

Pinelake H³ Hash #1115

October 4, 2008

Rat's Ass's "I'm Really Old and Creepy" Hash with Co-Hare Niplets



Where in Atlanta can you find a rock quarry, piles of old tires, small children, an abandoned building *and* lots of great shiggy? Leave it to **Rat's Ass** and **Niplets** to find this gem of a neighborhood – off West Marietta Street a tad north of Georgia Tech. Hounds assembled at William M. Boyd Elementary School (a favorite mid-afternoon hang out for **Rat's Ass**) and there was a rather large turn out, most of whom were still hung over from **Davey Crochet's** shin dig the night before – more on that later.

Surprisingly enough, the hares set our trail live, even though many were under the impression that **our birthday boy** was still out of commission. They set the first check right at the end of the school parking lot. The hounds were lost and confused without even traveling 100 yards! Some went left, some went right, some clambered down into the creek, some ran along the road. Finally, we heard the "ON-ON" beckoning us to enter the woods. Predictably, the pack was led by **TLS, Anal Fissure, Butt Floss, Ass We Go**, et al. (Anyone else notice a butt theme here?) We traveled through some excellent shaggy, over many piles of tires, up a monstrous hill, and down the other side, where many were almost impaled by stray rebar while sliding on their asses.

We traveled through more shiggy, more hills, across some open fields and a road, and came upon an abandoned building full of soggy insulation, broken florescent lights, more tires and all kinds of other health hazards. Those wishing to file suit for bodily harm and asbestos poisoning – please direct your civil actions at **Niplets**.

The hounds then found themselves in a joyous power line cut, where they could spot other hashers and thank their lucky stars that they were still on trail. Many deduced that **Rat's Ass** had done this part of trail, since the marks were set about 15 feet apart and trail was very straightforward. It took the pack up and over

more hills, then made a left hand loop back towards the start. A few ingenious hounds (**Lots of Practice, Just Kyle** and **Tastes Great**) started calling out "Are you?" and shortcut to where they heard whistles and found a bunch of hashers, and BN just a few hundred yards ahead. The On-In was on the back side of the elementary school, full of **yellow jackets, car hashers** and **more birthday people**. [People born around the first week in October are the product of drunken New Year's romps. Do the math.]

Kaptain Krash led a wonderful circle, including the obligatory FRB, DFL, Hare and Birthday down-downs, as well as one for **Pissticide** and **Drags Wood** for having matching socks, **EZ Cheeks** for technology on trail and the crowd of hashers wearing yellow shirts – **Dawgy Style, Redneck Mutha** and **Yoron Weed**. Then **Just Kyle** had his virgin down-down, which he performed like a seasoned hasher, though his days as frat boy had well prepared him for the task.

Scribe: *Lots of Practice*

