

Founded March 26, 1987

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Strange things were afoot on this sunny Fall Atlanta day. Oklahoma fell to Texas (always hate to see Texas win), Missouri was knocked off by **Okie Pokie's** Cowboys, Florida buried LSU, and Vandy fell to Mississippi State. Oh, and there was a hash too! (Speaking of **Okie**, he and **Shiggy Pitts** were off haring for Atlanta. Their trail sounded quite "interesting" but I have no direct knowledge thereof.)

So there we were, meeting up at Bloomingdales at Lenox Mall. The mall is big and confusing but everyone seemed to find their way, with **Niplets** sweet-talking the security guard into letting us park at their posh shopping mall. Our hares looked like homeless people with their dirty clothes and **Titty Sweat** looked ready for a nap already, but **Gang Plank Skank** was to be the lone hare to scamper off at the predetermined time. **Titty Sweat** kept asking us not to watch her but didn't really give us an alternative – come on **TS**, throw us a bone (or boob).

The hounds lumbered off towards GA400, finding a check fairly soon. The tempting path – followed by **Niplets** who was missing for most of the rest of trail – was through a gap in a fence directly in front of the check. Actual trail went hard right and then over the pedestrian bridge, then turning north. Soon thereafter were some strange marks on the ground: one blob of flour, a CB without a number, and then off to the left a VI. The pack conferred and decided it was a count back six so back over the bridge we went, finding trail heading south paralleling GA400. The hares had told us we didn't need flashlights, but I was very thankful to be with **Canucklehead** when we entered the tunnel under GA400. The tunnel was very clean (damn Buckhead Betties have nothing better to do I guess) but had wires sticking out certain areas of the tunnel. Luckily the hares had left different colored glowsticks throughout the tunnel, lending a festive air to the trail (although they forgot their Halloween decorations apparently).

The tunnel wasn't too tough but the water got deeper and deeper at the end, almost dunking the **boys**. Out we went, and up to some railroad tracks. We thought they were MARTA tracks but luckily not. Myself (**Davey**), **ChewChew**, the visiting **Junkyard Dog**, and **Canucklehead** started up the railroad tracks and soon found a sharp right up a bridge where trail sort of

ended. We thrashed around a while and thinking it was just a false trail, I went back to the tracks and continued north. Very soon thereafter the hounds called on-on paralleling the tracks in the shiggy, as **Little Willie**, **Afterbirth** and **Tranny** emerged onto the tracks. Looking for a good spot to enter the shiggy, I apparently cut out some really tough hamster-land, but there was still some on the trail I found. The thick shiggy dumped us right back onto the railroad tracks – or I should say, dumped me onto the tracks. Not seeing or hearing anyone, I assumed they cut out of the shiggy and were long gone (turns out they were still behind me stuck in the shiggy, where **ChewChew** managed to impale his foot on a sharp stick...but he made it the rest of trail – six plus miles!).

Railroad tracks aren't anyone's favorite terrain feature, and we got plenty of them as we continued north-northeast, crossing Roxoboro and going all the way to Brookhaven – about two miles of tracks, and still solo on trail for me. From here trail dumped us onto North Druid Hills and we stayed south on the road with a couple of detours – such as around the Boys and Girls Club softball fields and Cross Keys School – and the unkicked checks led me to deduce I was in front of the pack. Will the wonders never cease?! I recognized we were getting close to **Afterbirth's** house and kept my eyes peeled for a beer near. HAHAHA silly boy, there were still lots of tricks up the hares' sleeves.

From North Druid Hills we hit Buford Highway and headed south, eventually crossing North Druid Hills again (gotta love Atlanta streets). The next trail feature was creek – and lots of it. I trudged along lamely for over a mile, seeing a family of ducks, some crappy and very nice houses, lots of apartments, and a couple of big blue herons. Trail was well-marked in the creek, and then just ended. The footprints were pretty small so I assumed **GPS** had been through laying trail, and then I heard voices from up and to the right yelling "Are You?" Not knowing who they were I responded "Last Mark!" but apparently **ChewChew**, **Afterbirth**, and **Little Willie** had been boxing for a while and had no idea what I was talking about. Then from above and to the left I hear **Pot Pi** yelling to me, so I went and conferred with her. She let me know there was a "problem" with trail... the hares had run

out of flour so were laying trail backwards, but they still weren't to where we were.

Without much problem I was able to get the end information from **Pot Pi**, and decided a mile or so on the road beat a mile or so in the creek. So gathering up **Little Willie**, **Afterbirth**, and **ChewChew**, we set off along Buford Highway and took Cheshire Bridge for half a mile or so to Faulkner and the end – finally. FRBs in after just 2 hours 15 minutes!

**Lots of Practice** was already at the end, having successfully changed her flat tire all by herself, even though she missed trail. **Ballerina** had a fine spread of beer and orange food laid out, and **Pot Pi** eventually brought in the hares. The hounds trickled in or were picked up, with late-comer **Itchicoochie** gracing us with her smiling face (she was supposed to hare), catching a ride with **Pot Pi**. The late comer – **Tailgunner** – ran in on trail with long-lost **Nipleets**, leaving just the visitor out missing. The last anyone had seen **Junkyard** was on Buford Highway at North Druid Hills, running the wrong way.

Circle was called to disorder as we were all tired and had places to go (and a hasher still to find), and everyone got a quaff of fine brew. **Ballerina**, ever the considerate person, took the leftovers to the housing-challenged folks watching us from under the bridge. I believe in karma, so **Ballerina**: good things are in your future. About this time there was some splashing in the river, and here comes **Junkyard**, a smile on his face and soon to have a beer in each hand delivered by Pinelake's finest Harriets. He enjoyed his DFL down-down, then the hares and some of the pack were off to the Awful Waffle for some quality people-watching.

But wait – there's more! On the way out of the end, along the gravel road, a cop was coming towards us. Karma smiled on us as he put it in reverse all the way out to the industrial area, then watched us go by without harassing us. Yay karma!

Thanks to the hares and our tireless beermeister for the hard work. Look for **Itchie** and **Star Whore**'s trail next week, followed by the Home Crawl on the 25th. Look for me there – I'll be the drunk one. ☺

On Out! -*Davey*