

# HALF-SHIT!

Saturday, May 26, 2001: **PH3 Run #743**, start At Cub Foods on Mountain Industrial Boulevard, live hares were **Four Inch Hole**, **Boneless** and (we later learned) **Bitch With An Attitude**.

Hounds: **Asscracker**, **Whiner**, **Shiggy Pitts**, Larry, **Rogue Anus** (humble narrator), **Okie Pokie**, **Chicken Chokie**, **Sleazy Rider**, **Boner**, **MC Hasher**, **Geezer Pleaser**, **Pigless**, **Afterbirth**, **Tidy Jack**, **Lost Cause**, **Brown Hole**, **Kaptain Krash**, **Cums First**, **Too Quick**, **Stink Or Swim**, **Penile Code**, **Short Stump**, **Spread Eagle**, **Little Sister**, **Tailgunner** and **Goldilox**.



*I gave half a shit.*

to collect everyone's money. A boy sent to do a man's job. Fortunately he brought a legal pad and enough change, and considering we're paying him to be Head Scribe, not Hash Cash, he did a passable job. Come to think of it, we're not paying him to be Head Scribe either, so shut up.

The hares asked for the standard five minute headstart, but for reasons best known only to herself,

**Sleazy Rider** insisted on giving them eight minutes. Well, that's okay, we thought; that'll just make the trail even better, right?

No. We went on-out onto Mountain Industrial Boulevard, found a check and promptly lost the trail. We searched for at least fifteen minutes without success, looking in every possible direction except that one place where there was swampy water and briars. That was nasty.

Finally we found the trail, uh, in that one place with the swampy water and briars.

Okay, so maybe that one was on us. But then the trail went into the labyrinth of paths through the



*I gave half a shit.*

woods between Mountain Industrial Boulevard and the Perimeter, and it became a suck-fest of rarely-seen proportions.

We'd find flour and follow it for two or three marks, then lose it. A check would

be followed by no further marks...or, in one perverse case, by an indecipherable mark that left us scratching our heads. Is that an On-Over? Another check? A **Y B F** certainly would have been appropriate, but it didn't look quite like that either.

It was kind of like a mark you'd have seen in The Blair Witch Project, and don't think the parallels didn't occur to us during the trail. All we needed was a shrill woman as irritating as lost filmmaker Heather. Oh wait, **MC Hasher** *did* come to this hash, didn't she? Well, there you are then.



*I had my shit together.*

After at least three miles of this drudgery, we got to a water stop. We rehydrated, recommenced the trail...and suddenly it was a whole new world. The marks were now big bright spots of flour, and they were plentiful; from each spot we could see the next several. One almost wouldn't believe this second half of the trail was laid by the same hares as laid the first half of the trail.

Upon reaching the **B N** and **On In** we learned the second half of the trail wasn't laid by the same hare as the first half of the trail: **Bitch With An Attitude** took over after the water stop.

Now, we won't say **Bitch With An Attitude** by himself is a better hare than **Boneless** and **Four Inch Hole** put together. *We will* say, however, that a "live" hare who isn't even at the start and then lays his half of the trail in full knowledge that his pursuing hounds are nowhere near him, is effectively not a live hare at all, and should therefore not rest so heavily upon his laurels.

Still, it remained that the first half of the trail was extremely hard to follow while the second half

was not, and at the end of the day that fact could not be forgotten when the time for Down-Downs came.

Said Down-Downs were led by **Rogue Anus** and **Lil Sister**, who possess none of the wit, wisdom or authority necessary for such a task, but who nonetheless were the senior Mismanagement in attendance. Obviously the talent pool has grown entirely too shallow.

There was strong sentiment in favor of awarding the hares a Hash Shit, and debate over the matter raged for some time. In the end it was decided **Bitch With An Attitude** should not be made to pay for the sins of his cohares, so instead we declared it a "Half-Shit" and gave **Boneless** and **Four Inch Hole** extra down-downs in addition to the ones for simply being hares.

**Spread Eagle** got a down-down for wearing shoes that matched her clothes without also being a gay man.

**Lil Sister** and **Shiggy Pitts** both committed misnomers and drank for them.

**Too Quick** had on new shoes; we made her drink something non-alcoholic. Tea, we think, although we're not sure.

**Goldilox** was called to account for his **Asspucker** impersonation: he didn't cough up his six bucks until long after the hash was over.

A bunch of other down-downs were handed out for various and sundry infractions, including a lottery, and the thing was done. **Rogue Anus** and **Lil Sister** could've done a better job of it, but frankly we were all just happy we didn't have to hear another one of **Dr. Doo Doo's** Chalk Talks this time out.