

Hared by Davey Crochet and Yoron Weed

With temperatures hovering above freezing, 30 brave souls gathered at the Sports Authority on Cobb Pkwy for what would prove to be a much talked about trail. There was a strange look about as hashers adorned with fuzzy hats and mitts greeted one another with frosty hellos from the cool air. Among the bundled up group, **Lil' Easy**, **Squid Dick**, and late arrival **Cum Scout** marched around in shorts and T-shirts like we were hashing in the Bahamas.

On this day, generous Pinelakers came bearing gifts for the Atlanta Community Food Bank. A donation of canned goods got you a buck off your unlimited cool drinks and orange food at the ending.

As the runners prepared their hair and makeup, **Davey Crochet** and **Yoron Weed** showed up with a special guest from PBS to shoot film for a documentary. **Lil' Easy** volunteered to be mic'd during the run with stern warnings that the portable unit he was about to carry was worth more than his life, so he better not get it wet. These instructions come as everyone looked at the soaked hares who were wet past the knee.

After **Shiggy Pitt's** short intro the Hares took off to lay the trail. But wait a moment, I already told you they were wet to their knee, didn't they already lay this trail? That's right, the start was a rouse needed for filming by Carin from PBS.

...And with that we were off across Akers Mill Rd and through some bushes to maneuver sideways down a hill, covered with slippery pine needles, only to pop up quickly onto Cobb Pkwy. Heading towards I-285 the closely packed group came upon their first check and Carin strategically placed with her camera to film us as we bumbled around

trying to find true trail. Are you? Are you? was shouted over and over as the camera filmed.

True trail took us over the Galleria bridge headed to the Cumberland mall where the pack was given the option of a Turkey and Eagle split. The majority of whom chose Turkey as it headed right for the mall entrance. Earlier special instructions told us to enter and just go straight, oh and to say hi to Santa as we passed. Santa must have heard our hello's because as we exited the mall, we were each given an early Christmas gift. Now what would be the perfect gift for hashers on trail? Toilet paper of course, 2 rolls even. With ass-wipes in hand, we left the parking lot making constant jokes about how we would always be on trail. Later we would learn how truly ironic these remarks would be.

Leaving the mall and with the pack still very much together the second check was found at Cumberland Circle Rd. With rail road tracks visible in the distance everyone quickly headed for them left with just one thought in mind...which way?!?! Left or Right? Everyone knew it was a 50-50 shot, but no one wanted to be wrong.

**Squid Dick** took off left like a bolt of lightning and never looked back as a few others ventured slowly right, just begging to hear the shouts of ON-ON from someone. Turns out **Squid Dick** was right, and off we went. **Canucklehead** was not far behind on the tracks as he noticed another check off to the right around an apartment complex. With **Squid Dick** still jetting ahead, **Jackass** and **Canucklehead** found a backtrack and cursed the FRB as we headed back for the tracks joined by **Lil' Easy**.

Flour was found in plentiful amounts all up the railroad tracks. Or so we thought. **Jackass** and the Canuck jogged slower as **Lil' Easy, Cum Scout and Tri Fuckta** ran up ahead, way up ahead in fact. A freight train rolled by forcing us off the tracks to the left. As the train passed we followed what appeared to be flour along the sides. Many stopped to test the flour and debate on it's age and consistency. Something just wasn't right. However we continued down the tracks because this convincing mystery substance was quite plentiful. So convincing, that a large group made it almost a mile down until we got to Paces Ferry Rd, cursing the hares the entire time. **Tri Fuckta** pressed on, and so did **Lil' Easy**, but **Elvis** and **Barf Bag** and the rest decided something was seriously wrong and headed the long way back where we found a CB12. It was hidden on the other sides of the tracks from the train. Death to the Hares!

Back on trail it wasn't long before the BS was found, but not before another strategically placed camera shot from PBS as we crossed the street.

At the Beer Stop more filming as a few hashers were asked to crawl under a fence for the cameras in order to receive their tasty beverage. As more arrived the talk was squarely based on the railroad fiasco, and we also learned that **Squid Dick** was already sitting nice and cozy at the ending. No wonder he took off like a bat out of hell, he knew exactly where he was going all along.

The fuel tanks that are our stomachs were now recharged and we headed out yet again. Flour led us to a stream that few dared to enter. Alas, **Cum Scout**, joined by **Lil' Willy** and **Canucklehead** entered the chilly water while doing a ballet dance around the deep parts. Naturally, the trail took us in and out,

and we crawled back to the road only to see a group led by **Sleazy Rider** who stuck to the road that entire time. They were armed with a massive arsenal of excuses for staying dry.

Down Cobb Pkwy yet again over the Chattahoochee, and into the woods. From here the trail was easily followed down a stream that you didn't have to enter if you stuck to high ground. It wasn't long after before the beloved ON-IN was finally spotted.

One by one everyone arrived, or so it seemed. Apparently back at the tracks at Paces Ferry Rd, **Cum Scout's** friends, led by **Tri-Fuckta**, pulled an Energizer Bunny and just kept "going and going and going." They decided to ignore the fact that even **Lil' Easy** chose to turn around. The would-be DFL's arrived over an hour later dropped off by some mystery driver in a black car.

**Elvis** rubbed two sticks together and quickly got a raging fire going. Cold Pinelakers fought for the best spot to get warm without having to get a face full of smoke.

All the usual down-down shenanigans took place and were caught on tape for PBS. You can catch it on TV in June of 2004.

Frost Bitten: Swamp Thing, Shiggy Pitts, Afterbirth, Sleazy Rider, Yassir Cream Her, Colonel Clit, Stiff Upper Clit, One Ball, Lil' Easy, Canucklehead, Pissticide, Low Fur, Jackass, Lil' Willy, Boner, Squid Dick, Kaptain Krash, Too Quick, Stink of Swim, Barf Bag, Snail Trail, Ass Cracker, Elvis, Dane Brammaged, Tri Fuckta, Doggie Style, Maxwell Twatt, Furry Balls, Cum Scout, Tail Gunner.

Bimbo: Psychedelic Pussy

No Names: Matt Lewis