

PINELAKE # 977

I-20 and Evans Mill Road

Hare: Nipleets; Bimbos: ~~AutoErotic~~ *Deep Throat*; Scribe: Bone Hole

Hounds: Rat's Ass, Yoron Weed, Royal Fuck, Bone Hole, Donny the Retard, Davey Crochet and Front End Load Her.

It was a cold and stormy night. No really, it was kind of rainy and warm, almost humid, as the hounds sought to gather at the Revco which had been bought out by CVS but the actual start was across the street at Dollar General. Things had really changed since 1996 when this trail was reccied.

Once gathered the hounds buzzed with excitement as we awaited our hare. Upon his arrival **Nipleets** geared up to lay live trail. As bags were loaded in **Davey Crochet's** Ford we noticed it had been left running at the start while the pack signed in.

On-out was called and the hare unlike his usual fleet footed self proceeded to shuffle off down Evans Mill Road.

Several minutes later the hounds were off, and I mean way off. The pack hit the trail with all the enthusiasm of a prison work crew. A short way down Evans Mill at the first check, ½ the pack went up the trail next to the first church, the wrong way, but an on-over on down Evans Mill was found leading to the second check at then end of that road. The pack was now moving well having shaken off their previous malaise. Trail was found going across a large field toward the huge parking lot of a monster church with its own athletic fields. The church check went straight and lead to the first lowland area and across a smaller field and up into the woods. The woods were mostly open which allowed for some running on the damp leaves covering the forest floor. My memory gets fuzzy here but we eventually come out on a paved trail similar to the Silver Comet but with a different name. The trail took a nice big left turn so being hashers we took the shortcut across the field much to the dismay of an elderly woman and her little yip yap dog and she glared at us with eyes of disbelief that people would actually ignore the stay on trail signs posted every 100 yards or so. After the short cut an on-over up a jeep trail into the woods allowed the pack some scenic running on muddy trail covered with wet leaves. **Front End Load Her** was making good time when a slip worthy a 9.5, even from the Russian judge, caused a butt first landing the nice soft mud. He barely lost a step and was soon gone from my sight. The trail went off the jeep road and down in a small swampy area with prehistoric tree briars growing up from the mucky forest floor. The pack sensed, hoped the BN was near and despite a slow start our hare was no where to be seen on this trail. Sure enough the call BN was heard and trail ended in the woods on top of some lichen covered granite.

Good beer and conversation followed and **Nipleets** wondered where his powers of female attraction had gone since no women ran the trail. **AutoErotic** then clued us in that the hare had her blow the car horn so he could locate the end. Armed with this and other information related to the party to come that night only the most faithful bimbo could come to know **AutoErotic** was renamed **Deep Throat** to better suit her talents.

Down- downs then proceeded with **Yoron Weed** and **Front End Load Her** collecting the FRB and **Donny the Retard** the DFL down-down. More drinking followed with **Royal Fuck** spotted as too long and myself for adventure sports recruiting with **Deep Throat** taking one down for her re-naming.

The weather started to look like rain so we made plans to retrieve vehicles from the start only to discover the bag car would not crank. Only then did we learn that it had been acting up at the start. With all those half minds at work our deep knowledge of chemistry came the forefront as we cleaned the battery terminals with Big-K® cola. This of course did not work so our ever tireless hare, and others maybe, ran back to the start while the rest of the pack guarded the beer. **Shortly Front End Load Her's** truck and extra long jumper cables saved the day.