



# El Correr de la Mierda de Toro

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**Las Liebres:** Poco Willie y Después de Nacimiento.

**Los Persigue:** Chokie del pollo del pokie del okie, Un cojon, Separe el águila, Embalador del asno, Rápido y difícilmente, Dicks de los pescados, Agujero delantero de la pulgada, Desplome del capitán, Estilo del dawgie, Entregas en la parte posterior, Crema de Yassir ella, Amartilleo largo de Pippi ,Grieta del extreme, Bromista del boob.

¡Aye Caramba! Hounds gathered at El Parque de Dresden to see what Mark Anthony and Ricky Martin, er, **Little Willie** and **Afterbirth** had in store at the 900<sup>th</sup> +1 Pinelake. An extremely small crowd was present due to a variety of reasons: Some had left for Cardiff, some were running Dark Side, some were recceyng other trails or at weddings or other functions, while others may have been scared off from doing the trail of the famous viejos pedos (old farts). Their loss for missing the grand tour of downtown Mexico City.

Trail started harmlessly enough, as we ran through Dresden Park and into the creek. Within five minutes of the start of the hash, our shoes contained enough sand to start miniature beaches. Immediately after exiting the creek, we had to make a long climb up a steep road; not the best medicine for sandy feet. The road dead ended into Buford Highway, and trail went across the street, seemingly going around ¡Plaza Fiesta! Whoops, I'm sorry, trail went through ¡Plaza Fiesta! I love trails that go through malls, especially ones this lively. I wasn't in there long, but the music sure was festive. ¡¡Fiesta!! Unlike our Christmas time trail through Cumberland, however, we did not receive any TP samples as we exited. Trail continued down a side street from Clairmont, and into Skyland Park, where we enjoyed a much needed water stop. One thing I like about **Afterbirth's** trails, is that he always has someone stationed at the water stop to make sure everybody reaches it. Good hare! We were then given a nice tour through some of the finer apartment complexes Chamblee has to offer. Some of the locals even cheered us on as we ran by. Unfortunately for **Yassir** and **Fish Dicks**, we ran into a shortcutting **Deliveries** at this point, and we thought it would be a good idea to follow him. A large fence stood in our way. While the climb was reached with little effort by the Georgia Nut, **Yassir** and **Fish Dicks** decided to chicken out and go around. We lost **Deliveries**, flour and our nerves. After going several yards out of the way, we retreated back and followed trail. And all we had to do was just stay on Buford Highway until Briarwood Road, where I knew the trail was ending. Oh well, we would have missed the scenery that way. We ended up way DFLs among those who finished the trail. With all other members of mismanagement absent, Beermeister **One Ball** ran circle. Yes, that was as scary as it sounds. Good time was had by all, and this scribe learned a very valuable lesson: If you have a good idea where the end is, never abandon your shortcut.

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