

PineLake House House Harriers

BECAUSE LIFE'S TOO SHORT TO DRINK CHEAP BEER

Hash #1083

Afterbirth

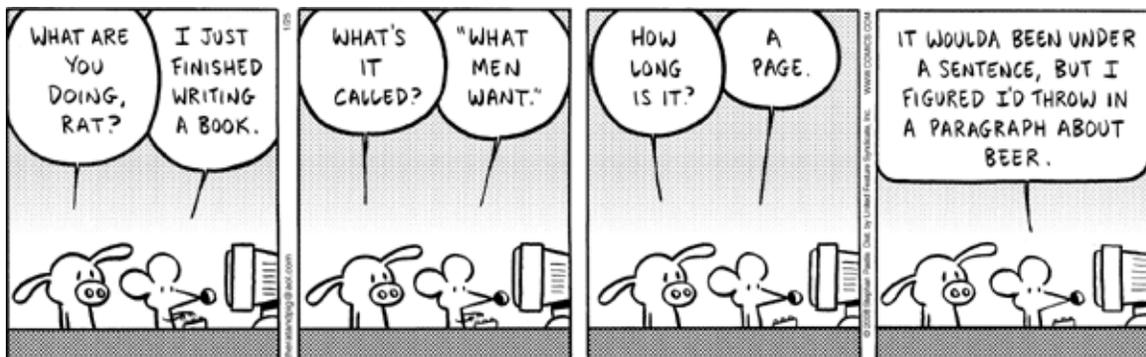
02/23/08

We Who Follow da White Stuff: Little Willie ☺ Party Favor ☺ Bubbette ☺ Spermier ☺ Slippery When Wet ☺ Grape Nuts ☺ Dain Bramage ☺ Donny thu Retahd ☺ Davey Crochet ☺ Chew Chew My Caboose ☺ Asspacker ☺ Dorothy Cameltoe ☺ Ronald McFondled ☺ Wet Dreams ☺ Tastes Great ☺ Rat's Ass ☺ Hired Snatch ☺

Whoo hoo! An intown hash! And me with somewhere to be by 6pm -- how conveeeeeenient. Starting at the once-familiar Century Center off Clairmont, it was tempting to think that Afterbirth would take us to his house. It became even more tempting when we heard that the beer was already at the end.

But I, unlike **Hired Snatch** and **Slippery When Wet**, decided to run true trail 'cause I knew our wily hare would try to shiggify the trail as much as possible and me no likey running roads.

So, at the anointed hour of squirrel-thirty, the pack took off and rambled/scrambled/brambled its way back towards Clairmont past the Marriott. When true trail dove under the bridge and headed into hamster land, **Spermier** and I decided to stay high and parallel for a bit. Sure enough, it came out into an open field before diving back into the woods. Several hounds remained up high while the rest of us picked our way through the briars and wombats. After tip-toeing around a little bitty swamp, trail popped out at a parking garage where a check greeted us.



This was one of those checks that should have gone a certain way, you know, like following the creek or along the greenway. Nearly the entire pack wandered up and down Clairmont looking for signs of trail but to no avail. That's when Hired and Slip decided it was time to box. Undaunted, I went back to the check and finally found flour delicately placed behind parking space curbs and eventually leading us to the stop light at entrance to Century Center at Clairmont. Clever hare, taking us out the way we drove in. No wonder he hid those marks. <grumble> <grumble>

So across Clairmont we go, took a Larry at the power lines and meandered the various trails that are scattered along the cut. I stayed on the power lines and **Ronald McFondled** had the good sense to follow me as we short-cuttled nicely to catch up with the FRB's. We then continued on some excellent walking trails behind some apartments, paralleling the North Fork of Peachtree Creek. As we continued south, I started to wonder if we were going to MY house instead of Afterbirth's.

But, we then took a Ralph, crossed over Buford Highway and hit the familiar Cross Keys High School off Druid Hills Rd. From there it was just a short skip and a jump to the back-door entrance into Afterbirth's back yard. Of course, it had been such a long time since I'd come in that way, I didn't recognize all the construction going on all around. Yep, progress.

As it was getting colder and colder, down-downs were kept to a minimum. **Slip** and **Hired** drank for being the (cheating) FRB's; **Sperm** downed one for being the true-trail FRB; **Tastes Great** car hashed her way in and was still DFL; **Davey Crochet** falsely accused me of being out of the country (that would be Columbia, SC not Colombia, drug capital); and the hare for doing a bang-up job. I'm sure there were more but they aren't written down and my memory ain't what it used to be.

All in all, a good time was had, and if there was an On-On, I'm sure it was rat-tastic!



Scribe:

Rat's Ass