

# Faith No More

Saturday, June 9, 2001: **PH<sup>3</sup> Run #745**, start at In Touch Ministries near Spaghetti Junction, hares were Cheetah and Redneck Mutha.

Hounds: **EZ Cheeks, Sleazy Rider, Joe Blows, Dr. Doo Doo, Asscracker, Rat's Ass, Out of Tuna**, Margaret Hatch (virgin), **Anal 101, Shiggy Pitts, PV Semen**, Michelle Droszcz (virgin), **Little Sister, Niplets, Rogue Anus** (your humble narrator, O my brothers and only friends), **Bitch With An Attitude, Betty Cocker, Rub My Cheese, Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie, Twelve Foot Max, Geezer Pleaser, Tripod, Ouch, Spermier, Slippery When Wet, Dickwoody, Circle Jerk, Don't Ask Don't Tell**, Randy Greenwald (2nd Timer), **Tailgunner, On The Rag, Dog Shit, Pull My String.**

“In Touch Ministries.” Doesn't the name just conjure up images of kind, generous, friendly Christian people? No doubt that's what **Redneck Mutha** and **Cheetah** thought when they decided to start their trail at this place, up I-85 and just inside the Perimeter.

But no: “You damn kids get out of our parking lot!” was the reception we got, so the missionary position had to be abandoned and we started at a place around the corner instead.

This was a dead trail, oddly enough; we thought the Harberts only knew how to lay live ones. **Redneck Mutha** was recovering from yet another injury, in this case a bum knee, so they couldn't have done this one live. More's the pity, but given the nature of the trail (it turned out) it probably wouldn't have worked live.



At around 2 p.m. we went on-out. We were all running a little faster than usual because we'd heard **Dr. Doo Doo's** now-standard Interminable Chalk Talk™ and wanted to get away from him as soon as possible. Even the virgins were giving him the finger this time.

We ran down to a creek, found a check and guessed upstream. Upstream led to a backtrack, so we spun on our heels and ran downstream. True Trail!

We got to a tunnel in short order. **Redneck Mutha** sat over the mouth of the tunnel with a bag full of cheap flashlights, handing them out to

each of us as we arrived. The tunnel was long and winding, so we did need the lights.

We half-expected to find **Cheetah** at the other end of the tunnel collecting the flashlights, but that would only have made sense if there weren't going to be any more tunnels.

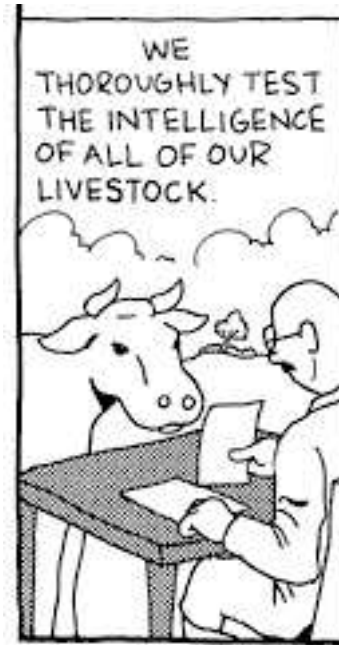
There were many more tunnels.

Four or five by our best count; we must have gone under I-285 and I-85 several times. In some places the access to these tunnels was hindered by high concrete walls, and the hares installed ladders for our convenience.

We ended on a hillside next to a parking lot; as it turned out, we were at the other end of the same parking lot where we'd left our cars. An A to A trail. We returned our flashlights to the hares (what, no giveaways?) and **Cheetah** told us proudly we'd just completed the first-ever hash circumnavigation of Spaghetti Junction. While we've since heard that claim disputed, nevertheless it was something one doesn't do every day. Although maybe we should; sure the tunnels were wet, dark and septic, but traffic moved much faster under the Tom Moreland Interchange than it ever does on it.

And then we had our Down-Downs. Back visiting from Houston, Texas (they moved from Atlanta to Baltimore a couple of years ago, then moved again, to Texas) were **Out of Tuna** and **Anal 101**. They brought along a virgin, their tall friend Margaret Hatch. Margaret expressed admiration for **Asscracker**'s ability to drink a down-down in a single gulp, so he explained how it's done: "You just relax your throat muscles and it slides right on down!"

**Out of Tuna** was quick to share this tip with the rest of the pack and soon **Asscracker** was sucking down another one. At his age you'd think he'd have learned how to keep his mouth shut, both figuratively and literally.



**Joe Blows** was visiting from Houston as well, but in his case it was HOUSE-ton, Georgia, not HEWS-ton, Texas. Now, which one is home to NASA's Mission Control again?

**Betty Cocker** was back for a visit after his recent move to Ohio. He got a down-down, partly for Too Long, partly for moving away, but mostly because we mostly hadn't realized he'd left in the first place.

We had two visiting Wheel-hopper hashers, **Dickwoody** and **Circle Jerk**. Okay.

Others drank for various reasons and we were just about finished when DFLs **EZ Cheeks** and **Pull My String** straggled in. Insert jape about exploring wet tunnels together here.