

# Toga! Toga! Toga!

**PH3 Run #754**, start at a Kroger way the hell up GA 400, hares were **Little Sister** and **Four Inch Hole**. Toga Hash.

Something odd was afoot when we got to this week's start. Was it **Rat's Ass** taking his leisure against a pole while he also took our money?

No.

Was it the presence of **Bagless** and **Dribbles**, Atlanta Mismanagement no less, at a Pine Lake trail?

No.

Was it even **Afterbirth** running around passing out flyers for his Woodstock hash, but dressed in street clothes and displaying no inclination toward joining us for the trail?

No, no, no!

There's no getting around it: There were at least 13 women at this hash. Yes, actual female women. Tall women, small women. Married women, single women. Several of them had never run Pine Lake before. Doubtless many of them will never run Pine Lake again. But for one brief, shining weekend, at least...

There were several dogs as well, but the first fact has nothing to do with the second.

No doubt **Barf Bag** would have us believe it was his animal magnetism which drew them out (the women, not the dogs). More likely still is, word got out about all



the cute, single boys who'd been running **PH3** lately (some errors occurred in transmission).

Likeliest of all, Atlanta hashed down in Macon so they could go to a Macon Braves game afterward. Since few people like to go to Macon if they have any other choice (the city

smells funny), most **AH4** people came to Pine Lake instead. **Condom Mints's** gain is our gain too.

And the women showed up just in time for for the annual (except when it's not annual) Toga Hash, in which everyone was strongly encouraged to dress as their favorite Greco-Roman philosopher or Animal House cast member. Friends, Romans, countrymen: may I borrow a safety pin?

**Rat's Ass, Deliveries In the Rear, Rogue Anus, Tastes Great, Butt Nutt:** these are only some of the many, many hounds who ignored the theme altogether and came in standard hash attire. The rest were resplendent in their...well, in their bedsheets. These were *togas*, for cryin' out loud; it's not like we needed Edith Head to design the costumes for us. Pull the covers off your bed, wrap them around your torso: show's over. Thus attired, we embarked on the trail.

Well, not quite yet. There were many virgins and first-timers, so first we had to wait for **Dr. Doo Doo** and his Electric Kool-Aid Acid Chalk Talk. Dear God, won't

someone please, *please* shoot the messenger? Or feed him some hemlock?

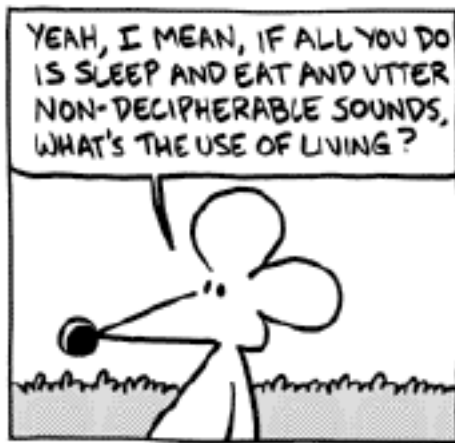
An hour later we were off, amidst many

trepidations and apprehensions. It was a dead trail, by the way, just as Latin is a dead language. Were we in for another

**Little Sister** road race? Or would **Four Inch Hole** send us into the woods to get lost in a "Blair Witch" reenactment like her trail with **Boneless** last spring?

That first thing we said. It was a road race (although these roads didn't get us anywhere near Rome). Well, except for the unpaved red-clay construction sites we ran through, and one neat little bit near the end where we ran up a hill alongside a beautiful stream flowing down a stony course, shaded with leafy trees. If the trail had had five times as much of that and one-fifth as much road, everyone would have been happy. The hares told us later they'd deliberately made it a road race for the comfort of those of us in togas, but so few were actually wearing togas they needn't have both-

ered. And the toga-clad mostly had running clothes on underneath anyway, so I think we've all learned a valuable lesson here today.



Then, adding insult-to-injury, we got to the ending and found no beer or bags! *Et tu, On-In?*  
The

hares had moved everything to a shadier area, but didn't have time to extend the flour marks to it before the FRB's got there. Bad hares! Bad!

So we were now at the ending, a muddy cul-de-sac in a new housing development, not entirely unlike the Acropolis where Socrates taught dangerous ideas, Plato explained his Allegory of the Cave and Demosthenes put pebbles in his mouth.

...Well, okay, it was entirely unlike the Acropolis, but then the ancient Greeks didn't have Labatt's Blue to drink either, so let's call it even.

Down-Downs were awarded as specified below, then we went on to a sports bar to eat and drink a little more.

Hounds: **Rat's Ass**, **Stick Your Finger In It**, **Barf Bag**, Mike Sisti (1st Timer), Gretchen Sisti (1st Timer), **Tastes Like Shit**, **Krusty the Clown**, Jacqui Doll (1st Timer), **Skidmarks**, Ron Bruno (1st Timer), **Spermier**, **Slippery When Wet**, **Pissticide**, **Short Stump**, **Anal Fissure**, Tiffany (4th Timer), **Royal Fuck**, Greg Miller (3rd Timer), **Asscracker**, **Dribbles** (Birthday, non-Pine Lake Mismanagement), **Deliveries In the Rear**, **Stretched Hole**, **EZ Cheeks**, **Geezer Pleaser** (Too Long), **Wet Dreams**, **Tastes Great**, **Primer**, **Tidy Jack**, **Cock In Mouth**, **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie** (Too Long), **Furry Little Balls**, **Porno Potty**, **Pigless**, **Bitch With An Attitude** (non-Pine Lake Mismanagement), **I'm Not Ashtray** (Too Long, non-Pine Lake Mismanagement), **Grandma's Johnson** (Too Long), **Paddle Me**, **Twelve Foot Max**, **Not Enough Dick**, **Dr. Doo Doo**, **Tailgunner**, **Rogue Anus**, **Butt Nutt**, **Bagless** (Visitor), **Square Meat**, **Tired Dick** (Too Long), **Armadildo** (Too Long), **Pull My String**.