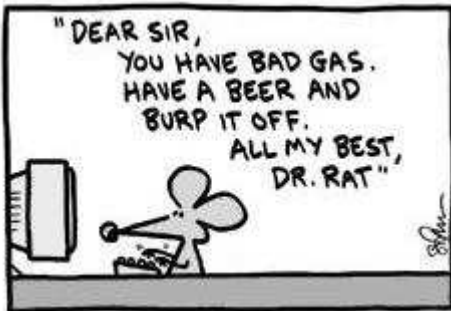


PineWake Hash House Hawwiers

Holders of the HashShit: Yoron Weed & Rock Hudson (still, you say?)

Find Fame & Fortune: Call the Hareline (770) 455-6952 ext.114



Your 2001-2002 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 Meisters:	Rat's Ass
	Double Pecker
	Square Meat
Master Scribe:	Rogue Anus

the trash for Rock Hudson's "Redemption"

Convulsions and Convolutions of your Mismuddledment



WANNA BE A HARE?: Please call **Li'l Sister** (404-355-0786) to sign up for a run. It's not that hard, really ... just pick up the receiver, punch in the corresponding numbers on the keypad, and speak in a clear, loud voice into the mouthpiece. Of course, you may want to wait until someone or something actually answers the phone first.



HASH TRASH: Know how to string words together that sorta form complete sentences? Then you too can write the trash. Talk to **Rogue Anus** at the hash (when he's not running with AH4) or annoy him at home (404-584-6742) and he'll gladly lend you his crayons.

Run # 751 July 14, 2001
Hares: Rock Hudson
Venue: Peachtree Parkway Plaza

There is no one available to take your call. Please leave a detailed message after the tone and someone will get back to you very soon. Your call is very important to us. We appreciate your patronage. Thank you and have a great hash.

It's 10:38 am, a scant few hours before the hash. My head is pounding. The taste of stale beer lingers in my mouth. And I have to write

hash. Welcome to my hell.

This is going to be painful, so bear with me.

The hash from two weeks ago can be summarized in two words: cohare dammit!

*Unwritten Hash Rule #16: When the hash has deemed a hare to be required to lay a Redemption Hash to restore dignity and expunge all evil ways, the hare **must** have a cohare with acceptable flour-laying abilities.*

OK, I'm off my soapbox now. And now the

tale of Sir Lancelot. Sorry ... wrong hash.

A frightened pack of 21 showed up at the somewhat abandoned shopping center up

Norcross way on what promised to be a hot hazy summer day. Our hare finally showed up at 2:30, pointed us in the direction of first flour, and we were off. However, as **Dr. Doo Doo** wasn't there to give us Chalk Talk® (patent pending), the pack, in utter confusion, wandered around the parking lot for hours.

[Ed. note: Hey, maybe it wasn't a hashshit ... maybe we couldn't find flour because we had no Chalk Talk. Care to take a vote?]

So, anyway, we headed north, entered the insanely huge Wesleyan School for Kids With Lots O' Money, and promptly ran around in circles. There were Count Backs, Whichy-Ways, Checks from Hell, Groundskeepers with pitchforks, and don't forget the squirrels. The damn squirrels.

We finally escaped, and after crossing Spalding, the now familiar "Last Mark" was once again bellowed. Let's see, it was an On-Over arrow pointing straight down the road into Technology Park, but no flour was to be seen. Hmm. **Niplets** and I decided to run the extra mile and finally found flour, just in time for the trail to make a sharp left behind a building. And to our surprise, we lost flour again. Say it ain't so Joe.

We finally came to the conclusion that we should treat each mark as a check, 'cause you just never knew where it was going next. Meanwhile, **Bitch with an Attitude** came wandering down Spalding after yet another successful box, with a look of pure joy that he found the pack again.

The rest of the trail is a big blur (or maybe it's just that I can't remember shit due to this fucking headache that just won't go away). This I remember: we wandered aimlessly through Technology Park, **Kaptain Krash** and **Cums First** got stung by yellow jackets, my entire piece of chalk was used up by the time we reached the water stop, and it was hot ... Africa hot ... Tarzan couldn't take that kind of hot.

We were all finally On-In, save one, on top of this big hill in the blazing sun. I saw ice evaporating before my eyes. It didn't take much to convince the pack to move to some shade. We waited and waited for **Blown Rubber**, to no avail. **John Queere** finally convinced Rock to go look for her. My hero.

In the meantime, **Niplets** and I took charge (since the rest of Mismanagement went to Jackoff's Farm for the weekend), and Down-Downs went something like this: **Redeye** demonstrated a Down-Down for our virgin, **Jeremy Smith**; **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie** and **Bullshit** were too-long-between-hashes; **Bitch with an Attitude** blatantly self-promoted his Black Sheep hash; **Shiggy Pitts** failed to yell "Death to the Hare" enough times on trail; **Kaptain Krash** and **Cums First** drank for the aforementioned yellow jacket altercation; **Rinky Dick** and **12 Foot Max** raced to the end; **Blown Rubber** finally made it in as DFL; and **Rock Hudson** drank for his birthday, his non-redemption, and for being the hare. And that was that.

Scribe: **Rat's Ass**

