

There I was, traveling up to North Georgia to visit a hash I don't get to attend very often. Cheaper and I decided to carpool and visit you good folks (wish I could cum more often). As the hashers gathered, we all wondered how the Virgin hare would do. Cheaper figured it was a woman because of the name, but he surprised when he saw an Adam's apple on this hasher. Must be a guy then. :) We all milled around and wished the hares would leave so we could sweat even more than we already were. Finally, the hare(s) were off, while Two Crabs and I (Lemon Nads) pretended to stretch. Two Crabs demonstrated the need to buy new shoes once every month or so. Cheaper disagreed, however, stating "Only buy new shoes when the duct tape wears out!".

The first part of trail was kind of a blur, I was ru\*\*ing so fast I can't remember. One thing I can't forget is that awesome (?) tunnel that barely had enough room to crouch over, making my legs and back hurt even more. Seeing light at the end made me feel somewhat better, however, my legs were burning so much that I almost passed out. Cumming out of the tunnel I viewed a few hashers who were not wet at all and had somehow bypassed the tunnel. I viewed many more hashers across the street looking for trail. I also spied Cheaper near the front and heard him whistle on so I loped across the street with the feeling coming back slowly to my extremities. My GPS told me we had already gone 2 miles and left me wondering how long the trail would be in the heat. Surely no more than 4 miles?! :).

We meandered through some office buildings and in a parking lot of a grocery store and a million other stores I can't remember. Trail was tough to find, but we finally managed. Trail took us to a go down ?! ladder. A few of us obeyed, but found that once we got down the ladder we could not see!

As we went down this ladder into what seemed like an endless pit, Cheaper was the first one to go down and commented how dark it was. This was because we had been in the bright sun and our eyes were not adjusting. Even with Cheaper's big flashlight. Once our eyes adjusted Little Easy, Davey, I, Cheaper and a few others wandered around in this huge cavern looking for trail. Alas, none was found. We climbed up the ladder and lo and behold, Davey found another ladder going down to another (?!?) MUCH smaller tunnel. Davey went in (down) and found glow sticks lighting the way for us. Turns out Davey and I (Lemon) were the only ones who decided to take true trail (and Dain Bramaged - we found out later). The tunnel lasted much longer than we wanted to, believe me. We were so grateful to stand upright again, that we almost forgot that we may now be DFL's because we were taking so long in the tunnel. Not much longer after coming out of the tunnel we encountered the beer stop and found out from the Bimbo that only two other hashers had been there before us. It left us wondering again what happened to the rest of the pack. We imbibed in our favorite beverage and noticed that we had gone about 3.5 miles and this was only the beer stop!?!? We finally decided to leave and found trail totally opposite to where the check was kicked from the beer stop (go figure). Trail took us through some people's back yards which was loads of fun and through some urban shiggy with the complementary 12 year old kids taunting us as we entered the water once again. We did make it to the end at some point. The circle was relocated to a shady spot 'cause the first one was in the middle of a parking lot (too hot!). Circle was awesome and many down downs were consumed. We then retired to the on-after at Jocks and Jills where they had an outside room ready for us, with our own water cooler! (WOW!). Apparently the restaurant had just had some kind of party, because a lady offered to make us balloon animals (for a small phenomenal fee). I asked her to make a snake, but she told me to look in my pants for one.. (not really). Anyway... We had a great time. Thanks for the great hash.

Yours truly,

Lemon Nads