

Pinelake Hash #874

Date: **January 3, 2004**

Hare: **One Ball**

1st Timer: Just Leslie

Too Longs: Lick Her Itch, Mall Shark, Dipstick, Burning Bush, Butt Pipe, Fucowee

Burnt Rubber, Cheeks of Hazard, Dribbles, Shiggy Pits and Cocksmith

FRB's: Kaptain Krash and Butt Pipe

DFL: Burnt Rubber

Visitors: Taxi Ho and Head Eunuch

Hounds: 45

Scribe: BWanA

Usually, the beginning of a new year is a cause for introspection and rejoicing. It is therefore with profuse apologizing that I must relate the horror of short cutting on hash eight-seven-four. So circle up hounds and allow your nearly DFL scribe to circumscribe the tale he has entitled Wrong Way To the Beer, **Bitch!**

Let us begin. The pack outed in the direction of the first mark and the half-minded half dozen made up of **Burnt Rubber, Dribbles, 2 Crabs, Dip Stick, Head Eunuch** and **BWanA** outed 180 degrees away from the first mark. By virtue of the "half's short cutting ploy" the descriptions thereof will be more of aimlessly wanderings and personal observations more than the standard fare of markers leading the pack hither and thither.

Right from the get go **Burnt Rubber** decided to box solo disregarding the theory of safety in numbers. A move he would certainly regret! So the "half's" became a gaggle of five. In order to be successful, any attempt to short cut requires a plan of strategy or lots of dumb luck. Wonder, which one would prevail for this band of numb skulls? Knowing the area from previous jaunts, which can be fatal, the gaggle decided to jog west down Holcomb Bridge Road to the bridge over Big Creek. No sign of the flour! What next?

Well your scribe, me, **BWanA**, decided that the sewer easement parallel to Big Creek looked like prime hash turf to continue the search. Further and further, I trekked in a northerly direction searching for markers but the search came up empty. Not a dribble of flour or a ply of TP. So I decided to backtrack and rejoin my fellow short cutters.

Upon returning to the bridge at Big Creek, I discovered the others have abandoned the "Big Creek Search" and ditched the **Bitch**. What now? Real man of genius! That's right, I remember **Primer** was at the start therefore the end must be at her house. Off I go but no luck there. Okay, I'll cut through the back of her subdivision to get to GA 400 because I know I will find flour there!

Departing **Primer's** house, I strolled down her road in the direction of a field, across the meadow followed up by dense growth of bramble and before long, muddling in a swamp. I'm thinking to myself wasn't the primary reason the gaggle decided to short cut was not to get our feet wet. Keep on buggering, **BWanA!**

Trudging along the swamp for several 100 meters, I found my next challenge to be an easement. This sewer line is flooded to the point of resembling a mile plus hog slough. It's just not getting any better and to make matters worse there are signs on trees that read "Stuck? Call 404-***-****!" I wish I had my cell phone!

Sloshing in shoe sucking mud was just a delight but things are looking brighter when Mansell Road and GA400 are in sight. Back on dry land, Yipfuckinee! What next? A new strategy must be deployed. Where would a Canuck end a trail? It's got to be the hockey rink off of Mansell. A quick dash to the rink turns into another blunder! Pucked up again!

Before raising the white flag, one more hunch to try, the trail has to be on the hiking trails off of Old Alabama Road. After all, the last **One Ball** Trail did. If not, at least it's close to the start and I can call it quits. No more dicey moves! After an hour of running trails, I found no "gold medal" and decided to tuck my tail between my legs and made tracks back to the start.

Fortunately I had my car key and could gain access to my cell phone. I dialed **Rat's Ass** and ask "where one might find a beer on Saturday afternoon?" After a good chuckle, I was given directions to the end (of course I ran) and was informed that **Burnt Rubber** was still out. If I hurried I could spare myself from being DFL. A sense of accomplishment! I'm happy to say that I made it in before **Burnt** and after a several beers life got a whole lot better, *EH!*