

Pinelake Hash House Harriers - Run # 1051 - 7/14/2007

Hares: Tastes Like Shit & Will U Suck - Venue: Atlanta Civic Center

Hounds: Shiggy Pitts, Afterbirth, Anal Fissure, Hung & Harry, Little Easy, Katy Sullivan (x2), Heinrich Lob (virgin), Niplets, Star Whore, Bitch With An Attitude, Size Doesn't Matter, Rat's Ass, Jamaican Me Horny, Lube Job, Dain Bramage, Tastes Great, Wet Dreams, Ballerina Booty Boy (car hash), Pigless

It seems that **Tastes Like Shit** had signed up **Will U Suck** for this week's PH3 trail, but it wasn't clear if TLS told WUS about his obligation until Wednesday at George's. Regardless, the hares du jour came up with a satisfying in-towner nestled between the morning gully-washer and the later showers.

Two-timing **Katy** brought virgin German visitor **Heinrich** (drinking a Highlife in a can at the start), while the regular hounds already knew what the down-down song for him would be. Special instructions from the hares indicated the B-N would not be on the ground, but somewhere above our heads. Hmmm.

The trail was live, so the pack slowly counted backwards from 300 as the hares ran out of sight. After reaching "...3, 2, 1! On-on!", off we went, east on Pine Street to the first check, at Bedford Pine Park, last known home to Music Midtown, and the beginning of my string of 100% wrong guesses as to which way to go. The trail went straight, not past the tennis courts, on Angier, up to Parkway, where the next check had me going north on Parkway, not straight where true trail was found. We were somewhere near Boulevard when some locals phrased the usual question in the best way for the usual answer, that is, "**What are you running for?**" Everyone seems to understand "**Beer!**" is a good reason for any curious behavior, it seems.

Anyway, we wound up on some familiar landmarks, such as the beltline tracks, some open field with a muddy rutted road leading to a graffiti-covered bridge, Freedom Parkway entrance ramps and the bike path on the same. All of which featured checks I didn't solve. **Dain Bramage** did take my advice to go where I didn't, saving her extra running. By the time the trail turned onto Krog Street heading for DeKalb Ave, we figured the end must be getting near. Sure enough, chalk instructions to look up and to the left had us staring at "BEER NEAR - CORNDOGPALOOZA" painted at the tunnel at Krog Street.

After the pack went through the tunnel, we came across another check... a fatal error on an otherwise well-laid trail. At this point, I decided to run off-trail to WUS's home on Pearl, where I was rewarded with the ending, although I came in the front way, just catching up with **Size Doesn't Matter**. **Shiggy Pitts** and a few others were in at the same time. **Jamaican** was doing a hair of the dog thing, having **bimboed** with the beer and bags. Someone said he had a hangover from the prior night, but that's just hearsay. **Ballerina** car hashed to the end (good guess... no directions left by the hares) as he was (get this) late to the start. For sure, **Anal Fissure** is getting too old to hash, as he had to dunk into the Koi pond to cool off. I hope the poor fish are ok.

During the down-downs, Anal wouldn't say how old he was, but the "birthday boy" admitted it ended in a zero. **Pigless**, was even later to the start than **Bx3**, but he followed trail in to earn his **DFL** the old-fashion way. (As an aside, PH3 can't afford for Pigless to show up too often unless we raise the price of the hash.) **Star Whore** was busted for handing the hash-cash (me) a bag of quarters at the start, a **Rule 6** violation as I pointed out. I'm not sure where the ever-boxing **Bitch With an Attitude** thought the trail went, as he came on-in sorta late. He got a **Too Long** for his troubles, however, along with **Size Doesn't Matter**. Finally, the pack gave the hares a **Technical Hashit**, as **Niplets** pointed out that one never, ever puts a check after a beer-near!

Scribe: Afterbirth