

SPLISHY-SPLASHY SEWAGE HASHY

Saturday, August 4, 2001: **PH3 Run #753**, start at South DeKalb Mall, hares were **I Know That Trick** and **Asshole** (what the fuck?!)

Again we say, "What the fuck?!" **Asshole** laying a Pine Lake trail? What's next, **Breast Stroke** laying Atlanta? **Testiclees** hashing more than twice in one year? Cats and dogs living together?

Well, we'll figure all that out later. For now, enjoy this Trash, courtesy of Guest Scribe **Stretched Hole**:

The omens were not good. It was already raining. The skies were threatening. The surroundings were dubious (South Dekalb Mall, which I, for one, hadn't even known existed). **Not Enough Dick** (possibly disproving his name) showed up without **Twelve Foot Max**. To say this all augured ill would be understatement. "Nauseating" would turn out to be the watchword for the day. **I Know That Trick** warned us that part of the trail was slippery, and we're still trying to figure out which part she wasn't talking about. None of us was quite prepared for what followed, but it was harder on virgin John. Recruited by (need I say it?) **Don't Ask Don't Tell**, but brought by **Porno Potty**, it was **PoPo** who stuck with him through the horrors of the day, which started almost immediately. After a brief plunge through some scenic woodland, we came to The Water, and there we pretty much stayed. Already a bit flumoxed by the thorns, rocks, etc., virgin

John was heard to mutter, "You've GOT to be fuckin' kidding," when he saw the creek or whatever it was, and eventually we all agreed with him.

What had probably been a mere trickle in a garbage-strewn gorge when the hares went through, had now been rained in and had become a quite lively river with lots of submerged and potentially life-threatening *objets de garbage*. It was not exactly rushing, due to its high viscosity, but caution was advised and, as usual, not heeded, with the following results. I soon plunged headlong into the soup, and something in the soup plunged into me, resulting in a deep, ugly wound in that nameless juncture 'twixt the thumb and first finger. And why doesn't that have name, anyway? It would come in so handy when describing Where I Got That Paper Cut and Where The Cat Bit Me. The Fathers of Anatomy did so hand-

somely by the perineum, and how often does that come up in daily conversation? Anyway, **Tidy Jack** laughed heartily at my discomfiture, then promptly fell on

his ass, which must at least have taught that one rock a lesson. Slippery it certainly was, probably with chemical residues as opposed to algae, and I ended up Down In It twice more, while **Square Meat** went face down in the stuff and actually swallowed some, which tells you what kind of date he'd be.

We slogged through a long, dark tunnel, in which everyone's worst fears were made manifest. Some worried about rats, some about snakes, some about falling



and making asses of themselves, and others (more pragmatic) worried about long, dark tunnels. Emerging once more into the dingy light of day, we proceeded upstream, admiring the scenery. There were innumerable defunct shopping carts, a weedwacker (Hey, is that anybody's Hash Name yet?), a motorcycle, many beach chairs, large, pointy pieces of sheet metal, lawn mowers... Oh, it was lovely! Wildlife, too. A tadpole was sighted, miraculously with the correct number of extremities, and of normal size. And many, many pit bulls and other large, burly dogs, none of whom seemed at all gratified to see us. Floating debris there was, too, making it even more challenging. Tires (with wheel intact), large boards full of nails, footballs, condoms; all rushed at us with intent to infect.

Sometime into the run, the leaders succeeded in getting out of the water, thereby missing a great deal of the fun. It had rained upstream, bringing the river or whatever it was to full flood, and nearly sweeping away those further back. *Hounds to the left of me, pit bulls to the right, here I am, stuck in the middle with goo.* Reaction from the natives was mixed. One lady and her kids asked us what we were doing in her back yard, and after an on-the-fly explanation from **Shiggy Pitts** (I think he dug her), they warned us about snakes in the river and cheered us on. At another house, some kids spotted us running by in the street, and

ran in to release the hounds, saying, "There's white guys out there!" This action may not have been entirely unfounded, as I know that **Porno Potty** has always lusted after a matched set of inside-out-tire planters, and will stop at nothing to get them.

We spent some time meandering through Neighborhoods of Questionable Quality, until **I Know That Trick** drove by and pointed us in the direction of the true trail. Beer and orange food followed, as flash-floods follow rain. The down-downs were somewhat lacking in spirit, possibly because we were all mulling our own mortality after our experiences in the River Stynx, or it may have been due to the absence of the effervescent **EZ Cheeks**. (She's getting her rear end fixed by the way, and it will soon look as good as new, although the stench is probably permanent.) I had to drink for attempting to describe a violation for **Tidy Jack** and them forgetting his goddamned name, and **Porno Potty** got two down-downs, one for looking like a Hare Krishna, and another for wearing a shirt made out of pajamas he had stolen from the corpse of some old guy in a nursing home. We all went home and showered lengthily and vigorously, but it was too little, too late. After all that time in the water or whatever it was, something worketh within me strangely. I'm not sure yet if it's cancer or incipient Super Powers. Stay tuned...

Shiggy Pitts, Pissticide, Phlegm Jim, Afterbirth, Dr. Doo Doo, Brian Bonnough (2nd Timer), Royal Fuck, John Queere, Bickering Prick Picker, Tidy Jack, Will Rouks (4th Timer), Penile Code, Krispy Kreme, Little Willy, Whiner, Wesley Goodwin (3rd Timer), Not Enough Dick, Mike Spencer (2nd Timer), Greg Miller (2nd Timer), Rogue Anus, Stretched Hole, Little Sister, Don't Ask Don't Tell, Jeremy Smith (2nd Timer), Porno Potty, John Zwirdlis (Virgin), Pigless, Square Meat, MC Hasher, Bitch With An Attitude, Four Inch Hole, Tailgunner, Jambi/Redneck Mutha and Tastes Great (DFL).