

It's been said one never knows what to expect when one shows up at a hash, and this hash was no exception. A good-sized pack turned out for **Star Whore** and **Auto Erotic's** trail in the ghetto west of Atlanta, braving the heat and bullets to play in the shiggy. The hares 'plained the marks for virgin Just **Supna** then told us the first mark was across the street from the school. So off we trudged, into the woods across from the start. Not finding marks, apparently Just **Dan** started late and followed the white surveyors tape as the hares yelled "Look right!" Eventually the pack veered off in the correct direction, winding through the woods and undergrowth, thoroughly enjoying the slow-going. A couple of creek crossings and checks led through the woods and up and down some pretty impressive hills.

The pack was quite strung out and your scribe ended up with **Rat's Ass**, making slow but steady progress. Having been warned by the hares that trail was a bit longer than they anticipated we patiently stuck to trail and crossed a downed fence by some big boulders, into an apartment complex where **Auto Erotic** waited with the water stop. **Rat's Ass** made the knock-on-wood comment of the day, telling **Auto Erotic** how great the trail was to that point. The hare informed us (*hares lie*) that we were close to 2/3 of the way through trail. Innocently asking where the next mark was, we took off out of the apartment complex on the road... and stayed there.

Yes, road rage sucks. Really sucks, especially in July. I guess it could have been hotter. As it was we followed the road past streams, woods, power line

cuts - everything except swamps and railroad tracks! But trail led adamantly along the road as the hounds got hotter and hotter, with threats of "Hash Shit" murmured between parched lips. (A fire truck and ambulance went screaming by with sirens wailing. Normally I ponder if it is hash-related but since it wasn't Jonny Law I figured everything was OK. I was wrong.) It seemed all uphill until trail just stopped and we realized it turned into a park across the street. Hopeful for a BN, trail at least thankfully led onto a nature path and blessed shade. A nice wander in the woods started leading towards houses when one curious owner quizzed us as to our intentions. Quite curious ourselves, trail seemed to evaporate in every direction, until we realized it made an almost-U turn to the right and led around the houses, breaking out onto a road again.

Now totally disoriented, we road raged some more until suddenly the big rocks appeared. I can't recall the name but it's where the Halloween trail ended and **Niplets** likes to go, so up we climbed, meandering through giant boulders. Soon enough we heard voices and saw the bag car across the lake, prompting us to break into a half-hearted trot and find the on-in.

Strangely enough only the FRBs (usual suspects: **Little Easy**, **Niplets**, **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie**, and **Jambi**) were in, and we had walked much of the trail. The first question we heard was, "Did you hear **Boner-Rooter** got picked up by an ambulance?" Turns out the fire truck and ambulance were indeed picking up a hasher, as **Boner-Rooter** got stung by a bee and decided she was done

with trail. This delayed the rest of the pack but did allow **Donny** to flirt with some random homeowner's son, and argue on **the** phone with the 911 operator. Quite a day for our young **retard**.

So the rest of the pack trickled in and enjoyed PB&J sandwiches, cold beer, outrageous stories about trail, and good company. Eventually the lazy JM (also your scribe) called circle to order... once... then twice... then finally a third time before the pack was ready to go. With **Little Willie** at the hospital with **Boner-Rooter**, **Shiggy** was called upon to demonstrate his most excellent down-down skills. Too longs **Dain Bramage** and **Jambi** got their just reward. Virgin Just **Supna** and second-timer (in like 9 months) Just **Dan** did quite well with the whole down-down thing, and then rule 6 violations befell most of the rest of the pack. **Maple Queef** and **LB<sup>2</sup>** for their standard visitor down-down and **Dr. Doo-Doo** drank for several reasons, not the least of which was driving the bag car after multiple Bloody Marys. We even sang to **Boner-Rooter** as she waited for Dr. Strangelove to inspect her swelling and heaving parts.

Then it was announcement time (or shall we call it the **Dr. Doo-Doo** show?) followed by the long slow process of auto retrieval and hospitalized hasher pick-up.

Looking forward to **Afterbirth** and **Super Dooper Pooper Scooper's** trail 999C and the Pinelake 1000<sup>th</sup>!

On-On -**Davey**

www.pinelakehash.com

(404) 320-3032