

Crap. I have so much stuff to do for Prom. But I want to do Bitchy and Crabby's trail. It'll be awesome, even though it's like a thousand miles away. So I'll just get everything ready for Prom this morning and then head up to the hash around 11:30 – plenty of time.

Where is Yoron? Like I've never been here before! Well since I'm running a bit late and knew what to expect I guess I can't complain. Cool, here he is only five minutes late. Good stuff... just grab the last-minute items and we're out of here.

I wonder why BWANA called about traffic at the river. Wasn't the construction inside ITP? I looked on that web site but didn't think to look at traffic where we were actually going. Crap, now Yoron is talking to Tedman who is in front of us and is stopped in traffic. Still should have plenty of time though.

I hate traffic. Why don't these people just GO?! What is going on? Two lanes closed – are you kidding me?! This is going to take forever. Hell I'll call BWANA – not like they can start without us since I have the beer. A small pack? Well of course we're all stuck here in traffic and we still have to stop and get ice. This sucks. I just want to hash IS THAT SO WRONG?

OK Tedman says we're almost past the worst of it. Here we go, and we'll only be about 10 minutes late (well, 40 minutes from the time we're supposed to meet but perfectly acceptable for PH3). Quick stop at QuikTrip and we're on the way, all iced down. Cool, no one is in a hurry to get going and it is a small pack. There's Anal Fissure, smiling as always; and Afterbirth taking money, and 4<sup>th</sup> sitting in the shade (smart woman), and 3<sup>rd</sup> timer Tedman. Nice small pack – this should be fun. Alright, let's get the old men out of here; not like we'll ever snare them or anything.

Wow the shiggy is right there at the start. Like 10 steps from the parking lot – cool. I'll give away the rest of the free whistles I got on line so we can stay in touch. And we're off... man this hurts more every time. OK, great shiggy: just a flood plain with some standing water. Very nice. Across a river on a log – 4<sup>th</sup> looks a little nervous but we'll all make it. To a check. I'm going straight (ha-ha that's funny) but don't see anything except delicious shiggy. Yoron is calling to the left so here we go. Man it's beautiful out here, green and quiet and shiggy. But there's another check already... damn them. Well I'll try straight again – cool, there's a big raccoon running in front of me – damn he's fat! But most likely trail isn't this way... but Yoron is on again on the left so that's not bad. OK now we're moving,

keeping the branches out of our faces. Gotta remember to rub down with alcohol.

What's this? A road? And another check. Well it's gotta go across the road (or under the bridge) so I'll just hop over and check it out. Nothing... nothing... nothing. ARE YOU? Damn nothing. Wait they're on – gotta go back. Crap that's the back of the pack. Back out again. Why didn't they come this way? It's awesome over here! I would have gone this way. Man I'm a long way from the pack – with my luck, they'll disappear without a sound and I'll be L&F. Wait, no, I hear them back near the check – where the hell are they going? Crap, back almost parallel to the trail. Weird, I wonder what's going on. What I do know is I'm DFL. There's the back of the pack, everyone except Yoron I think. Gotta catch him. They're not moving that fast... I'll just scoot by them. Sorry Tedman – didn't know stepping there would cause a sapling to attack you. OK this is damn fun shiggy – just when you get going something stops you. Those two old men must be having a ball. (Pun intended, after all they are *bi-curious*. Which is a strange term. Even funnier is people were asking who “the bi-curious” co-hare was. Duh.) This is fun – I could do this for hours.

Wait, there's a road and an office building. Um, aren't we near the start? Of course, there it is on the left...and there's BWANA. Ha! I knew he'd make Crabs do the legwork. Lazy old man. Well since they split up I'll never see Crabs on trail. Snare him? No way, not even if he were injured. But wait... what's that ahead? I hear voices, and as far as I know only Yoron is in front of me. Hell, I saw Bitch – maybe they're just taking it easy.

Well, back into the flood plain. This area is awesome. I'm moving here. Right here, in the middle of the woods. And bringing lots of beer and bug spray. So where did trail go? ARE YOU? OK they're still in front of me. We're heading towards 400. Must be a tunnel over there, but we seem to be heading towards the overpass. Yup, there's Yoron and someone way in front of me. Why did Crabs get snared? Too weird. Well this sort of sucks – it's a long overpass. Stranger still, there are Altoids tins – everywhere. Either everyone in Alpharetta (was this even Alpharetta any more? Or were we further north?) has really bad breath or there was some sort of incident here. Dozens of tins strewn everywhere. Ah, they do have some strange traditions up here in the sticks.

