

I hared my annual birthday hash Saturday. The start was at *Martin Luther King High School* in Lithonia, a few miles outside the perimeter highway to the east. I planned to take them southeast through dense woods, cross the nearby South River, romp around some more in the woods and eventually go about a mile up a power line easement to an empty cul-de-sac in an idle real estate development, about three miles all told.

It had rained hard for several days, and was doing so again as my co-hare and I set the trail. We could not have gotten more wet. We laid ample globs of flour and placed them strategically in hopes they would not wash away in the hours until the start. I bought a wrong brand of toilet paper which sort of dissolved as I tried to unroll a length to mark the trail, so I would wad a small wet handful and plop it on a handy limb. The normally placid and shallow South River was aboil, and we detoured to the Snapfinger Road bridge to get across. I wore a billed baseball cap, but my glasses were fogged and had a thin layer of flour, so vision was a challenge.

Five hashers braved the weather, which eased as we gathered, then re-intensified. I mean, it was raining. We're talking flash flood warning. We're talking instant total wetness. After the pack was underway, my co-hare and I drove to the bridge to wait for them, and learn how well the marks were holding up, and give tips to get to the end if necessary. The pack, which was pretty much together, said the marks were okay... considering.

About then, maybe half an hour after the actual start, a hasher who habitually arrives late called to say he was at the start and to ask for a suggestion to shortcut and catch up. We told him that the fastest path, other than car hashing, was to just follow the marks. We did not hear from him again. He got lost, and eventually went back to the start and drove home.

The pack got to the end in about an hour and a half, looking like drowned rats. They had stayed pretty much together and arrived within ten minutes of each other. Being aware of the weather, and having been forewarned that there was no cover at the end, there were enough umbrellas and rain gear for everyone. To my relief, the consensus was that it was a fun trial.

On-on! –*Shiggy Pitts*