

HASH TRASH

Pine Lake Hash House Harriers Run #719:

The 2nd Annual Thomas Crapper Birthday Hash

Saturday, December 2, 2000: PH3 Run #719, start at Tara Cinema, hares were **Bite My Gonads** and **EZ Cheeks**. The 2nd Annual Thomas Crapper Birthday Hash.

Why they held the 2nd Annual Thomas Crapper Birthday Hash just 10 months after the 1st Annual is anyone's guess, but I gave up trying to figure out Pine Lakers a long time ago. **EZ Cheeks** took over for the absent **Au Whata Pair** as **BMG's** cohare. The little mounds of poo-poo in the center of the checks made a return appearance.

I got to the start late; the pack was already gone. They practically started on time! What's up with that? I gave my bag to the hares and **Pull My String**, who was bimbo, although she didn't seem to have any injuries that would have prevented her from running the trail.

Taking off across the parking lot, I soon reached Cheshire Bridge Road where **Bitch With An Attitude** and **Dawgy Style** stood calculating the best way to run as little of the trail as possible. They helpfully pointed me toward the flour they disdained, and I proceeded across Cheshire Bridge and down into Peachtree Creek.

I soon caught up to the rearmost hashers, which were the **Kaptain Krash** family plus **Spread Eagle**. We were under an overpass. I helped them get the stroller over a chainlink fence, then ran on ahead.

The trail took me to an I-85 exit ramp near Sidney Marcus, and then on-over across the lanes and into the (currently dead) kudzu field behind the Home Despot.

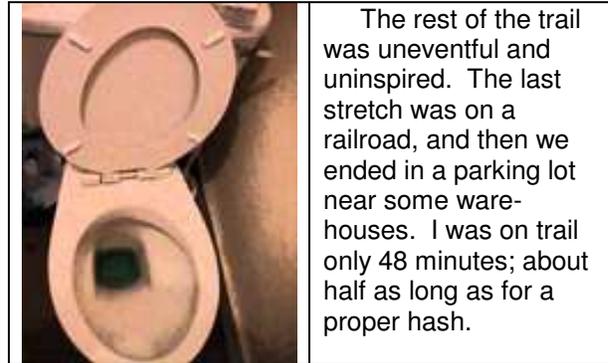
This is where I found most of the rest of the pack.

These are all the hashers who ran that day:

Afterbirth, Sleazy Rider, John Queere, Bitch With An Attitude, Dribbles, Lee Ann Greer (virgin), **Four Inch Hole, Anal Fissure, Slippery When Wet, Little Willie, Spread Eagle, Lost Cause, Twat Com, Dr. Doo Doo, Spermier, Pom Pom, Betty Cocker**, John Cornelius (virgin), Eric Nielson (2nd timer), **Kaptain Krash, Wet Dreams, Cums First, Too Quick, Stink Or Swim, Penal Code, Pull My String, Dipstick, Square Meat, Hard Up, Niplets, Hide The Salami, Asspacker, On The Rag, Dawgy Style, Goldilox, Rogue Anus** (your humble scribe), **Bullshit, Hand Tossed, Tailgunner and Yoron Weed**. Forty in all, plus the hares.

We ran on the shoulder of the interstate for a while, then lost flour back down in the creek again. **Twat Com, On the Rag, Four Inch Hole**, her dog Belle and I went downstream trying to find flour; all we found instead was a stray kitten, which Belle promptly attacked, the bitch!

Then someone yelled "On On" upstream. We navigated the rocky bank in that direction, went back up onto the interstate, found flour and were back in business.



I guess they figured a shit-themed hash should be actually shitty.

The hares did a much better job with the On-In than on the trail itself. They brought a grill and we cooked hotdogs (including veggie dogs) in addition to the standard food and beer. And **EZ Cheeks** made some great turd brownies. It was a really cold day, but I can't blame the hares for that. Or can I? No, I guess I can't.

Moving on to the Down-Downs, there were many. The virgins drank, of course, as did **Twat Com** since this was her first PH3. **Penal Code** was told he was too long for probably the first time in his life, and our bimbo, **Pull My String**, drank. I'm not sure why; I heard something about new shoes, but she drank the down-down out of a cup, and surely the Grand Mattress would be game to drink out of her shoe if she had it coming, wouldn't she? So go figure. **Asspacker** and **Goldilox** were the DFLs, having somehow gotten lost on trail.

After the Down-Downs Lee Ann Greer was lifted up onto a cooler and **Goldilox** led a rousing serenade of "Aloette." We'll never see her again.

And with that, PH3 Run #719 came to an end. **Bite My Gonads** recused himself from writing the Hash Trash for his own trail, so I, **Rogue Anus**, stepped up to the stinky plate. While some portion of the pack probably went to the designated On On of Taco Cabana, seven of us (**Bitch With An Attitude, Four Inch Hole, Twat Com, Asspacker, Goldilox, Rogue Anus** and **Yoron Weed**) hightailed it down to East Atlanta to join AH4 at the last two bars of their pub crawl.

We found the Atlanta folks to be in the Thomas Crapper spirit too: they were all shitfaced.