

Pinelake Hash House Harriers

Run #728: February 10, 2001

Start **S**at Landmark Church on Holcomb Bridge Road, hares were **Afterbirth** and **Sleazy Rider**.

Pretty big turnout for this one. It was warm earlier in the day, but had grown colder by the time the hash started, so probably the pack decided to come based on bad information.

Smithers, release the hounds: **Dr. Doo Doo**, **Anal Fissure**, **Bitch With An Attitude**, **Okie Pokie**, **Betty Cocker**, **Palm Palm**, **Little Pussy**, **Kaptain Krash**, **Cums First**, **Stink Or Swim**, **Too Quick**, **PV Seaman**, **Shiggy Pitts**, **Pull My String**, Wouter Hartog (a virgin brought by **Pull My String** (wasn't the "Hartog" a character in Lord of the Rings?)), **Redeye**, **Tired Dick**, **Fergie Dick**, **Slippery When Wet**, **Spermier**, **Armadildo**, **Tastes Great**, **Wet Dreams** (with Austin), **Tailgunner**, **Pigless**, **Short Stump**, **Cheap Chia Slut**, **EZ Cheeks**, **Rat's Ass**, **Dawgy Style**, **Rogue Anus** (your scribe), **Rub My Cheese**, **Bubbette**, **Spread Eagle**, **Bullshit**, **Niplets**, **MC Hasher**, **Hard Up**, **Cynthia Fucker** (bimbo) and **Lil Sister**.

The trail left the parking lot, went through some woods and thickets, and emerged in an apartment complex, where there was a check (The flour, incidentally, was pink in honor of St. Valentine's Day, and the checks were shaped like hearts with Cupid's arrows through them. However, the arrows inconveniently did not point to true trail).

I wasn't in the mood to look for flour, and was feeling a little sassy, and what goes in must come out, so I ran back out of the complex with a veritable platoon of shortcutters. We saw a creek running under the road. The trail goes through there! It must!

No, it mustn't, and it didn't. There was another apartment complex just up the street: I followed **Bitch With An Attitude** and **Dawgy Style** into it.

This was more productive. On the other side of the complex we found the trail again, but most of the pack was now ahead of us. Ah well.

A little later, in some woods, **Shiggy Pitts** and I made an unwise decision regarding a tunnel. We thought we found flour in front of the entrance, so we yelled "On On" and went through...it was a long one...but found no flour on the other side. Fortunately, from the far end of the tunnel we soon found a new road-cut that took us over a backtrack and onto true trail. I later learned others followed us through the tunnel but weren't so lucky. Sorry about that! Never EVER follow **Shiggy Pitts** through a tunnel, boys and girls! Then **Okie Pokey** was with us, and I think I saw **Dr. Doo Doo** and **Spread Eagle** again as we ran through more woods, parking lots, across Peachtree Industrial, then finally into another parking lot where we saw BN.

After the BN, the trail ran down a concrete storm drain under a fence. I slid under the fence and down the drain, half expecting to find a crowd waiting to ambush me with paddles on the other side. Four years in the Navy will make you paranoid like that.

Instead, I emerged in another parking lot, ran to a hip-hop music warehouse, and that was the end. The warehouse, it seems, is where **Afterbirth** works when he's not hashing.

The rest of the pack came On-In. We hung out for a while, drank our Down-Downs and then we were done. There may have been some orange food too.

Down-Downs were awarded for the following offenses:

Too Long: **Tired Dick**, **Fergie Dick**,
Armadildo, **Rub My Cheese**,
Bubbette

Too Old: **Afterbirth** (48th birthday)

New Bib: **Little Pussy**

Bimbo: **Cynthia Fucker**

Virgin: Wouter Hartog

First Timer: **Cheap Chia Slut**

Traffic Controller: **EZ Cheeks**

Phoning It In: **MC Hasher**

Dr. Doo Doo: something about his table

Tailgunner: something about his car