

Saturday, February 3, 2001: PH³ Run #727

Start was at Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Natatorium on Boulevard Avenue, hares were **Coffee Bean** and, making her Pinelake hare day-boo, **Screws Loose**.

Hounds in attendance: **Afterbirth, Rat's Ass, Sleazy Rider, Kaptain Krash, Stink Or Swim, I Know That Trick, Anal Fissure, Bitch With An Attitude, Barf Bag, I'm Not Ashtray, EZ Cheeks, Tastes Like Shit, Spread Eagle, Deliveries In The Rear, Show Uranus, Rogue Anus** (your humble scribe), **Square Meat, Black Hole of Goa, Field of Doom** and **Brown Hole**.

This hash began inauspiciously: the park rangers told the hares they couldn't put down flour in a National Park. Nor could we run through it; God knows why. So at the start, **Coffee Bean** gave us directions: around the corner and up two blocks, and that's where we'd find our first marks. There was another Special Instruction: indoor marks would be little yellow stickers, while indoor checks would be stickers of another color.

Someone raised a hand. "What other color?" was the polite and reasonable question. The hares, who presumably had laid the trail mere minutes or hours beforehand, nonetheless could not remember the color.

Another hand raised: "Are y'all already drunk?"

So off we went, up Boulevard, right onto Auburn Avenue and then...wait...was it one block or two blocks? Two, yes, definitely two blocks, and then yes indeed, there was a spot of flour. So we were on.

Up through the Sweet Auburn district we ran, as we have on so many Wednesdays and Moonlites but on very few Pinelake or Atlanta hashes. We went under the Connector overpass, up to Peachtree Center Avenue, turned right, then promptly lost flour.

The pack was already well-dispersed. I found myself looking for trail with **Kaptain Krash, Stink Or Swim** (slacking in the stroller), **EZ Cheeks, Bitch With An Attitude, I Know That Trick** and **Show Uranus**. We figured the trail had entered the building we lost it near, but by boxing around it, all we found was the worst-parked Cadillac I've ever seen. **Kaptain Krash** was puzzled. "If they went in, they had to come back out," he said. I started to nod agreement...then looked up and saw the skybridge across International Boulevard.

Back down the street, into the parking garage, over to the stairs: aha! Little yellow stickers!

Up seven flights of stairs, then back down one because we overshot. **Stink Or Swim** got out of the stroller and stayed right with us on foot; that kid's going to be the cross-country champ of first grade someday. The yellow stickers took us right across International into the next building, then right on through it. We found some check-stickers too, and they turned out to be red, like **Coffee Bean's** cheeks after noon on any given day.

The marks took us into Peachtree Center, then down an escalator (some stickers were on the moving handrail) to the food court, where they...disappeared.

We looked all over the place. We looked at the Chick-Fil-A. We looked at the Oriental Express. We looked at the Texas Cheesecake Depository. Nothing.

The rent-a-cop was starting to look at us suspiciously, so we decided to go back to the street and box again.

We went down the next set of escalators...and found more stickers. Back on trail, we went out to Peachtree Street anyway, then across it, into more buildings and Habitrail tubes. I'm not really sure where we were or what we were doing, but somehow we wound up in the downtown Macy's where we joined up with **Afterbirth, Sleazy Rider** and **Rat's Ass**.

More of the same here, except that our running attire was even more conspicuous as we dashed past perfume counters and racks of clothes. Obstacle became opportunity here, as **Bitch With An Attitude** found a cute pair of pumps and a matching handbag.

Finally outside again, our posse charged through Centennial Park, up past the Georgia Dome, down to Five Points and into Underground Atlanta.

Here, I thought I saw some marks in Frederick's of Hollywood. I started in, but **EZ Cheeks** grabbed me by the collar and pulled me back out.

Moments later, **Rat's Ass** thought he saw some marks inside Hooters and started in, but **EZ Cheeks** grabbed him by the sleeve and pulled him back out.

Exiting Underground we heard people shouting our names. Looking up, we saw the hares and **Deliveries In The Rear**, calling down to us from the top deck of a parking structure. This was the end, although true trail took off in a different direction. We ditched that and just ran up the stairs to where the beer was.

We were the first to arrive, not counting the goddamn shortcutters. Over the next hour we watched the rest of the pack far below us, laughing at their puny attempts to stay on trail. We resisted the urge to draw their attention, so they had to stay on trail and run a good quarter-mile longer than we did.

On to the Down-Downs. **I Know That Trick** drank for taking a cellphone call not once, but twice at the On-In, yes she did. **Kaptain Krash** was rewarded for his hard work in dragging the stroller up and down all those stairs and escalators (most of the time **Stink Or Swim** wasn't even in it). Too Longs were **Field of Doom, Brown Hole, Anal Fissure, Deliveries In the Rear** and **Barf Bag**, while **Show Uranus** drank for "Not Long Enough."

Rat's Ass and I had to drink for our perfectly understandable mistakes re: Frederick's and Hooters.

Bitch With An Attitude sang a hash song we'd never heard before, so he got a down-down for that. **Square Meat** sucked one back for being DFL, not counting **Black Hole of Goa** who no one saw again that day, and finally there was a lottery, which was won by **Square Meat** again and **Deliveries In the Rear** again.

Then we all left. Some of us went to El Azteca on Ponce to eat, while others had lives.