

## PH<sup>3</sup> Run 975: Dia de los Tres Re

Wow, Gwinnett County is BIG. I have no idea how close to the border Safeway Plaza is, but seems like we couldn't have been far! Luckily the weather was nice and the hounds came from far and well, far, to celebrate *Dia de los Tres Re* on a bright and sunny Atlanta Saturday. Outside of a couple of negative experiences (**Gasshole** being the object of road rage and yours truly – **Davey** – running into BWANA on the way) everyone arrived in high spirits. **Star Whore** explained how one of her co-hares – the one who helped recon trail – had pulled out at the last minute while the other was making the Mexican hot chocolate at the end. Speaking of hot chocolate, **Psychedelic Pussy** and the hare decided to check out the menu – and wait staff – at the Mexican restaurant prior to starting, and declared both looked good. ☺

So after a quick chalk talk for our first-timer **Tom**, the pack was off into a field next to the start. Trail meandered into a gully (accessed by sliding down a squash-strewn slope). Editor's note: never thought I'd type the words "squash-strewn slope!" This curved around below a building to a backtrack. Which was funny because we never saw a check, but upon further inspection we noticed we missed it up in the field. So we started again, eventually looking to the hare – still standing in the parking lot watching us and waiting for latecomers – to point us in the right direction. Trail led off down Peachtree Industrial and then crossed into some woods. We zigged and we zagged and the pack became a little scattered, with **Davey** and **Hangs to the Right** doing a short box to find an on-over near the corner – got lucky that time. That led to a check at the back of something resembling a garden center, and we were able to find trail leading down a dirt road. The rest of the pack caught up as we scrambled in the spaghetti-like confusion of multiple dirt roads, where trail led to a count back 5.

Not fazed, the pack backtracked and found trail going through a semi-truck strewn area and then into the woods once again. Based on earlier experience, many hounds did their own thing in the woods and **Canucklehead** and **Davey** ended up in the middle of a field while the rest of the pack tromped through the thick forest. Everyone met up again on another dirt road and the pack once again scattered trying to solve the mystery of where trail went. Eventually **Davey** looked across the field and saw what he suspected was the bag car, and the pack followed on in to the end where hot chocolate, king cake, prizes, and BEER awaited.

**Star Whore's** co-hare was indeed at the end but after a few grumbles about trail decided to get out while she could. Everyone else stayed around and enjoyed the day and circle was called to order. Demo down-downs were given to the PH<sup>3</sup> hat wearers (**Afterbirth**, **Little Willie**, and **Dr. Doo-Doo** who ran – scampered actually – to get his). **Yoron** got a down-down for calling in his first prescription and not being able to come up with the name of the medication (**Yoron**: "You know, the one with the butterfly that makes you sleep." **Davey**: "You mean Lunestra? Isn't that a moth?" **Yoron**: "Oh yeah."). **Shiggy** drank for his Rastafarian headgear, **Big Bore** and **I-Da-Ho** for being too long, **Davey** for multiple transgressions, and then **Niplets** (a/k/a Marlboro man) showed up with **Star Whore's** wallet in tow. She had apparently dropped it at the start and someone was kind enough to return it – sans dinero. So they received their down-downs, and basically everyone drank at least once. **Donny** tried to get by without one by pouring beer quietly,

but was ratted out by the pack. **Canucklehead**, **Davey**, **Butt Floss**, and **Hangs to the Right** drank for finding the backtrack, count back, and the end without seeing the Beer Near. Then it was time to name **John**, and as soon as it was discovered he went to college at Hofstra, **Canucklehead** made the suggestion immediately seconded by the pack of “**Jack Hofstra**”. (Any suggestions on spelling?) And as mentioned, everyone received a down-down for some reason – including **AssWeGo**, **EZ Cheeks**, **Just My Size** (for coming back from Paris), and first-timer **Just Tom**. **Niplets** strong-armed **Little Willie** into haring next week’s trail, and **Yoron** accepted haring the first trail in February since he found the baby in the cake.

With that the pack was off to the on-after to check out the menu and wait staff. Those crazy women must have had their beer-goggles on before trail because the staff wasn’t all that... but for those who stuck around the boy band was another story! **Star Whore** brought in the hot chocolate and many rounds of Negra Modelo were consumed, leading some to the possibly ill-advised decision of “hey, let’s do tequila shots!”. I wonder if the three kings did something similar after their long trip?

Thanks to everyone for making the trek to Duluth, and a big thanks to **Star Whore** for a great time. Until next week, On On! -*Davey Crochet*

*Ed. note: “**Jackoffstra**” the Mesopotamian god of self-love?*



*Los Tres Re*