

Pinelake 941

An early start marked the day of Prom From Hell, but a good-sized pack of 27 hounds gathered from near and far at Ridgeview Middle School. Located near some very posh neighborhoods, the hounds wondered what sort of trail was in store for them. But **Yoron** and **Bring 'Em Young** had a devilishly sly and enjoyable trail all planned.

Trail left the parking lot and wound down through a park, following unknown trails through woods and streams before heading to some roads. From there it was up and down and all around, until a particularly steep hill made even the ultra-running **Urine Development** and **Port-A-Jay** slow to a crawl. **Busted Cherry** was standing on top of said hill making the breathless hounds wonder what to expect, but a CB 10 was the order of the day so the hounds trudged back down the hill and into a nice stream leading between houses.

The stream got slipperier and slipperier, with several hounds (including **Toothless Beaver**) taking an involuntary swim. Neighbors eyed the pack warily as we picked our way through the treacherous rocks. Eventually we made it through a couple of small tunnels and back up to the road, where trail wound around to the left and back to a – *crap* – turkey/eagle split everyone had missed. So turning around we trudged along the turkey trail back to correct spot and continued on. Soon enough the dog/no dog split was found, leading the ‘no dogs’ to a delightful bamboo forest next to Georgia 400. The ‘no dog’ part turned out to be for a troublesome fence leading into someone’s backyard. We eyed the pool longingly for a while before going around the side of the house and finding the water stop across the street.

Canucklehead seemed to be infected with running no-no on trail and did the dog trail backwards as the rest of the pack descended through ivy to a river. Trail followed the river (which felt quite refreshing by this time) for what seemed like a very long time before turning off and skirting some soccer fields.

Yoron Weed and Bring 'Em Young

Then we hit one of the newest, nicest areas of town, running past almost-finished multi-million dollar palaces looking down on pleasant putting greens, lakes, and tennis courts. Exiting the back of that area, we trudged through some most forest before returning to the first park we had been in adjacent to the start, and the beer near / on in.

Circle was all set up when a few drops of rain scared the not-too-tired hounds and bimbos to move under a pavilion. Eventually (i.e. when the beer was moved) the pack returned outside to sunny skies while waiting for the DFLs (**Hermaphrodites On Unicycles** and **Just Nicki**). The FRBs included **Tailgunner** (who was actually on time for the start but didn’t see much of trail), **Port-A-Jay**, and **Urine Development**. Circle was called to disorder and drinks were dispensed to the above sinners, along with virgin **Just Rudolpho**. Having a plethora of second-timers made it easy to pick them out – **Just Matt**, **Just Nicki**, **Just Julie**, **Just Chris**, along with first-timer **Just Wes**. **Square Meat**, looking like chopped liver, was awarded a down-down for his multiple injuries on trail while **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie**, **Whore Eagle**, **Woody Yank Me**, and **Cigar Box** were given their too-long down-downs. **Boner** finally earned and received his 100-run mug but promises to come back.

Next, **Hermaphrodites on Unicycles** presented Pinelake with a kick-ass poster with the Pinelake/Warsteiner slogan “Because Life’s Too Short to Drink Bad Beer”. And too-long **Little Red Rubbin’ Hood** treated circle to some eye-candy, making it twice this month that the “boys” of Pinelake were presented with a Nice Rack. Keep this up, and we’ll lose our reputation! Finally, **Shiggy** was given accolades and a down-down for his two years of service as JM before the hash went in peace, hopefully to get a piece. After all, isn’t that what Prom is all about?!