

The Hash Times

"Covers Dixie like Dr. Doo Doo"

Saturday, April 8, 2001

Palace Coup Installs New Regime

PH3 Run #736, start at an office complex on Camp Creek Parkway, live hares were **Niplets** and **Rat's Ass**.

In a stunning development, aging tyrant **Niplets** and his cabinet of fawning yes-men were deposed this day, to be replaced by a more effective, if even more ruthless faction, determined not to repeat the mistakes of the past.

But first, we had a trail to run.

The driveway into this office complex was long enough that the hares marked it



I "laid" the trail...

with flour so we could find the whole way in.

Twenty-nine hares showed up. They were:

Afterbirth, MC Hasher, Tastes Like Chicken, Whiner, Pigless (bimbo), **EZ Cheeks, Asscracker, Dr. Doo Doo, Minnie Brew** (back for a visit from parts north), **Red Eye, Rogue Anus** (your humble scribe), **Drew Marlar** (Fourth Timer), **Chris Stevenson** (Two-Timer), **Coffee Bean, Stupid Is As Stupid Does** (bimbo), **Uh Huh Baby, Yoron Weed, Tit Wit, Ryan Davis** (virgin), **Spermier, Slippery When Wet** (Do these two ever show up without each other? Maybe I should just write "Slippery When Spermier" or "Spermy When Wet" to save time.), **Sleazy Rider, Tailgunner, Pull My String, Miss Deed**, **Esther Hun** (virgin), **Dawgy Style, On The Rag, Tastes Great, Hide The Salami, Wet Dreams**, and virgin Joan, who apparently has no last name.

Before departing, the hares admonished us not to follow back out the same flour we'd followed in. Then they were off.

The first challenge for the pack was to find the trail's flour, and at least two hounds did go the wrong way and follow the car-flour most of the way back to Camp Creek Parkway. But this just became an early opportunity for shortcutting, and in this way



I also "laid" the trail...

Rogue Anus, Tailgunner and **Whiner** avoided the first half-mile of the trail.

Coming upon some railroad tracks, **Rogue Anus** ran south until he found the trail, and then **Dawgy Style**. They were well ahead of the pack at this point, although they soon caught up and **Dawgy Style** soon disappeared, following one of his notoriously mistaken hunches.

Veering off the tracks after only a short way, we spent about a half-mile on terrain the Bronte sisters would have called a "blasted heath," where trees had been



...if you know what I mean.

bulldozed and the land was chaotic and rocky. Heathcliff and Catherine didn't show, but they could have.

Then was the forested portion of the day's trail, which crossed some creeks, went up a few tall hills (how did **Rat's Ass** manage these with his walker?) and had us all crying in the wilderness for mile after mile; there were few signs of civilization, but that was a good thing.

We did cross one paved road, and that's where the water stop had been placed. It was welcome; this was an early hot day. This was probably two-thirds of the way into the trail.

After the water we came upon a Chicken/Eagle whichy-way. Most of us took the “Chicken” option, which...oh yes, there’s **Rat’s Ass**’s lung, black and deflated; he must have coughed it up and left it behind as a trail mark. Soon we were all On-In, at a clearing only walking distance from the start.

It was at this point that **Niplets**, already half-mad, went completely off the rails on a crazy train. Maybe it was the weight of the flour he had to carry in all that heat. Maybe it was the sight of his cohare’s lung on trail.

Whatever the cause, his lunacy became manifest in the extended and bizarre circle, in which Down-Downs were awarded with caprice and arrogance. Sensing both need and opportunity, **Dr. Doo Doo** stepped into the breach, easily defeated his rival (**Rat’s Ass**, strapped to a gurney and receiving a morphine drip, was unable to defend) and crowned himself the new Grand Master.

EZ Checks, with a gift for intrigue that would have impressed Lady MacBeth, managed to switch loyalties just in time, and was able to stay on as Mattress. They promptly led the assembled hounds in a brutal round of Musical Chairs.

Sure we have order. But at what price? At what price?!

As a sop to their political enemies, the new leaders allowed **Niplets** to stay on as Hash Cash.

Little Sister became the Hareline guy.

Redeye and **Spermier**, as joint Hashtorians, will write the official history of the Revolution.

Rogue Anus is our new Head Scribe, but the boy was so traumatized by the day’s events that it was weeks before he could put this horror into words.

Down-Downs:

Afterbirth: Beer

Tastes Like Chicken: Too Long

Pigless: Bimbo

EZ Checks: Racist/Bimbo

Asscracker: Too Long

Ryan Davis: Virgin

Esther Hun: Virgin

Joan: Virgin

...Plus many others which were never recorded.