

So there we were: freezing in the parking lot at Deerwood Academy on the southwest side of Atlanta. No hare, no beer, no sun. Hashers huddled in their cars until the hare showed up then started gamely wrapping themselves in any available clothing – it was cold! **Ballerina** showed up with the beer as we started moving faster, getting ready for another challenging **Little Easy** trail.

The hare was off for the expected live lay, heading down the road (road? What? Really?) – yup, the road. But not for long as we entered a church parking lot and found the first check. The woods across the street were enticing and sure enough trail was picked up soon and off went the hounds. We followed one or more dried stream beds – damn drought, but dry feet on a day like this were wonderful (while it lasted) – generally downhill to the second check at some railroad tracks. Damn that hare was good, as just as the hounds approached so did a train. Undaunted, **Niplets** and maybe another couple of Darwin Award nominees dashed across the tracks while the rest of the pack checked left and right.

Fortunately the train wasn't long and trail was picked up across the tracks in the woods once again. This time we wandered to some swampy areas behind some houses, eventually hitting a power line cut and even swampier areas. One creek crossing, up to the waist, left the pack chilled but that was the majority of the water on trail. From here it was around to another check near a chain-link fence and what appeared to be an old parking lot. Late-arriving **Squid Dick** was checking and talking and apparently not paying attention as suddenly half of him disappeared into an open manhole (insert joke here). Oh come on – **Squid DICK?** Man **HOLE?** *Please.*

Luckily **Squidy** was OK and we broke the check. The pack wasn't too far apart, with a rather large group of front runners including **Squid, Davey**, hash-shit-toting **GPS, Scared of Pussy, Boner**, and **Cums Up Short. Niplets** would rejoin us at the quarry after exploring on his own a while. Speaking of quarries, there was one - on trail - with a scenic view or two. So here's the whole story: trail led up to the top of the quarry where we could look down on the icy-looking water and thank the hare for leading us around rather than down and through the quarry. Our thanks would dry up as **Niplets** snared **Little Easy**, who then proceeded to lay a trail through hamster land and briars to make even the bravest hound a pussy.

But we persevered and eventually exited the quarry to find the BN and on-in. The rest of the pack was in astoundingly quickly, probably after hearing that **Star Whore** had brought hot chocolate with Kailua and ancho chili powder. Circle was called to disorder with the standard down-downs, including our virgins – one brought by **Canucklehead** and **Toothless Beaver** (who subsequently drank for getting married) and the other by **Dickweed**. For whatever reason said virgin thought someone named **Needle Dick** had made him cum, so a renaming quickly ensued. **Dunkin' Ho Nuts** and **Georgia Douche** drank for getting a lift partway through trail, and I'm sure other down-downs occurred which escape my addled little brain. I do know this: a good time was had by all, and that hot shower felt fucking awesome after freezing my nuts off out there. –*Davey Crotchet*