

<begin rant>
 Directions to the start *sucked*.
 <end rant>

Once again **Mother Nature** mocked us all...**Oops** and **Niplets** had a great pool ending all planned and it was cloudy but at least not raining. The hounds gathered in the cul-de-sac of yet another defunct development, this one on the hilly slopes of Roswell. Everyone was sucked in by the view of the pond below the start for some reason, and the hares were taking their time leaving but finally started trotting – yes, trotting or maybe even walking – down the slope, past the pond, and then up the steep slope on the other side. What trickery was afoot? Five minutes and we would know...

The hounds were off down and then up the same trail, finding a check once up the other side. The check went to the left and around the perimeter of the subdivision – right back to the main road (Coleman). Grumble, grumble – we could have just driven there! Regardless, trail led onto some sort of woodsmen convention area – lots of paths, trees, hills, and logs fer sittin’. Big grassy areas led to trails and checks and lots and lots of little hills, tiring out the pack. Checks were difficult since we were in what appeared to be someone’s personal playground, but with **Little Easy**, **Always Cums First**, **Boner**, **High Dicker**, **Spermier** and **Okie** and gang leading the way we made good time.

The pack began to string out as **ChewChew**, **Yoron**, **Davey** and **Star Whore** worked the checks and trail as best they could. A series of creeks with views to (and I’m assuming from) several McMansion-type homes made up the middle of the trail. These houses were a little older so actually had some personality but fortunately not too many people yelling at us. One small girl had a yappy little dog-like thing and was yelling “GO AWAY” as the

hounds went by, but other than that all was quiet. Some creeks and rocks were slipperier than others, as **Pissticide** and probably several others learned.

The creeks kept coming, leading eventually to another check next to some tunnels. Still more creek awaited until we hit the lake in **Oops’** subdivision. From here it was some pleasant pavement (yeah, oxymoron I know) around to a turkey/eagle split. Only **Yoron** (with **Blu** smelling out trail and a GPS assistant) and a couple others did the eagle trail, all ending at **Oops’** pool. Our lovely hostess **Deposit Slit** awaited with our faithful beermeister **Ballerina Booty Boy** and a little keg of Sweetwater.

The pack trickled in, with **Tripod**, **Ouch**, late-starting **Wet Dreams**, **Cums on the Ceiling**, **Square Meat**, and **Debbie Does Digits** bringing up the rear. **Rat’s Ass**, **Slippery**, **Yassir**, and **Tastes Great** had joined **Ballerina** and **Deposit Slit** in bimbo duties. **Boner-Rooter** and eventually **Camel Toe** joined us at the end as **Ballerina** showed off his cannonball skills.

Circle was called to disorder by the lovely and talented **Star Whore**. **Debbie Does Digits** was a first-timer, but no virgins – or Elmira – crowd today. Various infractions – real or imagined – were grounds for down-downs, but eventually the fun came to an end and the pool was re-invaded by happy hashers.

-DAVEY CROTCHET