

Hares: Oops and 3 Finger Hole

Hounds: 4 Inch Hole, Bitch with an Attitude, Deposit Slit, Square Meat, Canucklehead, Shiggy Pitts, Alicia Alvarado (virgin), Weiner Schlutzel, Size Doesn't Matter, Davey Crochet, Yoron Weed, Cootchie Mud Pie, Barf Bag, Maximum Penetration, Maxwell Twat, Furry Balls, Boner, Erin Belvin (virgin), Gargi Phartki (virgin), Jeremy Spiegel (virgin), Shannon Martoccia (virgin), Baron Von Fuck Often, Yassir Cream Her, Psychedelic Pussy, Tripod, Squid Dick, Dental Damn, Penalty Box, Ouch, Pull It Out and Sniff, Ho Checka, On All Fours, Meg McCarron (virgin), Genevieve Polk (virgin), Dawgy Style, Cynthia Fucker, One Ball, Jessica Marcinkeuage (virgin), Nipleets, Little Easy, Kap'n Krash, Too Quick, Rat's Ass, Wine Ho, Ass Packer, Lil' Sister, and Puff -n- Stuf.

The trail. The start was north of town in a Kroger parking lot west of Roswell. We had quite a turn-out, with almost 50 hashers, including *seven* virgins from Emory University. It was very hot and humid, the kind of day one would expect from an Atlanta summer, but of which we've thankfully had little this season.

The pack set out after the live hares, heading uphill a hundred yards or so out of the parking lot, and hung a right on a wide, briar filled power line easement into the woods. After about half a mile, I saw the seven virgins joining us from a residential road. Hmmm, someone got a tip on a shortcut. I could have used that tip, as Saturday wasn't my day. After another quarter mile or so in the woods, skirting a fairly large development of new houses and working our way up a long rocky hillside, I pretty much ran out of gas. I got a little dizzy and couldn't seem to catch my breath, so sat down on a handy rock and took a break. This was the first of many breaks.

I soldiered on after a bit, trying to keep the back runners in sight, as we continued to climb and circle around the new homes. We eventually came to a big road, which we followed to the left on the sidewalk. My sense of

direction is so poor that I didn't even notice when we passed by the start – having gone in a big circle, known in hashdom as a “YBF loop,” which added maybe a mile and a half onto the front end of the trail. Soon afterward I caught up with an even slower moving hasher who noticed I wasn't looking my best and offered to stay with me. I accepted.

The trail followed the road downhill to a bridge, thence into the creek it spanned (surprise!). Not long after we got in the creek, a late arriving hasher and his golden retriever **Louie** caught up with us. **Louie** was having a ball, wallowing and swimming in the creek and sniffing trails and chasing critters in the woods, and proved a pleasant companion for the rest of the trail. After another quarter mile or so, the trail led out of the creek and onto an overgrown dirt path that paralleled it, through a baseball field, to a small community center with tennis courts and a pool in a lovely neighborhood. There was a checkpoint in the center's parking lot, which we missed. We saw flour off to the right, up a steep road, and of course followed it. After what seemed like half a mile and was actually only a few hundred uphill, sun-beaten yards, we found the “false trail” marking. *Shit.* That

told us we'd missed a check (since false trails always begin at checkpoints), so we backtracked and found it in the front yard of the clubhouse, and set off on the street in the direction it had been marked (front runners usually mark checks so us back runners don't have to sort them out), following flour marks on the curb.

Next, we missed the marks that led to the right into woods about 50 yards from the check. Instead, we followed the road for another few hundred yards. We deduced we were off trail, and asked a woman mowing her lawn if she'd seen a bunch of runners. Yep, she said, they went thataway, gesturing the way we were going. So we went further, and further, in the heat, getting increasingly frustrated and hoping we'd somehow pick up the trail. We met a lovely, tall young blonde girl with braces who also said she'd seen runners, so went even further. We finally turned back after well over half a mile and ambled back to the checkpoint, spread out more carefully and immediately spotted the flour leading into the woods. To our misfortune, a clump of pine straw had been kicked onto the first off-road flour mark, obscuring it.

Okay, we trucked along around the big, acre-sized pond, then into and out of the creek that fed it, and to a second, bigger pond upstream that had been drained so it could be dredged and deepened. Fortunately the trail skirted this humongous, *stinky* mud pie. (We learned later that one of the virgins, the only male one, tried to shortcut across it and had to be pulled out by his fellow virgins.) Soon after pond number two, in a construction area, we missed another checkpoint, and followed a dirt road which went uphill to our right, soon found flour, which was another long, uphill false

trail. *Sigh*. This was not totally bad news, as an uphill false trail is less demoralizing as a downhill one; since, when you find the marker, you go downhill instead of up. We backtracked again and found the checkpoint.

It was marked toward more woods, and we went thataway, soon into the same small creek that fed the ponds, and which got ever smaller as we continued upstream. The trail followed this creek for maybe another mile, with residential homes above us on either side. The creek itself was a sort of easement, as we hashers try to *keep off private*

land without permission. We eventually got to the hare's house, which was one of those whose backyard sloped to our now tiny creek. The pack was enjoying his swimming pool in back, eating burgers and consuming much beer.

We three, plus **Louie**, were the last in. Word had gotten around of my crapping out early on, and some folks were worried about us. I was a tired and thirsty puppy. *Next week is my 61st birthday.*

Your scribe, *Shiggy Pitts*

Down downs were given to a most appreciative audience:

Too long: **Maximum, Penalty Box, Dental Dam**: 100 runs : **4 Inch Hole**; Virgins (wow – so many) : **Jeremy** (almost named **Muddy Dick** for trying to cross a drained lake), **Alicia, Erin, Gargi, Shannon, Meg, Genevieve, Jessica**; Snare: **Banger's and Snatch (RA)**; FRB: **Dental Dam**; New Car: **Canucklehead**: Overachiever: **Bitch with an Attitude**: Hosts/Guests: **Deposit Slit, Stephanie, Hannah**; Hares: **Oops** and **Three Finger Hole**: DFL's **Shiggy Pitts, Ass Packer, Yassir Cream Her**.

