

Hash Trash for Hash # 852

July 26, 2003

Hares: **Beavis** and **Suction 8**

Start: Cobb County Chamber of Commerce.

The e-mail challenged us: "... you'll need a little extra gear for this one; a floatation device, repelling gear, spelunking gear and **GE**'s map of the Cobb County Sewers." Jeez, what are they trying to do, scare me? There were three words in that sentence that were more than two syllables! I'm a freakin' Hasher, not some 12 year old spelling bee wizard. 15 minutes of flipping through the Spanish-English dictionary I got along with my green card, I learn "spelunking" is a fancy word for cave exploring – showoffs! The trail better be as exigent and taxing as the e-mail!

The 26<sup>th</sup> turns out to be a perfect Atlanta day. Sunny, hot and humid. Their directions were spot on – man these guys are good. Big words and accurate directions, this is going to be a brilliant and exceptional day. I pulled into the Chamber of Commerce and indeed money is exchanging hands. 19 hounds are shelling out their \$6 in anticipation of spelunking, repelling, floatationing (that's how we spell it in Canada eh!) and sewerling!

**Pissticide** had a short line up in front of him. **Weiner Slutzel, Size Doesn't Matter, Pussy Pilot, Kaptain Krash, Afterbirth, Little Willie, Shiggy Pitts, Asscracker, Nipleets, Little Easy, Dain Bramaged, Butt Floss, Short Stump, Canucklehead**, Just **Dee Jay**, Virgin **David North** and our Hares; **Beavis** and **Suction 8**.

**Puff 'n Stuff** pulls in like he just got off the set of Easy Rider – 'Do rag flapping in the breeze, mirror shades, tough guy snarl and.... a limp? "I twisted a knee, otherwise I'd FRB this bitch like **Carl Lewis** chasing a gold medal man....instead I'm your *Bimbo* baby!"

It was hot. I sat down to strap on the two chunks of clay with laces that I Hash with. 10 seconds later my ass is scorched. Damn, pavement gets hot in Atlanta. It turns out this momentary sore butt was ominous foreshadowing of what lay ahead.

Virgin **Dave** got his chalk talk: SV, YBF, BN, Turkey & Eagle and some funky hieroglyphic of a Hasher break-dancing.

2:30 and we're off. Down the stairs and into the parking lot behind the Chamber of Commerce. The pack was tight and hunting for flour unison: "**Little Easy - Nipleets!** RU?...man when are they going to find trail?" Behind the office and right into a creek. Nice! Something was very different about this water! Hmm....what is it? Oh! The water is free of sewage! Cool. The pack cruised down the creek, lost trail for a bit and eventually found flour that took us to clawing our way up a short hill. Damn, should have stayed in the creek, because sure enough trail brought us back. **Kaptain Krash** was good enough to find the YBF and steer us all over the huge I beam that spanned the creek.

We went under the 285, around the back of a small office building (it looked like a nice spot to have a beer...hmmmm) up the wall and then the 'buns of steel' event began in earnest. The hill went up and up and up.....then turned left into a park. The hill really thinned out the pack.

Awesome here's the water stop. The Hares were kind. Since water stops are always halfway or better along a trail, we are in for a short one – excellent! Too hot today for anything else. "Cool, I guess I don't need to haul my water bottle anymore. I'll leave it here." says a confident **Canucklehead**. Boy were we wrong!

After a 100 yard freefall down a freshly graded slope, we got to dodge huge earth moving equipment at a construction site and head back into the woods. Nice – finally some shade!

Up-up-up we go. Oh crap, now we are really going downhill. This is what they meant by needing repelling gear. Well at least we are heading to the trails that run along the Chattahoochee, so we'll be on some flat terrain soon, 'cause I'd sure hate to go back up! Only a heartless spawn of **Satan** would send us back up that mess....Oh shit...the trail....it's not heading to the river anymore –it's going back up! WTF? did mountain goat lay this part? ...up-up-up, we were crawling on all fours and still just about puked out a lung! Buns of steel part 4 and we're only 40 minutes on trail! I was inspired to quote the great **Elvis** "Fuck zem Haerz!"

