

Pinelake 961 – Redneck Mutha

After a long absence Jambi (a/k/a Redneck Mutha) felt the need to reassert himself by laying a challenging trail for Pinelake. Although in Southern Comfort territory the area was new to everyone. Apparently all the newness was a little too exciting for some canines, as Tastes Great and Wet Dream's dog Austin took a big ol' dump right in the middle of the parking lot during chalk talk. It also seemed gas prices were a little steep and many carpooled to the start, including a van overstuffed with Wheelhopper hashers – all jumping out as they showed up at the last minute, looking like clowns coming out of a clown car!

So with that we set off after the hare with high hopes. Those hopes were, of course, dashed as we reached the first check and came up blank. Your scribe was foolish enough to go charging through shiggy to find a stream with a swamp across the way. Yet instead of flour all I found was a coconut floating ever so gently in said stream. About that time faint cries of “On On” could be heard so we high-tailed it off to chase the FRBs.

(Side note – yes, this is a lame trash. I waited too long – i.e. more than a few hours – to write it and now I have forgotten everything. It happens. There was beer involved, I believe.)

So we ran along a cut and found ourselves over near the interstate. Interstate = tunnel, right? Of course! This particular tunnel required the hounds (and presumably the hare) to get on all fours and crawl through on hands and knees. Thankfully the bottom was sandy and no one was rear-ended that I saw....

The tunnel dumped us next to what had to have been Shannon Mall, and we trekked along the interstate and wound our way back to – another stinking tunnel! Well, this one was at least a tad cleaner but we were still forced to do it doggy style again. So the tunnels thankfully behind us, we wound through some neighborhoods before dashing into the suburban shiggy once again, using some convenient wooden footbridges. Now tiring, we found trail leading into a park. These trails were great, gently winding through woods and around a lake. We earned a lot of blank (then hostile) stares from the normal denizens of this park area but were not accosted (for a change!). A quick dash across a road led to a stream that we followed to the beer near and eventually the on in (woohoo!) behind a school.

The hounds made their way in, the beer was popped, and haberdashery was selling like hotcakes. Down Downs were awarded to all the too-longs, FRBs, and DFL (well, DFL-*in-absentia* as Tastes Great never quite found the end...thankfully she found the start!). Our esteemed visitor from Guantanamo Bay received his obligatory drink, and plans were made for an on-after at Gravity Pub. Reports from said on-after speak highly of cheap Jaeger shots...it may be worth checking out.