

PineLake House House Harriers

Because Life's Too Short To Drink Cheap Beer

Run #982 Niplets & EZ Cheeks – Kroger on Moreland south of I-20 – 2/25/06

We Who Were Abducted: Afterbirth 🐻 Rat's Ass 🐻 Boner Rooter 🐻 Davey Crochet 🐻 Big Bore 🐻 2 Crabs Fucking 🐻 Crip Teaser 🐻 Shiggy Pitts 🐻 Pumpkin 🐻 Ass We Go 🐻 MC Hasher 🐻 Krispy Kreme 🐻 Donny thu Retahd 🐻 Butt Floss 🐻 Redneck Mutha 🐻 Deep Throat 🐻 Smells Like Fags 🐻 Martha Screwit 🐻 Pull My String 🐻 Dick the Boy Wonder 🐻 Tail Gunner 🐻

Cold.

Rain.

Niplets.

Inevitable, just like death, taxes and morning wood.

But come on, with a choice between an in-town hash with the Nipple-boy and an Atlanta OTP hash laid by Hung Jury, you know I'll be there even if I've gotta wear a slicker and galoshes, and it's not like very many people can carry off such a fashion statement, though **Pull My String** certainly tries, that is if she shows up at the right Kroger, which is understandably confusing since there's one up in L5P also on Moreland, but it's not like the rest of the pack couldn't find the start even if the directions told us to take I-20 east outside the perimeter -- (Hound Hint #1: bloody hares lie!) -- so with the pack of 20 fully assembled, the hares took off across Moreland and into **Martha Screwit's** neighborhood, and as we gave chase 5 minutes later, dodging traffic, pedestrians and small marsupials, **Tailgunner** realized he had on the wrong trousers, er, um, I mean shoes, went back to the start and absconded a pair from an unsuspecting **On The Rag** who happened to be shopping at the Kroger with OTR, Jr., who's growing like a weed, unlike the pack which came to grinding halt at a CB5 that led to seemingly impenetrable private property, but

that's never stopped FRB **2 Crabs** who boldly ran through the yard of a house for sale and found trail in the dense woods and kudzu and ivy and tropical rainforests of the Congo - (Hound Hint #2: always hash with a machete) -- until we reached a check on a nice gravel road which led up the hill to a munitions dump (really?), but true trail headed down and around, paralleling one of them concrete creek beds (translation: redneck waterslide) and then actually crossed one of them concrete creek beds, of course, only after several intrepid hounds, led by **Redneck Mutha**, overshot running sans flour for about ¼ mile, but wised up when seeing **Afterbirth** and **Rat's Patootie** as they crab-crawled on down into the crick and then scrambled up the other side - (Hound Hint #3: always follow **Afterbirth** and **Rat's Arse** - they know what they're doin') -- and sure 'nuff, trail resumed westward ho until another count-back was found, this time a CB6, though you couldn't convince **Smells Like Fags**, as he went back 9 marks to a pipe that crossed the creek over to the power lines, when go figure, right there at the 6th mark was a tunnel which led northward into a kudzu field where we found **2 Crabs** wandering ("Been here for 20 minutes dammit and should've had me a snare!"), but not wandering where flour was, for, yeah, that there clever **Rat Butt** found trail again paralleling the CB6 trail on the other side of the fence, until reaching civilization once again (well, if you can call Boulevard civilization), not to say that we didn't encounter the occasional squirrel or two as we made our way through the jungles of Grant Park, and being this close to the Nippled Wonder's house, some asked themselves why in the Wide Wide World of Sports should trail be followed and annoying checks be solved when a straight shot to his house would yield the nectar of the gods and a warm, dry ending -- (Hound Hint #4: always follow **Rat's Tookus** when he knows where the end is) -- and so for those who followed such sage advice, there was much rejoicing.

Down-downs? Yep, **Davey Crochet** led a fine circle with nary a drop of beer spilt on our host's clean (ha!) floor: **Pumptkin** and **Dick the Boy Wonder** demonstrated a 69-brumsky; **Big Bore**, **2 Crabs**, **Boner Rooter**, **Pull My String**, and **Smells Like Fags** were 2-long between PH3 hashes; **Martha Screwit** showed up only because of the start location; **Ass We Go** proudly acknowledged that he was avoiding Hung Jury's hash; **MC Hasher** was presented with the brightest orange coozie ever seen; **Tailgunner** drank for his On The Rag shoe fetish; **Deep Throat** (aka AutoErotic) drank 'cause Davey likes her new name; **Davey** and **Rat's Ass** were punished for being DFL and FRB; others drank for other Rule 6 violations that just don't matter really; and finally, the hares, **EZ Cheeks** and **Nipleets** drank for a great trail on such short notice. Not surprisingly, the hare invited us to stay and the On-On lasted until the PH3 beer was gone, upon which time, the On-On-On-On proceeded to Mi Barrio, where we all got gassed.

Ya sure you betcha, On-Out! **Rat's Ass**