

# PineLake House House Harriers

## Because Life's Too Short To Drink Cheap Beer

Run #585

hired snatch & try me, buy me - grant park

3/14/98

We Who Follow - Rat's Ass ... Sleazy Rider ... MicroDick ... Kasi Moore (1x) ... Go Blow ... Mushroom ... Dr. Doo Doo ... Viper Vixen ... Cumcierge ... Whiner ... MC Hasher ... Miss Deed ... Gretchen Traugott (1x) ... Put a Cock In It ... Holy Dick ... Good Head ... Armadildo ... Coffee Bean ... Shiggy Pitts ... Down Under ... Corkscrew ... Lame Bahrain ... Tastes Great ... Wet Dreams ... Double Pecker ... Lost Cause ... Rock Hudson ... Trey Kinard (4x) ... Breaststroke ... Butt Nutt ... Dances with Sheep ... Jumper Ass ... Dan Dixon (1x)

Zoo Atlanta at Grant Park ... sunny Saturday afternoon ... parking?! Hah, I say.

Maybe it was the venue, maybe it was the threat of **Hired Snatch** and a virgin hare (**Try Me Buy Me**), but it surprised the hell out of me that only 30 some faithful showed up on such a gorgeous (that's right ... I said gorgeous ... so sue me) day. As 2:30 quickly came and went (well, we did have to wait for all to show up from wherever the hell they parked), the pack grew restless, until the hares announced special instructions (wooo, green St. Paddy's Day flour), then took their 5 minute head start.

If you've ever laid a trail with **Hired Snatch** as a virgin hare, you know he's good for two things ... it will be live and he will spring you. This of course results in two other things ... you will be recceyng the morning of the hash and *he* will get caught while you get away. Not to upset the delicate balance of how things work in **Hired Snatch's** little world, **Holy Dick**, **Cumcierge** and I proceeded to shortcut around Grant Park (after the allotted 5 minutes) to snare a cussin' hare. And whoa, weren't we glad we did ... from what we heard. Seems ol' Snatch laid one really wicked check on the east side of the Park that stumped the panel for at least 15 minutes.

So basically, the only info I've got from this point on is relative to the three of us. Well, us and the walkers who somehow coerced the hares into sharing a shortcut to the end. I remember the days when walkers were the last in, not the first ... but then again, I'm an old fart. Anyway, after giving Snatchy another 5 minutes, we finally took off again through the neighborhoods south of the Park. Since it was neighborhoods, checks were easy to lay at intersections, which slowed us down quite a bit. True trail led to the railroad tracks at the end of Grant Street (anyone else stop for snacks at that bakery?) to another check. Now, I know we're not all that bright when hashing (after all, half a mind's all you need), but I deduced that we should go left based on the fact that the walkers stayed on Boulevard south. **Holy Dick** looked at me like I was some kind of lab experiment gone awry or something, but then quickly followed as I yelled "On-On".

But, we fu&%ed ourselves by talking (imagine, two men actually talking to one another!) and not looking for further flour, and sure enough, trail headed through the kudzu on the right into some neighborhoods. For those who don't know, **Cumcierge** is a fast fucker ... as we climbed the kudzu, he was already up the hill and into the apartments. This speed would do him well, as you'll soon see.

Now, I'm used to people (both adults and kids) asking me what I'm doing while hashing, but I've never been heckled before. As we wound our way through the apartments near Chosewood Park, these little kids were just pointing and laughing as if they knew something that we didn't. I think they hurt my feelings.

Over hill and dale we then proceeded, through more kudzu, behind people's houses, and through a church, where we ran into **Cumcierge** waiting his 5 minutes for snaring that there hare again. From there, it's just a big blur ... seems there was a water stop at that church and I didn't get me none. Water, that is. OK, so past the Federal pen, on some damn railroad tracks, down into a great field that turned into Southview (big ass) Cemetery, to the BN on Jonesboro Road. On-In was at the old dilapidated Fulton High School (a Drug and Alcohol Free Zone), and all was good again...

... except for the poor few who never found flour after the first check and went to Taco Mac to wait for the hares to show up: **MicroDick**, **Mushroom**, and **Whiner**. Oh the sweet taste of the Beast. Other Down-Downs included virgins **Kasi Moore**, **Gretchen Traugott** and **Dan Dixon** (who ran shoeless ... we tried to name him Zola Butt, but the pack was fickle this day); **Rock Hudson** for being a racist; **Holy Dick**, **Cumcierge**, and **Rat's Ass** for snaring the hare; and of course, the hares for a job well done.

Dat be dat.

**Scribe:**           **Rat's Ass**