What's that on the left? Cool, paint ball. Except it's tiny... the times I've gone we've been in the woods, running around – almost like hashing – but this is like a small shooting range. Who knows. Still think it would be

fun to have a paintball hash. OK I saw Yoron turn right somewhere up here. Sure enough, there past the yellow sign on the tree that says NO TRESPASSING KEEP OUT there is a tree with a red sign saying NO HUNTING FISHING OR TRESPASSING – VIOLATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED in front of which is an arrow telling us to go that way. No worries. I think we'll end at the start anyway since there was no bimbo and the hares murmured a mysterious "we'll get the bags and beer to the end somehow". But this is fun, just some dirt roads/tracks and hopefully no angry landowners. I can't believe no one has caught me yet, I'm really not going that fast. Oh well I'll see 'em sometime.

Where did trail go? This is a little tough to see – Crabby is getting sloppy. Turning right, back towards the start as I suspected. There's an underpass and then the end must be right here off this sewer easement. BN anytime now... I'm sure of it. What, we're turning into the swamp? The real swamp now with big elephant ear plants. I bet those fucks are up there watching me. I'll just say hello: "FUUUUUCK YOUUUUUUU!" They had to have heard that he-he. I rock. But this swamp is even better – not too dirty, deep, or smelly and it's just hot enough out to feel good. Glad I wore my floppy hat.

So that was a fun bit-o-swamp... now back to the easement. Is that extra flour up there? The BN? Nope, just a big mark. How about now? Nope, more of the same. Taking a slight turn and going – yes, oh yes! – onto that really cool pipe that goes over the swamp about 8 foot up. This is so cool – last time we were here there was a ladder down into the swamp. Now if I can just keep my balance and not fall.... Who's that up there? Niplets? In the swamp? He must have fallen off the pipe and couldn't get back up. Looks like he's OK so I can laugh at him about it. I don't think he can hear me since he's sloughing through the swamp so I'll just keep moving. It would be funny as hell to scare him, but my whistle is around on my back for some reason and I'll probably fall off if I reach for it. Hell, I can just get close enough... to... yell... and... scare... AAAAHHHHHHHHHHH! Holy shit! He jumped a mile and threw something at me. I got him good, now if only I don't fall off from laughing so hard. He says he doesn't like the pipe and likes the swamp better (and showed up late). Likely story. I can go faster than him up here, but wait – is it? It is! BN in the middle of the swamp! I'll tell Niplets: "Beer near?" "Really?" Well, yeah, it says B and N and everything. But crap there's this fallen tree on the pipe I have to navigate without falling. Feel like Catherine Zeta Boner. Ha-ha always wanted to name someone that. "My bad – the BN must have meant 'branch near' because I don't think we're that close to the end. Crap."

Niplets takes it well but I feel slightly sheepish... amateur mistake. But wait, the pipe ends onto real earth right there, and there's the start. Yeah! BEER! And I was right about the BN – cool. And I beat Niplets to the end. I rock. I'll just get cleaned up and maybe have a soft drink. And a beer. Gotta be good and not get too hammered before Prom. What the hell, it's my 100<sup>th</sup> Pinelake I deserve it. Here's the rest of the pack, good. Gotta do a tick check; Crabby said he got two just laying out his supplies.

Man it's relaxing out here. In the shade, good friends and cold beer. Why's Dain Bramage calling me? Oh no, she didn't see the huge posting about an early start time. And she's upset because she couldn't find the start last night. Wow, stuck in traffic, an hour away... we'll just wait for her. Think I'll have another beer.

Yoron and crew are getting anxious to get on with circle to get to Prom. Hell, when is he ever in a hurry? We're waiting for Dain. Oh geez, she's calling again, is she lost? Nope, frustrated and turned around to go home. Looks like we can start circle!

OK so everyone is drinking at least once. Cool, Afterbirth is spinning ice in my new mug to make it cold and not foam so much... which allows him to add more beer – bastard. So Yoron can drink for being FRB and the rest for being DFLs. Niplets for being late. Me for having 100 Pinelake hashes! (And beating One Ball and Krispy Kreme – the former being a surprise but the latter no big surprise.)

So that was fun. We need to hash up here again sometime soon. OK, now I need to get in Prom mode and we need to get home... gotta hit the thrift store on Johnson Ferry at Roswell on the way.

[Editor's note: said thrift store ROCKS! Well set up, with everything from electronics to scarves (but no wigs as Yoron found, so that's another stop).]

Thanks Bitchy and Crabby!

On Out,

**Davey Crochet**

*This hash trash sponsored by Davey's stream of consciousness. Copyright 2006.*

"A mind is a terrible thing."