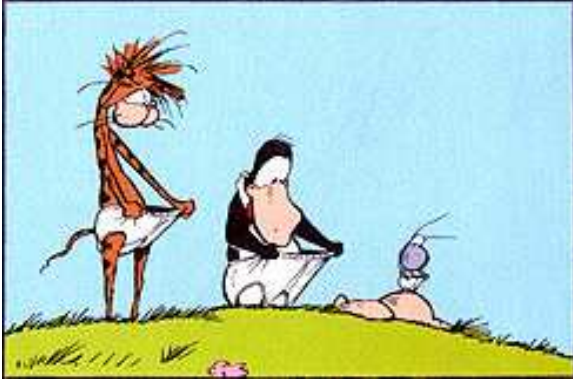


PikeLane Hash House Harriers

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

Call the Hareline @ (404) 377-2888 and listen for the heavy breathing



PH3 Mismanagement, looking for your new Joint Mattress

Your 2001-2002 Mismanijmnt

Grand Master:	Sky Pilot
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and Mattress:	EZ Cheeks
Hash Cash:	Niplets
Hareline:	Rogue Anus
Haberdashery:	Bickering Prick Picker
Bier Meisters:	Rat's Ass
	Double Pecker
	Square Meat
Master Scribe:	Rogue Anus

Convulsions and Convolutions of your Mismuddlement

- ☞ **WANNA BE A HARE?:** You know you want to ... where else can you throw flour willy-nilly, scaring the neighbors, and inciting riots? Don't answer that. Call **Rogue Anus** (404-584-6742) to sign up for a run. And don't forget your co-hare.
- ☞ **HASH TRASH:** Ahhh, the written word ... sometimes considered art, mostly considered trash. Hey, if I can do it, so can you. Talk to **Rogue Anus** (pulling double duty, huh?) at the hash or annoy him at home and he'll gladly lend you his crayons.

Run # 780 **February 16, 2002**
Hares: **Shiggy Pitts & Pissticide**
Venue: **Some Office Building off**
 Windy Hill & Powers Ferry

"I don't feel like writing the trash this week," lamented **Rogue Anus**. I happened to be in the general vicinity of the anointer. This is how you too can become the scribe.

So, here we go ... hold onto your whoopee cushions. A small, faithless pack of 10 or 12 hounds began gathering around 2:15 in the parking lot of some office complex between Powers Ferry Road and the Hooch.

"More beer for us!" was the rallying cry. It was a beautiful, fairly warm day, with not a cloud in the sky. Surely that would bring out more than a dozen PineLakers ... no sooner said, and the pack swelled to 38. The consensus was that the Chattahoochee River Recreation Area was about to be invaded by a large "event" for which a permit had not been obtained. Welcome to hashing in Atlanta. **Shiggy Pitts** then regaled us with his version of Chalk Talk, albeit the marks had been modified slightly by **Stink or Swim**, and the pack was thoroughly confused. So what's new.

And then we were off. Take a guess as to which direction. Most of the pack headed into the woods, with the exception of a few boxers: **Dawgy Style** and **Whiner** headed down the road (go figure), and a small group led by **Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie** and his virgin headed into a new housing development, hoping to cut around the pack.

No whistles or yells of On-On were to be heard. Started to look like a YBF, until **Rat's Ass** decided to head down into the woods in hopes of finding something that resembled trail. Lo and behold, flour along the creek at the bottom of the hill. And the boxers rejoiced. Yay.

Spread Eagle and **Show Ur-Anus** kept heading towards the Hooch, and were able to skip some of the checks and winding routes that the hares so meticulously laid. Clever hounds, wouldn't you say? Should I tell you now or later that the duo (along with **Dr. Doo Doo**) were DFL? We have no idea what happened to **Spread Eagle**, and we rarely do, but **Show Ur-Anus** ran through a CB5 and was not to be seen for quite some time. "I know this area like the back of my hand," he exclaimed as he ran further and further away from us. As **Niplets** opined during Down-Downs, "It would seem you know the front of your hand better."

Well, the point of the CB was for us to take a hard right into the woods, up a big ass hill, thereby avoiding actually going into the Rec Area. Clever hares! Of course, sometimes, the hounds can be clever too. A small group, led by **Pull My String**, went into the Rec Area, ran all the way through to Interstate North Parkway, and boxed around back to Powers Ferry, just in time to see **Whiner** find flour On-In.

Lucky bastards. Not that I'm bitter.

True trail went up and down, up and down, up and down. Did I mention up and down? I checked on a map ... as the crow flies, the trail was maybe 2 miles long. With hills, over 3 miles. Not that I'm complaining.

After much walking and heaving of lungs, we were finally On-In at an office building parking deck down near Interstate North Parkway. It was a Plan B ending (which explained why we crossed Powers Ferry then came immediately back again), chosen because the building was for sale and appeared vacant. Tell that to the poor people inside who were subjected to **Rogue's Anus** as he changed his shorts in front of the building. Well, at least we didn't have to see it.

And then the Down-downs, which were aplenty: our DFLs, **Dr. Doo Doo**, **Show Ur-Anus** and **Spread Eagle**; too-longers **Palm Palm**, **Crash Potato**, **Pull My String**, **Mall Shark**, and **Lick Her Itch**; FRB **Little Easy**; **Happy Little Bush** locked himself out of his car; **Rat's Ass** for a new rat for his bib, and **Whiner** for giving it to him; virgins **Joel Trambley** and **Nancy Bauer**; **Rogue Anus** for overachieving; **Krispy Kreme** for something I can't decipher; **Brad Schneck** (2x) for working the crowd (don't even ask me what he's selling); **Mall Shark** and **Lick Her Itch** (again) for, say it ain't so, getting engaged; **Double Pecker**, for showing up late, not understanding the flour and chalk marks at the start, getting lost on trail, and driving to the end; and, of course, the hares for a job well done. There was an On-On somewhere, where I hear there was beer.

Scribe: **Rat's Ass**