh – pavement. We did the road-rage thing for a while, always turning right, before turning back into the woods on a quite interesting concrete bridge with two caution triangles. The hares had warned us to be careful, and indeed the trail dropped off 5+ feet to a

spillway, went underneath the road, and dumped us out on the other side which would have been much easier to hash but a whole lot less fun.

From here it was trails through the woods to a small amphitheater and the BEER NEAR. We still had to wind our way briefly past the end, across a bridge, and up another %&^(hill to get to the beer, attended diligently by **Ballerina Booty Boy** and the hares (**Pot Pi**, **Gay Basher**, and **Itchy Coochie**).

Spermier and **Davey** led the way, followed shortly by **Wife Beater** and **Shawn** and **Kaptain Krash** with family in tow and many of the other named hashers. But wait – where was **Niplets**? Hasher Extraordinaire! Last spotted at Starbucks by one of the bimbos, **Niplets** took a bad box and got beat by an 11-year-old – almost getting him renamed "Are you slower than a 6th grader?!"

The pack continued tricking in, with **Elijah** (the hare's son) and **Titty Sweat** near the rear of the pack (earning **Wife Beater** some glaring looks from his wife). **Everqueer** came in from the wrong direction too, but everyone was more than happy with the beer selection provided by an ever-resourceful **Ballerina Booty Boy** and chocolaty snacks provided by **Clusterfuck**.

Circle was called to disorder and many were asked to step forward for their frothy head (HEAD? Who said head?!). A demo down-down was followed by FRBs and DFLs and virgins and hares and Rule 6s and **SHIGGY PITTS FOR HIS 400TH HASH!** **Shawn** was dubbed "**Check Out My Cock**" for crimes which are too heinous to name, and then democracy took over and lottery down-downs were meted out. Sometime in the foray **Clusterfuck** was renamed / alternately named "**Lady Finger**" since he works in a bakery and brought the snacky cakes. Other potential renamings were suggested but none stuck so well. Announcements were announced and with that, the hash went in peace (some to get a peace).

Thanks for a great trail, great circle, and great beer. Look forward to an **EQ** trail next Saturday and don't forget: **CHEDDARHEAD JANUARY 1st (2009)!**

On Out -*Davey*