

# Re-Hash

We hate television in the summertime; every show goes into reruns. It's almost not worth being a couch potato.

That's why hashing is so much better: a little exercise, some beer, and no two trails are never exactly alike.

So anyway, the pack gathered at Southside Comprehensive High School at 2:00 for **AH4 Run #1033**, with hares **I Know That Trick** and **Coffee Bean**...

...wait a minute. Okay, so maybe there are reruns in hashing after all. Because while the trail was the same as the earlier run, the ending would be the same and **I Know That Trick** was the same, this was actually Saturday, June 30, 2001, and the hash was **PH3 Run #748**.

And to strain the television analogy to the breaking point, just as Samantha Stevens traded lanky Dick York for be-cardiganed Dick Sargent several seasons into *Bewitched*, so did our femme banale swap out **Coffee Bean** as a cohare for the younger, less hairy **Dr. Doo Doo**.

Nielsen people meters recorded an audience of 36 for this production: **Cheaper Than Trick, Afterbirth, John Queere, Blown Rubber, Kaptain Krash, Too Quick, Shiggy Pitts, Pissticide, Rebecca (5th Timer), Stretched Hole, Bickering Prick Picker, Tidy Jack, Puff-N-Stuff (1st Timer), Square Meat, Twelve Foot Max, Not Enough Dick, Rogue Anus, Penile Code, Ramjet, Little Easy, Pigless, MC Hasher, EZ Checks, Rat's Ass, Muff Snuffer, Nipleets, Hide The Salami, PV Semen, Bitch With An Attitude, Four Inch Hole, Dawgy Style, Little Sister, Tiffany (2nd Timer),**

**Tailgunner**, Gavin Buhr (Virgin) and **Coffee Bean** showed up at the On-In.



*Darrin...?*

Advertised as a live trail, the involvement of exertion-leery **Dr. Doo Doo** made us skeptical. And indeed, when the hares were sent On-Out they departed with a slow saunter lacking any sort of urgency.

Our Joint Master's only apparent concern at this moment, in fact, was that someone would fuck up the Chalk Talk for him. **Rat's Ass** promised that he would; then, since he has a basic respect for our intelligence, he didn't.

Five minutes expired, and the pack followed the hares. We crossed the high school's athletic fields to the train tracks, then turned south onto the tracks.

The trail followed the tracks briefly, then veered off to the left. Our scribe didn't run that way either time he ran this trail, so we'll never know what twists and turns it took in that section.



*...or Durwood?*

We do know that about a quarter-mile or so south, the trail came back to the railroad (HA!) and stayed with it out of Grant Park and on down into Ormewood Park and Benteen Heights. Many inhabitants of the low-rent housing in these neighborhoods had their Saturday idyll disturbed by noisy hounds, we're sure.

Crossing Confederate, the trail followed road for a while, passing the American Legion post, then went into the woods near Entrenchment Creek. Some time was spent in or near the creek, then we crossed Boulevard and made a long, easy arc back west and north. We went right through Grant Park, stopping at the Atlanta Zoo long enough to say hello to the giant pandas, then crossed back over

Boulevard and ran to the swimming pool at the Roosevelt High School Apartments. This was the ending. The trail was almost a closed loop: Roosevelt overlooks the start.

**Rogue Anus** was the first one in, but only because he'd shortcut the hell out of the trail. Since he had also paid the Hash Cash in quarters, which apparently is a Rule 6 violation, he was marched out of the pool for a Down-Down.

As he did so the wet fabric of his swimsuit clung tightly to his skin, outlining his gargantuan manhood for everyone to see. **MC Hasher,**



*I couldn't believe my eyes.*

mouth agape, fainted at the sight and would have drowned if she hadn't been fished out of the pool promptly. **Rogue Anus** implored us all not to hate him because he's beautiful.

Second-Timer Tiffany was named and is now **Punta Stat**.

**Rat's Ass** managed to drink a beer on trail (he stopped at a friend's house) and got a Down-Down for doing things out of order.

Everyone sporting a belly button piercing had to drink, as did everyone wearing a bib.

And thus ended our broadcast day. If we had to get a rerun, at least we got a pool, so that wasn't so bad.

We went on-on to the Gravity Pub in East Atlanta.