

# RAT RACE 2001: RATMAN FOREVER



PH3 Run #739 (The Ninth Annual Rat Race). Hares: **Rat's Ass, Testiclees** Saturday, April 28, 2001. Start: Crim High School off Memorial Drive.

It was an evil day in the big city. Millionaire playboy **Rat's Ass** would have liked nothing better than to spend the day inside his mansion bugging his youthful ward **Testiclees**, but that wasn't an option. Ever since the day nine years ago when he'd been bitten on the ass by a radioactive rat, he was compelled to fight injustice wherever he found it as Ratman.

So donning his black-furred cape and cowl and snatching up a utility belt full of flour, he dashed across the study of his stately manor.

"**Testiclees!** To the Ratmobile!" And they were on their way.

Well, they did stop for a quick bugging on the way to the basement.

Has it really been nine years since the first Rat Race trail? Ah, we remember it like we weren't even there. But like everyone, we've heard stories, about

double decker buses and other extravagances. What did we get this time? A crummy t-shirt, that's what we got.

Still, the Rat Race's reputation preceded it, as over fifty hounds showed up for this year's event. They were:

**Size Doesn't Matter, Cheaper Than Trick, Square Meat, Pussy Pilot, Two Crabs Fucking, Alma N., Shiggy Pitts, Rebecca, I Know That Trick, Little Pussy, Twat Com, Jacou C., Rogue Anus** (humble scribe), **Open Wide, Sleazy Rider, Show Uranus, Anal Fissure, Bickering Prick Picker, Coffee Bean, Cynthia Fucker, Asscracker, EZ Cheeks, Penile Code, Little Willy, Barf Bag, Slippery When Wet, Spermier, Kaptain Krash, Stink Or Swim, Too Quick, Deliveries In The Rear, Boner, Bitch With An Attitude, Four Inch Hole, Nipleets, Internuts, Beernuts, Double Pecker, Uh-Huh Baby,**

**Tailgunner, Cheetah, Sheri V., Redneck Mutha, Rock Hudson (yes, the Rock Hudson), Dr. Doo Doo, Pull My String, Dawgy Style, Tastes Great, Butt Nutt, Boner For Beers, Little Sister, On The Rag, Foreign Lesion and Cums Collect.**

At the start we were told to look out for "blow jobs," and we got our hopes up until told these were just false trails that ended after two marks without a backtrack or YBF. Ah well.



*Pass me the Rat-lubricant, **Testicles!***

Off the school grounds, across Glenwood Avenue and into a church parking lot we ran. There was a check here, somewhere, and at least two false trails, which most of the pack managed to find.

True trail went into the woods behind the parking lot, then down into Sugar Creek. We followed the creek with

some apprehension; this was, after all, the same area where **Yoron Weed** and **Rock Hudson** laid their infamous Hash Shit last fall.

Not to worry. We wandered around in the woods some more, splashed through the traditional tunnel (under I-20), then emerged in a cul-de-sac at the back of a new subdivision off Fayetteville Road. It was a very, very short trail; barely more than half an hour from start to finish. Not that there's anything wrong with that.

There was a big tractor-trailer at the end, to wit:



Which became helpful when it began to rain; many of us crawled underneath it to stay dry, or at least put our bags there.

Down-Downs were awarded for various offenses, then the good squires of the small but defiant subdivision got a cop to chase us out, to the EARL, where we had our On-On.

The hares never did get around to fighting any injustice. Maybe next year.