

Pinelake Hash House Harriers

Run #732: March 10, 2001

Start at the Wal-Mart on Wesley Chapel Road, live hares were **Little Easy** and **Bitch With An Attitude**.

This start was right outside the Perimeter and just off I-20. The pack was **Afterbirth**, **Four Inch Hole**, **Dr. Doo Doo**, **Sleazy Rider**, **MC Hasher**, **Rub My Cheese**, **Betty Cocker**, **Gut N Tight** (1st Timer), **Rogue Anus** (your humble scribe), **Shiggy Pitts**, **Kaptain Krash**, **Cums First**, **Stink Or Swim**, **Too Quick**, Michael Windler (unnamed, and first time with Pine Lake, but not a virgin), **Spread Eagle**, **Short Stump**, **Niplets**, **Uh Huh Baby**, **Rat's Ass**, **Size Doesn't Matter**, **Hide The Salami**, **Redeye**, **John Queere**, **PV Seaman**, **Slippery When Wet**, **Spermier**, **Cheaper Than Trick**, **Peniscillin** (visiting from Ottawa), **Whiner**, **Don't Ask Don't Tell**, **Fergie Dick** and **Cums Collect**. Thirty-three; quite a robust number.

We ran out of the parking lot, across a street and past a motel, then promptly lost the trail. This had the effect of scattering the pack to the four winds. **Afterbirth** played a hunch that the trail would go up to Wesley Chapel and back over the interstate. He was half right. It did go up to Wesley Chapel, but then crossed over and went down the terrain parallel to the interstate for about a quarter of a mile.

Soon we reached a street and a check. We could go straight, in the direction we'd already been running, or turn left. **Rat's Ass** turned left, and I followed.

We'd gone maybe thirty yards when we heard "On On" in the other direction. But at the same time, we saw the street we were on dead-end about a hundred yards away, and give over to a trail through the woods. We decided to gamble and headed for the trail.

We were on the trail just long enough to get nervous, but then found flour. Whew! The trail went deep, deeper into the forest, curved around to the left, then turned left off the path and up a hill. I was ahead of **Rat's Ass** at this point, and went charging along the deviation until I met **Spermier** coming back the other direction. "Countback 16," he said, which would put us back at the main trail.

Rat's Ass, just getting to the fork, marked the countback as false and then followed us.

We went through trees and briars, swung close to I-20 again, then went down to a creek which flowed under I-20 through a two-tunnel system. Neat! We ran through the one marked and emerged at the edge of a basin; the flow from the three tunnels formed a small lagoon. Three tunnels? Whatever. A check was on the right bank, as was **Short Stump**. We fanned out and looked for flour in the dense underbrush surrounding the creek. And looked, and

looked. Eventually I realized I was alone; the other boys weren't answering my shouts. So I headed back to the check and reached it just as **Size Doesn't Matter** and **Hide The Salami** emerged from the tunnel on the left (from their perspective). This was not good; these two are usually at the back of the pack. Had I lost my entire advantage?

Yes, I had. I saw chalk arrows pointing to the tunnel on the left (from my perspective)...the "third tunnel" that shouldn't even have been there in the first place. When I went through it, somehow, I emerged in a whole new place...Narnia, maybe. And the whole pack was now ahead of me.

But I caught and passed most of them over the next half-hour or so, except for **Short Stump**, who caught and passed me.

I loved the trail, in case I haven't made that clear. I later learned Atlanta had a great trail that day also, dead and laid by **Dribbles** and **Dipstick**. But I made the better choice; **Little Easy** and **Bitch With An Attitude** have never steered me wrong, and I'll always take live over dead as a hound.

We ended in the parking lot behind an abandoned shopping center (urban decay is so good for hashing!). Down-Downs were awarded for the following infractions: **Sleazy Rider**: Racist (there was a 10K in town that morning)

Gut'n'Tight: 1st Timer

Kaptain Krash: his 250th Pine Lake

Michael Windler: 1st Timer

Uh Huh Baby: Too Long

Size Doesn't Matter: Too Long

Hide The Salami: Too Long

PV Seaman: Too Long

Cheaper Than Trick: Too Long

Peniscillin: Visitor

Whiner: Birthday AND Racist AND snare

Don't Ask, Don't Tell: Too Long

Cums Collect: Too Long

Shirt Team: **Niplets**, **Sleazy Rider**, **Rogue Anus**, **Dr. Doo Doo** and **Slippery When Wet** all changed from our wet running clothes into our shirts from the 1999 Halloween Home Crawl.

Funny thing about **Whiner's** snare: He tried to shortcut and got hopelessly lost. So he got out his cellphone and called **MC Hasher**, the bimbo, for directions. Just as she was about to tell him he looked up and saw the hares approaching. "Nevermind," he told **MC Hasher**.

Later I went to **Dipstick's** party and had a good time.