

PineLake House House Harriers

Because Life's Too Short To Drink Cheap Beer

Run #929

Star Whore & Niplets

02/14/05

We Who Blindly Follow: Tinkerbell 🐼 Thumper 🐼 Shiggy Pitts 🐼 Beavis 🐼 Bone Hole 🐼 Boner 🐼 Pussy Pilot 🐼 Josh (4x) 🐼 Donny 🐼 EZ Cheeks 🐼 Psychedelic Pussy 🐼 Butt Floss 🐼 Toothless Beaver 🐼 Canucklehead 🐼 Anal Fissure 🐼 Just My Size 🐼 Little Easy 🐼 Snail Trail 🐼 Size Doesn't Matter 🐼 Squid Dick 🐼 I'll Folk'r 🐼 David (bimbo) 🐼 Little Willie 🐼 Rat's Ass

Ech-scuse be ... I 'be god a cohd [achhh-tooie!]. Dis is whad I get for waiding a couble of weeks to wride da trash <sniff>.

Endyway, id was a beaudiful afdernoon for hashing ad with **Niblets** and **Star Whore** as our hares, whad could be bedder. The stard was moderadely familiar - Candler Road and I-20 ... thoughtds of known tunnels wend troo our heads. At da annoided hour, we were off towardz da bagside of da shobbing cender and down a liddle road. Ad sure enough, **Liddle Easy** foud true trail off a cheg in an abardmend complex headig for the tunnel under I-twenty. Good thig we brouhd our flashlights.

Ack! YBF! **Liddle Easy**, **Canugglehead** and I decided to go bag troo a barallel tunnel so da whole back would exberience the YBF. Yes, dat was mean, but fun!

Ahhh, the NyQuil is starding to take effect. There we go ... that's better.

Anyway, <cough> true trail ended up going straight through the complex, due east, past a football field and then down to Rainbow Drive. After a countback down in a neighborhood, we hit the woods again snaking our way until we hit (unbeknownst to us) the backside of Exchange Park. We were later told by our wily hares that they sat at the end up on the hill and watched us run right by them.

Hang on ... there's my phone.

Damn squirrels.

We then hit the easements paralleling Shoal Creek heading south towards I-285. At the check under the 285 bridge, I mused aloud to Just My Size that we ended a hash in the park right through those woods – you know, the park we were just in. Just as she began to work her way into the woods, On-On was called down the creek and back onto the easements. The checks were all well thought out and kept the pack together nicely. Especially the one on Columbia Drive. By the time I got there, every direction had been checked except one – up the road, back in the direction we just came. **Boner** was the first to venture that way just as I was channeling Niplets and headed into the woods in that same direction. Of course, he later confided that normally he would have used the woods, but the road was just plain easier for this PineLake trail.

We jaunted off-road through some school before vectoring back to Columbia Drive again, then crossed over I-285 and entered the woods leading into, guess what! Exchange Park! Yep, if I had only trusted my rat-like instincts, I coulda short-cutted the shit out of that shit. Oh well, on a beautiful day, it was nice to be out again getting some exercise. [Why yes, thank you very much, the ribs are healing nicely.]

Down-downs were a-plenty with **Tinkerbelle** and **Thumper** visiting from Macon, **Beavis** and **Pussy Pilot** were too-longers, **Bone Hole** got himself a fancy horn for his car, **Size Doesn't Matter** had her some nice Catholic School girl shoes, **Donny the Retard** won for best shredded legs, and **EZ Cheeks** and **I'll Folk'r** drank for being DFLs. We thanked the hares for a job well done, and made them drink a beer for it.

There was an On-On, but I forget and the NyQuil is starding to make mee shleeeeeeepy so I think I'm gonna go night-night

Scribe: **Rat's Ass**