Oh thank God, level trail and some civilians. We have left hell and are back in the real world. We hook up with Nipleets at a fork in the trail. More civilians... we pass a family trying to catch a snake. Catch a snake? Who the hell would want to do that?

The trail takes a right at the bridge then we cross the river by a large sewer pipe. Evidently the dudes fishing there are "total hotties" according to **Butt Floss**. The trail follows the creek for a ways and then we plop back into the water for a long stretch. It was refreshing and we even got to swim a little. Those hares though of everything. They even planted a gravity storm by some rocks to make sure **Canucklehead** went swimming as well. Not the most graceful entry – I prefer to jump directly into the water rather than bounce off a rock and then in, but what the hell, he got to swim a little while he cursed the hares. 100 yards further and we pass under bridge into some deeper water... on shore we see the "BN", finally. Another 100 yards are we see the On-In – right where we were an hour earlier. *Death to the Hares* – they could have made the trail 4 miles shorter!

The ending was cool and shady under a bridge and beside a creek. Nice. While we were refueling with some of Pinelake's finest, who do we see? **Tailgunner**. This time his tardiness has served him well – he got to shortcut the buns of steel part of the trail.

A few minutes later, we see **Butt Floss** on the wrong side of the creek! Did he cross the creek to chat up his little hotties? Who knows, but he does report that he has a sore finger. (I'm afraid to ask, so I do what all hashers do – get a beer)

Slowly the pack made its way in. While we were sitting around, **Dr. Doo-Doo** announced that Pussy Pilot should sit with crossed his legs. Evidently his penis was visible (if you crawl under his chair and back look up his Kilt!).

**Weiner Slutzel** and **Size Doesn't Matter**, our DFLs, made it in at last. Let the circle begin!

**Little Willie** was good enough to demonstrate the proper down-down technique after which **Afterbirth** got a sympathy down-down for having his hash bag used by thieves to clear our his house. (What's up with that? If someone broke into my house and opened my hash bag – I'd find my bag where I left it with some vomit on it!)

FRB true trail down-down: **Kaptain Krash**

FRB short cut down-down: **Little Easy**

Bee sting down-down: **Butt Floss** (so he pricked his finger rather than fingering a few pricks... irony?)

Brain damage down-down: **Dain Bramaged** (5 staples in her head from last week's hash)

Virgin down-down: **David North**

Abandoning your virgin (sore knee or not) down-down: **Puff 'n Stuff**

Whirlpool break on trail down-down: **One Ball**

Car Hashing: **Dr. Doo-Doo** and **EZ Cheeks**

GQ down-down: **Canucklehead!**

Catching a snake on trail and bringing it home to the kids down-down: **Kaptain Krash** (I guess that answered my question from earlier!) He put it in his fanny pack – isn't there a website for his kind?

Hare down-down: **Beavis** and Suction 8. *Great trail guys!*

Time for a naming! It was **Dee Jay's** 6<sup>th</sup> hash. Some dirt first:

- She picked up an ant and it (lucky bastard) went right into her pants on trail today.
- She works in a Chiropractor's office
- From Tampa
- plays soccer...

**Butt Floss** confused the pack with a Butt name suggestion nobody understood. The brain energy from the pack was electric! What a clever bunch: **Penalty Box** it is! *Welcome sister Hasher!*

One final down-down went to **Tailgunner**: For his god-awful chair, fan and painted toenails. He's so South Beach!

Circle was done, a few more beer were consumed. **Pussy Pilot** was desperately trying to hose us all down by starting the huge bilge pump used by the construction site. It seems our boy needs a few blue pills – his hose stayed limp.

Off to eat Mexican food! Another great Pinelake hash!

On Out

*One Ball*