

A motley crew of 18 Hashers showed up for **Redneck Mutha's** and **Niplet's** trail. Consisting of too-long to a 2nd timer, "500" Hashers and hopefuls, long-legged striders and a pygmy, a boxer and trail runners.

The Hares ran off laying an easy-to-follow trail of flour. **Stiff Pisser**, slightly late, ran off in the direction of the departing pack. **Ballerina Booty Boy**, trying to drive off with the beer and bags (They're All Mine!), didn't even get out of the park parking lot when waay too long and waay late **Scarecrow** arrived. He ran off as well... on trail... then... off trail? He said he couldn't find the easily seen flour the Hares had laid. **Ballerina** pointed the WAY TO THE BEER!

The End, at the end of a grass path, was on the edge of a lake, not more than a quarter of a mile from the Start. The ole swimming hole. The Hares came in after just slightly over an hour. **Stiff** and **Just Ian**, the FRBs, came in a few minutes later. The remainder of the pack slowly came in. Even **Shiggy Pitts** made good time in getting in for someone approaching his 500th. **Star Whore** became the FBI, and later drank as the Only Bitch In, as none of the other PH3 Harriettes deigned to cum. Something about a pool ending at the other Hash trumping the ole swimming hole. As **Ballerina** wondered where **Scare** was, considering his earlier trail sleuthing skills, **Scare** popped out of the woods. DFL!

Apparently not. **Tailgunner**, having hid from sight, or in plain sight, earlier at the start, had yet to cum in. He never would. He boxed to avoid getting his feet wet in one of the two creeks that trail was laid. Just as well as creek #2's water made sewage look clean. He boxed and successfully *found* trail. Last night's Southern Comfort trail. Laid by the *unholy two* of

SoCo: **Butt Bob and 1 Ball**, with help from the demonic **4 Inch Hole**.

SoCo had started @ a mile north of the Pinelake Start. The trails didn't overlap, and only a boxer would have stumbled across their trail. **Tail** had found SoCo's CB and headed north, 7 miles north of the PH3 End; Can't make these things up.

Due to a fast moving storm that **Davey Crochet** pointed out on his iPhone, circle was announced. **Rat's Ass** was volunteered since he could lead a short circle. Which, with the sky darkening, the thunder and lightning, and only 18 Hashers, went on and on and (you get the picture).

Of note was **Just Ian's** new name. Upon arrival at the End, he pulled out a savory looking burrito, which he did not share with the pack. He was named **Deutch Bag**.

Just before the rain hit, providing a cool, but wet, shower, **Redneck** received his 300th Run bag and 6-pack of Dogfish IPA.

The Hash broke up, and adjourned to the local Mexican restaurant for their fix. **Tail** finally made his appearance, having been picked up and driven back to the Start.

Also there: **Long and Red, Little Willy, Catatonic Colonic, Mighty Mouth, Scared of Pussy, Ass We Go**. Special Guest appearance by **Breach My Piece**. Who delivered **Redneck's** bag to the Start, and then retreated to the cold A/C of her abode. Leaving Star to be "shared" by 17 Hares and Hounds, just as RA **Shiggy** said they should.

On-on, **B³**