

# Pinelake Hash House Harriers Run #723

## HASH TRASH

**Saturday, January 6, 2000**

Start at Shamrock Plaza, hares were

**Afterbirth** and **Sleazy Rider**.

I'd never been to **Sleazy Rider's** house before, but I knew she lived near the start and so asked **Afterbirth** point-blank at George's on Wednesday if the trail was going to end at her house.

"Nahh," he answered. "That'd be too obvious."

Temperatures were milder this day, in the 50's, and turnout was strong: 42 hounds, plus the hares. Who were they? Here:

**Super Dooper Pooper Scooper, Dr. Doo Doo**, Eric Nielson (5-timer), **Bitch With An Attitude, EZ Cheeks, Little Willie, Betty Cocker, Phred, Square Meat, Das Booty, Spread Eagle, Turns Tricks, John Queere, Twat Com, Mall Shark, Lick Her Itch, Hide The Salami, Niplets, Size Doesn't Matter, Tastes Like Shit, I Know That Trick, PV Semen, Rogue Anus, Hard Up, Crash Potato, Rat's Ass, Cumcierge (bimbo), Lost Cause, Hand Tossed, Ram Jet, Double Pecker, Coffee Bean, Spermier, Pigless, Dawgy Style, Yoron Weed, Thar She Blows, Uh Huh Baby, Testiclees, MC Hasher, Little Easy and Redeye.**

Why were there so many? No mystery there: Atlanta's hare was **Cynthia Fucker**: a solo virgin hare. It was an easy choice for those of us who tend to swing both ways.

As for the trail: I don't know why the hares didn't hand out bib numbers at the start and t-shirts at the end, because it was the kind of trail for which the term "road race" was invented. We ran north away from the start, in the only direction that wouldn't take us across Lawrenceville Highway or North Druid Hills Road. Behind the Publix, then into the woods and thence to the neighborhood behind. We found some road, followed by more road, then turned off that onto some roads. Every few intersections we encountered a perfunctory, easily-solved check (did I mention this was a pre-laid trail?).

In due course we crossed North Druid Hills and turned left toward North DeKalb Mall. Running past an intersection, I saw **Four Inch Hole** in her car, waiting at the stop sign. Too snooty to waste time with hashers this day, she was heading out to the movies and seeing her was just a remarkable coincidence.

Of course, I didn't know this at the time; I assumed we'd be ending at her house, and she was out to get ice or something. You know, since we wouldn't be ending at **Sleazy Rider's**.

Going all the way to North DeKalb, we turned into the parking lot. Right where the fence begins is a

well-known hashing crossroads: To the right there's woods, and trails, and some dense shiggy we've all enjoyed running on before. To the left is the parking lot.

...After we crossed the parking lot we found a water stop. Sliding under the fence, we ran to the sidewalk next to the access road, then on to the Saturn dealership. Ducking behind the dealership, we ran on the trails behind it, logging maybe a quarter mile of shiggy. Okay, this is good. I even found enough briars to bloody my legs. Okay, better.

But then we were back out on the roads again, and that's where we stayed until the trail ended, after about four miles...at **Sleazy Rider's** house. I passed **Afterbirth** on the way to the backyard and called him a lying sack of shit.

"Well, yeah," he said with a grin.

I was among the first few in, but the rest came not long after and the milling-about began in earnest.

In the Down-Downs, **EZ Cheeks** was crowned the new Mattress.

**Yoron Weed** was required to renew his Down-Down for laying a Hashit with **Rock Hudson**, who has not been back since that debacle. **Yoron Weed** must drink his Down-Down for him until he does return.

Too longs: **Das Booty, PV Semen, Twat Com, Hand Tossed, Ram Jet.**

DFL: **Phred, Thar She Blows.**

First timer: **Turns Tricks.**

Multiple infractions: **Spermier**; one of them was wearing a race shirt, but I didn't pay attention to the others.

Then it was time to name Eric Nielson. He was a short, fresh-faced kid; I didn't know much else about him. Apparently nobody else did, either. When **Niplets** asked for dirt, there were only a few insubstantial responses until someone said, "He was in the Army." Boom: in the fastest naming I've ever witnessed, he immediately became **Don't Ask, Don't Tell.**

After the Down-Downs were concluded **Rat's Ass** observed that since **Bite My Gonads** was still gone, there was no one to write the Hash Trash. I volunteered.

The On-On, which was well-attended, was at El Toro Mexican restaurant back on Scott Boulevard.