

## Rat's Ass, Bullshit and Mystery Hare Tired Dick: The Ratshit Hash

Well, let's start with who was there, then we'll get to naming all the whiners. There was Deposit Slit, Oops, Afterbirth, Shiggy Pitts, Pesticide, Spermier, Slippery When Wet, Tastes Like Shit, Cums On the Ceiling, Davey Crochet, Little Easy, Hung and Hairy, Pot Pi, Yuseff Sullivan, Titty Sweat, Itchie Coochie, Little Willy, Surley Temple, Ass We Go, Nipleets, Star Whore, Everqueer, Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie, One Ball, Dane Bramage, Bitch With An Attitude, Butt Floss, Square Meat, Armadillo, and one or two more that our Hash Cash scratched out, but that's enough for any hash.

It was hot. Real hot. Too hot to run. Everyone was there for the beer, and because Rat's Ass had sold us on a live trail of epic proportion. Me? I was worried about the two bottles of wine I had to buy in order to get cash back to pay my six bucks. I was thinking I might have to drink them to keep them from spoiling in the heat, and because a bottle of merlot sounded pretty good to me right then. We were in a WalMart parking lot that just intensified the heat, waiting to get this damn thing started. Fashionably late, RA announced that the trail might be confused a bit with Shiggy's trail, which he had set in that area the previous week. This is like saying you might get the Olsen twins confused on a first date. You could distinguish the current trail, however, because he wasn't using titty checks like Shiggy did. With that bit of advice, the hares scattered, while the hounds were left to swelter some more.

Finally, we were off. Down the hill through the shrubberies, left on Meadow Lane Road, looking for trail. The front runners whistled ahead and we ran on in confidence. Surely there would be a snare in short order, especially since Rat's Ass had been too lame to run for the past month. Hey, wait a minute! Something didn't sound right about this situation. Well, we followed trail to the end of the road, through an apartment complex and out the other side, where mystery hare Tired Dick was being snared setting a **count back 18**. Talk about catching a Dick in the bush!

By that time the pack was in disarray. We headed back in the direction we came, but nobody could count to 18, because we all had our shoes on, and how could we be expected to count that high with shoes? So we ran back to the start, into the bushes, and all over the place, with Spermier and Afterbirth cursing the hares with every step. Spermier even threatened to take his chalk and go home. After circling the vast WalMart parking lot once again, we heard the familiar ON ON! and re-traced our steps down Meadow Lane Road. At this point, things started to get sketchy.

The pack whistled that they were on, but we weren't seeing much flour. The front runners had marked the trail intermittently with chalk, which was a big help...like in the area where there were two checks drawn with chalk, with respective arrows pointing in opposite directions.

Somehow we managed to get to an office park at I-285 where we hit the big daddy of all checks. Well, we were stumped. The pack circled wider and wider, but no marks were to be found. Butt Floss, I'm told, threw a hissy fit right there in front of everyone, flapping his arms and stomping his feet. Somehow, like Dorothy clicking her heels together, Butt Floss's display must have worked. Trail had been found.

Meanwhile, Hung and Hairy and I had gone WAY out, looking for trail. By the time we gave up and headed back to the check, the pack had disappeared. Not to worry, we headed in the direction most likely to be on trail. We headed up a hill, through an apartment complex under construction, and down the other side. No trail. We were flustered. Finally, on the other side of the Phillips building ... Flour! We followed it for a bit, thinking our fortunes had changed, when we realized we must be going backwards on trail, because all of the marks were on the backside of the trees. We should have known this was Bullshit's modus operandi, but instead, we headed back the way we came. Finally, we came upon another of those chalk mark checks, with an arrow pointing to the tunnel under I-285. That was the last mark we saw. We headed toward the tunnel, and there, right before we dropped down into the streambed into the tunnel under the interstate, was a big old titty check, looking like someone had defecated flour. Well, we knew we were beat at that point. Hung and Hairy and I, with my faithful pup in tow, hung our heads and headed back to the start, waiting to be rescued.

And we waited. And waited. We wanted a beer, and we thought about opening the wine... Finally! The phone rang. It was Davey Crochet. The pack was worried sick about us. They were all at the end, cooling off, drinking beer and relaxing. Where were we? Back at the start. Well come join us under the bridge. So off we went. We pulled into the ON IN to taunts of DFL! DFL! But we didn't care, as long as there was beer.

We celebrated being found by having a circle, where TLS got renamed Hairy Poppins, Titty Sweat was ordained a saint for bringing Rat's Ass a new rat with pink hearts, and Little Easy had to drink (again) for being FRB. BWANA couldn't run because his pussy hurt, but not enough that he couldn't drink, and Praise B! we had eight too longs show up to drink a special down-down just for them. All in all, for such a shitty trail, a great time was had by all. That's my story and I'm stickin' to it.