

# LinePake Hash House Harriers

Because Life's Too Short To Drink Cheap Beer

*Holders of the HashShit: Rock Hudson & Yoron Weed (still?)*

Call the Hareline (770)455-6952 ext.114 to claim Redneck Mutha's black socks



(and you didn't think we liked you ...)

#### Your 2000-2001 Mismanijmnt

Grand Master:	Sky Pilot
Joint Master	Dr. Doo Doo
and Mattress:	EZ Cheeks
Hash Cash:	Niplets
Hareline:	Li'l Sister
Haberdashery:	Dr. Doo Doo
Bier Meister:	Rat's Ass
Master Scribe:	Rogue Anus

**Run # 747      June 23, 2001**  
**Hares:           Sleazy Rider & Afterbirth**  
**Venue:Loco Hills Shopping Center**

So, whose birthday was it this time, Sleazy or da Birth? Sorry, wrong hash. No, this was the 2001 Decatur Hash House Tour, and boy, was it a doozy. A reliable source (Afterbirth) confirmed today that true trail was 5.5 miles long ... not that I would know.

And so begins the trash of the trail that the scribe did not run. Not that that's ever happened before. A faithless pack of 30 showed up at the ever-popular and ever-changing Toco Hills on a stunning (stunning, I tell you) day. Not to be confused with the AH4 pack of 30 that

started on the other side by the Kroger, the PineLake pack headed east at exactly 2:41 pm (instead of south towards Macon – Asscracker and Dead Root were the hares, donchaknow).

Ahh, familiar territory is the friend of the boxer. **Bitch with an Attitude, On the Rag**, and I hit Druid Hills then Clairmont and found flour heading off into the Mason Mill Park area, all the while the pack was bumbling through some construction site. Our virgin, **John** (I think ... hey **Niplets**, give me full names on a copy I can actually read!), twisted his ankle while hopping some fence. Thanks for playing, John; here's the home version as your consolation prize.

**Marilyn**, with **Cheetah** in tow, came barreling down at a check, yelling "Are

you?" at me and Rag-boy. After running through a backtrack, we all decided to head towards the railroad tracks, where, shock upon shock, we found flour again. Into the woods we ventured, managing to fend off the wombats, orangutans, and breakfast cereals, and wound up in the familial confines of Willivee Drive. And this was the site of the defection of **Rat's Ass** (that cheating bastard!).

Seems I took a left at the check at Willivee (well, there was a house[!] on the powerlines in front of me, and OTR headed right, so I feel my actions were justified ...), and unfortunately, I found no flour. I did come across **Sleazy** driving to the water stop, whereupon she promptly called me a cheating bastard.

"What?" I replied innocently, "I'm just checking a check." So I take the next right, thinking I'll just cut over along the powerlines and catch up with the pack, like any good boxer would do, and lo and behold, I find flour and a BN. And there, at **Double Pecker's** house was **Afterbirth**, sucking on a Newcastle, with DP standing next to him, calling me a cheating bastard.

So, being the cheating bastard that I am, not having run the entire trail, the rest of the trash will be complete hearsay and innuendo. It seems our hares (although Afterbirth claims no responsibility for the "hare"brained scheme) thought it would be fun to run by as many hashers' houses in the area as possible.

That would explain the HH8 I found in front of Double Pecker's house, i.e. his was the 8<sup>th</sup> Hash House on trail. Once this was explained to me, I considered myself lucky to be a cheating bastard.

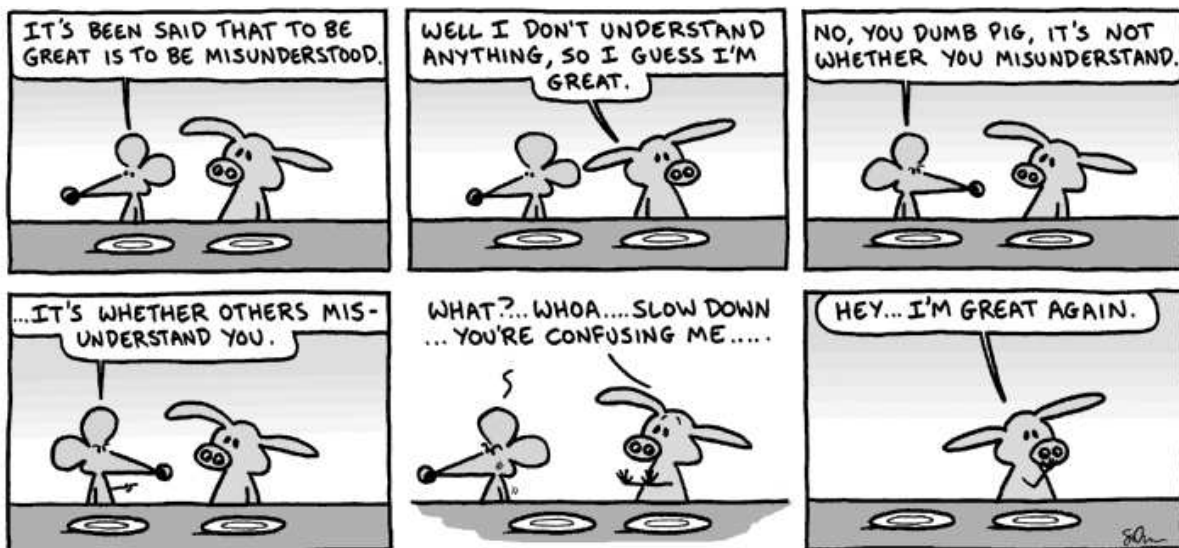
The houses, in order, were:

- HH1: Cheetah (and Marilyn, by default)
- HH2: Tailgunner
- HH3: Floppy Bush
- HH4: Redeye
- HH5: Little Willie
- HH6: Sleazy Rider
- HH7: Spread Eagle
- HH8: Double Pecker

Now, as I understand, to get to some of these houses, the pack had to endure countbacks and backtracks and trips on small flightless birds. It's good to be a cheating bastard.

Speaking of cheating bastards, **Dr. Doo Doo**, with all the grace and dignity he could muster, car hashed in from the water stop. His excuse? The walkers, having been given a shortcut, would have beat him in. Oh the shame, the agony.

It took a while for the pack to convene, including one group, who shall remain nameless, that ran a good portion of the trail backwards, including marking the checks backwards. Bravo. Finally, after everybody straggled in, we proceeded with Down-Downs, which are too numerous to mention. I



know I did one (or two), and it wasn't for being a cheating bastard either (damn).