

# "Many Will Die!"

(beginning with Shiggy Pitts)

Pinelake Hash House Harriers Run #720

Saturday, December 9, 2000:

Start at Home Depot Expo on Mansell Road, hares were **Breast Stroke** and **Rat's Ass**.

Very small turnout this week: **Mushroom**, **Dawgy Style**, **Check My Bag**, **Dr. Doo Doo**, Eric Nielson (3rd Timer), **Bullshit**, **Rogue Anus** (your humble scribe), **Dancing Fool**, **Shiggy Pitts**, **EZ Cheeks**, **Square Meat**, **Hired Snatch**, **Black Hole of Goa**, **Burnt Rubber** and **Cheeks of Hazard**.

As I pulled into the parking lot of Home Depot Expo on Mansell Road, I saw **Breast Stroke's** car and drove toward it. What to expect on this very cold day from the Queen of Live Trails? She rolled down her window as I approached and announced, "It's dead, Jim."

By 3 p.m. only eleven hounds had arrived. That makes it my smallest Pine Lake start ever.

In the Special Instructions **Rat's Ass** told us Southern Comfort had hashed this area the night before, so we should be careful to stay on our trail. He said their checks would look different (SoCo just puts a spot inside a circle), and also, SoCo had gone through a tunnel but Pinelake's trail would not. No tunnels! Okay.

Off we went, **Shiggy Pitts** issuing his usual battle cry, "Many will die!" Down to a shallow stream we went, then through some mud so deep and thick it nearly pulled my shoes off. Then, into the woods!

**Dr. Doo Doo** and **EZ Cheeks** soon disappeared behind us, while **Dawgy Style** went off to do his shortcutting thing. That left a core group of around seven of us running together. The trail proceeded like any other hash...

...and then we got to a big embankment next to a parking lot and couldn't find the flour. There was a tunnel under 400, but just as we arrived **Dawgy Style** was running away from it, shouting that there were no marks there. We spread out and kept looking. After a couple of minutes **Shiggy Pitts** yelled "On On" at the tunnel. WTF?

We shrugged our shoulders and ran down to the tunnel. The hares lied, we supposed. **Shiggy Pitts** was already on the other side; we didn't see any flour, but decided to trust him. What the hell does **Dawgy Style** know, anyway? He's only been hashing for seventeen years!

Into the tunnel we went; the water started out about ankle-deep. God, was it cold! My feet felt the intense pain of it almost instantly, and then it got deeper. It was past my knees, and I went into *Titanic* victim mode, before I came out the other end. The others were right behind me, screaming and bitching.

We emerged to see **Shiggy Pitts** looking fruitlessly for the marks. "Are you?" we asked. Nope. We fanned out and spent five minutes searching. No joy. The hares had told the truth after all. We realized with horror: we had to go back through that tunnel!

So we did, and hated it every bit as much on the way back through. As we climbed the embankment back to the parking lot, I said, "We are going to find the marks and finish this trail. And then, **Shiggy Pitts**, we are going to take your life."

The end was in a clearing in the woods, accessed by an unpaved road. This is where we hung out and drank; the hares brought a propane tank with a heater attached, and this helped with the cold.

While we were socializing **Hired Snatch** and **Black Hole of Goa** arrived; they'd gotten to the start late, at 3:20. Right behind them were **Burnt Rubber** and **Cheeks of Hazard**, who'd started even later. **Burnt Rubber** had gallantly carried **Cheeks of Hazard's** bag on trail for her.

Finally **EZ Cheeks** and **Dr. Doo Doo** showed up. They'd made some poor choices on trail, and also went through a tunnel, although a different one from the one **Shiggy Pitts** led us into.

No Mismanagement ran this day, so the hares ran the Down-Downs. They found a reason for everyone to drink, but the most deserving, of course, was **Shiggy Pitts**. Eric Nielson, the 3rd Timer, drank for having the good sense not to follow us through the tunnel. I had to drink for "Shameless Promotion" because I talked up my upcoming trail with **Li'I Cockpit** on December 16th, which will be an excellent run. If you run Pine Lake only once in 2000, the **Rogue Anus/Li'I Cockpit** trail on **Saturday, December 16th** should be it.

Since no **Bite My Gonads** wasn't around, and since **Rat's Ass** was the hare himself, I volunteered to write the Hash Trash again. I'm happy to help, but come back soon, **BMG!**

So what have we learned, Dorothy? It's simple, really: **Dawgy Style** knows what he's doing. **Shiggy Pitts** does not. The rest of us are pathetic lemmings. And above all:

*Trust the hares. They're here to help!*