

Pinelake #902

The CHUD Hash: Chaotic Hashing Under Department stores

Start: Town Center Mall, Kennesaw July 17, 2004

Our Hares: Niplets & GE

Zee Hounds: Anal Fissure, Barf Bag, Burning Bush, Bushy Balls, Butt Pipe, Cum On Down, Dain Bramage, Dangling Partisnipple, Likes It Long, Love Bug 69, Mates and Kills, One Ball, Pussy Pilot, Redneck Mutha, Shiggy Pitts, Short Stump, Smells Like Fags, Snail Trail, Two Day Rental

Only the few, the brave and the stupid dared to make the 40 minute commute Northward to SUV hell. But it was the promise of a live **GE & Niplets** trail that brought the small band of sweaty hounds out to play. And in that Parisian/Food court parking lot, under the shade of a small malnourished tree, we huddled, trying to avoid the sun that glared off dozens of parked cars. Oh, and a fascinating pair of black and white socks adorned one of our visitors.

Following the traditional 5-10 minute head start, the pack traipsed off. Perhaps the hares had leaked information intentionally, or the more experienced hashers had for once speculated correctly...whatever the case, this hash was actually an exploration of the intricate network of tunnels connecting the vastly over paved and overdeveloped shopping mecca of Barrett Parkway.

Probably the most amount of time spent above ground was the first 20-30 minutes of the trail. The first check, though not technically difficult, had the hounds dumbfounded for at least 15 minutes. True trail lie straight into shiggy, but the hounds gave the hares too much credit, thus believing our wily hares must have gone in every other direction but straight. Sometimes it's good to bring up the rear.

Anyway, through shiggy we went right into another parking lot, and into another check. This time, we were not to be fooled, of course the trail must lead back into shiggy. I should have sat this one out. **Short Stump** agreed to head back behind the movie theatre in search of flour. Five minutes went by and **Stump** did not return. **Pvssy Pilot** decided to do likewise. Another 5 minutes passed, without a sound.

At this point, we figured our fellow hounds had either found trail & forgot to whistle or had suffered from heat exhaustion subsequently collapsing in the

parking lot. Either way, **Cum on Down** and I took off in pursuit. Our visitor first saw flour, prompting **Snail**, that's me, to blow like I've never blown before. The rest of the pack headed our in search of my blows. We then came across the rest of the pack, climbing down into a hole behind a strip mall. Everyone piled in, pushing **Redneck Mutha** and his fearless dogs further down into the tunnel. The few who read the hares instructions and brought flashlights lit the way for the many who did not.

The trail was a wild excursion of impressive tunnels built before, during and after the Barrett Parkway sprawl. Due to the short stature of the engineers who designed some tunnels, the hounds were bent over for half the trail. I saw many a fine booties in my midst.

The hounds saw daylight only once more during the run. They popped their heads out up on a hill between 75 and Barrett Parkway. The trail went down the hill along side the road and went further down into another tunnel that lay between a small park and an apartment complex entrance. Here also waited a nest of bees and a water stop. **Cum on Down** was heard asking, "is this a typical Pinelake trail?" No, but it was a typical **GE** and **Niplets** trail: anything goes.

We dove back under Barrett Parkway and continued on through the maze of tunnels, somewhere in there the hares had performed a circle jerk. However, it was pure luck if the hounds were able to figure that out.

The trail spit us out right from under 75, disorientated, we continued following flour until we caught site of the end.

Various down downs were given out.

My thanks to the visitors from DC for stopping by and offering their hospitality for the red dress run.

All in all, I should say, an absolutely excellent trail. Thanks hares!

Your scribe,

S. Trail