

Pinelake Hash House Harriers

Run #731: March 3, 2001

Start at Brookhaven Kroger, hares were **Mall Shark** and **Lick Her Itch**.

The hares didn't fool me for a minute. Atlanta's start this day, hared by **Wee Little Bit** and **I Know That Trick**, was separated from ours by a third of a mile and thirty minutes. Their start was the Brookhaven MARTA Station. Without question, there was going to be an unauthorized, non-mismanagement-approved, giant-fuck-you-to-the-powers-that-be joint ending. They say there's no such thing as psychic powers, but somehow I just *knew*. They can't fool me.

It rained all morning, and was still raining at the start, but it wasn't very cold for a change. I decided to opt for the slight discomfort of being underdressed over the greater discomfort of being covered in wet, heavy clothes, and wore a tank top and shorts.

Perhaps because of the rainy weather, turnout was rather light. The pack was **Breast Stroke**, **Twat Com**, **Crash Potato** (**Crash Potato** had urged her parents, visiting from Philadelphia, to come, but they opted for the Zoo instead. Hashing animals are more fun, she should have told them, although our hygiene isn't as good and we're more likely to sniff each other's pubes in public), **Afterbirth**, **Coffee Bean**, **Dr. Doo Doo**, **Rat's Ass**, **Slippery When Wet**, **Spermier**, **Rogue Anus** (your humble scribe), **Bagless**, **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie**, **Spread Eagle**, **EZ Cheeks** and **Double Pecker**. There was one more, but we didn't know about him until much later.

To avoid confusion in case of trail overlap, our hares used blue flour. It was a dead trail, but the blue dye was chalky and pretty durable; I don't think any marks got washed away.

This precaution apparently wasn't good enough for **Little Sister**. He ran Atlanta that day, or at least he'd planned to. He came to our start while shortcutting the AH4 trail. Dazed and disoriented, he stopped long enough to say hello and shake the rainwater off his flanks, then continued on toward parts unknown. We never saw him again.

I don't remember much of the trail at all. Frankly, it wasn't very memorable; this was Brookhaven we were running through. We stayed mostly south of Peachtree, and ran on train tracks, through neighborhoods, through construction sites. I remember a tree-lined path behind a baseball field, a bridge over a man-made stream in an office park, and significant volumes of mud.

The trail was moderately tricky and the pack stayed together pretty well, but toward the end **Dr. Doo Doo** and **Breast Stroke** fell behind inexplicably. Well, the **Breast Stroke** part was inexplicable; that **Dr. Doo Doo** would lag behind the pack was entirely, typically explicable.

Eventually we crossed Peachtree again



near the Jocks and Jills, turned north and ran toward Oglethorpe University. At this point I looked at the backside of the Jocks and Jills and saw a spot of white flour: the only Atlanta

I wasn't there.

mark we saw the whole trail.

After a few blocks we turned left onto a side street, ran a few yards, and realized we'd lost flour. We heard **Double Pecker** yell "On On" behind us, turned and retraced our steps to a driveway heading down a hill toward what looked like a park. We were now on the Oglethorpe University campus. We ran down the hill, back up the other side past a pond, and On-In to a small pavilion where the hares and beer were waiting for us. Just the hares and the Pine Lake beer. The load from AH4 was not here. Hmm. Maybe it wasn't a joint ending after all. Could I have been... wrong? It seemed inconceivable, yet the evidence was mounting.

Most of the pack came in right behind me. We hung out for a while...a long while, it seemed, until **Dr. Doo Doo** strolled in,



with **Breast Stroke** bringing up his rear. They had a good excuse for their tardiness: they had stopped along the trail at the Brookhaven MARTA Station to loot and vandalize the Atlanta people's cars. Well, that's okay then.

Neither was I.

Anyway, after drinking more beer and eating more orange food we got to the Down-Downs, which included the following infractions:

Coffee Bean: Too Quiet (he had a cold, I think). None of us was actually complaining about this.

Twat Com: her 24th birthday was the 1st of March.

Dr. Doo Doo: Just Because.

Rat's Ass: Some of the beer was warm, and we're not freakin' British.

Slippery When Wet: She has **Spermier** by the balls...

Spermier: ...And he likes it.

Rogue Anus: For falling down the stairs at the Fox Theatre that morning (long story).

Bagless: He sat bare-assed on **EZ Cheeks's** head after she asked for someone to "do something stupid." While there he broke wind and parted her hair for her.

Breast Stroke: Plague On Trail (I think she was sick too).

Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie: Too Long.

Crash Potato: Too Long (even though she ran the week before).

Spread Eagle: Art on trail (she brought her sketch pad with her).

EZ Cheeks: Misnomer.

Double Pecker: Drank three times for a Pratfall, Checking out duck butts, and a Private party (a Down-Down hat trick!).

And finally, after all was said and done, **Weezy Does It** stumbled in just in time to be Dead

Fucking Last and drink for it. This was the first time anyone had seen him at a hash since early fall. He explained between gulps of beer that he "doesn't like running in the cold." Wuss.

It was still cold and wet, and now we were drunk too, so we decided to pack it in. Where did the hares have in mind for an On-On?

"Oh, we hadn't thought about that," they admitted. "How about the Brookhaven Mellow Mushroom?"

Okay, fine, that's where we went, and it was a record turnout for a Pine Lake On-On: there were three of us.

And who did we find already gorging themselves on 'za and beer at the Mellow Mushroom? That's right: the Atlanta pack.

I told you so.