



Hash Trash: Jailbreak Hash #819
 Hares: Dangling Part-is-Nipple, Redneck Mutha, Iowa Setter, Just my Size
 In absentia: Pyschic Pisspot

RATING



Hounds: [withheld pending notification of next-of-kin]

It was almost 3:00 PM as 15 or 20 restless hashers milled in the yard in front of Charlie's Old Trading Post. Cars were parked, bags were packed, and prayers were spoken. The sky was blue. Conscientious hashers had brought canned goods. Finally the all clear sounded and 2 (of at least 4 that we know of) hares were released. After almost 6 minutes of elapsed time the posse sprung out in pursuit down McDonough to the first check in front of the gates leading to the Big House. The hare that checked left should be able to make bail in time for this week's hash. The unfortunate few who continued their evil way ran afoul of the YBF, but most found the right path and turned correctly onto Boulevard and once again onto a street which lead down, down, to a school, across a parking lot, into some woods etc. etc. till most everyone arrived at check number 2 near the poison watered concrete creek which drains the medical waste from Grady Hospital. This dilemma left many hounds pondering and scratching their backsides while their more diligent homies found flour. Meanwhile the hares got away once again. Once flour was detected near recently excavated earth the crew scrambled up a bank and into the woods which parallel the power line. Sure enough the trail crossed through the woods back to the power line once again allowing the tiring hares to gain their precious freedom. At this point after crossing a road and heading directly down the power line we encountered the first of two countbacks. A slight mathematical accident presaged the ultimate demise of Niplelets from the trail at this point. Once the hounds finally realized what a clever ruse had been played the hares were again at least 15 seconds ahead of the pack. The trail proceeded from here over hills, through woods, yards with junk cars, churchyards into tunnels across graveyards over railroad tracks pedestrian bridges and orange plastic fences down to tiny creeks...it all becomes kind of a blur... the BN was finally sited as we pulled into a little valley nestled inside the grounds of the cemetery. Local residents **Correll**, **Marie** and **Tony** who were kind enough to replace lost hares also 1> played with canine hashers **Hitam** and **Bluey** and 2> only drink sodas. **Dr. Doo-Doo** provided hot cider and **Elvis** added hot cinders for us sinners. Various down downs were performed for multiple offenses, the fire was snuffed and casi todo el mundo fue al cantina de San Luis Potosi para comer y beber mucho mas. Que te vaya bien Hasta la proxima.

In other news...

The city of Atlanta Fire Department is in search of the culprits for outdoor burning, in the rear of the cemetery on Jonesboro road, Saturday, November 23. Anyone having information regarding the fire or the flour on the ground nearby contact Burnt Rubber at Station Two and why didn't you leave him a BEER... ON-ON.